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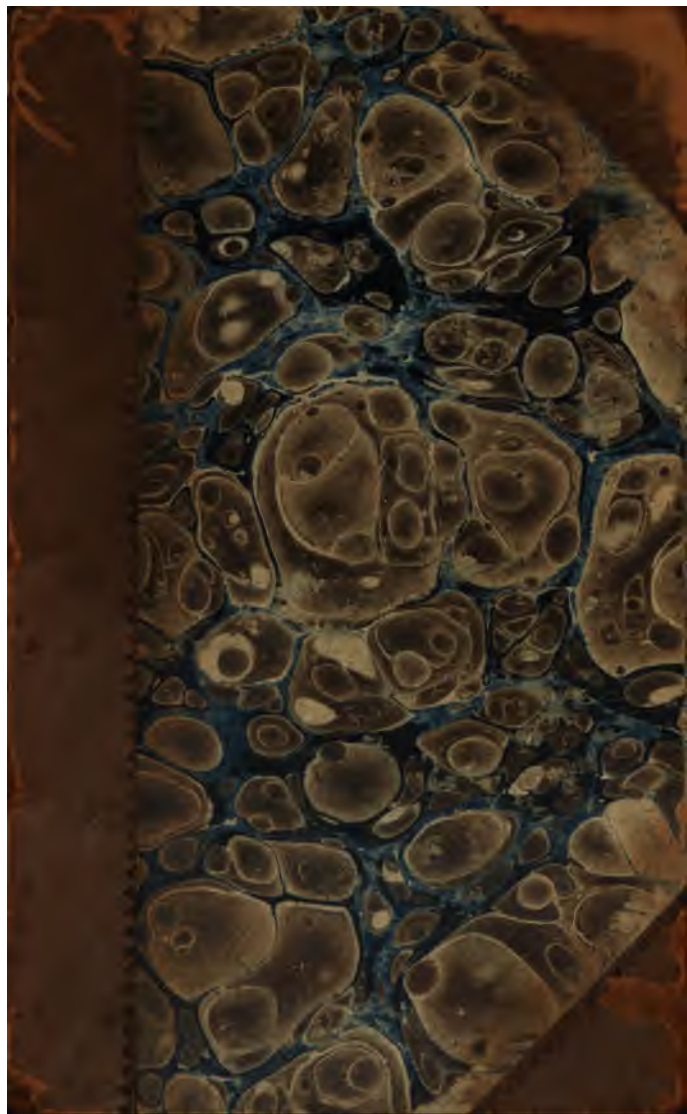
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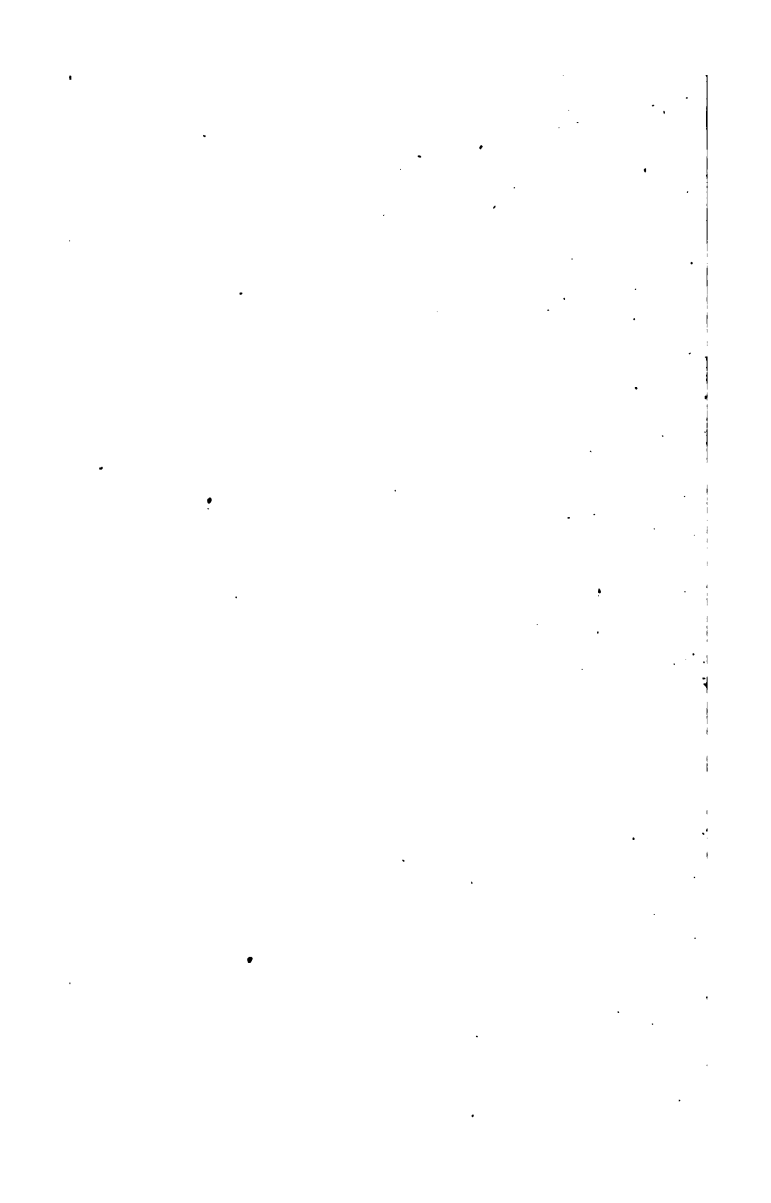
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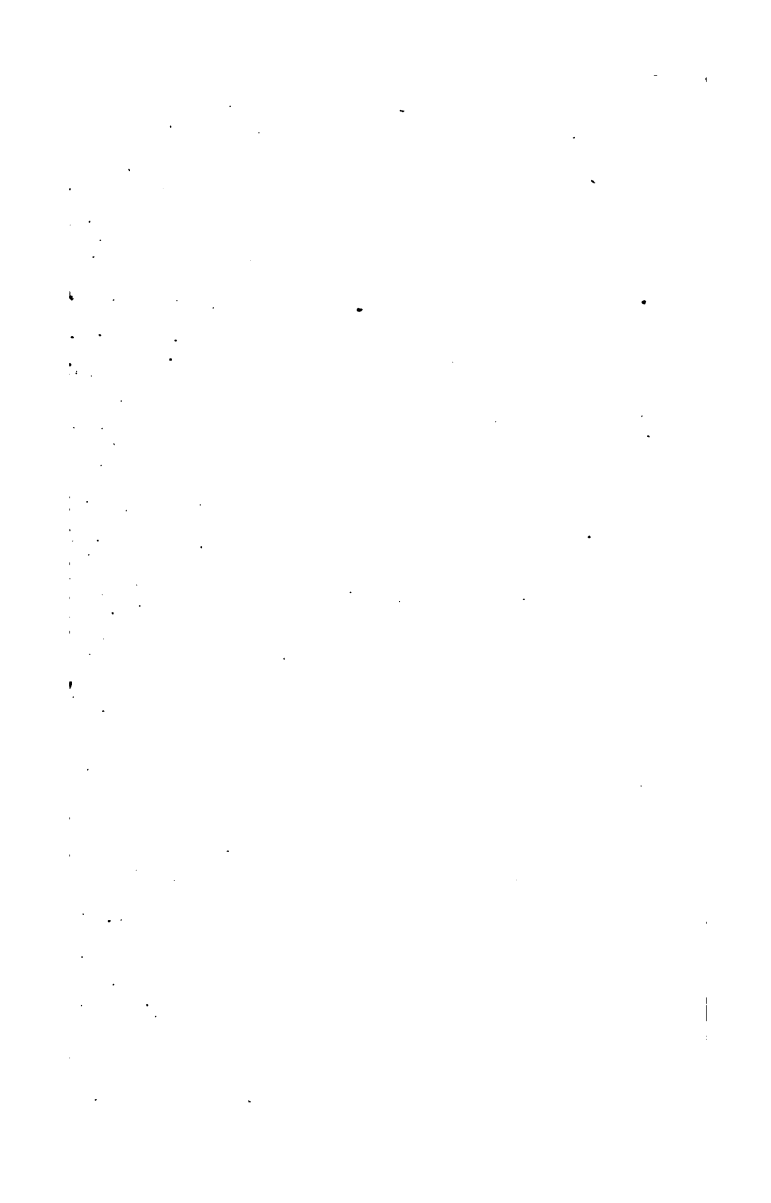


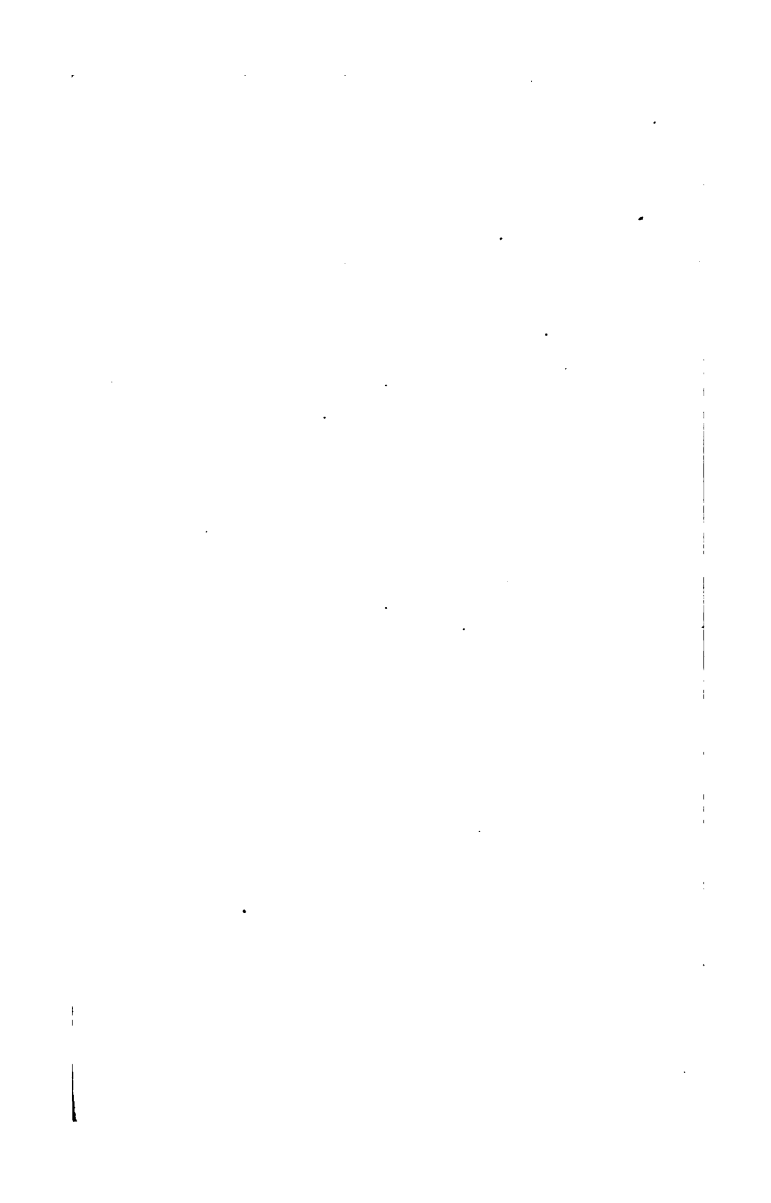
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MEMORIAL FRAGMENTS
OF
AZUBAH CLARK,
WHO DEPARTED TO HER REST
AT GORUKHPOOR, NEAR BENARES,
IN THE EAST INDIES,
JULY 25, 1826,
IN HER TWENTIETH YEAR:
CONSISTING OF
EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY AND LETTERS.

COMPILED BY HER BROTHER,
H. CLARK,
BENGAL MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT;
*Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London; and of
the Medical and Physical Society, Calcutta.*

“ The entrance of thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding
unto the simple.”

LONDON:
JAMES NISBET, BERNERS STREET.

M DCCC XXX.

47.



MEMORIAL FRAGMENTS
OF
AZUBAH CLARK.

SECTION I.

- “The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.”—
PSALM xxxiv. 18.
- “Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord and he shall lift you up.”—JAMES iv. 10.
- “God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.”—JAMES iv. 6.
- “To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit.”—ISAIAH lxvi. 2.
- “Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly.”—PSALM cxxxviii. 6.
- “Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”—MATT. v. 3.

Oh, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:

The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;
 'Tis not the *whole* of life to live,
 Nor *all* of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears,
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years,
 And all *that* life is love :—
 There is a death whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
 Oh ! what eternal horrors hang
 Around the *second* death !

Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun ;
 Lest we be banished from thy face,
 And evermore undone :
 There would we end our quest ;—
 Alone are found in Thee,
 The life of perfect love, — the rest
 Of immortality !

MONTGOMERY.

WHEN about nine years of age, the responsibility of superintending the education of Azubah Clark devolved on an elder brother, who, in the course of providence, was called to go down to the sea in ships, there to behold the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

In the spring of 1817, she was placed in a

pious family near London, with the well founded expectation that sound religious principles would be instilled into her mind, as the only sure foundation of true happiness.

In the autumn of the succeeding year, being removed to a highly respectable school on Denmark Hill, advantages of a superior order were afforded for the development of her youthful powers. There is reason to believe, from a letter written about this period, relative to the duties of the closet, that she was alive to the importance of this sacred privilege; and it is pleasing to know that it was a point of conscience with her to peruse the blessed volume of inspiration, when the eye of Him who seeth in secret, alone rested on her.

The subjoined extracts from a letter addressed to her by a member of the family, in which she was first placed, whilst it may serve to illustrate certain points of character, will also be viewed with interest, from the intrinsic value of the quotation it contains.

“Your letter gave me much pleasure, and I was truly gratified to find, that in the first half year, you had received a reward for your diligence in attention to your studies * * * * amidst all your pursuits attend to the care of

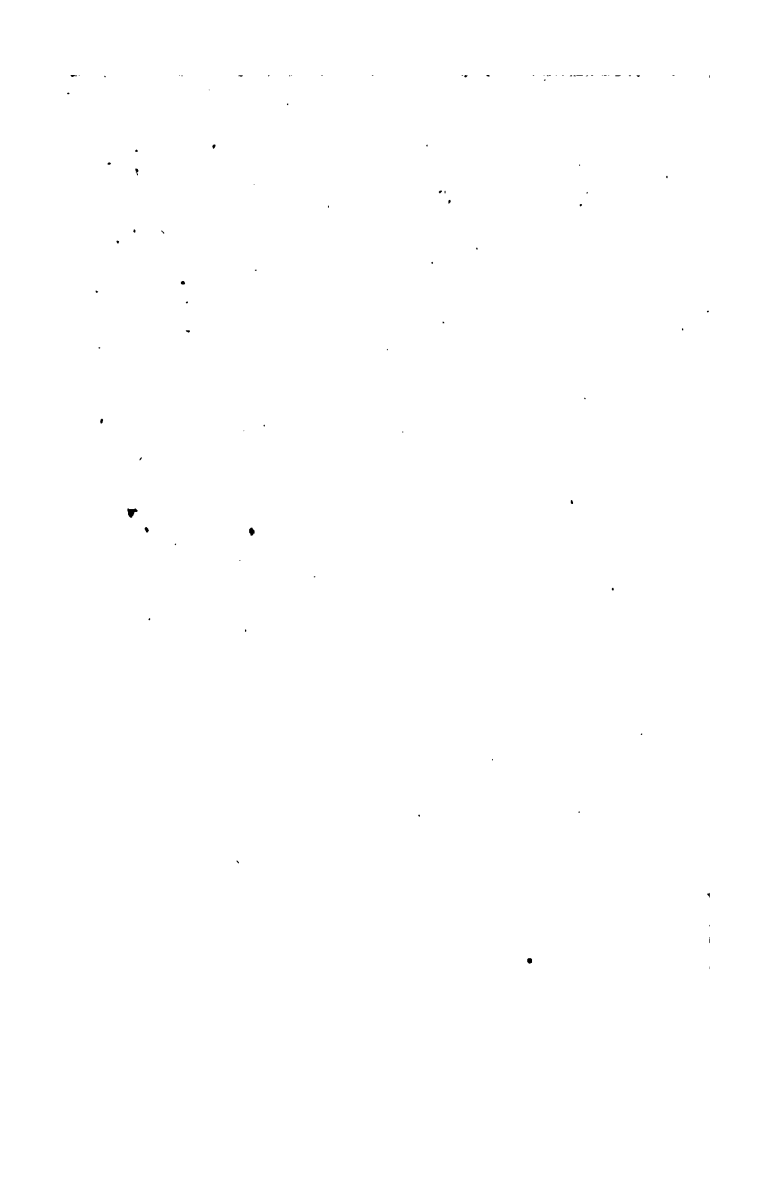
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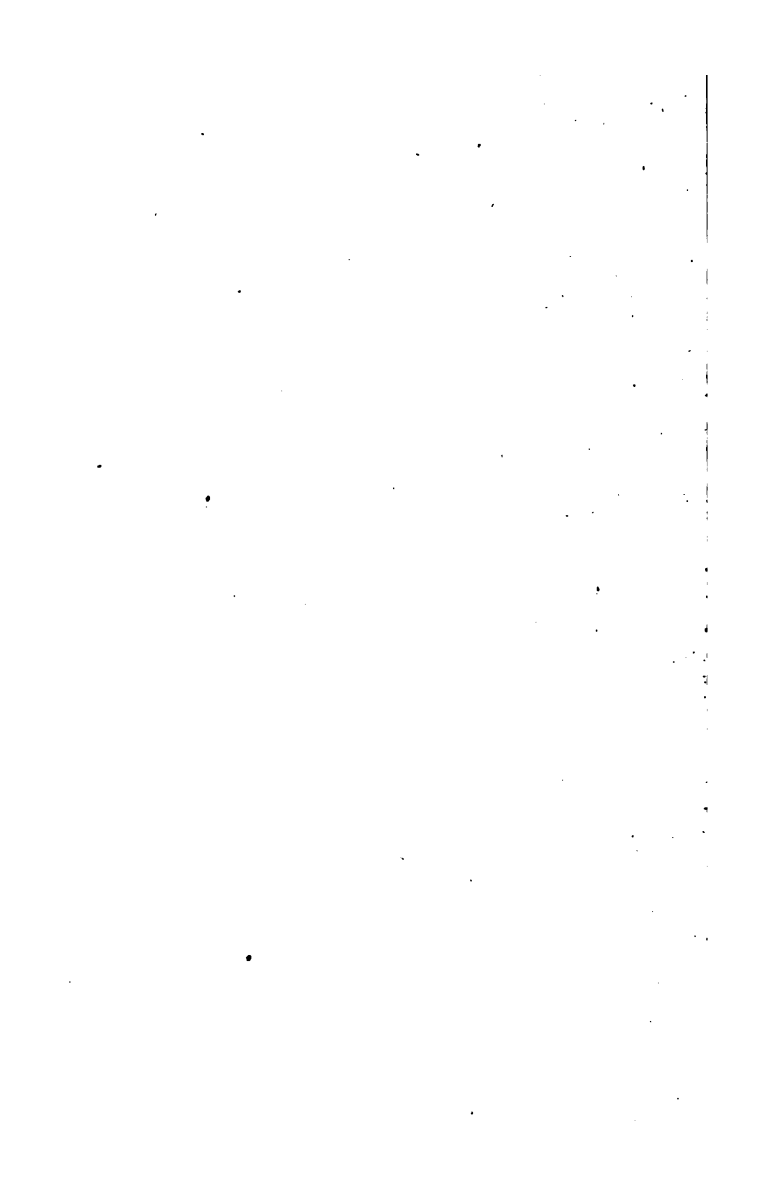
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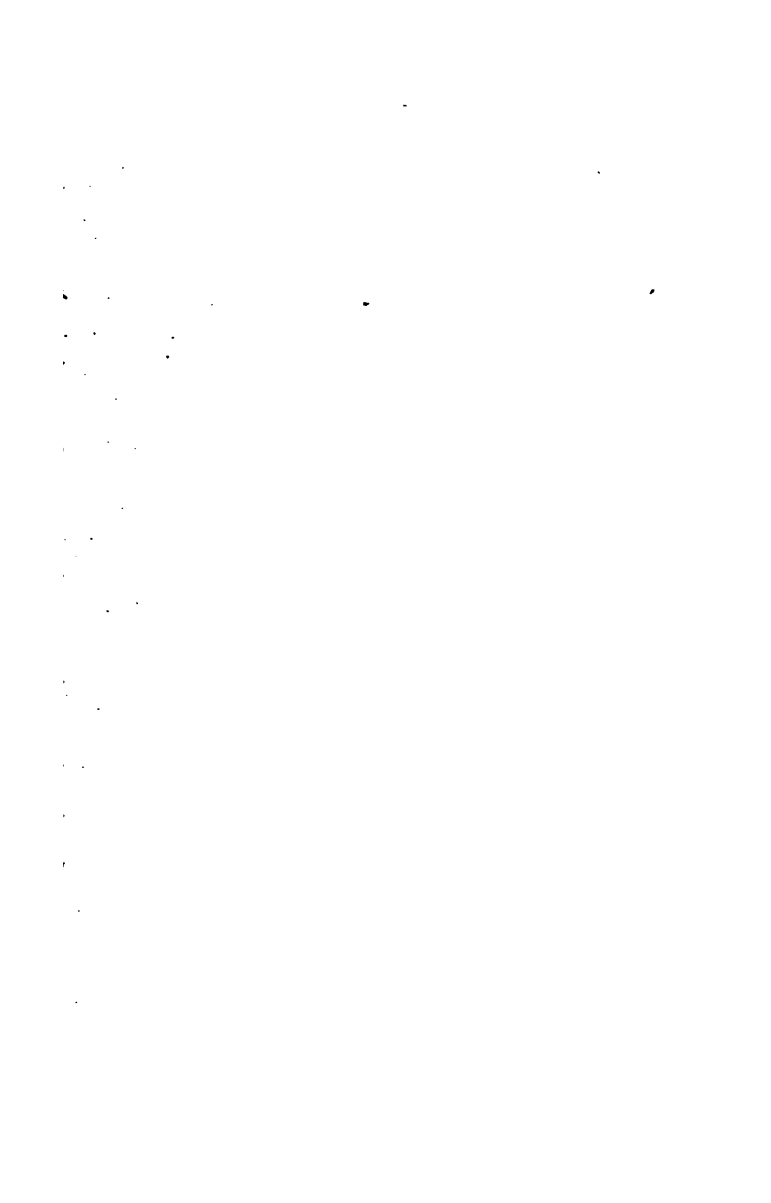


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anchored. She soon, however, bade adieu to the shores of England for ever!

When near the Cape of Good Hope, a circumstance occurred which gave rise to the following observations, headed, "A most providential escape from fire."

"On the 19th of April, 1822, between one and two o'clock in the day, we were alarmed by a cry of fire! and it was soon discovered to be in the after-hold, amongst the boxes, &c. &c. The third mate, Mr. G., immediately went down (although the smoke was so thick that they could not see an inch before them) with several men to conduct the engine to every corner of the place, in order to extinguish the fire if it had broken out; but through the mercy of God, the burning case was found out, sent upon deck, and thrown overboard, without being opened to see what it contained. Every thing seems to have been ordered by Providence for our safety, for only a few hours before, the wind had come round favourably for our going into the Cape! In our great distress * * * went up to the Captain, and proposed his putting up the helm for the Cape, which was accordingly done:

the latitude was then between 38 and 39 degrees.

“On the 22d we anchored at some distance from Simon’s Town, it being too hazy to go any further that night; but the next day proving fine, we anchored off Simon’s Town. We may, indeed, truly say, that the Lord is with us wherever we are, whether by sea or land. How often is such an instance of the goodness and mercy of God thought, by many careless creatures, who care not what happens to them, so that they are saved—a lucky thing, and very fortunate that it so turned out! But can any one, who has the slightest sense of religion, let this instance pass without improving by it? I should think not, unless he be *indeed* a hardened sinner: but even *then*, (alluding to the great number of souls on board on that awful occasion,) one would be induced to think, when death was staring them in the face, on some of them some slight impression would be made; yet I fear to say, that the greater part have considered it merely as a fortunate circumstance, and not as a kind hint from our Heavenly Father, to ‘repent and be forgiven.’ I hope and trust it will be of use to *some*, though it

does not appear to be so at present. I trust that it has been of great benefit to *me*, for since that time I have been enabled to put all my confidence in God, and to look up to him as a *sweet* Comforter and Friend. The comfort and consolation I have received from his holy book have been great indeed, and I trust, that when we arrive at our destination, I shall, by his Almighty aid, be enabled to give *many, many* poor heathens much rich hope and consolation from the same book. But if it should please him to take me from this sinful world before I can do any good, my only prayers are that He may find me prepared for his heavenly kingdom; and, 'Father, thine only will be done!'

"*May 22.*—Went on shore at Simon's Town; it is not a very interesting place, and were it not for the beautiful mountains behind it, that interest would be lessened. The distance between Simon's and Cape Town is about twenty-two miles. When within six miles of the latter, we enjoyed some very beautiful scenery; several very pretty gentlemen's seats opened, as it were, from the avenues through which we passed. Now and then we saw the lovely mountains towering

above the trees most beautifully. Cape Town very much surpasses what I had conceived of it: the streets are regular, intersecting each other at right angles: the houses are built in the Dutch style; most of them are quite white, and very roomy. Many have what are called stoops before them, viz. some brick-work, raised from the ground a little, about the width of the house, on which the families walk when they are inclined. The first walk we took was in the Company's gardens, where we saw a few wild beasts. The next thing we saw was, I think, the *Mermaid*,* a thing that no person ever, I should think, gave credit to, but those who have seen it. I knew not whether to believe it or not. But why should we doubt it? for we know that our Heavenly Father consults not *us* in what He is pleased to create, and it is surely as easy for Him to make *that* as us.

“We took a delightful walk through the Kloof-house Garden, and part of the way up the Lion's Mountain; it was a most lovely, romantic walk. We saw many kinds of fruit-

* A dried specimen at that time exhibited in Cape Town, and subsequently in England.

trees, among which were the orange, the citron, the lemon, and the fig."

During the short and interesting period which she remained at Cape Town, she enjoyed the hospitable kindness of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Philip, whose name is associated with every sentiment of piety and worth.

Having again proceeded to sea, when between the 58th and 60th degree of longitude, she thus writes:—

"Duchess of Athol, May 16.

"We have come thus far, through the blessing and goodness of God, without any more danger; and I pray, if it be the will of God, that we may arrive at our place of destination without any thing more taking place; but I leave it all entirely to His all-wise disposal, for 'He only knows what is best.'"

Having penned this truly Christian sentiment, the editor cannot forbear to add his testimony to the sweet spirit of resignation, with which she contemplated the approach of death in one of its most terrific forms, when all human hope seemed totally excluded. She united, with great fervour, in the solemn vows of devotion, when the devouring

flames on one hand, and the watery element on the other, were ready to execute the summons of the Sovereign Lord of all. Although but little more than fifteen years of age, she evinced the utmost calmness and composure, proving that her confidence was on high.

“ *May 17.*—Oh Lord, do in pity look upon a poor sinful child! Hear her prayer and answer it, if consistent with thy will! Oh, hear me! Incline thine ear unto my calling! Leave me not, nor forsake me, whether in trouble or in joy; but oh, do thou be pleased to send comfort and happiness unto thy servant, and be thou a God of mercy and kindness unto her. O Lord, I do believe that thou wilt not always chide, neither wilt thou retain thine anger for ever. I beseech of thee now to withdraw it, and to send once more perfect peace and happiness—or rather, O Lord, send me patience and strength to bear whatsoever *thou* art pleased to send unto me.

“ Again, my Blessed Father, I come before thee to open my heart, and to throw all the burden that I now bear entirely upon thee. Oh, merciful Jehovah, wilt thou look upon me and bless me, and guide all my steps! Oh;

be thou my guardian and my comforter. When I am in trouble do thou comfort me and lead me in the way that I should go. * * * I beseech of thee to instruct me how to act, that I may not err. Oh, wilt thou incline thine ear unto my petitions and answer them! Thou only, O God, knowest the secrets of all hearts, and it is in thy power alone to give comfort to those who need it. * * * * * Oh, be with us all this night, and send us that refreshing rest which thou hast kindly and graciously afforded unto us aforetime."

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Oh, Blessed Father! I now stand before thy heavenly throne to plead thy mercy and implore forgiveness. Wilt thou, great God, as thou hast promised in thy holy word, give rest unto those who are weary and heavy laden, and who call upon thee? Oh, be pleased, Heavenly Father, to look upon a poor, sinful, sorrowing child, who now presents herself before thee, to cast all the burden that she now bears upon thee.

"*June 2.*—Oh, Blessed Father! according to thy loving kindness, thou hast been pleased to listen to my prayers and to answer them.

May the lesson I have now had, Most Holy God, be treasured up in my memory. * * * *
 I *do* desire to thank thee most sincerely for thy kindness and condescension in sending me this slight trial; and oh! though it was indeed painful, I cannot be too grateful to thee for sending it unto me. Oh, thou art indeed a God of mercy, and every one who knowest thee must love thee. Wilt thou, my Father, still continue to bless me and regard me with thy tender mercy? I can truly and with all my heart say, that the 'Lord is a present help in time of trouble;' and that 'He is always found of them that seek him.' O, what comfort and consolation do the Scriptures give us, whether in sorrow or in joy, for there is comfort to be found in every page.

"*June 13.*—Oh, my God! I beseech thee to look upon me this day, and bless me with thy heavenly blessing:—suffer me not to provoke thee to hot displeasure; and oh, if I should—or have done it—do, my Father! forgive me. Thou, oh God, and thou only, knowest how that wicked tempter haunts me, in all my actions—not only is he in my thoughts when employed about worldly things, but even

during the few moments that are spent in prayer with thee, he is close at my elbow, taking away my attention from thee to some trifling thing. Oh, my Father, cut some of those strong cords that bind him fast to me! Let him have no more influence over me, and enable me to tread him under my feet with indignation! How many hours of misery has he caused me to pass! They are more than I can number. Lord, leave me not—nay, rather cut me off in one moment, than suffer me to live without thy heavenly care. Still be with me, my heavenly King, and suffer me not to err. Do thou lead me through all that I have to undergo, and, O God, send me not trials without patience and strength to bear them. Lord, leave me not, nor forsake me, but be thou ever near to hear me when I call upon thee. Amen, and Amen.”

“ June 16th, Madras Roads.

“ I desire at this time, my heavenly Father, to offer up my unfeigned thanks to thee, for thy past merciful kindness unto us poor sinful wretches during the night, in which we were exposed to so much danger. We have, indeed, Lord, had *many many*, proofs of thy

loving kindness and of thy presence. If the words 'Fear not, for I am with thee,' do not make us put all our trust in thee—surely *proofs* ought. But thou, Lord, knowest how prone vile man is to trust in the arm of man, and how hard and stubborn the heart is. I beseech of thee, Gracious Father, look in pity upon me, change this heart of stone for a heart of flesh, and send me a meek and lovely temper, like unto my blessed Saviour's. Oh God, suffer me not to be easily put out of temper; uphold me in all my trials, whether great or small. I know, Lord, if thou refuse to strengthen me, and send me patience in the time of trouble, that all will go wrong with me. Can I, my Holy Father, expect forgiveness from thee, whom I have so much offended? I know that however great a sinner comes unto thee, and seeks repentance, thou wilt not shut thine ear against her, but wilt listen to her; and if she be indeed sincere, that thou wilt pardon her. Is there then, oh, my Father, any hope for me? I know that I am indeed a sinner! Wilt thou pardon me, and regard me as one of thy blessed children. Oh, be with me the remainder of *this day!*"

him, however, without whose permission a sparrow cannot fall to the ground, to mitigate its severity. The following paper appears to have been written shortly after her illness:—

“ *July 20, 1822.*—Great and gracious Father! thou hast been pleased lately, in thy displeasure, to visit me with sickness. Oh! sanctify it unto me, and enable me to look upon it as a blessing from thine unerring hand, and make this poor insensible heart of mine grateful to thee for it. Lord! if it should please thee so to visit me again, I pray unto thee to send me patience. Oh, patience, patience, is the great thing! how little do I possess—nay, indeed, none.—Could I but obtain this prize, then I should have gained much. How deeply I lament my bad temper—it interferes in all my concerns; and whilst this is the case, there remains no peace for me. Lord, I pray for that meek and mild temper which my blessed Saviour possessed. Let not, I beseech of thee, any small thing overcome me, but enable me to bear all with patience and without a murmur. I have much more, blessed Father, as thou knowest, to bear than formerly, but I desire not to murmur. Oh, Lord, on all occasions

thou canst do the most ; under thy outspread wings I place myself, and all my friends and relations, knowing that thou wilt do for us, and by us, as shall seem good in thy sight. Amen."

The elevated temperature of the climate of Bengal, at this season of the year, is abundantly sufficient to account for any feelings of excitement approaching to irritability of temper, under which she might have laboured, without any reference to the morbid state of feeling, which generally accompanies a paroxysm of fever. But it does not occur to the writer that this was betrayed even in an ordinary degree, far less to have occasioned any marked attention :--and probably the fervent prayers she may have offered contributed to the preservation of that equanimity which was so obvious to her friends. It is observable that a close attention to the minute, and what are too often considered trivial points of character, are dwelt upon with emphasis in her approaches to the throne of mercy. Many circumstances of individual or temporary interest are forcibly introduced in her private exercises, which it has been deemed expedient

to pass over; but it cannot fail to strike the attentive reader how studious are her endeavours to make religion the presiding and controlling principle in reference to her subordinate concerns.

“ *September 7.*—This is a day of much inward conflict. I know not when I have felt such hardness of heart. What shall I do? I know what *I ought* to do, but cannot. Oh! this stone within me—if I could but *chip* it, *then* there would be hope—but alas! it is too hard, I feel it growing more and more so. What shall I do? I cannot pray. Will the Lord accept me after so much sin? Oh, this wicked, wicked heart! This is indeed a day of darkness! I can no where discover a single spark of light; no, not a single one. What thoughts have I not indulged that are most sinful, most disgraceful to the Christian: all seems to be lost for ever! I dare not—will not distrust the God who made me;—for even this day of darkness may be turned to a day of much comfort, if it be the will of the most holy God. My heart is still very obstinate and filled with much sorrow.

“ *September 8.*—My heart much, much

harder. Oh that I could kneel down and pray to my heavenly Father as becometh such a poor worm as I am ; Lord, help me, help me, I beseech of thee, for without thy assistance I can do nothing. Amen, and Amen."

SECTION II.

- “ Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me.”—
PSALM li. 2, 3.
- “ Hide thy face from my sins and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.”—PSALM li. 9, 10.
- “ The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.”
—PSALM li. 17.
- “ I will run the way of thy commandments when thou shalt enlarge my heart.”—PSALM cxix. 32.
- “ Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of, but the sorrow of the world worketh death.”—2 COR. vii. 10.
- “ Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.”—Gal. iii. 13.
- “ In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins.”—COL. i. 14.

“ Not in our own spontaneous will.
Can we the world shut out;
Say to our passions, ‘ Peace, be still!’
Or check each rising doubt;
Alone by prayer—tis slowly won
In the world’s throng too rarely done.

Retirement must adjust the beam,
 And prayer must poise the scales ;
 Our Guide, Example, Head Supreme,
 In neither lesson fails.
 Oh ! may we in remembrance bear,
 He taught retirement—practised prayer."

BERNARD BARTON.

A DAY or two subsequent to the date of the foregoing penitential prayer, she embarked on board a budgerow in the river for Berhampore, a military station, contiguous to the city of Moorsheadabad, whither her brother was proceeding in medical charge of a detachment of one of his Majesty's regiments. Her journal thus commences :—

" *September 12, 1822.*—On the 10th of this month we entered our boat for Berhampore ; as it was late in the evening when we came, we remained stationary for the night. About half-past six the next morning we left Barrackpore, and, as is customary, sailed till six in the evening, when we cast anchor for the night. During the day we saw several vultures. The scenery on both sides of the river was extremely beautiful. They appeared to be most sweet romantic places, and where, in

England, we should delight to ramble ; but those are not our feelings here, for we should be in constant fear of some animal, or numbers of insects coming from the trees immediately over our heads, upon us. We anchored in the evening at Chinsurah, where Mr. Townley and other missionaries reside. A note having been sent to Mr. Townley, he and Mrs. T. came and staid with us for a short time, and then sent the palanquin to convey my sister and myself to their house to spend the evening. We remained with them but a few hours, but those were passed very delightfully, and just before we returned to our boat, we heard Mr. Munday pray. A psalm was read, and a hymn was also sung. Our boat consists of two good-sized cabins,—the sitting-room is considerably larger than the sleeping apartment, being about sixteen feet square. The other is nine feet long, and varies in breadth according to the shape of the stern. We have also a cooking-boat, provided with every thing necessary for our use and comfort. This day we were obliged to wait till six before we could get our dinner ; the cooking-boat having been detained behind, did not reach us until we anchored.

“ *September 13.*—Yesterday proceeded till 11 or 12 o'clock without any thing new occurring, when we stopped at Bandel, a Portuguese settlement; and as one of the officers knew the officiating priest at the chapel, we went on shore. It is a very small place, but having never before seen a Catholic chapel, I was pleased at the opportunity. I was much amused by the old man, who seemed to be a complete friar, very fat and dirty, although he had detained us full ten minutes to dress himself; his dress was composed of a robe and large tippet, a little black skull-cap with a tassel at the top; he had on stockings and a pair of black cloth shoes, and a most terribly thick beard, or rather the remains of one.

“ A new organ had lately arrived from Portugal, on which he was anxious for * * * to play, which she did a little. On returning to the boat he sent us some very nice pummaloes. About two o'clock we sailed again till five in the evening, when we anchored for the night. We were not able to walk in the evening, as our passage is through paddy, or rice-fields, which during the rainy season are always overflowed.

“*September 14.*—At ten this morning we stopped to bury a poor little child (of one of the European soldiers) which died last night. When the grave was dug * * * * went to see if the service were to be read over it. When he arrived at the spot, one man was performing this duty, and another was cutting an inscription on the tree under which it was buried. * * * * said, when the child was let down into the grave, the poor mother was so frantic with grief, that she was obliged to be removed from the place by the bystanders. Poor creature! when she returned, I looked through the jhilmils, (a sort of venetian blinds attached to the window frame,) and saw her stop to take a last farewell of her poor child—her grief was indeed sad—I heard her bitter moanings for a long time:—then it was that I longed for the day to come, when all men shall know and fear the Lord; for if this poor woman had enjoyed that blessed privilege, she would have said, ‘I *felt* that it was the hand of the Lord,’ and would have been resigned to his will.

“*Sunday, September 15.*—This morning we arose before day-light, and when we were ready went on shore, where all the soldiers,

and the two officers on duty with them, were, as on the preceding night had been proposed. * * * * read the morning prayers and one of Burder's short sermons. We returned to the boat some time before the sun rose, and immediately set sail. The scenery has been most splendid this morning—no one can conceive of the beauty who has not seen it. Yesterday the thermometer was 92 or 3° Fahrenheit. The top of the budgerow was too hot to keep our hand on for two minutes. To-day it is only 88° Fah., and comparatively cool. About two or three hours afterwards it rose to 92°.

“To thee, O Lord, I bend my knee, and with uplifted hands and eyes I pour out my petitions. Holy, just, and pure Jehovah, lend thine all-willing ear. To thee, and only thee, I pray, and that because thou in thy great mercy hast promised to hear those who come to thee. Oh! Father, if I am worthy to call thee by that endearing name, have mercy upon me and bless me, for thy kindness is very great. I beseech of thee, with all my poor heart, to grant unto me that sweet and amiable temper which characterized my blessed Saviour. Wilt thou hear me, gracious God. Oh! that thou wouldst change this

wretched heart of stone, and for it place one of flesh, that will melt and grieve sorely when it displeases thee. Happy, thrice happy, should I be, could I feel some of those strong strings break which bind that wicked tempter so closely to me. I would pray to thee, my God, to answer me quickly, but I desire to wait with patience thine own time. Lord, my God, be with me and guide me in all my doings. Amen, and Amen.

“*September 16.*—Just before we lugaed (or anchored) saw a tree, from which the fans or hand-punkahs are made, with several conical birds'-nests hanging down as it were by a thread, being open near the bottom to admit the birds. Whilst taking tea, the insects were very annoying, flying into my mouth when I attempted to speak. I understand they are always very troublesome during the breaking up of the rains—the present season.

“*September 17.*—The scenery, as usual, has been very beautiful. Thermometer now is at 97° Faht. To-day we passed a large and pretty village. Most that we have passed have struck me with their beauty, yet I think they present such scenes of desolation as to lessen considerably the pleasure of looking at

them. They are generally composed of small huts, placed without regular order, with many trees growing near them.

“*September 19.*—To-day we had much pleasure in looking at the scenery as we passed. About 12 o'clock, as we were sailing along the bank, we saw a pile of wood placed close to the water's edge, and a woman, apparently but just dead, seated parallel with the pile, or rather fixed up by some means, so as to be in an erect position. Three or four men were employed in throwing water over her head, each person alternately performing this act. I am very glad that we did not see the *burning ceremony*, as it would have been truly shocking. There is something in the idea of *burning* one's relatives very dreadful, though it may be said, and with perfect justness, that this mode is not more cruel than laying them in a cold grave. Yet all who have feeling must admit that there is much consolation in being able to visit the grave which contains a dear valued friend, and perhaps a parent. But oh! though this task cannot be performed without much sorrow, yet who would, or could, endure the sad spectacle of burning.

“We left the boat this evening, and strolling

along the banks of the river, turned down upon a tope (grove) of mango-trees, where we came upon two little cottages, near which were some men and women engaged in spinning cotton. One woman said she was picking out the seeds from the cotton-pods to supply herself with food; another was spinning it, whilst an old man made it into skeins.

“ *September 20.*—About breakfast-time we saw the remains of a dead body, burning, and an old man sitting by to guard it.

“ As we proceeded, the scenery became very lovely—there was much variety and richness in the colours of the trees. Now and then we saw a beautiful little nook, with the graceful bamboo waving its head over it, and often a pretty green lane presented itself. Even a person insensible to the beauties of nature must own it to be very grand. In consequence of the heavy rains, several villages have been nearly destroyed; many parts of the bank have fallen in, and with them some mud cottages.

“ *September 21.*—Passed more villages much injured by the rains, and was glad to see the natives busily employed in cutting down the trees on the bank, which, if left, would soon be washed away.

"Sunday, September 22.—This morning we had no prayers with the soldiers, as on last Sunday, it being thought too damp, by the officer in command.

"September 23.—To-day we had a storm and much thunder, but it was not so loud and awful as on the 20th, for which I am very thankful.

"Berhampore, September 26.

*"Yesterday arrived at Berhampore. Mr. * * ** came to our budgetow this evening, and in conversation spoke of the poor deluded women who burn themselves with their husbands. He gave us an account of a Sutte (self-sacrifice) which he had lately witnessed. He was with the poor creature, whose sacrifice he saw, from nine o'clock till five in the evening; endeavouring to dissuade her from burning; he offered money to support her, and her two children as long as they should live, but his offers were all in vain. *'My husband is dead,'* said she, *'why therefore should I not die? I should only be miserable during the remainder of my life.'*

*"Just before she ascended the pile, Mr. * * ** again offered her money, when, with much indignation, she turned to him, and said,

‘I am not come here to *beg.*’ She then bathed, and put on a silk dress, and after walking round the pile *nine* times, repeating something, and scattering rice upon it, ascended with a firm and steady step. She stood there a moment or two, and then lying down, put her arm under her husband’s head. Her own son, after walking round the pile, as his mother had done, put a lighted torch between their heads, whilst a Brahmin set fire to it below: all the bystanders immediately gave a shout of admiration! It is their custom, on these occasions, to strew combustibles of various kinds upon the pile, such as rosin, oil, &c. Mr. * * * finding, on enquiry, that they were deficient in these materials, offered whatever sum of money might be required to enable them to procure enough, but they would not listen to them. The son seemed to perform his part with great coolness, and considered it as necessary, but the poor daughter cried bitterly. The woman appeared to be perfectly sensible; whilst the smoke and flames were rising she was fanning her husband, and crying out ‘Hurre-bol!’ an invocation to her idol god. In these acts she continued till death, waving her hand as a last farewell. Mr. * * *

said he reckoned a quarter of an hour from the time she first began to burn, and that he watched the arm which waved backwards and forwards as it gradually became flayed and blistered. In the event of her attempting to escape, men were standing round the pile, ready to fasten down the deluded victim with bamboos!

“ *Moidapore, September 29.—Sunday.*—A very unprofitable day to me, and one from which I derived no comfort or benefit; but it was my own black deceitful heart that made it so, for to relate a sad truth, the Lord was more ready and willing to hear than I was to go to Him.

“ *October 1.*—Rode on an elephant to-day for the first time; afterwards fed him with half a loaf. Was amused at the way in which he took it up with his trunk.

“ *October 4.*—Visited General Stewart’s museum, in which we saw the various idol gods of the natives, instruments of war, armlets, &c. &c.

“ On the 2d, saw an enormous gun, raised by the roots of two trees some way from the ground, (roots of the banyan tree, which often rise above the surface,) and around which they

had entangled themselves. It was a very curious and interesting sight; it is held in very great estimation, and even worshipped by the natives."

"*October 6.—Sunday.*—Oh God, who art my hope and strength, upon whose aid and assistance I depend; look down, I beseech thee, upon a poor feeble creature, whose work is great, and whose strength is weakness. Oh Lord, it is a mighty work, to cleanse this polluted nature, to root out evil affections, to plant it with all heavenly dispositions, and to make it meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. It is a work that will be opposed by the world, the flesh, and the devil. But blessed be thy name, thou hast promised to go along with me, to work in me, to strengthen me by thy grace, and quicken me by thy Spirit. To thee, oh Lord, I look for a new heart and a right spirit. Alas! sin has taken deep root in my heart, and keeps up a continual warfare there! How often have passion, pride, and envy disturbed my spirit, ruffled my temper, and broken my peace with thee! How often have vanity and a love of the world drawn my heart away from thee, and indisposed me for thy worship and

service! The world knows me not, they look only on the outward man; I may deceive them with the shadows of those graces, to which alas! I may be a stranger: but I cannot deceive thee, oh, thou Searcher of hearts! And let me not, I beseech thee, deceive myself! Show me to myself, under the most specious disguise, and help me to mortify sin in every member, though it may be like plucking out a right eye, or cutting off a right hand!

“Thy Gospel is heavenly and divine; let me be a partaker of its divine nature; let the work of holiness be carried on in my soul, till I am sanctified in body, soul, and spirit; till I am delivered into the very mould of the gospel. Let me not be contented with striving against sin; but enable me to go on in grace, till I am rescued from the bondage of sin and the fears of death; and when, by thy grace, I am arrived at the state of everlasting triumph, I shall lay all my victories at thy feet; and with palms in my hand, and hallelujahs on my lips, celebrate thy praises to all eternity. Amen.

I and * * * * went to church in Cantonments, and heard a very good sermon, by Mr. E. the clergyman of this station.

" *October 8.*—In the evening, our friend with whom we had been staying accompanied us to our budgerow.

" *October 9.*—This morning we left Berhampore for Calcutta, perhaps never to see it more.

" *October 10.*—Saw two or three dead bodies floating down the river.

" *October 11.*—This morning we commenced our progress rather sooner than usual, in consequence, we suppose, of the dandees (boat-men) having stolen some wood, which they declare is from the Bazaar. About eleven o'clock we stopped at the famous Hindoo Temple, at Nuddea, to enable * * * to make a sketch of it and the surrounding scenery. It is now rapidly falling to decay.

" *October 12.*—This evening we reached Chinsurah, although it was quite dark and very late.

" *October 13.*—Spent the day with Mrs. Townley and Mrs. Munday. Unfortunately, Mr. Townley was in Calcutta, upon a melancholy occasion, having to preach a funeral sermon for Mr. Keith, a missionary. We heard Mr. Pearson preach in the morning, and Mr. Munday in the evening.

“ *Barrackpore, October 14.*—At ten o'clock this morning, we arrived at the house of our dear friends once again, where we were received with their usual kindness.

“ *October 23.*—This has been a day of great trial to me, but it has only served to strengthen my own melancholy thoughts of
 * * * *

“ Oh, Lord! thou only canst support us, thine afflicted servants, if it be thy will to remove so dear, so very dear a friend from us. Take her, I pray thee, into thine arms; make her death-bed to be easy; and, oh! whilst she is permitted to have life, bless her, and cause thy face to shine upon her, and may she receive great comfort from thee.

“ *Calcutta, December 29.*—This morning I have heard a most delightful and impressive sermon, by Mr. Crawford, from 2d Corinthians, 4th chapter, 3d and 4th verses. ‘ But if our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost, in whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God should shine unto them.’

“ Oh! what an awful text is this;—but however awful, I fear it is true. How long is

my wicked heart to continue in this sad frame? Oh! not much longer: for, as I have this morning heard, unless I go immediately to the throne of grace, the door of mercy may be barred against me. How dreadful would this be, to be shut from the kingdom of heaven through my *own* fault! I know that the Spirit will not *always* strive with us.

“Could I but see into my depraved heart, I should be shocked indeed! Oh, it is of the blackest hue—not even a gleam of sunshine to lighten its darkness—all is dark, and vile, and miserable within me. My prayers, too, are all cold, and formal, and unacceptably, in the sight of God. I often pray and fancy that my prayers are heard—but will the Lord condescend to listen to them when they arise from motives so impure as mine!

“Oh, Lord God! shine into my heart, that I may behold the light of thy countenance once more, and enable me to come before thy presence praising and glorifying thy blessed name. Daily does my sinful heart rebel against the Most High God, and think that the Lord will hear me in my own time. But, oh! how mistaken is this, when I know that his Spirit will not *always* strive with me. How awful to

think that I should be at last cut off without having attended to the warning voice—perhaps when I least expected it. Oh, Heavenly Father, if I dare come to thee with this dark, deceitful heart, have mercy upon me, and regard my imperfect petition! Thou art, indeed, a God of long suffering, and abundant in mercy: without thee I am worse than nothing.

“Free me, if it be thy will, from that vile enemy who has taken such strong hold of my weak, depraved heart, and enable me to give myself up entirely to thee, and to rest solely upon thy arm, which can and will bear all who come to thee through Christ thy Son.

“Make me fully sensible of my extreme wretchedness, and help me to come to thy throne of grace, as it becometh such a vile and abominable creature as I am.

“Oh, gracious God! before the wicked tempter shall have utterly destroyed the root of this young tree; do thou in thine infinite goodness water it with the pure waters of heaven, and cause it to revive and flourish to thy honour and glory. Let not the fruit it may be permitted to bear be merely pleasing

to the eye ; but oh, may it be refreshing and sweet to the taste !”

The time of her departure from the Presidency was now at hand, as will appear from the continuation of her journal.

“ *February 4, 1823.*—On the evening of the 4th of February we left Calcutta for Gorukhpore, to which station my brother was appointed on the 4th of January.

“ The river is now so remarkably low, that the paddy fields, over which we sailed four months ago, are quite dry.

“ *Berhampore, February 14.*—Arrived at this station without the occurrence of any thing deserving particular remark.

“ *February 18.*—Whilst sailing last evening, we witnessed one of the most horrible things, I think, ever practised. Our attention was attracted towards a great number of people on the banks, making a deafening noise with tum-tums (a kind of drum) around a tree with its head lopped off, on the top of which were two bamboos tied together, and placed horizontally upon it, so as to admit of a circular motion on a pivot. A hook was attached to one end of the bamboo, and at

the opposite a lengthened rope. The hook was then thrust into the flesh of some poor creature's back, who was suspended in the air, and whirled around by means of the rope, amidst the shouts of the multitude below! This is done to please their deity! How grateful ought we to feel who were born in a Christian land.

February 19.—Reached the Commercial Residency of Jungypore, rather a pretty place. Mr. Williams, the Resident, son-in-law of Dr. Marshman, Baptist Missionary of Serampore, was very kind in sending to us vegetables, bread, &c. &c. He is a serious man. After breakfast * * * * went on shore to visit him.

February 21.—At eight this morning entered the Ganges. The distant appearance of the opposite shore reminded me very much of the first sight of Saugor Island. The natives, on entering this magnificent river, usually ask for some trifling gratuity, to enable them to procure sweetmeats, &c. &c. from an adjoining village, in order to celebrate the occasion.

February 22.—Yesterday afternoon we passed a boat which had just been upset by

the violence of the storm, and saw the poor men endeavouring to gather up some grain which had been in the boat, when overturned near the shore—no lives were lost. This morning we saw the lovely hills about Raj Mahl.

“ *February 23.*—Reached Raj Mahl this morning—a most interesting place; lugao’d close to the decayed palace. This was the seat of government at one period of the Mussulman empire, or rather, of a Vice-royalty.

“ *February 24.*—Early this morning A * * * went into a boat in the stream to sketch a portion of the ruined palace, which is very picturesque, and afterwards a large gateway belonging to the palace. In the afternoon I visited the ruins, with which I was very much delighted. In its splendour it must have been a most grand building. In many places merely the walls are left, which show the rooms to have been very numerous: there are, however, two or three rooms remaining; the walls of one are of white marble, covered with Persian characters, and of another, also of white marble, with a black marble floor—this was a room of devotion. It is so extensive, that wherever we walked we saw either a gateway

or part of a wall, connected in some manner with the grand building. I was particularly struck with the neat appearance of the huts at Raj Mahl.

“ *February 25.*—At about four this afternoon, we had a most awful clap of thunder. This day reminds me of a dreary winter’s day in England, without the comforts we enjoy there.

“ *February 26.*—A very cold day—lugao’d within two miles of Sicly Gully.

“ *February 27.*—Soon after sun-rise arrived at Sicly Gully, a large village at the foot of a hill, on the summit of which is a ruined gateway and a mausoleum. The hill is covered with trees, the colours of which are of the richest hue. A * * * took an interesting sketch of it, and I made an unsuccessful attempt. It is a beautiful spot, and appeared particularly so as we entered the little bay, on one side of which were the lovely hills, seen in distance, enveloped in a grey mist.

“ *February 28.*—A memorable day. The morning was very cloudy, and thunder was heard growling in the distance: it approached by slow degrees till about 2 or 3 o’clock, when we heard a most terrific, awful crash. The boat-

men immediately hastened to a bank of sand in the stream, and on being safely lugao'd, we experienced a dreadful storm. The poor dandees were obliged to stand in the water to prevent the budgerow from dashing against the bank, for without this precaution it would have been dashed to pieces.

“How innumerable are the times in which we have had great cause to praise the Lord for his preserving arm! Oh! that I could raise my heart with becoming gratitude to that throne of heavenly mercy, from whence proceedeth every good. Lord, accept my heartfelt thanks, and O, prepare me for whatever thou art pleased shall come to pass.

“*March 1.*—Early this morning, reached Pattergotta, a most lovely place. A * * * took a pretty sketch of the hill, from the bank. After breakfast, and family prayers, we ascended the hill, which was rugged and tiring; but the surrounding scenes would not allow us to avoid the trouble, it was so beautiful. When we had reached the summit, the view (up the Ganges) which we had before us, surpassed any thing we remember to have seen. The hill on which we stood sloped gently down to the bed of the river, and

another rose in the same way. They were covered with a great variety of trees. My sister took a lovely sketch of it, including the ruins of a Mussulman's temple in the foreground. On leaving the beautiful bay in which we had remained during the greater part of the day, we observed, at the foot of the hill, protruding into the river, some rocks, on which are carved, in relief, representations of some Hindoo gods. About half-way up the hill is a cave, extending to a great distance; we went into the first division. It is said to have been denominated the 'Chamber of Science.'

March 3.—Arrived yesterday at Colgong, a place of note, on account of some rocks rising in the middle of the river.

March 4.—This day lugao'd at Bhagul-pore. This has been a very uncomfortable day to me; I feel that I am *very* ignorant, and know that without superior aid I can do nothing. If I seek not the help of one who is All-powerful, and who alone is able to do all things, I cannot succeed in my endeavours.

March 5.—Spent this day with Col. and Mrs. F——; saw several mutilated ancient sculptures; one slab, covered with inscriptions,

was taken from the ' Chamber of Science,' at Pattergotta.

" *March 7.*—Passed the Fakeer's rock at Jhangerah.

" *Sunday, March 9.*—A most uncomfortable day, it rained without ceasing. I have too much reason to fear that this day was not spent in a manner pleasing to the Lord, for my thoughts were too much occupied with the body to allow of my soul receiving the refreshing nourishment which is promised to those who seek the Lord in faith and love. Reached Monghir at noon.

" *March 10.*—We were kindly invited to spend this evening at the house of Mr. Moore, which we did, and experienced much kindness from him and family.

" *March 11.*—We started at six this morning on a visit to Seetacoon, a place celebrated for its hot spring. We were much delighted with the scenery, but particularly pleased and gratified by a sight of that great natural curiosity, the hot well; within the enclosure were steps all around; on putting our fingers into the water to try the temperature, we were soon glad to withdraw them. Many pilgrims had come from distant countries, to *touch* this

holy water, for they hold such things in great estimation; and to bathe in some adjoining cold tanks! Mr. M. assured us that there were generally a number of Brahmins living about the wells, who extorted from the poor travellers what money they could get, and made them repeat certain unmeaning words and names, after they had bathed in these *pure* waters. Some had come from Gour, others were going to Juggernaut, &c. &c., (celebrated Hindoo shrines.) It is not unfrequently the case that these poor creatures die on the way from fatigue and self-inflicted penance.

“ *March 16.*—Came in sight of Patua this morning, and to our great delight received some English letters, containing, thank God, pleasant news. How delightful and refreshing is it to hear from those we dearly love. We learnt that Capt. * * * was to be married to Miss * * *. That their heavenly Father, who ordereth all things well, may bless them with his sweetest blessings, and spare them many years to each other, is my earnest and unfeigned prayer.

“ *March 19.*—Remained off Patua; a very hot day.

“ *March 20.*—Attempted to pass by a nullah (branch of a river) which led in a straight direction towards Dinapore; we had not proceeded far, when we were obliged to lugao on a sand bank, the wind having set in strong against us. The water had also fallen so much since yesterday, as to make further progress impossible; we were glad, therefore, to retrace our track without loss of time, and accordingly returned when the wind abated. We were almost choaked with the dust, which it was impossible to keep out of the boat.

“ *March 22.*—The wind blew strongly nearly all day; we could only go a short distance by moonlight.

“ *March 24.*—Passed Dinapore, a large military station.

“ *March 25.*—Early this morning we left our budgerow on a visit to Mr. * * *.

“ *Chuprah, March 26.*—We spent this evening with Mr. L., the Judge.

“ *March 27.*—This morning my brother was attacked with fever * * * * *
How providential! that he had not proceeded by dawk to Gorukhpore, as was his intention, if bearers could have been in readiness: it would have been dreadful to have been

chastened with this rod when in such a situation. Ah ! truly, and from the centre of my heart I can say, ‘ just and true are all thy ways, O thou king of saints.’

“ *Good Friday, March 28.*—We each took a part in reading the Litany, the Psalms and Lessons for the day, and one of Mr. Venn’s sermons.

“ At day-break, this morning, we took leave of our friend, and reached the budgerow at 7 o’clock.”

At this spot the River Gogra falls into the Ganges. The course to be pursued lay up the former, for a few days’ journey towards the Raptée, which, rising in the forest contiguous to the territory of Nepaul, passes the town of Gorukhpore, situated upon its left bank, about forty miles from its termination.

“ *April 8.*—We reached Gorukhpore at eleven o’clock this morning; the cool house was a delightful exchange for our hot budgerow; with the punkah it was almost too cool.

“ The second day after we had been under this hospitable roof, (the bungalow in which she afterwards resided not being at that time ready,) my brother made his round of calls; it being the custom in India for the person

last arrived to make the first visit, which being returned by the several families at the station, is followed up by a visit from the ladies of the party."

It may be proper to state in this place that Gorukhpoor is the principal town of a district of the same name, lying in the northern part of the British dominions in India. On the north it is bounded by the mountains of Nepaul, the west by the province of Oude, having the districts of Tirhoot and Sarun on the east, Ghazepoor and Benares being situated to the south.

The European Residents consist, as at similar stations in the interior of India, of civil functionaries and military officers, with their families. A Missionary, in connection with the Established Church, prosecutes his labours here among the Hindoo and Mussulman population. A spacious church has lately been erected, chiefly through the instrumentality of a leading member of this small community, whose exertions on the spot carried into effect the measure, which his zeal in the cause of truth recommended to the sanction of the government.

A vast forest, abounding in wild animals,

lies within a mile or two of the town and cantonments; towering above which, in favourable states of the atmosphere, are seen the hills of Nepal, and magnificent Himalaya mountains. A spectacle so sublime as that presented to an observer on these plains occasionally, is not to be described. At sunrise the grand mountain barrier is sometimes observed to stand out in clear dark blue above the forest, which runs along the line of the horizon, and the peaks and icy pinnacles, as they catch the morning beams, glitter with a brilliancy and beauty scarcely to be equalled. When it is considered that the highest summits of this chain, clad in eternal snow, rise to the enormous elevation of nearly 30,000 feet, it is not surprising that the mind should be filled with mysterious awe in the contemplation of operations so stupendous. Well may the "eyes be lifted up on high to behold *who* hath created these things;" and the Almighty hand be recognized, which "comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance!" How truly happy he, who

Looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature; and though poor, perhaps, compared

With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery his own.
His are the mountains, and the vallies his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel ;
But who with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpretentious eye,
And smiling say, " My Father made them all."

SECTION III.

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- “ Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ:
- “ By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.”—ROM. v. 1, 2.
- “ For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.
- “ And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.”—VERSES 10, 11.
- “ I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.”—ROM. xii. 1.
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- “ Not the best deeds that we have done,
 Can make a wounded conscience whole;
 Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
 That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.
- “ O may thy grace its power display,
 Let guilt und death no longer reign;
 Save me in thine appointed way,
 Nor let my humble faith be vain.”

Continuation of the Journal.

“*Gorukhpore, April 12.*—This is the wedding-day of my dear I * * * and A * * *. They have taken a very important step in life, but I sincerely trust it is for their happiness. May the Lord, who orders all things, bless them and send them much happiness in this transitory world; but above all, may they retire more from those gay scenes in which they have lately almost lived, and devote the hours which are so trifled away, in preparing for a better, an heavenly kingdom. May this imperfect but heartfelt petition be answered.

“*May 7.*—This has been a morning of great trial to me. At about eight o'clock a very severe storm set in, which lasted for an hour; the gracious God did not leave me, but lent me his arm of support, and upheld me. Oh! what a blessed privilege it is to be permitted to lay all our sorrows and distresses at the feet of Jesus Christ, who is able and willing to bear them, provided they are disburdened in faith. Oh! my Redeemer, cease not to intercede for me at the mercy seat of thy Heavenly Father, for thou knowest the deceitfulness of my stony heart.

“We are much pleased with Gorukhpore, and its sociable inhabitants. It reminds me more of a country town in dear Old England, than of any part of India; for here, it seems, formality is dispensed with, and you are permitted to follow your own inclinations in society. In Calcutta, and most other places, it is not so. We received a letter from the dear * * * *, in England; what interesting creatures they are! On reading their sensible letters, I feel *very* insignificant, and ashamed, and miserable to think that they, who are only two or three years older, should be so much my superiors.

“*August 10.*—I ought to reproach myself severely for having allowed so many months to elapse since I last wrote in this book. During this interval I have enjoyed many blessings and mercies from the all-merciful God; but have I paid my debt of gratitude? Alas! I fear not one half of what I *am*, much less what I *ought*. Have I made good use of the months that have passed? and have my thoughts and affections been set on my Saviour and my all? without whom I am as the grass of the field, which in the morning flourishes and grows, but in the evening is cut

down and withereth. To the first question I must answer with shame and remorse, that much of that time has passed away in trifling, and that the opportunities I had of hearing the blessed word preached have been of little benefit; for when I should have listened with joy and thankfulness, (knowing it was but for a season that I could enjoy this privilege,) to the dear faithful servant of God,* who was to sojourn with us for a time, my thoughts were turned on something unworthy of the time and place. And thus those refreshing seasons have from time to time been utterly lost. Oh what a reflection is this! doubly distressing when I remember that the servant, whom it pleased God to send amongst us, has been for the last month on a bed of severe languishing, and that ere he shall have recovered strength enough to proclaim those blessed truths again to us, he must take his departure. Oh, may God pardon me, and suffer not my weak heart to rove so much in thorny places.

“To my next question I have nothing pleasing to reply, but rather fearful. Seldom have I been able to bring my deceitful and

* Rev. J. Morris, missionary at Benares; at this time on a visit to Gorukhpore.

desperately wicked heart to think a good thought. My desires and affections have been fixed too much on this fleeting, transitory world. Oh! that I could leave all in the hands of my great Creator, who cannot err, do what He will, and not perplex myself with any vain foolish desires.

“*September 8.*—Yesterday I began again to read that interesting volume, the Memoirs of Mrs. Newell, and this morning I have perused many of its pages. Oh! that, like her, I may die the death of the righteous, and be worthy of such a crown of glory as she now possesses. She was, indeed, a child of God. It dispirits me much when I think how superior she was to me at my age,* and particularly with regard to her advancement in a religious course of life. Oh! what coldness of heart, what sad indifference, reigns within me. How often do I take upon my lips that name† which ought not to be pronounced without the deepest reverence. O, my blessed Lord, pardon me for all that I have done amiss, and help, oh help me to do those

* Sixteen years and seven months.

† Never but in prayer, or on solemn occasions.

things, and only those, that are pleasing to thy pure sight. Jesus, my Saviour ! open my eyes, that I may see the blackness and depravity of my heart. My mind is beset with clouds of the deepest dye, and my God seems at an immeasurable distance. Oh ! that I could pierce them through, and get one glimpse of my Redeemer's countenance to cheer my comfortless heart. Cut me not off, thou merciful Father, in this my sad state of darkness ; but, oh my God, before thou remove me hence, let that radiant hue of joy and gladness, which thou sheddest upon thy favoured few, shine abundantly upon me.

“ For some days past my spirits have been much depressed ; I believe it is partly owing to the conviction I am under of my great ignorance of those subjects with which I ought to be well acquainted, and which are well known to girls of my own age. I have breathed out a prayer which, I trust, the Lord has graciously heard, for his assistance in all my undertakings that are pleasing to him ; for I know that unless he help me, I must remain in the same state in which I now am, which is grovelling indeed. I find it extremely difficult to attend to my studies as I ought ; but if the

Lord, who is of infinite wisdom and greatness of mind, strengthen me, and give me understanding, what more can I require. My God and my Father, instruct me in the way in which I should walk, and suffer me not to go to the right hand or to the left; be thou ever nigh, and that to bless me; and do all according to thy good pleasure. Amen.

“*September 11.*—This day finds me under an extreme depression of spirits; but I have been enabled, through God’s mercy, to repair to the throne of never-ending mercy, there to lay before my Almighty Father the sorrows and distresses of my heart, and I earnestly hope that he *has* heard me, and that he will be pleased to answer my petition. My prayer has been for his assistance in my *earthly* duties, for daily I feel more conscious of my need of the aid of him who is all wisdom and understanding, to guide and direct me in my pursuits; to enable me to perform them with alacrity and diligence. I am so well aware of my inferiority of mind and extreme ignorance, that in the society of those whose minds are cast in a superior mould, I am uneasy, and am too apt to wish myself away, lest any subject should be introduced with

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which I ought to be acquainted, and am not. Oh that I had made good use of those great advantages which I had a few years back, and not squandered away so many hours in frivolous engagements; but it is principally my inattention, which now grieves me so much. Those advantages were, indeed, great; but they are passed. Now, indeed, I am wonderfully blessed; there are few, very few, who have such friends as I have, who are always anxious, and ever ready to improve my mind. But there is one great drawback which is more trying to me than I can describe; I mean the intense heat. Yet I ought not to murmur, for my health is much better than I had any reason to expect.

“*September 14.*—During the first part of this blessed day I felt extremely uncomfortable—much distressed in spirits; but I repaired to the throne of grace, and there sought and found relief. How ready am I to fall upon my knees when under any affliction or distress; but, oh, how dreadfully averse to prayer when I have no sorrow or discomfort to draw me near. Seldom do I approach the mercy seat with willing steps, but am obliged to force this sinful, depraved heart to go at

all. Oh, that I could make my perverse heart believe that Jesus died for me *individually*; but all my thoughts are dark and gloomy; when will the light of the blessed gospel shine upon me? Last night we had a severe storm; the thunder was not so loud and terrific as we have had it. This is always a season of severe trial to me, for then my wicked heart so sadly distrusts its Maker—he who rideth on the storm. I cannot help thinking at those times that the Lord may see fit to strike me with his terrible lightnings for the numberless sins I have committed. I know that I am worthy of death, and that should he appoint me such an awful dissolution, it would only be performing justice; but, oh, I earnestly entreat of him to spare me, and not to order my departure so awfully sudden; and to give me faith that I may trust in him, and remember that he is a God of mercy and not of vengeance.

“*September 17.*—Last evening I felt exceedingly depressed; my thoughts were with

 but, oh, especially of enabling * * *, through God’s help, to enjoy and feed upon the word of life. Let me ask myself, before I think of

leading others to the throne of grace, where am I? In a dark and dismal valley; yes, it seems as though my wicked heart would not be brought to see its perilous situation. Oh that the Lord my Saviour would stretch forth his arm and save me.

“*September 20.*—Yesterday I spent the day with dear Mrs. * * * *; with how little satisfaction can I regard those days, when gone by. I always have cause to repent of my foolish, frivolous, and careless behaviour. Surely I forget that the all-searching and all-piercing eye is upon me. How much it grieves me when I think as I ought to do about my conduct;* instead of restraining to the utmost my silly disposition, I appear to stifle those thoughts that do in pity arise to check me. I would much rather be exceedingly depressed, than be unable to restrain my untoward spirit.

“*September 28.*—This blessed day I intend to begin *Leighton on Peter*, and I trust, with the blessing of God, it will prove of great use to me. If reading this invaluable book should prove a means, through Divine Providence, of bringing my cold heart to see its bad state, of

* A cheerful buoyancy, and elasticity of spirits.

enabling me to seek more earnestly and *frustratingly* that gracious friend, whose outstretched arms are ever ready and willing to save all who in sincerity, and with a deep sense of their lost condition go to him; I shall have unspeakable cause for thankfulness that ever I met with such a book.

“ I know not what account I can give of myself for the past week. Another week has elapsed since I last wrote in this book; and am I another week nearer heaven? Oh, no. My spiritual duties have been miserably cold and formal; my thoughts too much employed in things pertaining to the flesh; and I have taken but little interest in that blessed kingdom which I do desire to be my home. O God, help me to begin and go through this week more becoming a Christian.

“ *Monday, October 6.*—Another Sabbath is passed, and numbered with the days of old. I dare not ask myself how I have employed the precious hours of that blessed day of rest; for, oh, my depraved heart was so far, so dreadfully far from the kingdom of God. It was a dull and wearisome Sabbath to me; that wicked tempter, who, indeed, lieth in wait, seeking whom he may devour, was

continually at my elbow. Whatever book I took—not excepting the Book of Books—he found means to draw off my attention, and to direct me to some trifling, worthless subject. Though this day has been so unprofitable to me in receiving instruction from what I read, yet I hope what I was permitted to see of the sinfulness of my heart, and my entire need of the aid of the God of grace in *all* my ways, will be, through divine mercy, of much use to me.

“ *October* 11.—Yesterday I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from my dear * * * *. What a great blessing is such an affectionate friend! but oh! how infinitely greater, to have the Friend of friends for our portion! I pray that my dearest * * * * may enjoy much of the blessed Saviour’s love.

“ Letters also were received from Mrs. * * * and Miss * * *. Their road seems to be marked out by the finger of the merciful Most High. May it please him to whom all things are known, to preserve them and all our dear friends, whether in this gloomy spot, or England, in spiritual and bodily health.

“ *October* 26.—Another of the blessed days of the Most Holy has arrived, and oh!

that to me it may prove more profitable than those that are gone by. O great God, bless my reading unto me this day, and enable me to understand and digest what I read, and through thy goodness let it find deep root within me. Make me to meditate on thee, and the glories of the heavenly kingdom; and oh! most gracious God, give me cause to say that this of all my days has been the most happy. How truly does the following verse agree with my feelings:

‘ When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark and vain and wild;
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child?’

“ I hail the approaching cold season with feelings scarcely to be described; it seems as if new life were to be given me.

“ *October 29.*—During the night of the 27th * * * * was attacked with fever; may it please the Almighty to restore him quickly to us again.

“ *October 30.*—Oh that the Lord may see fit to remove this severe indisposition, and grant him a little rest, that he may be refreshed. Gracious Father, send patience and

resignation unto us all, for we know it is a hand of love and not of vengeance that afflicteth thy children.

“ *November 2.*—How graciously did the Lord condescend to listen to the feeble cries of our hearts—he relieved our dearest earthly friend from his severe suffering, and granted him the peace and rest for which we prayed.

“ *November 4.*—My dearest * * * *, thank God, improves daily.

“ *November 8.*—I hardly know the use of a book in which to write my thoughts, as they are almost without exception filled with vanity and sinfulness. Oh! that I may receive grace from on high, and that ere I close this little volume my heart may be full of love to God and man.

“ I feel and mourn my want of faith, and love, and gratitude to my dear Redeemer: but my wicked heart does not yet repent in dust and ashes. Notwithstanding that I am still surrounded by such gloomy darkness, and impenetrable stupidity, I have, I trust, enjoyed more of the presence of my God than I have hitherto experienced.

“ I have been enabled to approach the throne of grace with *willing steps*, and hope I

can say the interruptions, during my converse with my heavenly Father, have not been so frequent as formerly, though still, to repeat a melancholy truth, they are very numerous. Oh! Jesus, my precious Saviour, enable me to raise my wandering sinful heart above this wicked world, and to rest it entirely on thee, who art so ready and so willing to receive it.

“ I trust my views of the Lord, whose mercy endureth for ever, have not been so hard as they were wont to be; but yet how averse am I to entertain those pleasing ideas of him which are so refreshing to his peculiar people.”

Connected with the above, but without date, are the following observations.

“ Since I last made any note on this book, I have had a disappointment, great indeed, but it came from the hand of the Most High. Yes, I distinctly saw his hand in it, and know that he has done it for my good.”

“ *Nov. 15.*—The day after we had removed to our present pretty abode, (the parsonage, lately erected for a missionary,) we were informed that a clergyman was appointed to this station, and that we might expect him in two or three months. We learn that Mr. an’

Mrs. Wilkinson are well fitted for their situation, and ah! that it may be so; they will indeed prove blessings to this dark spot. The missionary is a good and glorious cause to be engaged in. May it please the Lord to employ me in his vineyard, Oh! what a source of joy will it be, should I be enabled, through God's help, to bring *one* bough laden with the fruit of life! On the morning of the 13th, Mr. * * * came to lay the plan of the church, and the limits having been previously assigned, yesterday some persons came to dig, and clear away the grass, &c. &c.

“ Oh! may this church resound with the prayers and praises of the Most High; and may it please him to bless us with his continual presence. Amen.

“ *Nov. 23.*—Another of the Lord's days is nearly passed, and seven more days of precious time have been added to my life. Can I say that I regarded each moment as it flew; and that it has been my great endeavour to improve them as they took their airy flight? My time, I grieve to say, has been employed unsatisfactorily; there were many hours which my startled conscience convinces me might have been improved. Oh!

that it may please the Lord to rouse my dull, sleeping frame, to a greater concern for my spiritual welfare. I pray and strive for an enlightened mind, but when upon my knees, my prayers are so cold and formal, that I think the God of justice cannot surely condescend to regard such a grovelling worm as I am. I am often too, very often, filled with wicked doubts; and fancy that I may be singled out by the all-piercing eye of God, as fit fuel for that most terrible of places! Oh! God forbid that it should be so, and save —O save me, through the precious blood of the ever-precious Redeemer.

“*Sabbath morning, Nov. 30.*—Till within the last day or two of the past week, I have been living, if I may so call it, in an impenetrable gloom. The Almighty was pleased to withdraw himself, and to leave me in some measure to myself; but oh! when without the guidance and particular care of the Most High what can mortal man do! I was like a little child in the midst of a wide labyrinth walking in places where I could not discover even the footsteps of a wild beast: but I thank the Lord for his compassionate mercy in having again visited me with his inestimable

presence, and I trust it may not be his will to leave me so far off again. The Lord, the righteous judge, knows what a poor, helpless, miserable, unworthy wretch I at all times am.

“ During the last week I have had a disappointment, which I fear was sent in anger from the Lord, because of my darkness and cold-heartedness in the cause for which I profess so much attachment. But I would fain deceive my heart by imagining that it was rather the fault of the poor deluded native, than imagine it intended as a punishment to me. Having procured some materials for making clothes for the child of our khidmutgar, (a table-servant) who had been promised to me as a pupil to be instructed in my own language, I desired that she might be allowed to come, that her articles of dress might be prepared ; when to my sorrow, he said that he objected to her learning the English language, and wished that she might be instructed in the Persian, with which he very well knew I am not in the least acquainted. Nor do I yet know the Hindosthanee, a circumstance which reflects greater shame upon me than I can express, especially as I have been in this poor heathen land for a year and a half, and

desire so much to be a means, through God, of bringing some of the rising generation to be a 'seed to serve the Lord.' This sad indolence and indifference ought to make me ask myself whether I really feel that earnest wish to become a blessing to my brethren in this wretched spot? Oh! that I may not be permitted to let another Sabbath arrive without having, with all diligence and a faithful heart, improved some portion of my time for the future benefit of my Indian brothers and sisters. My heavenly Father assist me.

"December 7. — Yes; I *have* allowed another Sabbath to arrive, without having devoted the *smallest* portion of my time to the study of the language of my heathen brethren. Oh! what must I say in answer to my speaking conscience, for it tells me that my time is not in my own hands, and bids me to 'up and be doing,' lest I be cut off before I have attempted to teach any poor child.

"December 21.—One Sabbath has passed and another has arrived since a line has been written in this book. I have considered much of my desire to devote myself to the study of the Hindosthanee language, and feel that I cannot at present, with propriety, give myself

up to it, my own mind being so terribly deficient. Oh, I feel my wretchedness, and strive and entreat of my heavenly Father, who alone can give me wisdom and understanding, to deliver me from my miserable state. And I do believe that he will graciously hear. I trust he will give me patience to wait his own time.

“ A few days ago my dear brother was required to visit a poor unfortunate creature who had escaped from the prison, and in being apprehended, it appears, made great resistance; for besides being slashed and cut in many places, in a desperate manner, he had many stabs in his side. The relation of this made me shudder with horror, and I wondered how any man could thus use a fellow-creature; when, almost at the same moment, I thought of those precious sides that were pierced, and of the dying agonies of my Redeemer, and of the light and indifferent manner with which I treat such an important event! Oh that I could every day, and every hour, think on this subject, and lift up my heart in grateful praise and adoration for this inestimable blessing. How do I long and pray for that day, when my heart will be formed in an

heavenly mould, and when all my desires and affections will be centred in my beloved Saviour. May it please the Most High to answer my most fervent prayers, and graciously to look upon my afflictions.

“ *December 28.*—Again I presume to notice my feelings of distress and sorrow. My case is the depth of misery. Although my heart is so hard, and my soul enveloped in such a dreadfully thick cloud, I still have hope that the gracious God will, in his own good time, dispel it, and bring me to see the blessed light which can only beam from his pure and holy countenance; that my soul may be enlightened and my heart made a heart of understanding.

“ Oh! for the time when I shall be permitted, through God’s mercy, to behold my blessed and adorable Redeemer clothed in all his robes of majesty and glory, and regarding me with that compassionate and tender eye which belongeth to him only. O, my heavenly Father, hasten the time when I may have such a glorious sight.

“ *January 4, 1824.*—The past week has been attended with much interest to me. On the 30th, my dear * * * completed his thirty-

first year, and on Thursday, another year opened to our view. I pray that it may please my Heavenly Father to conduct me through this year under his particular care and Almighty guidance, for daily I feel the need of an arm like his to support and to uphold me, and keep my unwary feet from stepping aside. Oh, may I have reason to sing of his mercies all the day long!

“Yesterday my dear little nephew closed his first year. Only a few more years of innocency like the past will fall to his lot, and then the poor dear will begin to know what a wide world of sin and sorrow he has entered upon. Great God, preserve him in holiness before thee, and let him grow up in thy fear.

“If it should please thee to deprive him of his parents in his youth, oh, be thou unto him the Father of the fatherless, and lead him in the path of righteousness! Preserve him from the possession of such a heart of stone as that possessed by her who now presumes to come to thee. This day, too, is very important, as being the first sabbath in the new year. I do beseech of him who alone knoweth the secrets of all hearts, to deal with me in his tender mercy, and to be ever present with me,

that I may be kept from falling into the nets spread by the wicked one, and be preserved in the bosom of my Saviour.

“*January 11.*—The evening of the last sabbath brought with it a disappointment * *. Why should I repine, knowing it to be done by a hand that cannot err? Oh! because of the hardness of my heart. I pray to God for assistance, and without his aid, what can I do? I trust that the God of never ending mercy will enable me to leave all events in his gracious hands. Yea, I do entreat of him to give me strength to trust in him at all times: but my heart is so deformed and desperately wicked—so unbelieving, that I often, very often, rise from my knees fearing and trembling, lest my God should not have heard my prayer.

“*January 18.*—Yet another sabbath has arrived, and have I nothing to record? Oh, yes; I have to praise my heavenly Father for his wonderful forbearance towards me; for I have not opened my lips—I have not thought a thought that has not proved vanity and sin. Oh that I could say that this week has been to me a profitable one, but I ever have to repeat my continued state of misery. I ask

thee, O Lord, *how long! how long!* am I to remain in this wretched state? Oh, that thou wouldst be pleased in thy great goodness to deliver me from my wicked ways. I pray for an enlightened mind and an understanding heart; and I trust the Lord will graciously hear me.

“*January 25.*—How mercifully does the Lord deal with his children! He has been pleased to grant us, of this station, such privileges as we had no reason to expect. In his goodness he has provided us with a Missionary, accompanied by a pious companion. And now, O God, nothing is required but thine arm of strength to enable thy servants to do what is thy will. O, be thou with us, and prosper us in all that is consistent with thy most wise will. May it please my Heavenly Father to permit me long to be a partaker of the joys and delights which he has given us reason to expect. And, great God, let me not be content with receiving these blessings to myself only; but oh, through thy help, may I impart them to my brethren of this dark bewildered spot. I long to be made an instrument, through divine grace, of bringing some to see the glories of the cross.

“This day, I trust I may say, without presuming too much, I have been enabled to lift up my heart in prayer, with a heart that seemed to glow with love towards my Father and Redeemer. But thou, O Lord, whose eyes cannot behold iniquity, suffer me not to deceive myself. Convince me, if in error, that I may not imagine that thou art nigh unto me when it has pleased thee for a season to withdraw thyself. I trust that this is the last sabbath we shall spend without our dear expected minister.

“*February 3.*—This is my beloved * * * birth-day. Ah! I little know whether he has been pleased to preserve her to this day, or whether she be gone to her long home. Oh, if it be so, may she have been washed and purified in the blood of our blessed Redeemer, and made meet for the kingdom of God. Whilst in this vale of tears, I earnestly pray that she may be enabled to give up herself to serve and glorify him. Gracious God, when thou shalt see fit to take her to thyself, O, be thou pleased to take * * * * under thy more especial care and keeping. Jesus! clasp them in thine arms, and mercifully fulfil thy promise towards them. Were I to hear that * * *

my dear * * * had breathed her last in the arms of my Saviour, I should feel quite content, and not regret, so much as otherwise, that our last interview had passed.

“To-day, or to-morrow, we hope to have our dear minister amongst us.

“*Sunday, February 8.*—Last evening, two families beside our own were present at the parsonage. The evening passed most delightfully. Our dear minister, whom the Lord has graciously appointed to reside amongst us, read and explained the 2d chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Thessalonians; after which, he offered up a most beautiful prayer. We like all that we have seen of him and his dear partner extremely.

“We have just returned from hearing him preach from the 12th chapter of St. John, verse 32d. ‘And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.’ Mr. W. divided his sermon into two parts. 1st. Relating to our Saviour’s death.—2d. The fruits and effects of it. Oh, it was, indeed, a beautiful sermon, so affectionate, pious, faithful, and explicit. How rejoiced should I be, could I but remember the many delightful things that have this morning been preached unto me,

and that they would dwell with me. How incapable am I, such a sinful creature, to praise God sufficiently for his great blessing; and now that he has been pleased so to bless us, I pray that he may be pleased to open my heart to receive the truth, and prize it above all his other mercies. O, my God, grant that each sabbath may find me more willing and attentive to what thou hast put into the heart of thy servant to declare unto us.

“*February 15.*—We attended the usual meeting (intended as preparatory to the sabbath) again, last night. Mr. Wilkinson read and expounded the 65th Psalm.

“On the 10th of this month, I completed my 17th year. I think with astonishment and wonder that seventeen years of my life should have passed away and left me in so much ignorance. With what melancholy thoughts do I regard the many hours and days which I have spent in trifles! I pray that I may be enabled of God to pass this new year of my life with a strict regard to each moment of time. Sometimes I have a firm belief and hope that my heavenly Father *will* lend me his assistance, enlighten my mind, and give me an under-

standing heart, in order that I may enjoy the knowledge of those things with which my juniors are well acquainted. But, above all temporal endowments, may I be one of the called of God, one, whose soul the blessed Saviour has not considered too mean to be worthy of the benefits of his glorious cross. Through the blessing of God we have again been permitted to enter the house of prayer, and have heard another most delightful sermon by our dear pastor. His text was chosen from 1st Corinthians, 9th chapter, and the latter part of the 24th verse, 'So run that ye may obtain.' Oh that it may please God to bless the preaching of this pious intelligent servant, to my heart, and to those who see no beauty in holiness. Amen and Amen.

"*February 22.* — Last evening we were again permitted to assemble at the house of our dear pastor. He began to explain to us the book of Isaiah, and proposes, should his health admit, to continue his expositions throughout. He intends to go through the Revelations in a similar manner, on Sunday evenings.

"This morning's text was taken from the 2d Corinthians, 11th chapter and 30th verse,

'If I must needs glory, I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities.' On the last Sunday was contemplated the Christian race; to-day the Christian character. We were first led to consider the boldness of St. Paul, who was not ashamed to speak before princes, as he did towards the lower orders. We were entreated not to be ashamed of Christ our Saviour, and a hope was expressed, we might be enabled to say—

' I'm not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.'

" Oh, that it may be my privilege to proclaim his name to my heathen brethren !

" On Monday evening last, it was agreed that each person (among the ladies present) should exert her utmost endeavours to bring a few native children together for the purpose of receiving instruction. On Wednesday, Mrs. * * * had the satisfaction of having two sent to her, and has now four pupils. A little girl comes to be instructed by * * *. Mrs. * * * has begun to learn the Persian cha-

racter, in the hope of being useful to those around her.

“ *February 29.*—This morning I have been permitted to approach the table of the blessed Saviour, there to partake of his body and blood. It was indeed a solemn season! and I trust that I did not go unprepared. My heart seemed to overflow with grief; but, oh God of heaven, thou only canst tell whether it arose from the right source! I feel in some slight degree that Jesus is more mine, and that I am his; but oh! how sadly faint are all those cheering emotions, of the only true religion of the blessed Jesus within me, compared with the delightful enjoyments which his other servants possess. Lord God, let fall the veil which hides thy glorious countenance from the miserable object now before thee, and graciously be pleased to let it shine into my heart.

“ I hope and trust that I did not presume to partake of the Holy Sacrament uncalled; and think I can say I did not; for I feel that it has brought me nearer to him, of whose body and blood I partook.

“ A few days ago, I was particularly struck

with the answers made by a heathen convert to the questions put to her by Mr. Johnson, at Sierra Leone.

“ Can you tell me who made you? ‘ God the Father.’ Who redeemed you? ‘ God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost teach me.’ What does God the Holy Ghost teach you? ‘ He shew me my sin.’ Does he teach any thing else? ‘ Yes: he shew people that they can be saved by Jesus Christ.’ When he has shewn them that, does he teach them anything else? ‘ He make their heart feel glad: he give them peace.’

“ *March 7.*—The half of another sabbath is fled, and oh, what an unprofitable one has it been to me! I have been into the Lord’s house, but where was my heart? wandering here and there, encumbered about the vain shadowy things of this life. I heard the word, admired, and received it, but it fell upon unprepared ground, so that the birds of the air have deprived me of it. Oh, my Creator, my Friend, my All, hide not thy face from me, but let it shine upon me the remainder of this holy day, and suffer it not to pass, without my having learnt something new, and something

to *comfort* me. Oh, my blessed Mediator, if the answer to my daily entreaties would endanger my soul, thou knowest that I would not desire it! But thou canst so order it that it may be a means of drawing my heart and affections closer to thee, and it is for this I pray. Oh, hear me, for it is my heart's desire!

“The text of this morning was taken from Rom. viii. 18.

“*March* 14.—My * * * and I, and Mrs. * * * were at the parsonage last night, when Mr. Wilkinson explained the 110th Psalm.

“The text this morning was taken from the 3d chapter of Revelations, part of the 2d and 3d verses, ‘For I have not found thy works perfect before God. Remember therefore, how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast and repent.’

“He first considered the imperfections of the Christian character. Secondly, The causes which produced those imperfections, arising from the depravity of the heart in general, and the agency of Satan.

“The sermon was, if possible, more faithful and beautiful than either of the preceding

Oh, that I may be enabled by the Holy Spirit to give my whole attention to the things which so nearly concern my eternal welfare.

“ *April 4.*—The sabbaths on which I have omitted to write in this book have been spent in a frame of mind far from comfortable. I have, it is true, entered the house of God on those days, and have heard his word, but to what avail? Oh, my dull heart, how much do I lose from thy stupidity and depravity! Here am I again, returned from the place where God has delighted to be—as senseless, cold, and indifferent as when I entered;—and I have partaken of the body and blood of him who was crucified for the sake of rebellious sinful man. Oh, that I could feel comfort from this sacred communion with the Most High and Most Holy: but here I am, the same unrenewed and wicked being that I was wont to be! Yet I desire to thank God for what he does permit me SENSIBLY to enjoy occasionally of his goodness. I had a solemn feeling when eating of the body and drinking of the blood of the blessed Jesus; but it was far from that heavenly enjoyment which those who love him with all their heart experience. My Father, my blessed Father! hasten the

time when I too, may be made a partaker of these delightful emotions.

“*April 11.*—Oh, what must I say for my state this day, after having heard such a sermon as was preached to us this morning? Could my friends around me see into my bad heart, surely, it would make me feel most miserable—how much more ought it to grieve me, to think that there is One who knoweth its most secret thoughts, and from whom nothing can be hid.

“Up to this period, on this holy day, I have been offered repeated opportunities of approaching the mercy seat, and of joining the children of God in singing and speaking praises to thy name, Oh, thou Most High! And how often have I repeated them, and allowed them to escape without feeling one alight emotion of my heart. Oh, my miserable, miserable condition! My insensibility! How much longer, oh God, wilt thou hide thy countenance from me! Delay not to visit me again, for my weakness is known to thee.

“*April 18.—Easter Sunday.*—How great is the mercy of the Most High in having extended his arm of strength to me, to this period of my sad, wretched life. How thought-

less, how indifferent, do I grow : daily I have to complain of my miserable state, and sigh over my sins ; but oh, how short are my complaints and sighs ! In my distress I cry unto thee, oh thou Most High, and may it please thee to lend thine ear to hear me for one little moment. Oh, may it please the Great Mediator, in his tender compassion, to consider of my petition. Our dear minister gave us a delightful sermon on Good Friday, as well as to-day ; but to me, as I have daily to lament, they have proved of no benefit. Am I, O God, always to deplore in this way ? or wilt thou graciously lend thine ear to my cries, and vouchsafe me a merciful hearing ? Tarry not, O my God, lest my heart be quite estranged from thee ! Give me patience to wait thy good time, and mercifully take me under thy care and guidance this day and evermore.

“ *April 25.*—Oh that the Lord may have commenced a good work in me ! But let me wait patiently before. I am sure, lest I deceive myself, and fall into an irretrievable net. I have just risen from my knees, after having offered up a longer prayer than usual, and I hope, (trusting I am not deceived,) with feel-

ings more pleasing to MY Heavenly Father. For *one* moment, and but for one, I felt an awe in being so near to him, who, at the last great day, is to be my judge, which I have *never* felt before; and, oh, thou Most High, let this not be the *last* time; but may it be, through thine infinite compassion, the commencement of a more Christian deportment and heavenly state of mind. Into thy hands, O Christ, I desire to commit myself, beseeching of thee to deal mercifully with me, and to look upon the sorrows of thy hand-maiden.

“*May 23.*—Nearly a month has elapsed since I last wrote in this book, and various have been the occurrences within this period. The opportunities of hearing the blessed word preached and enforced, have been as frequent as usual, excepting last Sunday, when I was slightly indisposed. But how cold and indifferent does my depraved heart ever feel; and how deplorably do my thoughts wander from every thing that is good. O for an awakening out of my sleepy stupid state! How long, O God, must I bow beneath this heavy burden; it is a load greater than I can bear. My peace has lately been disturbed,.....

but I know it to be my duty to dispel every disagreeable emotion which arises. I fear, and have much cause to suspect, that the favour I have met with during the latter period of my life, has proved of no benefit to my spiritual state; but now that I see its folly, I trust that I may be enabled to pray for deliverance from the snares and temptations of this wretched world; and praying, may I obtain a gracious answer. O Jesus Christ, plead for me, and deliver thy poor weak follower from the sin and wickedness of this life.

“*May 30.*—As the day comes round, (Sunday), we feel more and more the value of the blessing which the ever-gracious Lord has granted us in our dear and pious pastor.

“Mr. Wilkinson’s sermon was a most delightful one; one under which even my cold heart was moved. The text was chosen from the 6th verse of the 8th Psalm.

“The duty of christianizing our heathen brethren, formed a great part of this morning’s discourse. I am sorry to say there were one or two present who think the religion of the poor deluded creatures around us, as good and “*permanent*” as our blessed religion.

I should not say I am sorry that they were there—far from it; I am rejoiced at it; for I think if their ears were open, they could not help being convinced of the importance and necessity of evangelizing these poor creatures; so faithfully and beautifully did our dear pastor commence and carry on this interesting subject. Oh that his labour of to-day may not be in vain, but may the words he has preached, and the glorious truths he has, through divine mercy, enforced, ring in the ears of his hearers, and allow them no peace till they are brought, like humble suppliants, to ask peace of him who alone can give it. How differently is the remainder of this blessed day spent by some part of this morning's congregation, than would be imagined could be the case, after what they had the opportunity of hearing. At this present moment, I am grieved to say, there are two who were in the house of God this morning, with another person who was not there, engaged in playing at billiards. How dreadful! O God, open their eyes to consider their iniquity, and bring them to thy fold. I desire to offer up a grateful and heartfelt thanksgiving to my heavenly Father, that *I* have been preserved from such

a sin ; and I thank him that I am what I am ; although I know I am very far from enjoying that spirituality, and delightful frame of mind, which I earnestly pray may be my portion. In my short life I have been a *dreadful* sinner. My sins are only known to him from whom I would that they were hidden !

“ During dinner, my dear * * * * read to us a sweet account of the death of Mrs. Vaughan, *wife* of a missionary in Africa. Oh, may my death-bed be as easy and happy as was her’s !

“ *June 20.*—We have not had the privilege of going up to the house of the Lord this morning as usual, in consequence of an accident with which our dear pastor has lately met ; but our family and his, assembled together to read the morning prayers and lessons. Scott’s Notes and Observations on the 10th chapter of Joshua were read. Having sung two hymns we returned home.

“ * * * * explained to me to-day what is generally understood by the terms Urim and Thummim.

“ *July 1st.*—I take my pen this morning to record the merciful kindness of *my* God. With tears and a grateful heart, I tha

for his presence, whilst in his holy temple. I do not remember ever to have read the prayers with so much comfort and attention as on this blessed day. Through the mercy of the Most High, I was enabled to attend to our dear and valued pastor's discourse with more than usual interest. When I think of the delight and joy experienced by the blessed spirits above, in praising and adoring their heavenly King, my poor attempts on this holy day appear worse than nothing; but the Lord is gracious, and with him is plenteous redemption. To him I have committed the secrets of my heart; and he alone knows what is hidden there; to him only do I look for answers to my petitions, and of him only do I ask pity and comfort. I know that the Lord Jesus will be gracious unto me, and will order all things for my good. * * * * * seems to have brought me nearer to my Father and my dearest friend, and if so, why should I repine; for what can be compared to the unchangeable love of God? I have committed myself to the care of my tender and compassionate Father, and desire, under every circumstance, to wait his good pleasure.

“*August 1.*—This day, commencing a new

month, the Holy Sacrament was administered. I partook of it, but with such a cold, hard heart as I tremble to record. I feel how unworthy I am to sit down and partake of such a feast ; and yet I could not bear to be shut out. I trust, and earnestly pray, that the Holy Spirit will give me faith, and enable me to look upon Christ Jesus as having shed his precious blood even for *me*. Surely there cannot be such a hardened, wretched heart as mine, amongst those who *desire* to be children of God. Continued opportunities are afforded me of knowing more of the great God ; but they are most awfully neglected. Oh, that I ever bore in mind that a time may come when I shall be deprived of these privileges ; and that this consideration may induce me to watch more narrowly, and to wait with my ears and heart ever ready to receive and retain the many delightful things of which I hear and read.

“ My animal spirits seem to have left me, and I feel sinking beneath the burden of my sins, which is too heavy for me to bear ; and from some temporal concerns which I sinfully allow to grieve me. I have prayed unto the Lord, and he has not answered me. I have cried unto him in the bitterness of my

heart, and has not heard me ; but I will yet again bow before him who hath said, ‘ Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ Oh that I might see his tender heart relenting towards me, or receive a merciful supply of resignation and patience to wait his pleasure. Amen and Amen.

“ *August 17.*—To-day is the fourth anniversary of the marriage of my dear brother and sister. I pray, and trust, that with the blessing of God, they may long be permitted to enjoy the society of each other ; and that the past years may be but a few of the many, with which they may be blessed. At every return of this interesting period, I trust they will have to bless God for an increase of tender mercies, both in a spiritual and temporal point of view. May their hearts be enlarged in charity towards their fellow-creatures, and may they grow daily more lovely in the eyes of their precious Redeemer.

“ *August 22.*—Hitherto have I been mercifully preserved ; but I have not to record a gracious answer to my daily earnest prayer ; perhaps the Lord sees that a trial of faith and

patience will be good for me ; or, it may be, that I am so importunate in asking such great and inestimable blessings, as to cause him to shut his ear entirely to these my petitions. I, in my *wisdom*, (which I know is **FOOLISHNESS**,) imagine that the possession of the mercies and blessings for which I constantly entreat, will constitute my greatest happiness, and be a means of leading me to a nearer communion with my Maker and my Saviour. O God, I know that all thy ways work together for good to them that love thee.

“ *August 29.*—I desire again this day to offer up a prayer of gratitude for the measure of health, and the many blessings we have during the past week been permitted to enjoy.

“To day I finished reading Mason’s delightful Treatise on Self-knowledge, and though my memory is too weak to remember much, yet I think it has left an impression that I had not before. It has shewn me what a wretched creature I am ; how miserably ignorant in a most important point—self-knowledge. The following sentences struck me very forcibly. ‘ What am I ? For what was I made ? and to

what end have I been preserved so long by the favour of my Maker? Do I remember, or forget those ends? Have I answered or perverted them? What have I been doing since I came into the world? What is the world, or myself, the better for my living so many years in it? What is my allowed course of action? Am I sure it will bear the future test? Am I now in that state I should wish to die in? And, O my soul! think, and think again what it is to die! Do not put that most awful event far from thee; nor pass by it with a superficial thought. Canst thou be too well fortified against the terrors of that day? and art thou sure that the props which support thee now will not fail thee then? What hope hast thou for eternity? Hast thou, indeed, that godly temper which alone can fit thee for the enjoyment of God? Which world art thou most concerned for? What things do most deeply affect thee? O, my soul, remember thy dignity; think how soon the scene will shift. Why shouldst thou forget that thou art immortal?

“ I have begun to-day to read ‘Buck on Religious Experience,’ and have perused the first chapter with very great pleasure. Oh,

that my feelings corresponded with those of the true Christian, as described by him ; and that on the return of the Sabbath, I could unite with him in repeating the following beautiful lines,

‘ Welcome sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
*Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !*

but instead of this, I feel it little more than a pleasing, wished-for rest from my daily duties. Oh for the blessed time when I shall feel and know my mind to be more in heavenly concerns, and my whole hope and joy in him, who, I trust, thinks me, even so great a wretch as I am, worthy of his dying love. And again, the enjoyment of the Christian in public ordinances, to which the author alludes. How little do I think of the purport of my visit to his earthly tabernacle, and how seldom are my thoughts entirely engaged in our dear pastor’s discourses.

“ *September 26.*—I had the privilege this morning of hearing our beloved pastor preach from Romans iii. 23, ‘ For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.’

“ I. Whatever we may appear in our own

eyes, and in the eyes of our friends, we are all sinners before God.—II. Inferences to be drawn from the above.

“The whole of this day has been passed in wretched, sinful coldness and carelessness; it has been a day of great discomfort.

“*October 3.*—On the 29th of the past month we received the mournful intelligence that my brother, my dearest earthly friend, is placed at the disposal of the Commander-in-chief, and must hold himself in readiness to start as soon as possible after the receipt of further orders, for whatever place or station is allotted him, during the war with the Burmese, but with liberty to return to his civil duties on the expiration of hostilities. Oh! that the liberty granted by his earthly masters, of returning to us again, may be sanctioned by his heavenly Master. Since the arrival of this painful news, my heart and that of my beloved sister have so overflowed with sorrow, that nothing but the arm of God, which is our *strength* and ALL, could stop the stream of bitterness.

“Our time and attention have been so fully occupied in the necessary preparations, that only now and then a tear has escaped; but

ever since that rueful moment we have carried aching and melancholy hearts. Oh! for that heavenly frame of mind, inestimable faith, to be enabled to say, 'Thy will be done, O Lord, not mine.' Though we apprehend the worst and greatest sorrow that can happen to us, (I mean his death,) yet I know that the God of mercy will graciously lend a pitying and compassionate ear to our hearts' afflictions, if we seek him according to his will. We fear not for him any other danger than the trying climate of that unhealthy country to which he must necessarily be exposed.....

..... but he is in the Lord's hands, and He it is who hath brought this thing to pass; therefore let our minds be solaced with the consolation, that all his ways are wisdom, and that he is God, who cannot err. The holy sacrament was administered this morning, after a beautiful sermon. It is an awful thing to think that this is perhaps the last time we three may be permitted to partake of it together! If this be thy will, O God, let a particular blessing rest upon it, especially on thy dear servant, who is soon to be taken from us.

“*December 10.*—Through the Lord's continued mercy, I have again been allowed the privilege of entering his earthly temple, to

join his favoured children in praising his holy name. I desire to thank him for the portion of his Spirit that was with me; although my silly heart was taken up at times with thoughts and desires unworthy of the place and time, I think with sincerity I can say that my attention was more fixed, and that I read and heard with greater comfort than I usually experience.

“ I render thanks to God, however imperfect they may be, for permitting me to say my dearest brother is still with us. Oh! that he may see fit so to order affairs, that neither he nor any other person may be required to enter the field of battle.

“ We now begin to feel the mornings delightfully cool and refreshing, and the days not so oppressive. I pray that during these reviving months I may be enabled of God to use the precious talent with which he has mercifully blessed me, to my utmost. I feel more than ever my deficiency of intellect, and am more earnest in praying for the assistance of him who alone can help me. If I am permitted to live in health through this cold season, I fervently pray that I may make such use of my time as that, at the expiration of these delightful months, I may not have cause

to reproach myself for idleness, or neglect of those opportunities which I may have for my improvement. O gracious Father, do thou be pleased to lend a hearing ear to this my poor but most sincere petition. I thirst for knowledge, both spiritual and temporal. My inmost heart is witness to these professions.—*October 10th, 1824. Gorukhpore.*”

The event alluded to in the preceding pages, in connection with the Burmese war, occurred about this time. The individual to whom she so affectionately refers, and on whose account she felt so tender a solicitude, previous to more distant service, was removed to an adjoining station. On which occasion she thus writes :

“ *November 24.*—I know not what to think of it, hardly—but this I know, that it is done by the all-wise hand of God. Whether it be for a blessing, or a trial, I cannot tell,—a trial, inasmuch as we shall be removed from our circle of kind friends at Gorukhpore, and be deprived of the privilege of hearing the blessed truths of the Gospel preached; but I trust, as *he* has ordered it, that he will graciously lead us and direct us in the way which we should go.”

The following extract from Scott, is recorded in her journal :

“ Our troubles are all from God : and when our peace is made with him, all things will certainly work together for our good. Instead, then, of fretting and complaining when we suffer a small part of the punishment due to our sins ; whilst the continuance of life gives ground for hope, and time for prayer ; we should employ ourselves in searching and trying our ways, in repenting of our sins, and returning unto the Lord ; and in lifting up our hearts and prayers unto our heavenly Father.

“ We should complain *to* and not *of* him, and the representations of our sorrows should be attended by humble confessions of our transgressions.”

It then proceeds :

“ *December 5.*—Since I last wrote in this book, many have been the changes of time and circumstance. Our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. C. invited me to pass a short time with them at Beoree, and I have just returned from spending nearly a month with them, having enjoyed their valued kindness and great attention. I desire to thank the Lord

for his tender mercy in permitting me the enjoyment of such kind friends, and I feel grateful to him for putting it into their hearts to love me so much as they do ; I am so unworthy as not to deserve any one's love and friendship.

“ *January 9, 1825.*—Nine days of another year are irrecoverably gone ! The new year has been entered upon with a heart full of sorrow and anguish. He who sent this sore affliction can alone tell how swift and full the bitter tide of sorrow runs, and it is in his power only to heal our wounded spirits, and wipe away our tears.....”

The preceding remarks refer to events of a public nature, which materially involved the comforts of the domestic circle, of which she formed a part : she continues :

“ * * * * was ordered to join the 1st regiment of light cavalry, encamped at Purneah, without delay. Having returned to us, from Ghazeepoor, where he had been on duty during the past month, he yesterday morning bade us a last, a *sad* adieu. We each retired to our respective apartments, and having poured out our hearts at a throne of mercy and compassion, we obtained a gracious

reception, and arose comforted. This day being the Lord's day, we have enjoyed the privilege of entering his holy habitation, and I trust can say we have received comfort into our distressed hearts. More than ever I feel my dependance on God; I know that unless he willeth it, none of my petitions can be answered. I carry great requests when I approach the mercy-seat, for I know that nothing is, or can be, too great for the Almighty God to grant; yet, not one of my desires and prayers may be for my benefit, if answered. I leave all to his wise disposal.

“ With grief and astonishment I look back upon the *months* of delightful weather which I have allowed to pass without having added any knowledge to my neglected mind.

“ I have prayed for assistance from above, but I have had no answer. I will yet lift up voice in humble supplication, and see if the Lord will hear me; yea, he *will* hear me if I ask aright. He will not say to those who *seek* him, ‘ depart from me.’ ”

The subjoined extract of a letter refers to the preceding subject :

“ * * * * * Oh! it pierced me to the very heart; and seems to have spread a cloud

of gloom over my prospects of future happiness ; for I had long cast aside all fear of your services being required, and could only think how secure we were, and praise God for his mercy in sparing you to us.

“ I think we can now through our tears see his gracious hand in it, in that you are appointed to a regiment that *may* not be required in the field, and which is stationed in a climate so *comparatively* healthy. May you have the superior aid and guidance of an Almighty power.”

Referring a day or two afterwards to the usual visit to the parsonage on the Sunday evening, when a lady kindly afforded an opportunity of perusing the memoir of Dr. Bateman, she observes in a letter—

“ I read this interesting book aloud, although a thunder storm was raging ! an occurrence which seldom failed to produce painful and irrepressible excitement. I wished that you had been here, either to read it to us, or participate in the pleasure of hearing it read ; for it presents a delightful account of one who was indeed a ‘ brand plucked from the burning.’ He was merci-

fully snatched from the pit of destruction to behold the light of the blessed Gospel.”

And again, sweetly manifesting the Christian's submission—

“ We would give much to have you at home, but whilst it is the will of our heavenly Father that we should be separated, I trust he will graciously lend us his support, and enable us to bear and do his will, even with cheerfulness.”

A communication having been addressed to her, expressive of the gratification afforded by her endeared and affectionate attachment, contained also this passage :

“ The knowledge of your practical acquaintance with the Sacred Scriptures, and the habitual influence these imperishable records exercise over your mind, has often filled my heart with gratitude ; and my prayers shall continue to ascend on your behalf, that God may be pleased to confer on you his richest spiritual blessings. For temporal mercies we must ask *conditionally*, but for the graces of the Spirit the language of our hearts may be unbounded.”

The reply to the above is dated 16th March, 1825, Gorukhpoor.

“ How shall I thank you, my beloved * * * * * for the dear affectionate note you wrote me on my birth-day ; and what can I offer as an excuse for having allowed it to remain so long unanswered ? The thought which you caused to arise of my ever having contributed in the least degree to the happiness of yourself and dear * * * * *, was almost too delightful for me ; and I could only express myself in tears of gratitude to him who enabled me to do the good that I would. Oh ! may it be my happiness to become more worthy of your love, and more especially of the love of my dear Redeemer. Continue, dear * * * * *, your prayers for your poor unworthy — and let your supplications be for *spiritual* blessings ; for *these* I most require, the aid of some kind heart. My own prayers I grieve to say, partake too much of temporal concerns ; but I strive and pray that I may be enabled to ask aright.”

The next extract is from a letter of the 2d April.

“ I need not tell you how much disappointed I feel that our happy meeting is de-

ferred yet longer. Our hearts began to rise, as though relieved from the great oppression naturally occasioned by the absence of one so dear to us. But blessed be our God and Father ; we know in whom we trust; and we know that whether his dispensations be of an afflictive or joyful nature, all things will work together for our ultimate good. And what do all these trials and disappointments, which only distress and grieve the mind, avail, so long as our *souls* are preserved in peace ?

“ I humbly hope that ere long it will please our All-wise Friend to grant us an interview ; and in the mean time, until this end be accomplished, he will enable us to wait with patience.”

SECTION IV.

- “ We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed ;
we are perplexed, but not in despair,”—2 COR.
iv. 8.
- “ For all the promises of God in Christ Jesus, are
yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by
us.”—2 COR. i. 20.
- “ But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far
off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ.”—EPH.
ii. 13.
- “ Be careful for nothing ; but in every thing by prayer
and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your re-
quests be made known unto God.
- “ And the peace of God which passeth all understand-
ing, shall keep your hearts and minds through
Christ Jesus.”—PHIL. iv. 6, 7.

We bless the Lord, whose tender care
Directs us on, where'er we move ;
Whose constant love shall still prepare
To guide us to his throne above.

We bless the Sun of Righteousness,
Whose beams command our night to cease ;
Whose ways are ways of pleasantness,
Whose paths are all the paths of peace.

The cloudy pillar all the day
 Shall guard us through the burning light ;
 While brighter glories shall display
 Thy cheering presence through the night.

So let us learn, where'er we go,
 To yield obedience to thy call ;
 To seek thy footsteps here below,
 And serve thee as our All in All.

THE Cavalry Regiment which had been encamped on the plains of Purneah, in order to co-operate if necessary with the northern division of the army employed against the Burmese, being ordered, on the approach of the rains, into cantonments at Bhaugulpoor, the individual to whom allusion is so often made was enabled to revisit Gorukhpore on his way to the upper provinces, whither he was directed to proceed. The regiment about to be joined, was stationed at Muttra, an important military station on the Bhurtpoor frontier. Although the month of May in this part of India is peculiarly unfavourable for travelling, it was imperative that the march should be immediately undertaken—the passage of the Ganges and Jumna being imprac-

licable in the face of the hot winds, which prevail at this season in their greatest intensity of heat and force.

The rout through Oude having been selected, viâ Fyzabad and Luknow, the journey was commenced under a strong escort of native horsemen, and a sepoy guard, which the local authorities kindly furnished.

Writing to a young friend on this occasion, she says :

“ When we drove through your compound, (grounds) the last morning, and passed the room in which you were, perhaps, asleep, little thinking of the sorrow that oppressed my heart from the thought that we might have had our last interview on earth, I could not help heaving a bitter sigh, and shedding a few tears. But when I recollect that he who brought us together, is able to preserve in our hearts the mutual affection we have so long cherished, my sorrow is much lessened, and hope ‘ skilled to wear the form we love,’ bids me look forward to another meeting.”

A detached paper contains the subjoined :

“ We arose at two o’clock this morning, May 26th, and having taken farewell of our dear friends, commenced our journey toward’

Muttra, which place, so long as it pleases our Almighty Father, is to be our residence. Oh! that our great Defender and Keeper may graciously lead us and preserve us through this trying period; and whatever it shall please him to bring to pass, whether of a sorrowful or joyous nature, may we remember the hand that causeth it; and instead of lifting up a murmuring heart, grant that we may be perfectly resigned to thy all-wise will, O God.

“ Many and VERY dear are the friends we have left behind. How great is my debt of gratitude that so worthless and unengaging a creature as I, should have been permitted the enjoyment of so great a pleasure as the affectionate regard of others. May I prove worthy of a continuance of this love.

“ Through the inattention of some of the servants, we were detained for some time at the Ghaut,* but notwithstanding this delay, reached our tents at Meer-gunj, a distance of 25 miles, at seven o'clock, and, as the weather was cloudy, did not experience any inconvenience from the heat; though the wind being

* Landing-place.

very high, we were completely covered with dust; our eyes and mouths being unprotected, we were rendered not a little uncomfortable.

“The pretty appearance of Mughur, the first stage, delighted us, and as we pursued our journey, several lovely spots appeared; either a picturesque ruin, or a beautiful clump of trees, presenting a variety of the richest foliage. In one place a numerous assemblage of black-faced monkeys greeted us with a loud chatter, and a display of their white teeth. * * * * gathered two pretty flowers, or rather blossoms of trees, one of which was a yellow flower, which at a distance very much resembled the laburnum of England, but on inspection it proved to be the Cassia, the seed-vessel of which is a long pod, containing a pulp of some value as a medicine. During the day the thermometer varied between 90°, and 96½° Faht. In the evening, whilst the baggage was being despatched, we took our tea, outside the tent, by the light of the moon, and talked of all the dear friends we had left behind.

“*Bustee, May 27.*—Set off about four, and arrived at this place at six o'clock. The

scenery not worth notice. A tattoo* upset his rider, and a heavy bundle; and running into the midst of the sowars,† created a little confusion and amusement. Before the day dawned the dâk-wallâ‡ overtook us with a letter. The servants gave great trouble and annoyance; the chief aggressor was reproved, and obtained the promise of his discharge on arrival at Fyzabad.

“ *Captain Gunj, May 28.*—Last night I became so nervous from the silly fears I entertained of thieves entering my tent, and of a storm arising, that I fell asleep from mere exhaustion; but I had not long enjoyed this peace, before I was twice aroused; first, by an immense pariar dog, and then by the snarling of a jungle cat. The wind was loud and boisterous in the night. We set off much later than usual this morning, which afforded an opportunity of seeing the country; in many parts very pretty. Our ponies and carriage-horse were quite knocked up. When we arrived at our ground this morning, we had the satisfaction of finding no tent pitched, and

* Poney.

† Native horsemen.

‡ Postman

that many of our things were left behind! I was so tired, that as soon as we reached the halting place I got inside the carriage and slept for half an hour. I am thankful in being able to say that I do not feel the heat so much as I apprehended. At night, the expectation of a storm renders me uncomfortable. There was much distant thunder, and a high wind all day, but towards evening the clouds dispersed, when the air being delightfully cool and fresh, I felt quite happy and light-hearted, especially as all fear of being disturbed by a storm during the night was removed.

“ *Amorah, May 29.*—I was awakened last night by my brother coming into my tent, and kindly enquiring if I were cold; for the wind was blowing keenly, and there was the appearance of an approaching storm. I went to sleep again, but soon after was awakened by the loud peals of thunder. I immediately ran to the adjoining tent, when it was proposed to prepare for our intended journey; but on being ready, we found it to be only two o'clock instead of four: we returned, therefore, to rest again. The road was generally very pretty; we crossed a nullah in our march. At a lit'

distance from Amorah, we were delighted to observe a slight deviation from the low flat country over which we had, till now, travelled. To-day our tent was pitched in the best tope* we have yet seen. In the evening the Rajah of Amorah drove up in an old shabby buggy. He is a stout man, and from the extreme redness of his eyes I should imagine he did nothing but smoke and drink; his manners are too familiar to be pleasing, but I could not help laughing at the odd descriptions he gave of the gentlemen he knew; and his acquaintance seems extensive amongst those who have a taste for hunting. Before his departure, he invited my brother to a *hog* hunt, which he civilly declined. The clouds arose again in the evening, and distant thunder, with forked vivid flashes of lightning, continued till a late hour. I was as much alarmed as I ever remember to have been; as, to the westward, it looked awfully black and dismal. But through incessant prayers and cries unto him who causeth the winds to blow, and the lightning to go forth, for faith that I might commit my all into his hands without a care,

* A grove.

I at last obtained a little peace : but even after the storm was hushed, I could not close my eyes for fear of thieves, which so preyed upon me that I was obliged to remove my bed into the other sleeping tent, when I very soon fell asleep and forgot my troubles."

The following memorandum, connected with the occupation of the day, may be admitted here :

" We have halted to-day in a very fine tope, all less fatigued than usual. This being the Sabbath of the Lord we purpose making it a day of rest to ourselves, the cattle, and the strangers within our gates. Being now in the providence of God separated for a season, perhaps for ever, from our religious endearments at Gorukhpore, we were constrained to bear our friends in an especial manner on our hearts this morning, when around the family altar ; and to implore with earnestness a blessing on the missionary efforts at that station. This being Whitsunday, we read a sermon of the venerable Mr. Scott, from these words, ' Until the spirit be poured upon us from on high.' In the afternoon we read another of Scott's admirable sermons, and in the evening part of a third, whilst sitting on

the borders of the tope in which we had been pitched during the day. At family worship, by the light of the moon, we sang the hymn beginning, 'Come, let us join our cheerful songs,' and at an early hour retired to rest."

"*Amorah, May 30.*— * * * * rode this morning in the direction of the Rajah's house, in order to see if any thing were to be found worth sketching. He gave us an amusing description of the furniture contained within this dwelling, which he visited. In the sitting apartment there is a punkah, an old broken table, a chair, two pictures of the goddess Kalee, in different attitudes; two on English subjects, and two small looking-glasses, side by side, with one larger, at the farther end of the room. The Rajah promised to repeat his visit, but it was intimated to him that this trouble was unnecessary; he, however, insisted on it, saying 'he had nothing to do at home but to brush off the flies.'

"At four o'clock he made his appearance on a small elephant, only a few years old, which he brought, he said, to show my little nephew. The animal was very quiet, and was active in its motions. He had some cakes made for us, which are in high repute; the

paste of which is made with ghee,* their contents consisting of preserved mango. Like the mean encroaching spirit of the natives, he was constantly on the watch for some gift, however trifling. He admired a large cock, which had the finest spurs he ever saw; it was our intention to give it him, but recollecting that he kept the poor creatures for the purpose of fighting, it was not sent. He then fixed his eyes on a small bamboo morha,† which was given to him, and on taking leave he solicited a pencil, with which he said he wanted to write his accounts.

“*May 31.*—From Amorah we proceeded to a village near Ram Ghaut, where we crossed the river Gogra in the evening, having passed a miserably hot day in the tent, which received only the partial shade of a single tree. It took nearly four hours in crossing the river, although not more than two or three miles wide in a direct line, inclusive of the sandy shores. We had occasion to pass down the stream, in order to round some sand-banks, in consequence of which we were quite weary and exhausted before the trip was ended.

* Ghee, animal oil, chiefly made from milk.

† Footstool.

“ On landing, we passed through a lovely tope of tamarind and other trees, interspersed with beautiful ruins ; and as the moon was high and bright, the scenery was quite enchanting. A new guard arrived to-day much to our regret, as the relief look too boyish to be efficient in time of danger, should any occur.

“ *June 1.*—My sister sketched the beautiful temple of Hunomān before breakfast, and afterwards another ancient building opposite our tents. In the evening I rode through the city of Oude to see the old buildings, of which there are very many ; the scenery around was truly grand. This place abounds in monkeys, and is called Hunomān ka mukan (the abode of the monkey-god). It is about 5 miles from the more modern, but now almost deserted city of Fyzabad. Having entered the mis-governed territories of the king of Oude, we find it difficult to procure necessaries at a reasonable price ; a striking contrast existing between this place and the district we have left.

“ We left this pretty place in the evening for Fyzabad, and were conducted to the spot on which is erected the magnificent mausoleum

of the late Nuwab of Oude, Sujah ul Dowlah. The adjoining area was marked out for our tent, but the bazār being held here, and consequently crowded with natives, we could not pitch our tents in it; had we done so, we should, in all probability, have been robbed.

“ We went as far as the middle room of the ground floor, and *looked* at Sujah ul Doulah’s and the other tombs, which were side by side, and occupied the width of the apartment. We were not permitted to enter so sacred a place without taking off our shoes, which we did not wish to do.

“ On the principal tent was placed a large head-dress in imitation of the silver one worn by the Nuwab. We did not avail ourselves of the option allowed us of going up stairs. The mausoleum is situated in a fine extensive garden. On each side of a broad path leading to it, is a reservoir of water extending the whole length, constructed of stone, forming a pretty appearance. To the right and left of the arch-way through which we entered, are two handsome buildings; and two others parallel with the mausoleum, having smaller reservoirs of water to correspond. After seeing as much as we could in a short time, we

started for a place two miles beyond, and arrived in the evening. Our new encamping ground is a large garden, in which are two pavilions, formerly the property of the Begum. It is a delightfully retired and pretty spot, called Ize Baugh, or garden of pleasure.

“ *June 2.*—My sister took a sketch of one of the pavilions, whilst I and my brother rode to some distance in search of the picturesque. We saw the Begum’s palace, situated in a beautiful and flourishing garden on the banks of the river Gogra. We obtained permission to inspect it. The house presents a tawdry appearance on the outside; but within, seems very good. Opposite to the palace is a small house, at each side of which a door communicates with a flight of steps leading into a pretty compound, at either end of which is a pavilion, tastefully roofed over with tiles, painted green. In this palace is a fine grapery, the benefit of which we enjoyed after hearing a few stories relative to the actual proprietor, and the manner in which the fruit was disposed of. The garden is in excellent order.

“ In the evening, * * * and A. drove to see the mausoleum at present being erected for the Begum, under the direction of the

Resident of Luknow ; it is stated to be more magnificent than that of Sujah Ul Doulah.

“ *Nourahce, June 3.*—We felt it so hot last night, that until the kunāts or walls of the tent were removed, we passed some restless hours. We arose very early, and by the light of the moon pursued our journey over an almost impassable road. Shortly after sunrise we arrived at our ground, very sleepy and fatigued, but to our chagrin no tent was pitched ! and the kulassee, the person whose business it is to get it ready, was not at hand. The other servants being collected, managed to put it up pretty well. Grieved as I was to see them only raising the tent from the ground as we approached, I could not resist a hearty laugh on seeing a rope break and all the servants tumble down upon each other, with their turbans flying off their heads in every direction. The country continues very pretty. We passed over a rude bridge, very much out of repair ; the masonry was so worn away where carriages had been, that each rut was a foot in depth. On this bridge our servants met about twenty people, whom they suspected to be thieves, for they afterwards heard that in

that place many murders and robberies had been committed.

“ We are situated in the midst of thieves and surly people. Our Kulassee, we learn, got intoxicated last night, and was seen lying in the road, near Fyzabad. In all probability, he has either lost his way, or is ashamed to make his appearance: it fortunately happens that we have two other persons of the same class, so that we can manage without him. Thermometer from 93° to 96° to-day. I begun to feel the heat now very much. The Kulassee returned in the evening, pleading indisposition as the cause of his absence; the real cause however, was already known.

“ *June 4.*—Last night, about twelve o'clock, a messenger came from Luknow with a letter from the Resident to my brother, accompanied by one in Persian, addressed to the chief police-officer at Fyzabad, containing instructions to provide the necessary assistance and supplies in our progress. As we had left the latter city, this document was of no use.

“ Started at half-past two this morning for Sujah-Gunj, the road *very* bad. Met two or three gangs of ill-looking people, whom we

have no doubt were thieves, all being provided with match-locks, or swords, and one man held a lighted match in his hand. We were too formidable a party for them, but I was much afraid that they would attack the palanquin, which contained some favourite articles of mine, besides other things; it was, however, under the care of three sowars, and arrived in safety. We reached our ground before any of the hackeries (the rustic carts of the country), but as the conch was close at hand, we were satisfied. A moonshee passed us in a palkee, travelling from Luknow to Fyzabad, attended by a strong guard of sipahees. The day very hot, thermometer 98° Faht. In the evening, a person who had been in some subordinate capacity at Gorukhpore, came to see my brother, bringing with him two pretty black kids and two baskets of melons. From this village we could get little or no assistance.

“*June 5.*—In the middle of last night, we were disturbed by a number of intoxicated quarrelsome people, who were making a hideous noise at a little distance from the tent. They were assembled together for the purpose of celebrating the marriage of one of their children; and this was the rational

way in which they passed the night! Started at three o'clock for Deriabad, the road pretty good. Saw more suspicious characters with their match-locks, but not such grim-looking creatures as on the preceding morning. Nothing remarkable in scenery until our arrival at the large town of Deriabad, which is pretty in many parts, and appears to have been a place of great note formerly, but is now a ruin. In the centre of the town stands part of a ruined fort. Since our entrance into the Oude territory, I have remarked with shame and sorrow a greater want of decency and outward demeanour of manner and dress; than is observed even among the poor wretched heathens whom we have been accustomed to see in other parts. Not unfrequently the women, old and young, wore merely a petticoat tied above the hips—some indeed, have a cloth thrown over one shoulder, but so carelessly as to be of no use. The men, too, are scarcely clothed, and the children generally not at all. Last night a company of depraved men and women came to this spot under the simple garb of dancers, but we knew too well the character of these people to permit them to remain. When they were ordered away,

the women stared at us with a look of the most thrilling impudence. Being in want of fresh bullocks and coolies, (porters,) &c. &c. we sent to the chief person of the town, whose duty it is to supply the necessities of travellers in passing through. The person returned, saying, that the Kootwal, or head of the police, was absent, and we had better apply to the Hakim, or native magistrate, which we did, and according to the savage custom of this country, received a message, that unless he saw the order from the Resident of Luknow, he should render no assistance; this was sent, but unfortunately it would not satisfy him, as the superscription had been previously torn off, and he requested that the letter written in English might be sent to him, which was done, sending him word at the same time, that if he did not procure the articles required, his conduct should be represented to the British Resident. Notwithstanding this, he remained as obstinate as ever, and said we might have coolies if we wanted them, but we could get nothing else:—we must manage therefore as well as we can. The tent was kept cool to-day in conse-

quence of the tattee* being well watered; thermometer only 89° Faht. In the evening a dry north-easter.

“ This is the day on which the Holy Sacrament at our new station has been administered. I could not help thinking of the privilege our dear friends enjoyed, and were not mine a heart of adamant, I should have longed to be there. Oh, that I had learned to prize these blessings when so near, that now I am removed from them, I might not have to reproach myself.

“(It being the Sabbath, this was made a day of rest. Divine Service was performed, and two of Scott’s excellent discourses were read for mutual edification.)

“ *Deriabad, June 6.*—We all went into the town this morning, to give A * * * an opportunity of sketching a ruin. A. and my little nephew went in the palkee, and I and my brother on horseback. We had not been out long, before it began to rain smartly, and we were soon drenched; it continued for some time,

* A mat made with the fragrant roots of grass, and kept constantly wet. It is fitted into a framework, and exposed to a current of air in a door-way.

and has cooled the air delightfully. The news has just been received of the murder of a poor man last night, at or near the place of our encampment for to-morrow. The road between this place and Luknow is understood to be much infested with thieves and murderers. We shall more than ever know the value of a guard. But *above*, we have a guard more sure and trustworthy,—even our Almighty Father, who will not suffer his children to be hurt.

“ Before the sun set we went again into the town, when A * * * made a hasty sketch.

“ We were informed by the people around, that a great many sipahees and sowars, with two or three great guns, are stationed in a tope very near us. In our evening walk we saw them at a distance. It appears that they have been lately sent to quell some disturbance, which has arisen in consequence of a refractory zumeendar (landholder) having sacked the surrounding villages. He has taken up his abode in the jungle, whither parties of soldiers are detached in search of him. We are induced now to suppose that the gangs of armed people whom we thought were thieves, must have been sipahees, em-

ployed in this service. It is quite a wonder to see a man in these parts who is not armed in some way or other. A report has been made to us that two men were killed on the night of the 5th, on the very spot at which we changed carriages. Our people saw the heads and part of their bodies; the lower parts had been devoured by jackals. We were happily ignorant of this circumstance, although the remains were at the place when we passed. Having heard horrible stories of murder, &c., and knowing what an unsafe place we were in, I felt much alarmed, and could not sleep for a long time after I had retired. Every minute or two I heard the report of a gun, and the cry of watchmen. Although I had scarcely a doubt of its proceeding from the sipahees in the adjoining tope, I could not silence my foolish fears—imagination, always on the wing, caused me to fancy all sorts of evil things. The guard walked close to my tent, and now and then to dispel the gloom which my loneliness and fears occasioned, I asked him a few questions. Once I could not help laughing at the blunt but well-intentioned way in which he answered. I enquired if the moon were up? He said 'No; but never mind

the moon, go to sleep.' I said, 'what did you say?' He replied, 'sleep—sleep!'

“ June 7.—Arrived at Sufdur-Gunj, just after sun-rise, having taken leave of Deriabad at a quarter after two. The tent was not in readiness, notwithstanding the servants had reached the ground at three o'clock. Our situation was in the loveliest spot imaginable, in a delightful tope of mango-trees, opposite a beautiful garden. At 5 P. M. just as the dinner things were removed, a furious hurricane came on; it was so violent that we were obliged to remain close to the inner kunat (on the windward side) lest the tent should have been blown down. The palanquin was also brought into the tent for a more secure retreat in time of danger. The air was rendered delightfully refreshing. Directly after the servants, &c. had gone off, another storm arose, accompanied by thunder, lightning, and rain, wind at times very high. My dear brother and sister kindly allowed me to sleep in their tent, seeing that I was so dreadfully alarmed, for which I felt very thankful, as my want of faith, and trust in the protection of the great and *only* Protector, would not admit of my possessing any peace alone. The storm

continued with little intermission all night. Thermometer 93°.

“*Nuwab-Gunj, June 8.*—Having a stage of only nine or ten miles, we arose much later than usual this morning. The heavy rain had rendered this road extremely bad, and we could scarcely go faster than a walk the whole of the way, consequently it was late ere we ended our morning’s journey. When our people passed through Purtaub-Gunj last night, they saw that all was in an uproar, and thinking that a set of robbers had probably beset the village, arranged themselves around the hackeries on which the baggage was conveyed, and prepared to offer every resistance, should they be attacked. On enquiry, they learnt that a poor child of three years of age had been just carried off by an immense wolf! The inhabitants saw the monster making off with the child, which it held by the throat, and heard the poor little creature scream once. In spite of their hootings and noises, the wolf ran off with its prey! These ravenous animals abound here, and do not conceal themselves in jungles, but live in open plains. The village from which the child was taken is enclosed by a brick wall, which is now in a dilapidated

state. We met many persons with bows and arrows this morning. Purtaub is an arrow in the Persian language; Gunj, a market. Whilst we were at breakfast, on a sudden we heard a great shouting, and supposing it to be occasioned either by a wolf or a thief, got up in order to see what was passing, when to our surprise, we observed six or seven large pariar dogs (hungry prowling animals without owners, which subsist on what they can obtain in and near the villages which they infest) running off with a poor little kid. The dogs were frightened away, and the little kid apparently received no injury. The natives informed us, that six or seven of these horrible creatures will attack and kill a man, if alone. The town of Nuwab-Gunj is large and very filthy."

The following letters were addressed to a friend, for whose amusement she had noted down many of the preceding remarks.

"Within a march of Luknow, when packing up such things as I did not want there, I put my journal into some snug corner from whence it has never since made its appearance. I will, however, endeavour to remember such occurrences as I think may amuse you. The night

before we arrived at Luknow, a thief tried to make his entry into our tent, but was most fortunately prevented, by the sipahee turning round upon him. Then came a wolf, but he did no harm. Whilst at the Residency we saw all the 'sights,' through the kindness of the Resident, who provided us with his elephants and carriage. We did not see the King of Oude, but took a peep at his throne, which, as you well know, is studded with the richest jewels. If I had not been so honest as I am, I might easily have helped myself to a few diamonds! We visited all his palaces, with the exception of that in which he resided during our stay, and could but be surprised at the elegance and rubbish that is jumbled together in the different apartments. In the palace which we last visited, were three or four most splendid mirrors, and a full length portrait of his Majesty, dressed in his royal robes, done in a beautiful manner, by Mr. Home. The first evening after our arrival we drove to a most lovely place, called Constantia, built by the famous General Martine, in a singular style, intending it, it is said, as a residence for the king. His Majesty, however, did not occupy it. It is a most

strange-looking tawdry place. As we staid at Luknow to see the 'Lions,' we went one evening to look at a large collection of birds, beasts, &c., and amongst other curiosities, a poor, innocent, half-starved English cat! Whilst we were admiring some beautiful deer, the people brought out a poor man, whom they called a jungle (wild) man, because he could neither speak nor understand the Hindoosthanee language! We proceeded dâk from Luknow to Cawnpoor, where we continued our journey after a day or two, in the usual manner. As we were all beginning to suffer from the extreme heat, the thermometer being sometimes in our tent as high as 99° Faht., it was judged advisable that we should make a forced march, in order to arrive early at a spot where conveyances had been kindly placed, to conduct us to the dwelling of a friend. Accordingly, we set out at eight o'clock in the evening, Anne and my brother in the poney phaeton, and I in the palankeen carriage, which, as the horse was terribly injured in the shoulder, was drawn on this occasion by two bullocks. I was so much amused at the '*Hottentotish*' mode of travelling, that I could do little else but laugh; but now and

then, when the wise drivers and leaders—for there were three men guiding the animals, one sitting on the coach-box, one immediately under him, and a person walking by the side—drove over a mound of three feet in height, I could not help trembling a little; but as it occurred so frequently, began to look upon an upset as an inevitable consequence, and viewed it rather in an indifferent light. I had not gone far before I perceived one side of the carriage considerably elevated, and knowing, of course, that any remonstrance would be in vain, with the wise ones without, made up my mind to what I was convinced my situation would be very soon:—it *did* upset with me, and I am thankful to say that I was neither hurt nor frightened. It lamed two of my fingers, and the next morning my right shoulder was very stiff and painful; poor Anne was terribly alarmed. But to continue my story, we reached this house about nine o'clock the next morning, having passed the whole of the night in travelling. You can imagine how dreadfully fatigued we were. My brother and I were so sleepy that we could hardly keep our seats in the buggy, which being very roony, we were continually sitting on each other's lap.

“Now let me thank you, my very dear friend, for the kind wish you expressed relative to my partaking of that inestimable privilege, the Holy Sacrament, with you. I thought of you much on that day, and if my insensible heart had not been so hard, surely I should most earnestly have desired to be present on the occasion. May God bless you, my dear girl! and make you one of his dear children:—and if he so order it that we may never meet in this land of trials, oh, that he may grant unto us the joy of re-union in his own kingdom, where we shall sit at his footstool, singing his praises and glory.

“*Muttra, July.*—We arrived at Agra, on our way hither, on the morning of the 2d inst. Tired as we were from our dāk trip, we could not deny ourselves the gratification of seeing the Tāje in the evening of the day in which we arrived. How can I describe to you its magnificent appearance! Others may be able to do it justice by description—I cannot. I feel most anxious that you should see it. I do not think you can have any conception of its grandeur. The view of it from the entrance gate-way is very imposing. We left Agra for this station on the 9th

I could not bring my rebellious heart to submit to the Divine will for some time; but now I humbly trust I can discover a wise and gracious hand in this appointment—whether affliction or joy be my lot, it will signify nothing, if I receive strength from on high, and if MY SOUL BE SAVED.* This is the grand concern of life, to seek Christ, and be found of him: may this, my dearest, dearest * * * * be your choice whilst a pilgrim here below. Oh! remember me at a throne of grace.

“I begin to fear that we shall not so soon meet as I have hitherto hoped, for whilst this cruel war lasts, the station of Gorukhpore would be no security for my dear * * * *, and late accounts from Calcutta represent the sick in Aracan to be no less than 5000! We have every reason to be thankful for our present situation, although the newspapers have lately stated the Bhurtporeans to be in a riotous state—such, however is not the case; at least, so much as to disturb us *militaires*.”

On another occasion, to the same friend, she says, “Your remarks on concerns of the

* Dr. Watts's Version of the 13th Psalm. “How long, O Lord, shall I complain,” is especially marked, and dated 17th July, 1825.

highest import, gave me the most unfeigned pleasure. Oh! may it be the earnest desire of us both, to follow in the footsteps of our dear Redeemer. I thank you most heartily for your remembrance of me at the throne of grace, and shall consider it the greatest proof of your love, if you continue so great a kindness. I do not forget you, dear, although I would that I could say I pray more fervently than I do."

The following observations relate to a circumstance which took place in the month of September, at Muttra.

"At three o'clock this morning, we were awakened by the Havildar, a native sergeant of the military guard, who came to tell us that the sepoys were ordered to assemble in the lines immediately—a heavy firing having been heard in the city, attended with considerable disturbance. He stated, that the regiments in cantonments, had received orders to be in readiness to move off at a moment's notice."

This occurrence was occasioned by a party of persons from the Bhurtpoor territory, who had visited Muttra, headed by their Gooroo, or spiritual guide, in order to cele-

brate a Hindoo festival on the banks of the river Jumna.

The authority of the subordinate civil functionaries having been disregarded at this period of excitement, gave occasion to the requisition above noticed.

“ *September 26.*—Returning from my ride this morning, the road, for a mile, was crowded with people, who, on enquiry, we learnt were performing the religious ceremony of walking round the city—this they accomplish at stated periods, between the months of June and October.”

The subjoined extract is from a letter addressed to the compiler, dated Agra, December 8th.

“ Before you left us, my dearest brother, I wished to give you a few lines from ‘ Leighton on Peter,’ which I think will be peculiarly applicable just now, and which it is my ardent wish we may be enabled to follow up to our utmost—these are the words, ‘ Remember always the presence of God. Rejoice always in the will of God. And direct all to the glory of God.’ That you, my beloved brother, are preserved and guarded by him, is an un-

speakable comfort, and we cannot feel too thankful, that in these times of sorrow, you are blest with a spirit of acquiescence in his holy will. What an awful consideration is it, that in this large army, there should be so few persons who care for their souls! Oh that you may be the honoured instrument of leading some to the bosom of the Lamb.

“ Until we hear from you the time will pass rather tediously. I am afraid you will suffer much inconvenience from the sun. Wishing you every blessing, and above all, the presence of our God, believe me, with unfeigned affection, &c. &c. &c.”

The next letter is dated the 14th.—“ It is indeed a great comfort to us, my dearest * * *, to have received all your letters, and to know, that up to the date of your last, you were quite well and safe. We do not feel quite reconciled yet to this large cold house, which we think wants a gentleman’s voice, or stentorian lungs, to bring around us our sable attendants. Do not imagine that we are discontented with our habitation; on the contrary, we consider ourselves particularly fortunate.

“ We are quite envious of those ladies,* who accompany their husbands of the —— Regiment. And I cannot help wishing at times, that we had gone with you. Upon the whole, however, I think it better that we are where we are. I long to hear what probability there is of our joining you, and I need not ask you to tell us all your hopes and fears on the subject. On Sunday I perused a part of the “ Retrospect,” and wish that it might be of use to poor B——. At the least, a noble example would be set before him, to leave his sins, and follow on to know the Lord. But I do remember, that though Paul may plant, and Apollos water, God alone can give the increase. I look upon him as a piece of impure gold, which would be of imperfect value, unless the all-wise God should see fit to refine it.

“ God bless you, my dearly loved * * *, and preserve you from all danger.”

“ *Agra, Dec. 19, 1825.*—I am very glad

* A report being prevalent that one or two ladies had proceeded with their husbands to the camp before Bhurtpore.

that our dear friend C. has been able to point out to you such an invaluable person, in a religious point of view, as Capt. E. and I hope circumstances will admit of your seeing much of him. Believe me, my dear * * *, I feel much for your lonely situation in that respect; but so long as our God is with you, all will be well. Whilst you possess him for your friend, you have your all in all; therefore I do not fear, for I *know* that he will remember his children. You have heard of our delightful surprise in seeing Mrs. D*: we think that this long separation from her husband, whom she tenderly loves, has been of great benefit to her, for she seems to have been brought nearer to her God by the afflictions she has been called to endure.

“ Oh my dearest * * * how do I wish that you were with us. I am thankful, indeed, that your duty in the trenches will be so long delayed; and oh that it may never be necessary for you to be there. God bless you, and grant that the light of his countenance may rest upon you.”

“ *December, 22.*—Since the receipt of your last letter my dearest * * *, I have felt much uneasiness on one point, because it proved to

me that your feelings have been more pained by the frequent recurrence of a particular subject to your mind, than I could have had any idea of; and I cannot sufficiently regret that I should have given utterance to any sentiment calculated to wound your tender and affectionate heart. I trust, however, when I assure you how *important* and NECESSARY I *feel* it is, to obtain the permission of my heavenly Father and friend, before I presume to act on any occasion, but more especially on this most weighty concern, you will no longer remain anxious about it. But do not cease to pray *earnestly* that I may be guided by an Almighty arm in all my ways, for if I know my own wretched heart at all, I, of all those in whom you are interested, stand most in need of your prayers. It is my own frequent prayer that I may exercise dependance on the will of God, lest, by the possession of a different spirit, he send leanness into my soul—the soul, which is of all things most precious. Should I again meet * * *, and the subject be reverted to, I humbly trust and *believe*, that strength from on high would be granted me to divulge my sentiments fully. Pardon me for having occupied so large

a space on this paper, on my own concerns, but I could not feel happy till I had told you all I feel; and when I hear that you are no longer distressed about it, I shall be quite at ease."

"December 30, 1825.—I cannot allow this day to pass, my dearest * * *, without letting you know that you are particularly in my thoughts. I bless our heavenly Father that he has preserved you through many dangers to see this day; and oh, may it please him to grant you long life, and continue towards you his best of blessings. I would sacrifice much to be with you in your *sacred** habitation to-day, in order to spend the memorable 30th with you. I can imagine how surprised you must have been to see * * * *. I hope they will be induced to spend several days at Bhurtpore, for I know what pleasure their society will afford you. Mr. * * * is acquainted with two or three pious men, to whom he will introduce you. But I must conclude by wishing, as usual, my dear * * *,

* The person to whom the letter was addressed, at this time occupied a small Hindoo temple in the woods, before the fortress of Bhurtpoor. It formed a military post.

that you may enjoy the presence of our God and the possession of every blessing that he thinks fit to bestow on you."

"*January 4, 1826.*—Had I known, my dearest * * * *, what a loss I had nearly sustained in your letter of the 24th ultimo, I should have been unusually anxious to receive it; and now it is arrived, although more than a week old, let me beg you to accept my sincere and affectionate thanks. It is indeed a dear note, and has afforded me much pleasure and satisfaction, not only because it assured me that I had not excited so much as I feared, the feeling of tender concern you have always experienced for me; but because it is replete with affectionate and kind expressions, the value of which I deeply feel: and oh! how often do I wish and pray that I may be more grateful to one who has done so much to promote my spiritual and temporal welfare. But though my thanks are very feeble at the best, I have the comforting thought that you will receive a rich reward on high, where God in his compassionate mercy grant we may dwell together!

"Do not think, dear * * * *, I forgot that yesterday was dearest James's birth-day, be-

cause I did not offer you my congratulations. I did truly remember it, and offered up my poor unworthy prayers on his behalf. May he long be spared to you and dear Anne, and be a great blessing to you. Accept my sincere love, and believe me your unalterably attached and affectionate
A. C."

"*January 14, 1826.*—And so, my dearest * * *, I am to give you a 'sketch of the times,' and relate the occurrences of the past week? I confess I have been very negligent of late, and have ill repaid you for your kindness in so frequently writing to me. Some pleasing variation has occurred lately in our otherwise monotonous life. Dear Anne has informed you how much we enjoyed the visit of * * * and * * *. We should have been very glad, had they felt inclined to make a longer stay—their occasional pious conversation delighted us. In giving my opinion of our new acquaintance, * * *, I am afraid I shall bear a resemblance to the Frenchman, who, having exhausted all his expressions on minor qualities, could find nothing to say on those of more importance. You would, I am sure, have enjoyed his society very much. One's heart quite ex-

pands on looking at his cheerful, benevolent countenance. Although so lately renewed in spirit, I could not help observing what charitable feelings he entertained for those who had not behaved kindly towards him. I think I was never more impressed with the beauty of charity, than when I saw it exercised by him the other evening. Oh! that I may learn of this young Christian to return good for evil, and like him endeavour to imitate him, who when reviled, reviled not again. Wishing you all needful protection and guidance, and every blessing,

“ Your ever, &c. &c.”

“ *Agra, Jan. 17, 1826.*—As you are kind enough to express a wish that I would oftener employ my pen in your service, even though I have nothing to say, I am seated, and ready to attend to your request. We spent yesterday at the Tāje, where we received two dear letters from you; the first, of course stands highest in my estimation, because it contained a sweet little chit to me, for which, dear * * *, accept my best thanks. Much to our surprise, Mr. * * * returned soon after sun-set. He says the air of Bhurtpore agrees with you. I wish he would take a brighter view of things

in that quarter; his conversation was so gloomy that, for a time, it made me quite despond. But I humbly trust the Lord of Hosts will be with us, and that he will graciously condescend to guide his poor weak creatures with his own mighty arm. And oh! that they may consider *who* is with them, and give all the glory to God. It is, indeed, a wearisome time, but let us hope that all will be ordered for the best, and that this war may not be so lingering and distressing as the Burmah war has proved.

“ With my affectionate love, &c. &c.”

“ *Agra, January 19.*—How can I sufficiently bless our gracious God for his delivering mercies! Oh! that I could render him the thanks due unto his name! Let us lift up our hearts in grateful praises to our great deliverer, my very dear brother, in our private moments, and may he grant us very soon a happy meeting, that we may all assemble at his footstool to offer up the feeble returns of our joyful hearts!

“ I do hope that we may shortly expect to see each other. You will not forget, I am sure, to let us know when we may go out to you. We learn, that the 3d brigade met

with no resistance, and that scarcely a man in it was killed ; but how heavy has been our loss ! Captain * * * talks of coming in to-morrow, if he can, for a day or two ; how delightful it would be were it possible for *you* to come ! but I am afraid you will have so much employment in your department, as to render it impossible.*

* The important event above alluded to, is thus described by an eye-witness.

“ I slept in the advanced trenches, on the night of the 17th, and at day-break, on the following morning, observed that the regiments had moved down silently from camp, and were fast occupying every avenue leading to the fort. It became now generally known that the storm was about to take place. I took up a position in Baldeo Sing's garden, seven or eight hundred yards from the nearest point, in order to afford the aid which would be required of me. From this situation, a full view of every operation was commanded, until our troops obtained complete possession.

“ At 8 A.M., a dense cloud of smoke pointed out the train, which had just been fired ; I watched the gradual progress which it made towards the bastion, beneath which a mine had been prepared, containing not less than 10,000 pounds of powder. The explosion was tremendous ! and in an instant the utmost wishes of our engineers were accomplished. Timber, earth, and stones, were projected into the

“The account of * * * is truly cheering. May he be blessed in an especial manner, by the blessed Spirit! and be en-

air to an enormous height, from which they descended in an awful shower. Dust and smoke then enveloped the atmosphere, and in a few minutes all was quiet. An awful, but momentary, pause ensued. The ruins of a tower of masonry now stood unmasked, on the top of which were seen a small party of the enemy, one of whom was observed to brandish his sword in defiance. At this instant the columns of infantry moved onward from the trenches to their respective breaches; each advanced steadily, and in silence, like men determined to bear down all resistance. Within a few minutes from the time they commenced the ascent, our brave soldiers reached the summit, enduring, in this interval, the musquetry of the enemy. Not a shot was returned until they had mounted the breach. *Then* came the horrible carnage! Every man who opposed himself was either shot or bayoneted; the struggle was short, but desperate; as all the Rajah's fighting men fought to the last, like valiant and determined soldiers. A slight pause ensued as each column reached the summit of the bastion, but it was only whilst the work of death was going on; and the English flag was planted on the ramparts! The brave Commander-in-chief, attended by his staff, hurried towards the scene of action, and in a few minutes the British colours floated on the summit of the ruined bastion! Having obtained possession, the troops proceeded along the ramparts, on either side of the

abled, through his influence, to overcome the temptations and snares of this vain world. Poor * * * has, indeed, a proud, disdainful

breaches, and in every direction through the town, carrying destruction in their progress towards the citadel.

“The duties which had engaged my attention during the action, having ceased about noon, I proceeded into the city; the guns of the citadel were all this time playing on our troops, and most completely commanded the breach over which I entered. On reaching the top, the first thing which struck my attention was a reversed gun, around which lay the artillery men who had worked it an hour or two before, weltering in their blood. One of the poor wretches was still writhing from his wounds. Ammunition, in abundance, and not a few combustibles, intended to have been used against our storming parties, lay thickly scattered every where around. Advancing a few steps, further, I came to another piece of ordnance, with its attendants prostrate in the dust. A gorge leading from the bastion, over which the breach had been effected to the ramparts, was defended by two or three field-pieces, which completely swept this narrow passage, so long as the enemy could maintain their post; this place was also strewed with the dying and the dead. Whilst passing in this situation towards the town, several shots from the citadel passed immediately over my head.

“About two o'clock, a flag of truce was despatched to Lord Combermere! Shortly afterwards I entered the city through the Agra gateway, when a scene

heart, and one that, it seems, will not be moved. How great will be the condemnation of such as refuse to taste of the tree of Life !

“ As ever, your’s, very affectionately, &c.”

“ Anne and * * * are in the Taje gardens ; the former is sketching.”

presented itself, of the most appalling description. The bodies of the dead lay heaped together in various places. On one spot lay fifty or sixty half consumed by fire ; and in another, whither the enemy had retired in order to offer the most effectual resistance, a similar number was crowded, in every attitude of death ; these were also burning ! My course was now through the town, and I followed in the track of our infuriated soldiers. Shops were broken open, grain and merchandize were strewed around ; horses, camels, bullocks, lay dead, or dying, in my path ; and at every step or two a warlike jhat was reeking in his blood. I stepped aside at the sight of a few forlorn females who had remained to be spectators of this dreadful scene ; they sat in melancholy silence, resembling the inhabitants of the grave—pale, and resigned to the agonies of despair ! Discovering by my countenance the feelings which at that moment filled my bosom, they began to weep and utter the most piercing lamentations. I glanced compassionately upon them, and turned from the thrilling sight to witness others equally distressing.

“ Having proceeded to the southern extremity of the town, I now returned along the ramparts towards

The following letter to a friend, dated Agra, 17th January, refers to the above occurrence.

“ Although our troops have been before Bhurtpore upwards of a month, the affair is

the breach, and during the whole extent of my walk beheld scenes similar to those described. At short distances lay armed warriors bristled up in death ; and occasionally a wounded man would attempt to raise himself, or lift the bloody covering from his face. Wherever artillery was seen upon the ramparts, the earth was strewed with slain, bearing indubitable evidence of the determined bravery of the men who occupied these posts ; ‘ where they fought they fell.’ At one place, near the breach of the right division of the assailants, the slaughter was immense. A small out-work, communicating with the town by a lofty gateway, in which the enemy had collected, presented a horrible spectacle. I saw *hundreds* on each side of the gateway, stretched upon the ground partially consumed. A most revolting and humiliating sight ! Whether the quilted cotton garments in which the enemy were clothed, caught fire from the lighted matches on which each individual fell, on being wounded, or from the desperate nature of the conflict, the European soldiers transfixing their antagonists with their bayonets, at the moment of discharging their muskets, it is, perhaps, impossible to determine. The fact, however, was apparent, that a very large proportion of the slain, and probably very many wounded, were found burning on the spot where they had fallen. Having

not nearly terminated, and every thing seems in the greatest uncertainty. You will have learnt, from the papers, the past proceedings, and they will have conveyed a better idea of the state of things than I can, so that silence on subjects I can scarcely comprehend will become me better. Two or three breaches have been effected, and been reported practicable, but the enemy have been very assiduous in building up walls behind them, and digging ditches of great depth, to render the difficulties almost insuperable. We have so long been led to expect, day after day, that the 'storming' would commence, and our anxiety as to the result has been so great,

witnessed these distressing scenes, and arrived at a spot less thickly strewed with bodies, and consequently less offensive from the sickening effluvia which arose from the burning corse, I remained for the night. The spot I had chosen, was that over which the victorious troops mounted in the morning, and where now the British colours waved in triumph.

"I here had leisure to reflect on the events which had so recently passed under review, with a heart bleeding for the miseries I had witnessed. And with unfeigned gratitude to him who preserved me through the dangers of the siege, offered my most grateful thanks to God, who alone hath gotten us the victory."

that we are really longing to know it has taken place. Dreadful as it may appear to you, it will be a relief to us to hear the news. But oh ! how sad—how melancholy is the thought, that when they are in such close contact with the enemy, how many lives will be sacrificed ! Added to this, the fear that numbers of those who are called into action, perhaps, have never bowed the knee to God, or which is worse, have lived in open derision of their Maker, and his Holy Word !! Sometimes my heart is filled with rebellious and desponding thoughts as to the termination of the war, but I know if the Lord of Hosts be with us, none can prevail against us. And I humbly trust he will guide those in authority at this momentous period, and grant us a more speedy relief from the malice of our enemies than has been permitted to the poor sufferers in the Burmah territory. We have the comfort of hearing daily from my dear * * * *, and accounts from other quarters assure us that he enjoys excellent health. A few days after he left us, which was on the evening of the 7th December, we were one morning surprised by the announcement of a visitor, and, on looking at the card, it proved to be

my old friend Mrs. D * * *. Since her arrival we have been much together. She accompanied * * * * for the purpose of seeing the far-famed Tāje. Their tents are pitched in the compound leading into the Tāje gardens.

*“January 19.—*Since writing the above, my dearest friend, we have had the delightful intelligence that Bhurtpore is in our possession!!! Oh, how can I sufficiently thank our gracious God for his delivering mercies! If I know my own heart I do feel very grateful, and desire to offer up my prayers and praises, on the happy termination to our anxious fears. We heard the joyful news last evening whilst driving out, but though, from the statement we received, there yet remained a doubt of the truth, we could not deny ourselves the comforting assurance that it was as we wished, especially as we could no longer hear the report of the guns. To-day the fact has been confirmed. We have received two short hasty chits from my dear brother, and accounts from another quarter, of several officers having been wounded and killed in the engagement. It is said that Doorjun Sāl, with his two sons,

and his wife, have been captured in their attempt to escape

“*January 21.*—Rejoice with me, my dearest ———, when I tell you that my own dear * * * * returned to us last night in fine health and spirits, having done with warfare! We were spending the day at the Tāje with Mrs. D * *. When we received the delightful news of his arrival, we immediately jumped into the palanquins, and were at home in less than an hour. The papers will have apprized you of Doorjun Sāl, his son, and some others, having been made prisoners. They were brought into Agra under a strong escort. Praise God, dear girl, with me for all his mercies.”

The captive Rajah having remained in the fortress of Agra for a few days, was, towards the close of the month, conveyed to the fort of Allahabad, as his ultimate destination. The few remaining letters, penned chiefly during the march with this escort, are here to be introduced. They contain the latest record of her sentiments and thoughts. The following were addressed to a female friend, with whom the pleasure of an interview had been antici-

pated; circumstances of a most painful nature, however, arose in the interim, and occasioned a disappointment.

“ Camp near Kanouge, February 8th, 1826.

“ My dearest * * * ,

“ I should have answered your letter of yesterday, or, at least, have added a few lines to my sister's, but the fear of detaining your servant too long, made me relinquish the pleasure it would have afforded. The dispirited tone of it gave me much uneasiness, and believe me, my dear friend, that I, with my dear brother and sister, sympathized with you, with all our hearts
I could not help indulging the hope, that with our united exertions, we might have been enabled, in a measure, to alleviate the sorrow of your heart: but your affectionate letter just arrived, has disappointed our expectations.
I cannot but sincerely regret, for our sakes, (pardon my selfishness) that your plans are altered. And I feel the disappointment more, since there appears so little probability of our meeting again. I fear, my dear * * * , that you will be much fatigued by the long

journey you have in prospect; but that you may be supported by an Almighty arm, is my earnest wish, and though you had not told me to bear you in remembrance when I offer up my sad unworthy prayers, I should frequently remember you, especially in these hours of trial. Oh! do not you, my dear friend, forget me, who stand so much in need of spiritual help. I have not, like you, any deep affliction that I desire to be delivered from, but the sorrow of a deceitful stony heart. I can imagine how severely your dear * * * will feel the blank occasioned by your absence, and wish fervently that circumstances could have been otherwise ordered. But, dear, we know that all is directed by a hand that cannot err—and oh! may you be enabled to appreciate this afflicting providence, and may it be of benefit to those around you. God bless you, my dearest * * *, and grant you that peace of mind which passeth all understanding.

“ With affectionate love and sympathy,

“ Yours, truly and sincerely attached,

“ A. C.”

“ Camp, Cawnpore, 13th February, 1826.

“ We arrived here, my dearest * * *, on

the 11th, accompanied by our kind friend, * * *. We were much pleased with your interesting, affectionate, yet sad letter, which, if possible, increased our sympathy for you and your afflicted friends. Though we formed too probable a conjecture as to the chief cause of your distress, we would not introduce the painful subject to you in any of our recent letters, lest we should wound your sensitive heart

You may imagine that we are not a little anxious to be in possession of all the circumstances connected with this melancholy affair. I fear there is little chance of our enjoying another interview at present; and at times I am tempted to think that this pleasure may be denied me altogether on earth;* but to this, as to every thing else, I *desire* to say, the Lord's will be done. I am truly rejoiced, that in the midst of your sore trial you have a tenderly affectionate friend in your husband; but oh! how does it cheer my heart, when I consider that you can, and do, resort to our common friend and Heavenly Father for consolation: and so long as you esteem the

* A conjecture too surely verified.

blessed word your chief treasure, all will be well. I felt the advantage this morning, as on several other occasions, of marking those passages in my Bible, with which I was struck, and which I could apply to my own feelings. My thoughts have been much, very much, with you of late, and to-day, on opening my precious book of books, I cast my eye upon the third chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, in which I found several verses marked; and in perusing the 32d and 33d particularly, I thought of you. There we read that 'though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the *multitude* of his mercies, *for he does not afflict willingly.*' May you be enabled to see his hand in all your trials

We enjoy our stay at Cawnpore very much, and were you here, I think you would too. On the morning of our arrival, Mr. * * *, an intimate friend of * * *, joined us; and, like ourselves, has been his guest ever since. We have been much delighted with the society of the charming, pious Mr. * * *, and Mr. * * *. We have often formed delightful evening parties. This has indeed been a bright spot in our earthly career, and we

shall all much regret being obliged to leave our kind friends, from whom we have heard such pious, soul-reviving conversation. The detachment moves towards Allahabad to-morrow morning, but we, I am happy to say, remain here until to-morrow evening. Pray, dear, excuse this hurried stupid note, for I am compelled to write amidst the sound of many voices, which interrupts me much."

Under date 17th February, 1826, is written in the blank leaf of her Bible : " When shall I *hate* this world of misery, and long to enter eternity, John xii. 25." And 26th February, " I have again been granted the privilege of entering the courts of the Lord, and of partaking of the holy sacrament administered by a true saint on earth, Mr. Crawford."

The following letter was addressed to a very dear female friend, to whom several of the preceding were written.

"*Allahabad, Feb. 28, 1826.*—When I despatched my letter to you, dear, from Agra, I had no idea that there was the remotest chance of our leaving that station so soon ; you may then judge of our astonishment, when we heard on the following day, that Doorjun Sāl was to be removed to Allahabad without dela-

under an escort consisting of a squadron of cavalry and five companies of native infantry. We quitted Agra on the 28th of January. I did not much like the prospect of so long a march, and as *three* of us were attacked with severe colds, or other ailments, on the first day, I began to forebode terrible evils; however, on reaching Mynpooree, we each regained our health, and consequently our spirits. Since that time, thanks be to our gracious God, we have enjoyed excellent health, and been more inclined to laugh at our disasters than to be distressed

..... I am sorry to say * * * has not yet obtained permission to return to Gorukhpore, but must proceed with the regiment to Sultanpoor, Oude, its destination. We are likely to be detained here some days longer, the apartments for the royal captives in the fort not yet being ready, at which I am pleased, as we are delighted with this station. I came with the expectation of seeing a most barren, uninteresting place, but to my great surprise, we found the country really beautiful, and second to none but Gorukhpore. We have experienced much kindness, so that our stay has been rendered very pleasant. We

arrived on the 22d, just as the weather began to get warm

Do you remember, dear, that Mrs. * * * frequently spoke in contempt of the Bible and all that is good, when at * * *? Well, I am rejoiced to tell you, she no longer speaks or thinks in that strain, for I have great reason to believe that she is earnestly seeking the pearl of great price. You will be glad to hear of the welfare of her soul, the most precious concern. Oh, how inexpressibly delightful is it, to see those who once walked with the multitude in every sin, now turning their faces towards Zion! And on the contrary, how mournful is it to behold the many who will not bow the knee to God! Had I been told how great the sin is that prevails in the world,* before I had been an eye-witness, I could not have believed it. Oh, that the Lord would be pleased to have mercy on all men! On Sunday we heard Mr. C. preach twice, and partook of the Sacrament. I do not know if you have seen him—to handsome features is added a most benign, lovely expression of countenance, which clearly indi-

* Alluding to her extended intercourse with general society, during her residence in the Upper Provinces.

eates the state of his benevolent heart. The whole of his time seems taken up in doing all the good he can

Now I will place myself in your situation, and fancy that you have a little curiosity to become acquainted with the state prisoners. But I warn you, beforehand, that you will not experience much pleasure in their acquaintance. Doorjun Sāl is very un-royal in appearance, being very stout, unwieldy, and ill-looking. He is more like a common bunya* than a king. His little son, Jughut Singh, who was severely wounded in the hand in attempting to escape after the siege, is a sharp, inquisitive, little fellow, of eleven years of age. He comes frequently into our tent, and is very sociable. A few days ago, we told him to ask the Ranee, (his mother,) if she would permit us to see her? To which she assented, and in the evening Anne and I, and James went. She received us very graciously, seated on a chair in an extraordinary position, having one foot on the ground, and the other on the chair. She was dressed in a very simple manner; an immoderately broad dark blue

* An inferior trader.

muslin petticoat, a small white bodice, sprigged with silver, and an orange-coloured muslin sheet over her head, bound with silver, composed her attire. The only ornaments we observed, were a few silver ones on her feet, and either a diamond or a crystal ring on one of her fingers. She appears a fine woman, not handsome, but has an interesting expression of countenance. She was very communicative. Among the numerous questions she asked, was, whether I were married? Anne said no; that our customs were very different from theirs; for, instead of marrying a person selected by the parents, as is the custom in India, we choose the gentleman we like. This amazed her extremely. I was much surprised to see that they allowed men to enter their apartments, for, besides her brother, Puddum Singh, there was another person not related to the family,* standing by the Ranee. When we had been seated on an elegant bazar charpoy for a while, Puddum Singh brought us some pawn to eat; now, as I remembered having tasted it on a former occasion, I was uncourteous enough to refuse

* Probably the bakahee, or paymaster, an officer always high in confidences.

the gift, at which they all looked astonished. Anne, however, had the politeness to accept the piece offered her, and thereby ingratiated herself in their favour. Soon after this, a scarlet muslin bodice, sprigged with gold, and a muslin sheet of all the colours of the rainbow, bound with silver, was presented to me. To Anne was presented a handsome pink figured China satin petticoat, *thirty* breadths wide, with two fine gold tassels attached to the waist, a small bodice, like mine, and an orange-coloured muslin sheet, bordered by a broad band of gold.

“ As the greater part of this letter was written when I was half asleep, excuse it, and believe me, as ever, your sincerely attached and affectionate friend,
A. C.”

The subjoining letter was addressed to her correspondent Mrs. D.

“ Allahabad, March 2, 1826.

“ Though I am not at all inclined to converse with my dearest * * * * this evening by letter, yet my conscience will not allow me to delay answering your kind and exceedingly interesting letter, which awaited our arrival here. The pleasure it afforded us was

great indeed, both from the satisfactory account concerning * * *, and the deeply interesting state of your own mind and heart. We praised God inwardly for his great mercy towards you, and also, as a family, offered up our united feeble song of thanksgiving, that it had pleased our gracious God to cause the good seed to bring forth fruit.

“ Oh, my dear friend, may it be your portion, through this changing scene, to enjoy the continual presence of an unchangeable Saviour! We are told, that ‘ whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth ;’ do not then despise the hand of correction, but kiss it, and the rod will fall out of it. The ways of God are most mysterious, and who knows but that he may have sent the affliction, with which your * * * and * * * have so lately been visited, for some wise purpose; and oh, if he has, shall we not rather rejoice in tribulation, and bless him for mercifully extending his almighty saving arm to deliver those from the pit of destruction for whom we are so much interested? Surely we shall no longer murmur, or be given up to despair:—but, until those so dear to us can recognize the chastening hand, it becomes our duty to bear them

constantly on our hearts before the mercy-seat, and entreat of God to pour into their souls the balm of Gilead.

“..... The ways of God are most mysterious, and I cannot help contemplating his acts with wonder and utter astonishment. A most melancholy circumstance has lately occurred in a family at this station. One of the little children was bitten by a mad pariar dog about a month ago, and within the last few days the poor child was carried off by hydrophobia. During its illness, although only four or five years old, it manifested the most lovely spirit of resignation, and appeared to all around quite an inspired child of God! Whilst enduring great suffering, he asked his afflicted mother, where he should go when he died—to heaven, or hell? and on her telling him to the former place, he said, ‘Oh, then I am very happy—do not cry, I shall go to God, and Elijah.’ From that time he seemed to feel quite comfortable. These, with many other expressions, shewed the delightful state of his mind, and were a source of the greatest comfort to his sorrowing parents. With affectionate love, &c. &c. &c.”

“ *March 18.*—Prov. xx. 4. Like the sluggard, how fertile am I in excuses when my best interests require my attention. Oh! that I may speedily be delivered from my present insensibility—that when the harvest arrives, I may not be denied.”—Written in the blank leaf of her Bible.

The next extract is from a letter dated “Camp Amurah,” near Fyzabad, whither she had arrived from Sultanpore, Oude, on her way to Gorukhpore. It is addressed to one of the friends formerly mentioned, to whom she had a few weeks before said, “I sometimes fear we may never be permitted to reside in that peaceful spot again, but my wish to return is daily strengthened.”

“ *March 24, 1826.*—My dearest * * * will have heard (though perhaps with unbelieving ears) that we are actually on our way to dear old Gorukhpore again. We are all heartily tired of marching, and are beginning to feel the daily increasing heat; however, we have much more cause for thankfulness than murmuring; and oh, that we could feel sufficiently grateful for the many mercies vouchsafed to us!

As we are anxious to get out of our tents as soon as possible, we intend to make every exertion, with the assistance of our kind friends, to reach Gorukhpore on Tuesday morning.

“Excuse this hasty incoherent note. Ever sincerely and affectionately yours, A. C.”

On the 28th of March the party reached Gorukhpore.

The following is the *last* communication penned to one of her correspondents.

“Gorukhpore, May 20, 1826.

“When I look at the date of your last letter, my dearest * * * *, and consider the unusual length of time that I have allowed to elapse since I wrote to you, I cannot sufficiently reproach myself for so unpardonable a neglect; and will not attempt to offer the least excuse. We were all truly delighted with your sweet letter, and I could not help feeling an *inward pride*, and a high degree of gratification, that you should write to *me* with so much freedom and confidence. Believe, dear * * *, that it is one of my greatest pleasures, and I sincerely hope it will be of long continuance.

I can easily imagine how great your joy must have been on meeting the friend of your bosom after such a separation; and that you were the happiest of the happy, at the time your letter was despatched. It is a great comfort too, to hear that you enjoyed such good health;—long, very long, may these temporal blessings be granted to you both, my dear friend: but that you may be partakers of the richer blessings of the Spirit, is my most earnest prayer. And that you have tasted of the goodness of the Lord, your dear letter gives us ample proof. It is cheering indeed to us, to know that your heart and thoughts are so fixed on heavenly things, and that you are able to look with abhorrence upon your past days of thoughtlessness. I feel that you, my friend, are fast outrunning me in this glorious path. I speak of it with shame and the deepest sorrow; for when I contemplate the length of time that I have had kind and affectionate friends, anxious to lead me to the throne of grace—the many delivering mercies that have been manifest to my darkened understanding, and the privileges that I am daily permitted to enjoy—I tremble at the little progress I have made, and sometimes despair

of ever reaching the desired goal. But when thus depressed, my gracious Father, who is ever ready to strengthen the weak in faith, brings to my recollection what he *has* done for me, how he has borne with me hitherto—and I am comforted.

“Oh! this is a thorny path we have to tread—a steep and difficult hill to climb—and it behoves us fervently to entreat of our blessed Lord that he will intercede for us as he did for his beloved disciples, when the hour was come for his crucifixion, and he prayed, not that his Father would take them out of the world, but that he would keep them from the *evil*. In a book I have lately been reading, on the “*Ministerial Character of Christ*,” by the Rev. C. R. Sumner, (now Bishop of Winchester,) I was much struck with the following just remark:—“*Connection with the world is a part of the trial of man during his state of probation. Were it intended to be otherwise, the tares would be rooted out whenever they appear, instead of being suffered to grow together with the wheat until the harvest.*” I find it indeed a trial to be in the world, for in my best moments there is always something to call away my attention from higher and

all important matters. If you have not read the work alluded to above, I would strongly recommend you to procure it, for I am sure you would derive much pleasure from the perusal. Your congratulations, dear, are very acceptable on our being permitted to return to our favourite station. We do indeed esteem it a great privilege to be amongst those we love, again. The society is much changed, but there are still some fixed attractions, especially in a religious point of view. I hope you will be able to see much of the pious Mrs. * * *. I have never seen her, but have heard of her excellencies, and regret exceedingly that you do not anticipate much pleasure from a further acquaintance with * * *. Our pastor is very zealous—his whole heart and mind seems to be in his undertaking, and we are quite astonished at the good that has been effected during our absence. About a month ago, we were present at the examination of the school-boys, which passed off to the satisfaction of every body who attended. With affectionate love, your sincerely attached, &c. &c.”

The following letter was written to a young

lady in England, only a week before she was attacked by the fever, which, alas! proved fatal. It was delayed in order that a post-script by another hand might be added, and was from this circumstance not despatched, when, with reference to her, it was decreed that "time should be no longer."

"Gorukhpore, July 10, 1826.

"Our last letter to you, my dear Caroline, was written in April 1825, just before the return of my dear * * * from Purneah, whither he was sent and attached to a cavalry regiment, on account of the Burmese war. You may imagine that our anxiety was intense during his absence, for we feared that the regiment might be required in the field; but, as I conclude you have already heard of our trouble and peregrinations, I shall only briefly touch upon them. On his return from Purneah, he obtained an appointment to an infantry corps very high up the country. We accordingly bid farewell to our kind and dear friends at this place, and departed on the 20th of May for Muttra, our destined place of abode. Though the separation from our dear friends here was very painful, and rendered

not a little more so by the thought, that perhaps we might never be permitted to meet again on earth—we could not regret leaving, since there seemed so good a prospect of remaining with my dear * * * in peace, and of not being called to endure the anxiety which we had experienced. But the result has proved that our hopes were fallacious. However, we have reason to sing of greater mercy than judgment in our late visitations of Providence. Soon after our arrival at Muttra, a report was very prevalent, that in consequence of the rebellious state of the inhabitants of Bhurtpore, a place not further from Muttra than thirty miles, our troops would be obliged to march against them, and if they still remained refractory, to declare war. But it was treated with indifference by the generality of the people, and it was not until the commencement of November, that any important measures were adopted; when, regiments of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, amounting to nearly 30,000 men, were assembled at Muttra and Agra, and on the 8th of December proceeded to Bhurtpore. The Bhurtporeans trusted so much to the strength of their fort, which was considered the

strongest in all India, and which, in 1804, Lord Lake had attempted to reduce in vain, with the loss of a great number of men, that they cared not how insolently they behaved towards the British authorities, feeling confident it could never be captured by the English. It pleased our gracious and ever present God, however, to put an end to the hostile proceedings on the 18th of January, by enabling our troops to take possession of this supposed invincible fortress. The principal agent in this war, Doorjun Sāl, a native prince, was seized whilst attempting to make his escape from the fort with his favourite wife, son, and brother-in-law, and immediately secured. Can you conceive how great must have been our happiness, when, on the 20th, my dear * * * returned quite unexpectedly, with Doorjan Sāl, his regiment having been sent as a part of the captive's escort to the Agra fort, where he was detained a prisoner until further orders were received regarding him, whilst the rest of the army was still engaged on service? Oh! it is a day that will long, very long, be remembered, for then our hearts were once again at rest, and we were relieved from that dreadful state of

suspense and anxiety, in which, for nearly six weeks, we had been kept. Shortly after the return of the corps to Agra, we marched to Allahabad with the prisoner and family, whom we left in the fort of that place; continued our journey a few marches beyond, to Sultanpore, in Oude; and thence, much to our joy, to Gorukhpore, where we arrived on the 28th of March. All our former friends were not here to welcome us, one family and a lady having left for England; but such as still remained received us with much affectionate kindness; and here we are as happy and as comfortable as ever, not a little pleased to think that our troubles are once more over.

..... I am rejoiced to observe so great an alteration in the religious feelings of * * *, and I believe that she takes a deep interest in those concerns which ought to be our highest and dearest. It appears that your kind sister has greatly encouraged her, and induced her to come forward, and partake of the Holy Sacrament. How truly delightful it is to those who are concerned for the souls of their fellow creatures, to see those who *were* strangers, enquiring after the truth. I wish I could hear that you are so kind, my

dearest Caroline, as to remember me sometimes at a throne of mercy. I do recollect you, dear, sometimes, but much less frequently than I could wish. Would that I always bore you on my heart, when engaged in communion with my God—but seldom, alas! is it that my *whole* heart is devoted to my Maker. By a letter very lately received, we were apprized of the affliction with which it has pleased an all-wise God to visit my beloved Caroline and her sisters. And think not, my friend, that because so many thousand miles separate us, we are the less able to sympathize with you under the present severe trial, and to weep with those that weep. Though we had heard of the precarious state of health of the dear departed, and were aware of the nature of his disease, yet we did not so soon expect to hear that his spirit has returned to him who gave it, and is now in the presence of the Lamb of God who has removed far from him the burden which he was unable to bear. Our hearts were pained at the intelligence, and grieved to think that you should have been called to experience such another afflicting dispensation; but we were consoled with the thought, that neither

of you sorrow without hope:—and have, moreover, the delightful assurance of his having exchanged a world of peculiar sorrow (to him) for one of unchanging and endless bliss. Death is at all times calculated to solemnize the mind, but when it occurs amongst those whom we love, and have been accustomed to see in the enjoyment of health and happiness, it seems to bring a weighty message to survivors, to be ready against the coming of the Lord Jesus:—and that we who are left in this dreary world, may not only be found ready, but *willing*, at that glorious day, is my fervent prayer. I trust you have all been enabled to say that the Lord is gracious, and even to smile through your tears. I sometimes am tempted to wonder why such heavy sorrows should have been the portion of your youth, and say, ‘Could not one suffice, Lord?’ But what am I, that I should dare presume to murmur against the divine will? We who love the Lord, know that all things work together for good; and these trials may, through his blessing, be the means of weaning our affections from our earthly habitations, and enabling us to fix them on objects more worthy

of immortal souls. When we meditate on the joys that are reserved in heaven for the redeemed, the release that will be given by death to our mortal bodies, and the little worth living for, does it not seem unaccountable that our hearts should be so riveted to this world? I have once or twice faintly breathed a wish to be 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest;' but 'death's cold floods' have alarmed me, and I dread to meet the scrutinizing eye of God. Yet if my Saviour be near, he will carry me safely over, and when arrived at the haven of bliss, I shall have nothing to fear; for though a catalogue of sins of the deepest dye be found against me, and I be considered the chief of sinners, I shall be pure, having been washed and cleansed by the precious blood of the Redeemer.

“ With affectionate love to you,

“ My dear Caroline, &c. &c.

“ A. CLARK.”

SECTION V.

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- “ Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”—1 Cor. xv. 57.
- “ For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.”—1 THESS. iv. 14.
- “ And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.”—REV. xiv. 13.
- “ These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.
- “ Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple ; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.
- “ They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.
- “ For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”—REV. vii. 14—17.

“ **Why weep for her whose spirit, freed from every clog
that bound it,
Unfetter’d seeks the glorious heights where angels
throng around it,
Where pure delights of heaven succeed affliction’s
chast’ning rod,
And a tenement of clay is changed for Paradise and
God.**

“ **Weep not for her, but lift the eye of faith to yonder
heaven.
There may our sister walk “ in white,” unstained by
earthly leaven ;
And with the holy company of “ tribulation’s
daughters,
Be led by the Redeeming Lamb to everliving
waters.**

“ **Weep not for her, the word has passed, by that eter-
nal token,
What though the silver cord is loosed, and the
golden bowl is broken,
The Spirit shall ascend to God, the mighty power
that made it,
Till dust shall rise reanimate, when glory has ar-
rayed it.”**

“ **THEN cometh the end**”—the last enemy that shall be destroyed, is death, but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

On the 17th July, she commenced a letter to another female friend in England, from whom, a few months before, had been received these beautiful and affecting lines—

“ Friend after friend departs,
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not here an end,” &c.

but before it was brought to a conclusion, her hand was closed in death! She observes, “ Though this affliction has weighed heavily upon us,” alluding to the circumstances detailed above; “ yet we were not cast down, but enabled, I humbly trust, to put our whole confidence in God, whom we have always found faithful, particularly in this afflictive dispensation.”

The following letter, addressed to an endeared relative in England, will convey the mournful sequel.

“ Gorukhpore, August 2d, 1826.

“ Prepare your heart, my beloved sister, for an event which I know will rend it, as it has done ours; but all is mercy, and we are now able to bless him who hath taken away,

as well as him who gave. Can we say it is not well with our dear Azubah? Oh, no! for she is now in the bosom of our Saviour. To us the loss is indeed severe, for she was become even more dear and interesting than when you knew her. May we but receive this heavy affliction as a message from God, not to trust in any earthly treasures! We have need to be reminded to fix our thoughts on high, for I fear they have too long clung to earth. He has gently chastised us; but with the bereavement, what consolation too is given! She was ripe for eternity, and God took her into his own keeping. Ought we not rather to rejoice, that before greater temptations assailed her, she was transplanted with her almost spotless purity, to the region of perfect joy and holiness. Do you remember 'The Lily Gathered,' written on the death of Miss Jane Taylor. The Saviour is described as coming into his garden:—to one young plant he puts his hand, only to straighten and support; this sickness is not unto death, but to the glory of God. Which of the young buds will he next exalt! See one that seems to bend her white cup towards him, and court his hand;—is not this our

sister? He has carried it with him and we see it no more. We can only say, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'
 I will now give a copy of the notes written at the close of her illness.

" On Monday the 17th, while in the enjoyment of excellent health, she was seized with fever of the remittent type, which had prevailed at the station since the rains set in, but hitherto in a mild form. The usual remedies were employed—alas! with presumptuous confidence, until the 23d, when the accession of fever was observed to be somewhat aggravated. On the following day, soon after the hot stage, she complained of great oppression at the chest, and became suddenly almost suffocated. A spasmodic affection of the hand and arms came on, and this alarming symptom was succeeded by fainting. The warm bath, and bleeding afforded instant and considerable relief, and she thought herself much better. Soon, however, these dangerous symptoms recurred with violence, attended, as before, by faintness and a tendency to suffocation. It was now too obvious that the functions of the heart were alarmingly

disturbed by a preternatural determination of blood to it and other important organs, yet hope was still entertained that, by the use of powerful means, the lost balance of circulation might be restored ; with a view to which every symptom was watched with redoubled attention. Although her sensations were highly distressing yet not the slightest murmur or complaint of pain ever once escaped her lips. About noon of Tuesday, the 25th, these alarming symptoms returned ; it was proposed to read some portions of Scripture to her, to which she thankfully assented. Shortly afterwards the enquiry was made, ‘ Whether death were made the subject of her reflections ? ’ intending this as a leading question to others ; she replied, after a momentary pause, ‘ Yes ; ’ and with a look of tenderness, peculiarly her own, asked, in a sweetly plaintive tone, ‘ Is there no hope for me ? ’ yes ; abundant hope, dear, was the answer ; a faint hope still existed that a blessing might attend some active measures recently employed ; ‘ but, you know, death ought ever to be familiar, whether in sickness or in health. Tell me, dear, ’ was the next sentence, ‘ if, in the prospect of eternity you have a good hope through grace ? ’ a solemn

interval ensued, and her answer was, ' I hope with trembling.'

" It was now apprehended that all human efforts would prove unavailing, and it was thought right to keep in immediate view the issue of this heavy trial. Is Jesus now precious to your soul? was next asked, and do you not find consolation in the blood of the atonement? '*That is my comfort,*' was the emphatic answer; and shortly afterwards she exclaimed, in a subdued voice, ' In the Lord put I my trust.'

" It now began to be too evident that the hand of death was upon her, and it was proposed to mingle our united prayers and praises at the throne of grace. About four o'clock we seated ourselves around her couch, and I read from her treasured Bible several passages of Scripture which had been marked in her ordinary reading; two or three of Watts's Hymns*, and concluded with another prayer. Her features now plainly indicated the rapidly approaching termination. A few minutes previous to the solemn exercise in which we had been engaged, she was entreated to pardon any unkind word, or look, of which

* 41st, Bk. 1st; 31st, Bk. 2d; 88th, Bk. 2d; 140th, Bk. 2d.

at any moment of inconsideration I might have been guilty. 'Oh! my dear brother,' was her reply, throwing her arms around my neck, and embracing me with the utmost tenderness and affection. These were the last pledges of ardent love imprinted by her lips. I then said, tell me my dear if you do not feel the value of the Saviour, and if your faith does increase as you approach the heavenly Canaan. Say, if Jesus does not now support you. Oh! tell me, dear, if your glorious prospect does not brighten as you approach the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem; lift up your finger—raise your eye—give me some sign—make known to us the happiness you enjoy. With a look of ineffable joy, she slightly moved her thumb, and gently elevated one eye-lid. A tear silently stole down her cheek, and with an energetic moan she evinced the intensity of her feelings in a manner never to be forgotten by those who were privileged to surround her dying couch. The same benignant sweetness which beamed in her countenance at this most solemn moment, continued to brighten to the end. An occasional tear silently escaped, but not a muscle moved in pain, nor sigh betrayed the slightest indication of uneasiness; all was

tranquillity and peace ! Her breathing became gradually shorter, until her happy spirit ebbed almost imperceptibly into the ocean of eternity, just as the sun had set.

“ Thus sweetly fell asleep in Jesus our departed sister, in the assured hope of everlasting life, through the blood and righteousness of the Redeemer, aged 19 years, 5 months, and 15 days : and was fulfilled the pathetic and appropriate prayer recorded in her journal.

“ ‘ Oh, my God ! before thou removest me hence, let that radiant hue of joy and gladness, which thou sheddest upon thy favoured few, shine abundantly upon me.’

“ Richly, indeed, was her ardent petition answered : even after death, the countenance still continued lovely beyond description, and seemed still animated by the joy within, when she drew her last breath ; our dear child saw nothing strange in it the following morning, but kissed it frequently, and only said, ‘ Why is she so cold ? Have they put cold water on her ?’ Our affectionate friend and minister, Mr. Wilkinson, sat by her on the night after her decease, and on the following

morning his dear and excellent wife rose from a bed of sickness to superintend the remaining mournful details. In the evening, the gentlemen of the station attended her, sorrowing, to the grave; four of whom carried her dear remains from the carriage to its resting-place, and a pious serjeant kindly staid till between ten and eleven at night, in order to see that it was bricked over, lest the wild animals should disturb her abode of peace.

“ These are, indeed, but trifles; but to us they were very interesting: as they shewed how deep was the feeling of sympathy and sorrow evinced on the mournful occasion. Ah! could you but have known her as we did;—and even we did not know half of her beautiful spirit, till it had fled:—you would not be surprised at our loving her as we did.

“ On looking over her scrap-book, how were we struck to find that the very last piece extracted by her hand, was Montgomery’s beautiful poem on night, the last stanza of which (and it seems to have been inserted only a day or two before) appears almost prophetic of her own peaceful departure.

“ Night is the time for death,
 When all around is peace ;
 Calmly to yield the weary breath,
 From sin and suffering cease ;
 Think of heaven’s bliss, and give the sign
 To parting friends,—such death be mine.”

“ Farewell, my dearest sister ! I will not say, ‘ may you never know sorrow !’ because I believe, as the pious Adam observes, ‘ it is an engine in God’s hand, to lift us up to heaven ;’ but under it may you have heavenly succour, and may the end of all our trials be, that we may rejoin our dear Azubah, where tears and sorrow never come !

“ Ever affectionately yours.”

On the 30th July this solemn event was improved by Mr. Wilkinson, in a discourse from 2d Sam. xix. 34, “ How long have I to live.”

The subjoined passage is extracted from it. “ It is often desirable and proper that the private life of individuals should be made known. The private character of any person is seldom or never fully developed in the public walks of life. On this account the *real* character is little known, until death brings to

light things that till then had only been known to him who seeth in secret. This is particularly the case in reference to her whose remains we so lately followed and deposited in the dust. She mingled with you occasionally in society, and joined in some of your amusements. But here few opportunities, perhaps none, were afforded her of making known to you the inward working of her mind, *the hidden man of the heart*. Under such circumstances it is delightful, in following our friend into her closet, to find the most decided testimonies to her real, distinguishing, and genuine piety. Her chamber, where no eye but the eye of God saw her, was 'privileged beyond the common walks of life.' Thence devotion breathed in holy aspirations, free from the grossness of worldly affections, and worldly attachments, to him '*who seeth in secret.*'

"Young as she was, she felt that she must die, and die eternally, unless the Saviour interposed his blood, unless an outstretched arm of mercy stayed the hand of justice; she felt that she had incurred the penalty of death, and that the righteousness of the Redeemer could alone secure to her the approving smile

of God. *That* mercy, which she sought with fear and trembling, was imparted to her. Encouraged by the gracious invitation of the Saviour, she ventured to approach the mercy-seat, and listening with profound humility, found that peace of mind which the world can neither give nor take away.

“ ‘ I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.’ ‘ Come unto me, all ye that labour, &c.’ ‘ I am the way, the truth, and the life.’ ‘ No man cometh to the Father, but by me ; and whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.’ ”

“ These, and other declarations of Scripture were applied to the heart by the Holy Spirit. Seldom did she *speak* on subjects of all others the most interesting to her, but innumerable proofs exist, that in the retirement of the closet her thoughts were fixed with intensity upon them.

“ *The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For these who follow Thee.*

“ There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode ;
 Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God !”

The Bible was to her ‘ a strong tower, whereunto she continually resorted,’ and with ‘ joy did she draw water out of the wells of salvation.’

The practice of marking such portions of her ‘ precious Book of books,’ as forcibly impressed her mind, has been alluded to. An illustration of the method ordinarily pursued, may be found in the 69th Psalm, which first presents itself; indicating also something of the *temper* and *spirit* in which this profitable exercise was conducted.

‘ O God, thou knowest my foolishness; and my sins are not hid from thee. Let not them that wait on thee, O Lord God of Hosts, be ashamed. Let not those that seek thee be confounded. Deliver me out of the mire, and let me not sink. Hear me, O Lord, for thy loving-kindness is good; turn unto me according to the multitude of thy tender mercies. And hide not thy face from thy servant. Draw nigh unto my soul, and re-

deem it. But I am *poor* and *sorrowful*; let thy salvation, O God, set me up on high.'

The earnestness and solicitude with which divine teaching was sought by her, is every where manifest in her Bible. 'But I am *poor* and *needy*, make haste unto me, O God. *Thou* art my help and my deliverer; O Lord, *make no tarrying*.'

Blessed are the *poor in spirit*, for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are the *meeek*. Blessed are they which do *hunger* and *thirst* after righteousness, for *they shall be filled*. In short her pocket volume affords, every where, ample evidence of having been read with deep attention. The interlineations are exceedingly numerous, and shew that it was studied to profit. Avoiding all matters of doubtful disputation, and things not necessary to salvation, she held fast the form of sound words, taking heed unto the doctrine, praying that the Lord would direct her 'heart unto the love of God, and unto the *patient waiting* for Christ,' that she might be *rooted* and *built up* in him, and established in the faith, abounding therein with thanksgiving. Thus, following after righteousness, godliness,

faith, love, patience, meekness, she *knew* whom she believed, and was persuaded that he is able to keep that which she had committed unto him, being confident of this very thing, that he which had begun a good work in her, would perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.

Her little volume of devotional hymns is also marked in very many places, and some of the most pious and beautiful sentiments are adopted as her own.

In times of sorrow, her language is—

“ In my distress, I call'd ‘ my God !’
When I could scarce believe him mine.”

“ My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.”

“ Hear, Lord, and send me *quick* relief.”

“ Who is a God, beside the Lord ?
Or where's a refuge like our God ?”

On other occasions, in reference to the Holy Scriptures, it is—

“ Oh, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven !”

“ Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray !”

“ Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.”

“ When nature sinks and spirits droop,
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars to sustain my hope,
 And there I write thy praise.”

The following is inserted at length, as one regarded by her with peculiar interest :—

“ Our sins alas ! how strong they be,
 And like a violent sea,
 They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
 And hurry us away.

The waves of trouble, how they rise !
 How loud the tempests roar !
 But death shall land our weary souls
 Safe on the heavenly shore.

There to fulfil his sweet commands,
 Our speedy feet shall move,
 No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
 Or cool our burning love.

There shall we sit and sing, and tell,
 The wonders of his grace,
 Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
 And smile in every face.

For ever his dear sacred name
 Shall dwell upon our tongue,
 And Jesus and salvation be
 The close of every tongue !”

Leighton on St. Peter, was with her a favourite work; from which, and several other esteemed devotional volumes, including the present Bishop of Winchester's "Ministerial Character of Christ," many copious extracts were transferred into her common place-book.

But the word of God was especially her delight; the promises of which she pleaded with humble confidence. "Be merciful unto me *according to thy word.*" "I will run the way of thy commandments when thou shalt enlarge my heart." Let thy mercies come also unto me, O Lord, even thy salvation, *according to thy word.* "Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope. This is my comfort in my affliction: for thy word hath quickened me." "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." "I am thine, save me; for I have sought thy precepts."—Verily, the Lord heard her supplications, He is the God of our salvation.

She is departed to her heavenly inheritance through the infinite goodness and mercy of God in Christ Jesus. Let us not boast ourselves of to-morrow, but hearken diligently to

the solemn admonition of God's word and providence.

“Take ye heed, watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is.”

“Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock crowing, or in the morning: lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping.

“*And what I say unto you, I say unto all,*
WATCH!”

“ From Britain's green and flowery isles,
 To India's bright and burning soil,
 Gently transplanted, bathed in dew,
 A lily of the valley grew.

The sun beheld it in the shade,
 Veiling its pure and lovely head ;
 From glare of day retiring meek,
 Within its leaves a shelter seek.

The cup of white, the leaf of green,
 Despite of effort, would be seen,
 And after all seclusion hid,
 Fragrance and grace could not be hid.

Death, wafted on the eastern blast,
 Pass'd by, and kiss'd it as he past :
 It humbly bow'd its drooping head,
 And faded on its foreign bed.

But though, to every passer by,
 It wither'd seemed, it could not die :
 A few days gone—and those who sought
 The blighted floweret, found it not.

For there came one, who lov'd the flower,
 And took it home to deck his bower,
 Bore it away beyond the skies,
 To blossom in his Paradise.”

DR. W. B. COLLYER.

