



RECOLLECTIONS
OF MY LIFE



BY

WILLIAM HARRIS ROBE, D.D.

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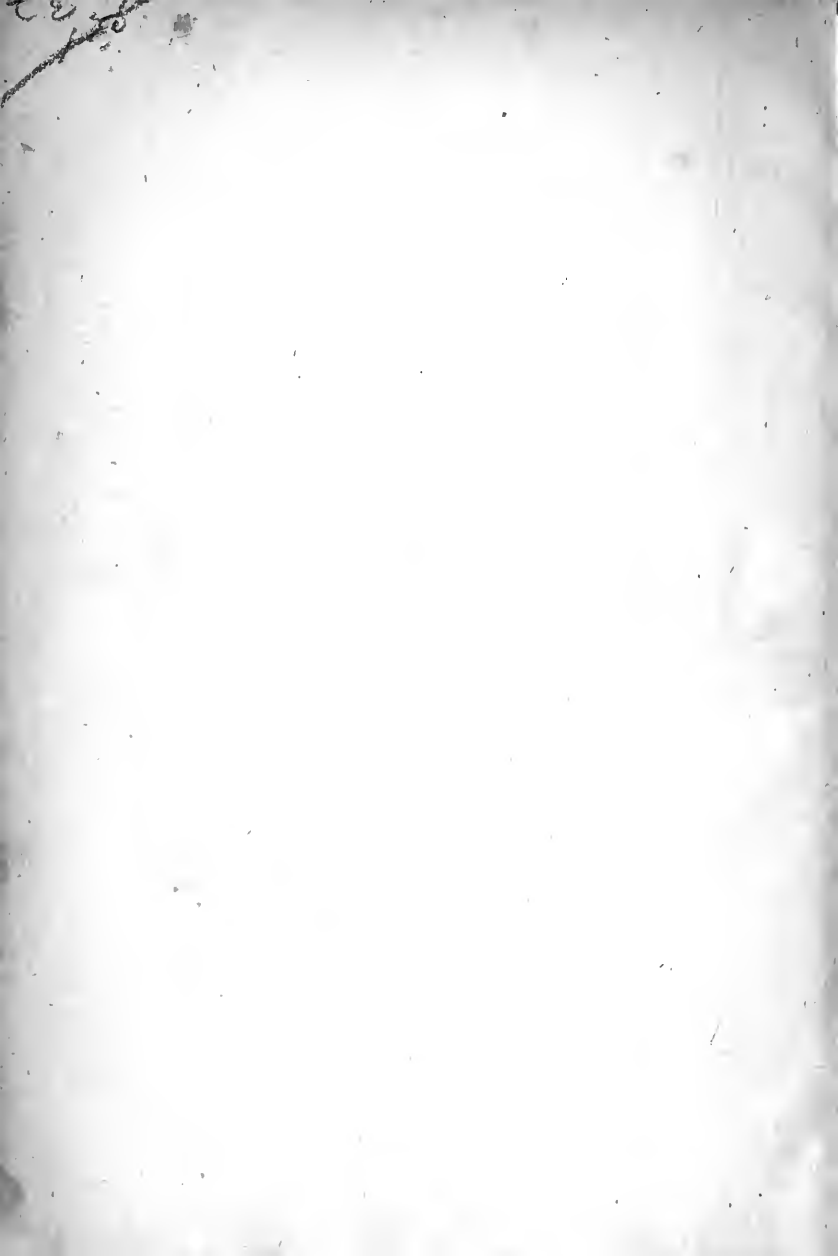
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RECOLLECTIONS OF MY LIFE.

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Your most affectionate

W. H. Rule

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
MY LIFE AND WORK
AT HOME AND ABROAD

In connection with the Wesleyan Methodist Conference.

BY
WILLIAM HARRIS RULE, D.D.

*Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me ; my glory, and the lifter up of
mine head.*—Ps. iii. 3.

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PREFACE.



THE reader will please to observe that the writer of the following pages does not desire to make himself the subject of a history. He would be doing himself an injustice by writing a short and incomplete account of a long and busy life. He is unwilling to run the risk of becoming tedious, while venturing to be diffuse; and is, moreover, now conscious that it would be unwise to prolong his tale after his hand has lost its cunning, and cannot, as aforesaid, wield the pen.

W. H. R.

CROYDON, *June*, 1886.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF MY LIFE.



I.

MY CHILDHOOD.

NOW in the eventide of life, I look back upon the early morn. I was born in Penryn, Cornwall, on the 15th day of November, 1802. I was baptized in the Parish Church of St. Gluvias, on the 17th of December following.

Penryn was then in its peaceful pride. Not yet disfranchised in penalty of the electoral corruption, which we may suppose was not more flagrant in that little borough than in most others, it was close, quiet, and respectable. My father, John Rule, was a surgeon. He had served in the British Army, was prisoner of war in France until set free by an exchange of prisoners, when he entered the Naval Packet Service, and Falmouth being then the mail-packet station, that town or neighbourhood afforded him a temporary home between the voyages. In one of his pleasant walks he became enamoured of Louisa, daughter of William Harris, a Cornish Quaker, whose name I bear. Good William Harris had in his young

days married "out of the Society," the lady of his choice being a member of the Church of England, and sister of an officer of high reputation in the Navy, Captain Shuldham Peard, who by force of personal courage and good sense quelled a mutiny in his own ship. Captain, afterwards Admiral, Peard was a descendant of that "bold lawyer," who, as Clarendon relates in his *History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England*, in the Parliament of 1640, incurred severe censure in the House of Commons, of which he was a member, for calling the King's levying of ship-money "an abomination." My grandfather Harris too, although one of the meekest members of the most pacific of communities, was of a family in whose ancestry there were examples of true martial spirit, but in politics unlike the Peards. Major-General Harris, in the same reign, was conspicuous in the Civil Wars. He commanded a part of the Royalist forces, "the Foot that came from about Plymouth," and was remarkable for having a mind of his own, and making his mind intelligible when circumstances so required.

My father was of Scotch parentage, a native of Berwick-upon-Tweed, none of whose relatives I ever saw, and of whom we heard occasionally. By the exigence of Naval Service in time of war he was detained in the West Indies, and did not see me, his first-born child, until I was about three years old. His rough severity contrasted forcibly with the tenderness of my mother's relatives, whose affectionate attentions to me seemed to provoke him to increasing harshness.

The confusion and horrors of the French Revolution, and the events of the war consequent, filled us all

with abhorrence of Republicanism, but were at that time too recent to efface the traces of the English "Commonwealth." The Quakerism, which flourished around me in those days, was not shorn of its strength, nor divested of its venerable simplicity. Seen without the worldly guise which is cast over the Society in the present generation, the manners, the principles, and, as some would say, the prejudices that were familiar to us in my infant home, I now remember with delight, and love to look upon the broad brim, and hear the plain speech, where such an object can be seen, or such a sound heard.

The sober grey of my good grandfather's attire, and the gold button and epaulette of the naval uniform, were mingled in our domestic circle; but the dash and glitter faded away rapidly and left the more permanent qualities of Quakerism, qualified with the cool proprieties of the Church of England such as it then was. My uncle, Lieutenant John Harris, a thorough-going officer of the old sort, admired by his fellows for impetuous and reckless bravery, fell a victim to the savage custom of duelling, and left his aged parents and a young widow, with her infant son, to mourn his untimely death. My grandfather, after suffering for many years the usual penitential discipline for marrying out of the Society of Friends, was restored to their fellowship some time before his death. I remember how some one lifted me up to look at his corpse as it lay in the coffin, without the least funereal state, and how I was taken to the Quakers' burial-ground to witness his unceremonious interment. A kind-hearted Friend said something on the occasion, according to their custom.

Across a little creek behind our house, on the Penryn quay, we used to look curiously on companies of French prisoners permitted to walk out of their quarters. Sometimes the number would be increased by fresh arrivals, and then came intelligence of sea-fights and battles on shore. Those poor captives we looked on with compassion, and felt deeper and deeper our hatred of the French Republicans in general and of Napoleon Buonaparte in particular. But that hatred was not inexorable, and when, a few years later, in 1815, the First Consul, having grown into an Emperor, was finally conquered at Waterloo, and had delivered himself up to Great Britain, I can remember being touched with the popular feeling of romantic admiration, when I was packed into a boat-load of spectators, amidst the crowds who covered the waters of the Sound, and gazed on him as he stood between guards within the open cabin-windows, in the stern of His Majesty's ship *Bellerophon*. As we neared the ship by the gradual withdrawal of earlier visitors, the hum of voices fell, and we kept respectful silence. Then we saw the figure and aspect of the long-dreaded enemy, who stood unmoved, and still it stands unchanged in the eye of my memory, as it has remained for fully three score and ten years. Englishmen of every rank were too generous to insult, and too humane to look unmoved upon, the soldier at whose name they had trembled, when now they beheld him captive.

As for Methodism, all my friends in those days were far away from it, but in Cornwall it was very vigorous. The Cornish Methodists were in earnest. They had no notion of putting the candle under the bushel. Their outward garb, no less than that of the

Quakers, challenged the world to take note of their profession. The men conscientiously combed their hair straight down upon the forehead; the women wore black or dove-coloured shovel bonnets, exceeding modest. They crowded to sermons and to prayer-meetings. They listened to preachers whom Wesley himself had sent out upon *the rounds*, and who were known as *the Rounders*. "The people called Methodists" were distinguished from the people of the world, and strictly classified, on the "class-papers," into *convinced—converted—sanctified*. These notes of spiritual state became household words, and were used continually. Immeasurably better still, they insisted upon the truths represented by the words, and made those truths continually sound in the ears of rich and poor alike. They kept the Sabbath-day holy, denied themselves, and lived godly. It was not possible to witness such exemplary piety without being seriously impressed; yet one must confess that their simplicity was oftentimes excessive, and the ignorance of some of them gave just occasion of offence. Preachers who scorned the barest respect to proprieties of language or demeanour were gloried in all the more as they best proved themselves worthy of the significant titles of "The Fool," and "Silly Billy." So, at least, it appeared to me at the time, and I am sorry to observe that the frequent instability of Cornish societies tends to justify an impression then received, that they ought to have been taught more than the first elements.

All this notwithstanding, there lay a vast amount of true religious excellence beneath the surface. Sometimes a devoted class-leader or local preacher, being a patient of my father's, would find me at the surgery in

St. Agnes,—where he then lived in practice,—or would meet me elsewhere, and by his kindly importunity hold me as under a spell, preach Christ to me, make me look at the good man with reverence, and suspect myself a sinner, child though I was.

In those days infants were taught without fear of softening the brain, and before I can remember I was taught to read. My nursery teachers used to boast that, thanks to their zeal, I was clever at reading when scarcely four years old. After that time my education was neglected, and I had to be, for the most part, my own teacher, until a venerable friend, the Reverend Thomas Hitchens, Rector of Falmouth, gave me some good instruction in Latin, and turned my thoughts into a right channel. It was a delight as well as a privilege to be his pupil, and not to be taught as a mere school-boy. By that time I had passed my boyhood, and began to feel some of the sad realities of life. When I was just seventeen years of age, my father, weary of the son he had never loved, turned me out of doors in a fit of passion. The like he had done before, and I had made up my mind that if he gave me another dismissal I would not return again. The house of an affectionate aunt was open to me, and our reverend friend had invited me to accept his fatherly instructions. I look again on his benevolent countenance; I hear again his long familiar voice; I recollect passages of his interesting lessons.

Mr. Hitchens was a staunch Calvinist, and a hearty hater of Methodism. This little antipathy notwithstanding, he was a thoroughly good man. Eminent for single-mindedness, his charity towards all his neighbours knew no bounds, nor had his beneficence any other

limit, so far as I ever heard, than his ability to help them, at whatever possible cost or inconvenience to himself.

The kindness and the refinement of leading members of the Society of Friends in Falmouth and its neighbourhood were among the salutary influences which I am bound most gratefully to acknowledge. Those influences wrought on me daily, until I left Cornwall in pursuit of study and subsistence as an artist. Then was I cast upon the world, and exposed to the snares which beset youth, with few friends to give me counsel or assistance. First in Plymouth, then in Exeter, and afterwards in London, I lived as a poor student. Often I suffered hunger. With no source of maintenance beyond the precarious earnings of a half-taught portrait-painter, and little encouragement beyond the promptings of young ambition—the spur of an enthusiasm too fervent to be slackened by any disappointment—I pressed onward without encumbrance. I was too old to yearn after the shelter of a paternal roof, but the Providence of our Heavenly Father so overshadowed me, that I knew little care, and took but little thought for the trifling supplies that were sufficient to keep body and soul together.

Such was my life in London when I was striving to form my style among the works of art which were accessible, especially in the British Museum, where the Elgin marbles then began to attract the adoration, almost, of aspiring students like myself. I longed to visit Athens, and had formed a scheme for pursuing artistic excellence both in Paris and in Rome, when a higher vocation was laid upon my conscience.

But I must return to Cornwall for a little, there to retrace my steps to the broader field of life.

II.

PROVIDENTIAL GUIDANCE AND CONVERSION.

I WAS not to be an artist ; not to be lost in Parisian frivolities, nor to be perverted to idolatry in Rome. Being a lad of seventeen when set free to choose for myself, and left to decide, so far as such decision was possible, what should be my future occupation, it became necessary to enter into new pursuits, and make new friends. Then I was free to indulge my tastes, and could associate with young men whose conditions and pursuits were congenial with my own. If we were not all blessed with self-knowledge, we had self-confidence enough to believe ourselves possessed of considerable power, and credit ourselves with a common stock of talent equal to some enterprise that would do us honour. With happy unanimity we resolved to place our several attainments at disposal for the accomplishment of some worthy object, and having read of learned societies, formed ourselves at once into an association, to be called "The Falmouth Philosophical Society." Our meetings were held in a hired room, which we occasionally threw open to the public, read papers on very speculative subjects, delivered our thoughts with unfettered bold-

ness, and carried on debates with sufficient animation to attract attention.

Having made for ourselves a local habitation, and gained a name in Falmouth, we walked over to Truro, found sympathy there, and were no longer disadvantaged by appearing as prophets in their own country. We enlisted a few young men in the novel enterprise, and established in that town a second "Philosophical Society." As far as I have ever heard, these little institutions were the first of the kind in the county of Cornwall. If I am rightly informed, the society in Truro continued for many years under another name, and a few of those juvenile philosophers, when grey-headed, could remind each other, with pardonable satisfaction, that they were founders of a system of popular instruction which aided in advancing the general intelligence of England. Certainly we made for ourselves an amateur academy, and, if we did not learn there the art of eloquence, acquired some facility of speech, and were in some degree prepared for higher services and more important labours.

My most loved companion was the son of a "travelling preacher," as our ministers were called, the Reverend Richard Treffry, who was then stationed in Truro. Young Richard had not long come home from London, where he spent some months after leaving school, pursuing the craft of printer, but qualified by superior education for entering into one of the learned professions. He was as yet unsettled. Both his parents were watching over him with godly jealousy, wisely endeavouring to moderate an active spirit: well taught, enthusiastic, impetuous. His

ardent passions were happily restrained by a profound sense of manly honour and filial reverence.

Such was my young friend, Richard Treffry. At first his father eyed me with suspicion. I was an unknown stranger, and might be leagued with others of the sort for leading Richard astray; but Mrs. Treffry came to one of our meetings, in order that she might fairly judge of us for herself. Whatever she might think of our philosophy, she set her heart on doing some good to her son's new friend, as the more certain way of saving that friend from doing any harm to her son. I was soon admitted to their house, first encouraged, and then invited to come again and again. That venerable old Wesleyan minister showed me fatherly attention, and Mrs. Treffry became to me a mother. She was a singularly excellent woman, well born and bred, always a lady, and by the grace of God a saint. She showed me genuine hospitality, and when as yet I scarcely knew how to pray for myself, she prayed effectually for me.

Soon I left Cornwall, working my way up the country with my pencil, as I have already mentioned, sojourning for a time in Devonport and Plymouth, Exeter and London. I thought that I should add the name of Rule to that of Opie, and help to bring honour to my native country. I had first landed in Plymouth, with three shillings and sixpence in my pocket, and carried with me, as a sort of stock-in-trade, a palette, paint, pencils, and brushes, and some canvas. That was enough. In London I lived merrily for weeks together on bread and water. As my pocket was light, so was my heart light, and even as it is written that man liveth not by bread alone,

but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, every command He gives, and every event that He disposes, so was I to subsist contentedly in a way that it had not entered into my heart to think.

Poverty was not the least valuable of all the gifts of God's goodness. Destitute, as I was, of the restraints of piety, it was well that I should lack the means of profligate indulgence; and I was saved from ruin, if not from folly. So long as I did not feel the exceeding sinfulness of sin, I sought for pleasure; and, fancying that my object was merely the gratification of a taste for dramatic art, frequented the theatres when means permitted, and would fain have trodden the stage had I been qualified to act on it. My friend Richard and I had been enthusiastic play-goers; he restrained at last by his father's immediate control, and I by poverty. Once, and once only, at a later date, he and I went to Drury Lane Theatre together. We sat in the pit, seemingly in fixed attention during the performance of a classic tragedy, the chief person of the drama being represented by the most eminent actor of the day. But we left the place as soon as the piece was ended, and walked away in pensive silence until conscience unsealed our lips. Then we simultaneously broke silence, mutually confessed our error, declared our determination never more to enter within the circle where temptations to evil ever lurk, and from that time, as I know for myself, and fully believe for him, the resolution was not broken, nor has there been with me ever the least inclination to break it.

Here I am slightly anticipating the course of events, but now return to mark the commencement and progress of the great change.

My friend's revered father had been removed from Truro to Rochester, and from that old city I one day received a present from Richard, whose vein of poetical eccentricity gave a peculiar character to all his communications. A small packing-case, containing ripe apples from a Kentish orchard; a clean human skull in good condition, obtained from a grave-digger in the burial-ground by Rochester Cathedral; a small pocket Bible, with the following words written in it: "To W. H. Rule, with R. Treffry's kind love and best wishes. In presenting my friend with such a book, I need not, I am persuaded, offer the opinion of any learned men on its excellence or veracity. Let him but read with care, pause frequently, consider seriously, and pray fervently, and he will find it the power of God to salvation. Psalm cxix. ver. 105; John, c. v. ver. 39. R. W. T."

The oddly assorted present had been preceded by a letter, wherein my friend informed me of his conversion to God, and this gift of a Bible decided me to read again the sacred volume for his sake.¹ I did so, and was very soon reading it in earnest for my own. This was in the autumn of the year 1822. At Christmas I went to Rochester to spend a week or

¹ Let me note here that some years before, when I was a boy in Plymouth, I read the Bible through without the omission of a line. It was a thick, block-letter quarto—the edition commonly known as the Breeches Bible. I believe I was induced to read that particular edition, which is in the Geneva version, from hearing the Reverend Dr. Hawker, of Charles Church, Plymouth, strongly recommend it as the best version, worthy to be printed in letters of gold. I should not so characterize it now, but in my childish simplicity I was moved to read that particular volume by a feeling which most persons who remember what they were when children can well appreciate.

two in visiting my friend, and there found such counsels and such friends as, with two exceptions, I had never known before. On the very first evening, at family prayer in the house of Mr. Osborn, draper, father of the present Rev. Dr. Osborn, I resolved that I would be a Wesleyan Methodist, in hope of enjoying the benefit of the religion which shed so much happiness over that Christian household.

Let me describe the scene of my decision. Mr. Osborn was a respectable tailor and draper. It was after shop-shutting on a Saturday night. I was seated in the room behind the shop, where the whole family were assembled. In came from the shop the venerable father, carrying cash-box and account books, which he put into their proper place, locked the door, and, putting the key into his pocket, said to me, "This I do every Saturday night; I lock them up here, and do not think of them again until the Monday morning." Then turning to the family, he said to them, "Now, children." Mother and children, all of them full grown, were already in circle. He raised, without introduction, a familiar hymn; every voice was raised in sweet harmony. Then we knelt in family prayer, and I, on my knees, said, silent but sincere, "This people shall be my people, and their God shall be my God." Thus the deed was done, and in purpose I set about giving my heart to God.

After the services of Christmas and New Year, I returned to London, bearing a letter of introduction to the Rev. John Gaulter, to whom I communicated my desire to become a candidate for membership. Mr. Gaulter gave me a note to Mr. Joseph Butterworth,

at that time a Member of Parliament for Dover, and class-leader in the Great Queen Street Society. The next Sunday morning, the ground being covered with snow, I walked from Pentonville to Queen Street, to meet in class for the first time, and found Mr. Butterworth waiting, some time before seven o'clock, to receive his members as they came. He gave me words of welcome and encouragement. For some months I was anxiously seeking peace with God, and at length, while at a prayer-meeting in Exeter, the Divine evidence of reconciliation sprung up within me, and I left the house of God rejoicing. No stranger intermeddled in this matter. No one presumed to do what Wesley calls setting God a time. There was no visiting a special "revival meeting," as they call it, nor any hunting after a special preacher. We were taught to seek mercy through the Lord Jesus Christ for ourselves, to exercise our own faith, and pray for more. While there was abundant sympathy, and much friendly aid, there was no encouragement to trust in vicarious faith. Each one was exhorted to wrestle in prayer until he prevailed. So, by the infinite mercy of God, I found the peace which passeth understanding.

III.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY OF THE GOSPEL.

HERE was a new world. A world crowded with glorious objects for the new creature to pursue and to enjoy in the service of his Saviour. Here, too, I found new friends, and there were some old ones whom I could value more than ever. Studies which had been pursued for the mere love of study began to be consecrated for higher application. A certain fluency of speech attained by exercise in our young philosophical societies was to be turned to account for utterance of the truth which I began to learn; and, after roaming abroad under the impulses of a will which had never known the restraints of healthful discipline, I had to adapt myself to the orderly arrangements of Methodism.

Often did I run unsent. With two or three juvenile companions I went out from Exeter into neighbouring villages, begged at cottage-doors for rooms where we might gather in neglected children, form them into Sunday-schools to be taught in the afternoons, and then preach to the grown people in the evenings. But the Sunday-school officials in the city knew nothing of our proceedings, and appre-

hended embarrassment from our speculations. The local preachers were startled at seeing obscure brethren at work on stations not yet acknowledged, and presuming to act without having been so much as taken on trial at their quarterly meetings. Above all, the superintendent minister was uneasy at the unauthorized activity of us youths—one of us, at least, a wandering stranger whom he had never seen. In truth, I was wrong; yet innocently wrong. I knew nothing of the rules I was breaking, or I should not have broken them. My ignorance was quickly seen; the simplicity was patent. I made haste to take on the harness with the best grace possible, and received full indemnity from the kind-hearted superintendent, who healed my harmless irregularities by the exercise of his prerogative. He authorized me to act as an exhorter, and at once I was at home, thoroughly and contentedly at home.

About sixty years afterwards, I happened to visit Exeter. On entering the vestry, I met a very old man, whom I found to be one of the youths who had gone with me the round of those villages. I asked him whether any of our places had ever been taken on the Circuit plan. He said, Yes, three; and they were still there, and were well established places. Methodism flourishes in all of them.

New friends rose up on all sides. I plied my pencil briskly through long summer days, and rode the wave of life pleasantly, no longer hauling hard up to a foul wind, but sailing free. My business seemed easy enough, for it was only just to lay in a little store for travel, and then, as I calculated, take ship for France, work my way painting from city to city,

cross the Alps, and finish my pilgrimage in the Vatican. The time was fixed; another six weeks, and then——.

Returned to London, and having some pictorial engagements to fulfil in Rochester, thither I hastened, and found my good father Treffry, who suddenly arrested my progress Romeward by his counsel. He saw that I was happy in the peace of God, and was in good earnest inviting others to seek the Saviour I had found. He thought that I might reasonably hope to become a theologian, and believed that my habits in Cornwall had already tended to qualify me for the better work of preaching. To his advice I opposed, at first, a notion of my own, that it would be more honourable to preach without taking pay. I relied on the example of St. Paul, who wrought as a tent-maker to earn a livelihood, boasted that he was not burdensome to any man, and protested that no man should rob him of his boasting. I thought it would be apostolic to proceed in like manner, and had already made up my mind to preach freely, without entanglement in the dependence implied by taking a salary. But Mr. Treffry set about enlarging my views of the sacred office of a Christian minister. He could point out how various are his duties, and how great responsibility attends his performance of those duties. He insisted on an absolute and unreserved consecration to God. He laid it on my conscience to give up every temporal object for the service of Christ.

I could not avoid considering the proposal very seriously, and having already presented myself before God in prayer, and surrendered myself to His sovereign will, yet without apprehending the entire

scope of such an engagement, but with no desire to evade payment of any part of the vow I had made, it was not in my power to withhold the undivided service of my life.

But then, again, came the question of Methodist discipline. I was not prepared for candidature, for, although a young "member of Society," as the phrase was, my name was not entered on a Preachers' Plan, nor was it likely to be, unless I would make myself a settled resident somewhere, and so belong to a Circuit, and take regular appointments as a local preacher. To that end my revered adviser told me that I ought to give up my "predatory way of living," and belong to some one known place. My brief romance of life must come to a close. Here, again, there was difficulty, but my friend could meet it. He had heard that a poor schoolmaster in the neighbouring village of Newington, on the high road from Rochester to Sittingbourne, had lately died, and left his little school without a head. It was a very small and very humble affair. The schoolroom was attached to the Wesleyan chapel of the village; the pupils were children of the small tradesmen and artisans of the place, and I might just earn my bread by teaching them "the three R's" on the same terms as my worn-out predecessor. This was a place whereon to stand. Here, if nothing more, and nothing more was wanted, I could gain a place in the Sheerness Circuit, and hope to become a Wesleyan minister in course of time.

I caught the opportunity gladly. Before the six weeks I had fixed for departure to the Continent were expired, I had relinquished the cherished purpose, given up my letters of introduction to persons of influence

abroad, thanked my patrons very sincerely for their kindness, and received the condolence of some of them on having ruined myself, as they said, by turning Methodist. Grateful for their kindness, I smiled under their condolence, gave myself to the work now put into my hands, set up as a village schoolmaster, had boys and girls enough to keep me in food and raiment, and in order to benefit those whose parents were unwilling or unable to pay the weekly pence, I invited such to attend an evening school, which I taught gratuitously, and therefore had a perfectly *free school* every evening consisting of about forty children, whom I endeavoured to instruct in the first elements of the Christian religion. Every Sunday I preached two or three times, usually travelled many miles on foot, and at the end of about three months' trial was received as a fully accredited local preacher, and, at the same time, recommended to be received by the next District Meeting to be offered to the Conference of 1824 as a candidate to be entered on trial for the full work of the ministry.

This was excessive haste; but in those days men were not kept on trial so long as they should have been. In the month of May, 1825, the superintendent minister of the Maidstone Circuit being very sick, I was summoned by the Rev. Dr. Newton, President of Conference, to supply his appointments in preaching. In the following August the Conference received me as a probationer, and I was called to London to await appointment to a foreign Mission station, meanwhile pursuing some preparatory studies. Those studies were very simple. I read Latin and Greek, and also received instruction in theology from

the Rev. Richard Watson, whose teaching was one of the greatest privileges of my earlier life. Nine months' application prepared me in some degree for the acquisition of foreign languages, and gave me such an insight into the work of a preacher, and such a view of Christian doctrine, as I could not have otherwise acquired. Very few of my brethren enjoyed the like advantage; for Mr. Watson was only just beginning those efforts to assist candidates for the sacred office, to which all our existing colleges—those in America excepted—chiefly owe their establishment.

IV.

BEGINNING OF MISSION LIFE.

AS to marriage of probationers for the ministry, the restriction was not so rigidly enforced in the year 1825 as it has been since, and whether or not it would be so enforced on me was to be ascertained. I was willing to abide by the decision of the Missionary Committee, in whose hands the Conference had placed me, and by whom I was examined immediately after my arrival in London. The usual questions were answered by me to their satisfaction, as I had reason to conclude, with perhaps one exception. The presiding examiner on that occasion was the Rev. Richard Reece, a severely venerable old minister, carrying a tender heart, no doubt, under a rigid exterior, and wearing an awful aspect in the eyes of a young novice like me. The passage in the examination on this delicate point was short enough and clear enough to be remembered to my life's end.

Ques.—"Have you a matrimonial engagement?"

Ans.—"No, Sir; but I should like to have one."

Ques.—"You should like to have one?"

Ans.—"Yes, Sir. I should like to have one."

Then followed a strong animadversion on the impropriety of such an answer, and the folly and weakness of such an inclination, in terms which need

not be repeated, and to which I could only just reply by a single observation :

Ans.—" You asked me the question, Sir, and I have answered truly."

There was a pause : the Committee men sitting on both sides the table, the Chairman standing at the head, and I standing at the foot—all silent. Mr. Watson, I think, broke silence. A few official, but kindly, observations followed, and all eyes were bent on me inquisitively. There was no more severity. Wesleyan ministers, with all their exquisite skill in discipline, are the most humane of men, and one of them asked if I had made my desire known to the lady who might be concerned. Certainly I had not, for the reason that having offered myself without reserve to be a missionary it would be improper to make a proposal to a lady which it might not be in my power to fulfil, and therefore the proposal was deferred, but the wish to make it was cherished. A few fatherly observations closed that part of the business, and I was duly accepted for foreign service.

The Missionary Secretaries, no doubt, took counsel on the subject, and a few months later one of them whispered in my ear that perhaps I might be set at liberty to marry without passing through the four years' probation, but I was cautioned to be very prudent, and say nothing about it. Of course I promised to be prudent, but gave no pledge for silence, thinking that the highest prudence would be to say what was needful to be said. That sun did not set before the necessary preliminary was accomplished, and when the official permission was pronounced there was not any other assent wanting.

On Friday, February 24th, 1826, I was married in the Parish Church of Maidstone to Mary Ann Dunmill, only daughter of Richard Barrow and Elizabeth Dunmill of that town; the father, a respectable tradesman, then deceased, the mother a sincere and devoted Wesleyan Methodist, in whose steps this daughter and two sons were faithfully following. She who then became my wife was my most constant and loving companion in travels and in toils, in joys and sorrows, for forty-seven years complete.

On the 14th of March following, I was ordained, by imposition of hands, in London.

My wife and I embarked at Gravesend on March 22nd, 1826, on board the schooner *Eblana*, Captain Smale. We soon ran down the Channel with a fair wind, and on Easter-day (26th) were in the Bay of Biscay under a close-reefed main-top sail, driven before a heavy gale. The grandeur of the situation is only conceivable by those who have ridden over mountain billows, not with the smoke and vibration of a steamboat, but with wind and sea alone,—watching every atmospheric change, drifted and tossed upon the face of the fathomless deep, in close presence of the mighty powers of creation, without help or hindrance of human art, and cast with calm, unreasoning faith upon the care of the Omnipotent Creator. It was not practicable to assemble the little crew for Divine worship on the ship's deck, but the captain and I, with our wives,—all four being Methodists,—and a fellow-passenger, notwithstanding the tempestuous weather, could unite in family prayer in the cabin, and cheer each other with precious truths stored in the Bible for our comfort, and ever suitable, when on land or sea. We looked

forward to the voyage's end, when we should enter upon scenes which imagination could not picture, yet with hopeful, shadowy anticipation, and trust—with yet more lively confidence, to the happier land above. Once, when the tempest raged, and our little vessel tossed and pitched light as a cork upon the waves, cracking as if her timbers would give way to each wrenching gust, we sang with solemn delight as we clung to the sides of our berth:—

“The rougher the way, the shorter the stay ;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.”

My poor young wife suffered sadly, and the care of her in such a situation gave a sober interest to my first real voyage. Early associations, however, in a family of sailors had prepared me for the unsteadiness of a ship, and converted much into a source of pleasure that would otherwise have been the occasion of distress.

Now my eye catches an entry in my Journal, made the first day after the abatement of the storm :

“*March* 31. Cape St. Vincent, S.E., 20 miles.” This was my first sight of a foreign land ; my first emotion of mysterious interest in nearing a country that afterwards became my home.

“*April* 1. Close under Cape St. Vincent, a lofty headland, crowned with a large monastery, bare to the ocean and the sky.” It seemed like what it really was—a huge prison-house. Two or three monks on the cliffs looked, as I thought, like jailors.

Henceforward the incidents of the voyage were of another kind. Novel scenes appeared, provoking Eng-

lish memories. The atmosphere was at once balmy and invigorating. Distant lands dim, very dim, like thin bluish vapour, far beyond the water-line that always lay in the same, almost unchanging, circle. Then an adverse breeze drove us away southward, and the captain told us that we were off the western coast of Africa. At last, on the morning of April 6th, having risen early, I went on deck soon after sunrise, and, to my surprise, saw land on both sides, north and south. We were scudding before a fine west wind right into the Strait of Gibraltar. On our left, the Spanish mountains, emerging from the night-fog and cloud, discovered their verdant sides, here and there spotted with a fort, built as of white marble, or a village, or a town. On the right opened the Bay of Tangier: Tangier itself not indistinctly visible, with its square white buildings, embosomed in a far-stretching valley amidst rugged rocks, and wild, sunburnt-looking hills. Back inland, mountains after mountains reared their summits wreathed with clouds and bleached with storms from the creation of the world. Yet far beyond them, in the south, very much loftier heights, covered with leagues of snow, while broad masses of last winter's ice rested on the lower cliffs. I thought of vast plains unseen, bright under that morning's sun, and watered with streams from those mountains, and trodden by the wild Berbers. Then I thought of Him who is as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Yet that Rock was almost unknown in Barbary. The people all, save only a few Hebrew captives and vagrant Spaniards, were under the Mohammedan delusion.

Turning me again to gaze northwards on the nearing

shore of Spain, I thought I saw a Christian country. I thought I could see Christian towns, with the towers of Christian churches rising proudly over them; and my glass discovered the cross, material symbol of Christianity, reared up visibly as to confront the Moslem continent. Then I did think of England again, as I had never thought before. I glanced alternately on the two adverse homes—a home of Mohammedanism and a home of Popery, two houses of bondage, each contrasting sharply with our own dear home of liberty.

By this time we were both on deck, and our good captain quickly came to point out Tarifa, where Arab spies from over the Strait first set foot. They came to search for a convenient landing-place for the soldiers of the crescent that were impatient to subjugate Andalus, Paradise of the West. Now pointing ahead, he showed us the grand rock of Gibraltar. We descried the town, just to be spelled out with telescope—the Barracks—the Bay—San Roque at the bottom of the Bay, as we were speeding away eastward. There were shipping of all nations lying at anchor, some for shelter while wind-bound, and some for commerce, licit or contraband. The current which flows in perpetually from the Atlantic to supply the Mediterranean waters, and a welcome west wind with it, sent us gaily up between the Pillars of Hercules, Calpe and Abyla, Gibraltar and Ape's Hill. We were in the "Great Sea," once ploughed by the ships of Carthage, and yet earlier by the fleets of Phœnician and Hebrew kings.

We almost felt at home. Those awful ocean-storms were over and gone. The evening sun sank astern in

the Atlantic, and the hills of the neighbouring continents darkened into night.

“Jam, Tartessiaco quos solverat æquore, Titan
In noctem diffusus equos jungebat Eois
Litoribus, primique novo Phaetonte relecti
Seres lanigeris repetebant vellera lucis.”

But the “Great Sea” is notoriously uncertain. From quitting the Atlantic waters to getting sight of Malta, we were just twenty days. There was great variety of weather. Gentle breezes, sudden and violent storms, calms. Once a strong current on the north side of the Mediterranean carried us so close to shore that we were nearly aground on the beach, and might have been wrecked in a few minutes if the crew had not taken to the ship’s boat, and pulled away the little cutter off shore with desperate effort. A little breeze opportunely sprung up to help us, and while yet making fearful lee-way with the current, the little schooner’s head was kept southward, and she found sea-room again to pursue the voyage. Captain Smale’s talent as a navigator was well tested, and we frequently found occasion for special prayer, and for special thanksgiving.

Three times during the voyage we had Divine service on deck, with the advantage of fair weather. The varying winds and brisk breezes sent us to both sides the sea, giving abundant opportunity for admiring both coasts, and this was beginning to inure us to the vicissitudes of sea-life, exercising our patience, and giving me much opportunity for conning my Italian grammar, and laying in a little stock of vocabulary for use on shore. More than that, I can remember some searchings of heart and earnest aspirations after the

grace needful for the labours of an untried field. It was intended that I should be employed in conjunction with some senior minister as pioneer for the eventual establishment of an Oriental Mission. We were to set about the introduction of Christianity among the Druses of Mount Lebanon. It was thought that those people would receive the Gospel more readily than either Jews or Turks, but whether that way of calculating probabilities is apostolical may be a fair question. My own view of the matter is that the followers of our Lord Jesus Christ have no greater reason to hope for welcome from the followers of Hakim than from those of Mohammed, or Ramohun-Roy, or Chunder-Sen, or Tae-ping-wang, or any other impostor who may be fancied to have borrowed something from Christianity, yet something essentially short of Christianity itself. We do not see that the founders of the early Christian churches ever sought to make their way into a country under the shadow of a sect. To the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, and the energy of the Holy Spirit of God bringing the Gospel to the hearts of men, it is not necessary to look out the weakest of mankind as presenting a less formidable opposition to the truth. However, there was no opportunity given us for a trial on Mount Lebanon. A war broke out in Palestine, and the project was abandoned. I do not mean, however, to impute any defect in faith to our friends in England when they proposed a class of Druses in preference to Mohammedans for hearers of the Gospel.

V.

MALTA.

APRIL 26. About five o'clock this morning the little island of Gozo, lying west of Malta, and part of the Maltese territory, was in sight. About six o'clock in the evening we entered the harbour of Valetta, and, having a clean bill of health, were permitted to land at once.

As we were ascending the steep street by a continuous flight of steps, with the barbaric Maltese jargon of the people ringing in our ears, we saw, as it seemed, an Englishman hastening down to meet us, and with outstretched arms bidding us welcome. His first words were a salutation in the words of St. Luke, when describing the approach of St. Paul towards Rome: "Whom when Paul saw, he thanked God and took courage." It was the Rev. Daniel Temple, a devoted missionary from the American Board of Missions. I suppose he was a Calvinist; but whatever in Calvinism might jar with my Methodism was kept in perfect subjection to our common Christianity. His only aim in preaching, as in everything else, was so thoroughly practical, that it would scarcely occur to his hearers or his friends to ask what were his peculiar doctrinal opinions. He frequently ministered with great acceptance to our congregations in Valetta and Burmola,

and his society was to ourselves invaluable. He took us at once to his own house, and Mrs. Temple hastened to unite in giving us hospitable welcome.

The Rev. Samuel Wilson, of the London Missionary Society, did not linger in making himself our friend.

The Rev. William Jowett, representative in the Mediterranean of the Church of England Missionary Society, and author of *Researches in the Mediterranean* and *Researches in Syria*, with Mrs. Jowett, showed us a kindness that might be called parental. In the absence of any Arab to assist me in learning Arabic, Mr. Jowett volunteered to be my teacher. He gave me the first lessons, heard me recite the thirteen conjugations, taught me pronunciation, lent me books, and corrected my translation of two or three Surás of the Koran. His counsels were invaluable, and his influence over my mind and judgment, young and inexperienced as I was, was very beneficial. He did not preach in our pulpits, neither had he a congregation of his own. His brother ministers of the Church of England in Malta looked on him with disfavour. They were worldly men, and it was thought that being such they would not allow him access to their congregations. He was only permitted to officiate at the cemetery on occasion of the funeral of any deceased member of the missionary families. This unfriendliness he bore with Christian meekness, without allowing himself to show the least resentment.

Missionaries who resided in his house, engaged in Oriental studies preparatory to undertaking Missions eastward, he recommended to preach for us whenever their services should be desired. Messrs. Müller and Lieder, whose memory is still cherished in connection

with Egypt and Abyssinia, often rendered their assistance. But Samuel Gobat, a young Swiss from the University of Basle, afterwards Bishop of Jerusalem, gave us his valuable aid more frequently than any other. His attention was then chiefly occupied in the study of Arabic, and Ethiopic with its dialects, Amharic and Tigré. In these he became specially proficient. At this time he was letting his beard grow, that he might assume the costume as well as the language of an Arab, and so the better make his way in Palestine and Egypt. As a student he was calmly enthusiastic, and indefatigably laborious. In manners he combined the simplicity of a child with manly dignity. His piety was unaffected. He was the first Protestant missionary in Abyssinia, where he lived at least three years, and where he was long remembered and beloved. Poor King Theodore was first his pupil, and then through life his friend. When Theodore had lost his reason,—as is believed,—Gobat mourned for him and loved him still. We studied at the same time under the friendly eye of Mr. Jowett, and when, after an interval of full forty years, the Bishop and I met in England, his vivid recollection of Malta, and of our circle there, and affectionate renewal of our early friendship, brought back those days with fresh charm to my remembrance. Abyssinia is still regarded as belonging to the diocese of Jerusalem. Ignatius Peter III., Syrian Patriarch of Antioch, whom I met a few years ago, when he was in London, and his Bishop of Jerusalem, spoke of Gobat very affectionately as their brother Charles of Jerusalem, universally beloved.

Another friend, with whom I studied Italian, was

Eli Smith, who proceeded from Malta to Armenia, sent by the American Board of Missions. In conjunction with Dr. Dwight, Mr. Smith wrote an important volume of *Researches in Armenia*. These and other similar associations on that island were never after equalled in the course of my missionary life.

Our missionary, then resident in Malta, had lived in Burmola, across the harbour of Valetta, and on our arrival we went into the house he had vacated. One of his first attempts to introduce the Gospel among the natives was made by collecting poor people of the lowest sort to hear him, or some one employed by him, read chapters of the Gospel according to St. John in a Maltese version. After the lection a few copper grains were distributed among the beggarly audience, who came willingly, of course, and large numbers were attracted. This was not an invention of his own; he found, on his arrival, a custom established among pious English people, on a small scale, of inviting beggars who came to their doors to sit down and hear a few words of the Bible. The custom was well enough when followed by private persons, but it was not found to answer when adopted by a missionary, either here or elsewhere. The mere fact caused a sensation of anger among the priests, whose intimate relations with the same class enabled them to act upon it on a much larger scale. The confessional was an open channel of information to the confessors. The persons guilty of attending the conventicle were made to pay the cheap and easy penance of joining in a fierce attack on the missionary's house; and others, through sheer mischief, or from genuine hatred of the heretic, came in

great force, battered the house with stones, and made him, with his excellent wife and their family, take flight over the flat house-tops. We entered the house and found it in nearly the same state as when they left. The windows were beaten in, the doors battered, and the stones, which lay in heaps upon the floors upstairs and down, had to be carried away on hand-barrows. I cannot say that my predecessor's mantle fell on me, but certainly I caught, in full tale, the imprecations he had called forth by his evangelizing—imprecations which would have been as certainly provoked if an apostle had been the evangelist to the barbarians of the island. I stepped into his place, suffered something on his account, and very shortly something more on my own. Whenever there was a Litany in the neighbourhood, the procession would pass by slowly, or it would stand still, and after the suffrages were ended, the whole rank and file of devotees in sackcloth would raise one piercing hiss, and then, like as many baited cats, spit passionately, and pass on. It was a sincere and hearty curse. It was a most expressive rendering of an ancient commination: *Make his habitation desolate.*

But we made our dwelling as comfortable as could be desired. A congregation, consisting of soldiers, sailors, English families from the dockyard, and others, assembled there every Sunday, and on other days beside. The beggars, of course, were not invited, but I sometimes ministered to a few Maltese, a shade or two higher, in Valetta, the language being Italian, and my sermons written until I could speak freely. In my own house I prosecuted daily study in preparation for the projected Mission in Palestine, sometimes hear-

ing sounds of praise from our fellow-worshippers within, sometimes the trampling of thieves at night on the terrace overhead, sometimes the cursings of the passing crowd, and the dolorous Litanies, and the noisy discipline of lashes and groans in a *conservatorio* for females next door. As for the thieves, they were soon scared away by the barking of a good house-dog, or the discharge of a blunderbuss, which also served for a signal to the neighbouring main guard. All these things in a little time grew familiar, and were by no means so terrific as the account I am giving would lead a stranger to suppose.

Something more palpable, however, was to come. About six months after our arrival, as I was going to the Naval Hospital to visit a British officer who lay sick there, I had to make my way through a crowd of people who were following a priest with the host to the house of a dying man. Scores, if not hundreds, of them fell on their knees on the bare ground when the priest entered the house; but that being more than I could do, my standing still gave great offence, and on rising from their knees, they pelted me with stones. The like violence was repeated whenever I passed that way. Some one voice would be heard to cry *Fram-mazon*. A little boy, perhaps, would pick up a little stone, and throw it—big boys would join in the game—stout men followed. A mob, rapidly collected from the neighbouring streets, would soon be in full action, flinging stones, and keeping up the cry of *Freemason*. This they shouted, because they had been told that we were, as we ourselves said we were, a *Society*. To their apprehension, a society must be *secret*, and as a secret society could be no other than masonic, our places of

assemblage were called *lodges*, and we, *Freemasons*. So, by giving ourselves a wrong name, by feeing beggars for coming to hear us, and by going to work among foreigners without sufficient preparation for such work, we had incurred a contempt not altogether unmerited, not the contempt for Christ's sake in which the Christian glories, but a contempt incurred by ignorance and error. In such cases as this, in Malta in 1826, it not only falls on the persons who too hastily undertake to teach in foreign countries, but on the religion they know not how most suitably to propagate.

The street assaults were continued for more than three months. The assailants were too cowardly to face me. They followed behind, and pelted with stones off the half-paved streets, which did no harm beyond a few bruises, but the annoyance, and even the danger, was considerable. One afternoon, as my wife and I were walking in front of our own house, the mob stoned us both; and having borne their violence elsewhere with as much patience as possible until that moment, I then felt it my duty to appeal to the Government for protection. The Governor, the Marquis of Hastings, instructed me in the proper course to be taken, and the Chief Secretary was directed to act as circumstances might require. I therefore chose a convenient time and fit place for receiving the usual rough salutes, and went on my way accordingly. On the way toward the Naval Hospital, one afternoon, I was not disappointed. A naval officer, a good man ready for any service, and personal friend withal, followed in the rear, saw the first stone thrown, heard the cry, and saw again the missiles thicken. He collared at once a strong young man and two boys;

one boy struggled out of his grasp, but the other two could not escape. I instantly ran back to the main-guard, whence a picket was sent to the spot to take the culprits into custody. They were both marched away at the point of the bayonet, kept in prison all night, and brought into court next morning with abundant evidence of their guilt. But a large number of false witnesses were produced, and swore, one and all, that *that man* seized, kept in custody, and brought thither by the very person who took him when in the act of assault, was not the man at all, but was then in Gozo, and had been in that island all the night before. The magistrates, half of them being Popish, whose religion had taught them to renounce the evidence of their senses, if priest and senses disagreed, delivered their judgment with a cynical air of judicial impartiality, to the effect that the adult prisoner must be discharged, because, although many witnesses had attested his identity, a greater number had sworn that he was far away in Gozo all night, and that "*therefore*" an *alibi* was proved! The poor boy they condemned to a fortnight's imprisonment; but I begged the poor child off, of course.

The Lieutenant-Governor,¹ however, effectually put an end to the assaults in Burmola by causing a notice to be served on all the inhabitants of the streets in which I had been attacked, that, on the repetition of any improper conduct towards me, the houses of those streets should be emptied of their tenants, and shut up. This effectually quieted both priests and people. I find by my Journal that, after twelve days' delay,

¹ The Governor himself had just left the island in search of health, and soon died.

the examination of witnesses closed on January 24, 1827, which gives the date of that singular burlesque on justice.

Besides attending to my appointed studies, I took the duty of resident missionary in Malta from day to day. But there was no necessity for me to continue on the island, and the proposal for sending a missionary to Mount Lebanon being relinquished, I was directed to proceed to Gibraltar, and take charge of that Mission, in the expected event of the removal of the minister then stationed in the garrison. We embarked accordingly on board a Genoese brigantine on the 31st of May, 1827.

But before closing my reminiscences of Malta, I must notice one occurrence. I crossed the harbour from Burmola to Valetta, to preach, one week evening. On entering the city I perceived an unusual appearance of anxiety in the people, and on approaching the neighbourhood of our chapel I saw a great crowd; a little further on I discovered that they were kept at bay by a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets, ready to fire if the word were given. Approaching nearer our place of worship, which was lit up for service, and gazing round with anxious inquiry, I was surprised by the adjutant of the regiment running to me in breathless haste, and begging me to have the lights put out, or the building would be attacked, and he had not sufficient force to resist the rioters.

The cause of this had yet to be discovered; the fact was as follows:—A Maltese, once belonging to the London Society's Mission, had died, and the missionary was proceeding to lead the funeral to the Protestant burial-ground; the priests had collected a mob to pre-

vent the funeral; they attacked it accordingly, and were pelting it with stones. When they passed the barracks, the missionary ran in and begged protection, which was given him by furnishing a guard. The soldiers were then pelted, and several of them struck and some injured; but they proceeded manfully and without firing, and the body was effectually buried.

The contest then began between the mob formed in mass and the troops as I saw them.

The gates of the city were all shut, to prevent a reinforcement by the country people, until past midnight, when the rioters were driven to their beds, and peace was restored. I then got back to my boat, and was joyfully received at home, where there had been great alarm.

So after the street mobs which had stoned us in Burmola were quieted, the other mob which had stoned the funeral and the military guard in Valetta were also reduced to silence.



VI.

THREE VOYAGES.

IT would be useless to extract severally from one's Diary the incidents of three voyages between the Old World and the New, with two short rests between. A few reminiscences are sufficient for each.

1. *From Malta to Gibraltar.*—On board *La Madonna del Boschetto*, Giacomo Schiaffini captain. Captain and crew all Genoese. No fellow-passengers. My wife and I the only occupants of the ship's cabin. Italian the one language common to all on board. No nautical instruments. The science of navigation known here does not go beyond "dead reckoning." Never out of sight of land, except when driven by a gale; in which case we run before the wind until we "draw nigh to some country." Then we go to the charts, and the captain goes to consult the oldest coaster on board, anxiously inquiring, "Where are we?" If we are on the African coast, this voyage is new to all of us, and very terrible to us all, when we are reminded that Christians shipwrecked on the coast of Barbary have to choose, in general, between being renegades or slaves. After groping our way with the instinct of men born before the invention of the mariner's compass, always endeavouring to beat westward in hope of finding old Tartessus, we came to the Bay of Gibraltar, ran right

in, buried our keel in a mud-bank, lay fast for some hours, floated off in the night, and were thankful when we saw the day.

Plenty of conversation on the voyage, which lasted forty days. Bible-reading, exposition, and prayer with captain and crew every Sunday ; for soon after setting sail we came to the understanding that as all our lives were in the hands of God, who only could preserve them, and as there was but a plank or two between us all and vast eternity, we ought to unite in praying to Him. These exercises were welcome to them after the first surprise was over, and refreshing to ourselves. Before leaving the ship, I wrote a sermon to be left with Captain Schiaffini as a parting gift, on John iii. 15 : "*Accioche chiunque crede in lui non perisca, ma abbia vita eterna.*" The sermon was thankfully accepted, together with an Italian Bible, which I commended to his son for careful perusal. The young man was with us, and intended for the priesthood.

During the latter part of our voyage, westward of Algiers, when beating against the wind for Gibraltar, we were thrown into trepidation for a few minutes. While we were admiring a ship of war, a three-decker, in full sail, making her best speed eastward before a brisk breeze, just across our course, but leaving us plenty of clear way, in an instant the French flag ran up, and at the same instant the sails were all shifted, as by the turn of a single hand, if that were possible, and she bore straight down upon us, as if it were to sink us without giving time to show our colours. With a speaking-trumpet from her bows, the boatswain conveyed the usual summons, "Whither bound?" and then the unexpected intelligence : "*Siamo in guerra con*

Algieri," "We are at war with Algiers;" then, without staying for a reply, she shot forward with a majestic sweep, to carry a broadside to the very centre of Mediterranean piracy. To us, as to others, this news was welcome indeed.

During the last week we were almost reduced to famine, the crew having managed to pilfer our store. My wife kept her berth, and I to our cabin, so as to subsist nearly without food, with as little expenditure of strength as possible. Twice a day each of us took a dessert-spoonful of rice pounded in a mortar, and boiled with water over a spirit-lamp. This just kept us alive until the morning of July 9, when, before the health-officer came to visit the ship and release us, we sent a short and clear note to friends in the garrison by a shore-boat: "*Pray send us food. We are hungry.*" They took alarm at this hint of our condition, ran to an officers' mess, and got no small variety of delicacies, which they brought alongside for our breakfast. Passengers and crew devoured it with the awful and thankful satisfaction of people famished, and eating to save their lives.

When we landed, the whole aspect of affairs differed from what we had expected. Instead of there not being any missionary at all, we found two. One had left the Rock despairing of life, but returned in health. The other, whom he had left behind sick, had well recovered. A letter from 77, Hatton Garden, the first Wesleyan Mission House, instructed me to return to England for a new appointment.

2. *From Gibraltar to England.*—After a sojourn of thirty-six days in the midst of a loving people, almost revelling in the renewed delight of Christian and

intelligent society, we set sail in the English brig *Isabella*, Captain Cowl, bound for London. This English captain and his crew thought very much less of religion than the poor Genoese sailors. The voyage, so far as they were concerned, was comfortless. It lasted twenty-nine days. For my part, I kept close to study. My dear wife, weary of the perils and privations of sea-life, strove bravely to keep up her fainting heart. We knew not whither we should next proceed, nor when, nor how find rest. On board this miserable ship we saw humanity under a phase of unmitigated godlessness, and so gained some painful, but, no doubt, profitable experience.

About a month in England was pleasantly spent in seeing friends, and adjusting our affairs. The eccentric missionary in Malta, and, incidentally, my superintendent, had charged me with idleness and insubordination—*bad behaviour*. The Missionary Secretaries had to consider the case. Their inquiries were soon satisfied, and the unexpected visit to the Hatton Garden Mission House opportunely enlarged my acquaintance with some of our most venerated ministers. My staunch friend in those days, and ever after, the Rev. John Mason, laughed at the tale of idleness and insubordination. Good George Morley was as fatherly as ever; Richard Watson as noble as ever. John James, newly come to the Secretariat, gave me welcome. To my amazement, I was appointed to the West Indies. My difficulty was to conceive how I could breathe freely in a region of slavery; how resign myself to lose the hope of talking Arabic among the Druses, and of persuading them to give up the delusion of Hakim for the faith of Christ; how myself give up the delight

of visiting the sacredly classic land of Palestine, and spending my days as a pilgrim just where the Patriarchs had lived in tents. How could I turn complacently from East to West? How minister to slaves, and suppress my horror at sight of the wrongs they were enduring? How keep meek silence in presence of their oppressors?

These were problems to be solved, and I could not altogether control a lurking sense of dissatisfaction. But a brighter and holier set of feelings softened the misliking of my new condition, and the smiles of heaven made me forget a few passing scowls of men. So we took to our luggage again, and once more sailed down the Thames, shook hands at Gravesend with many whom we loved, and, accompanied by a little missionary party, made up our minds for the island of St. Vincent, which Dr. Coke, too, had visited in spite of himself, and in his case we know that the world lost nothing by what the world calls accident.

3. *From London to St. Vincent.*—On board the *Chieftain*, West Indiaman, Captain Patterson, with the Rev. Richard Hornabrook and his excellent wife, and Miss Bakewell, a young lady going to be married to a missionary in the West Indies. This was a delightful voyage. The grandeur of ocean and sky within the tropics must be inconceivable to those who have not seen it. No description can convey an idea of it. Wafted onward by the trade-wind, the good ship steady without a lurch, her canvas all set, and for many days and nights not shifted in the least. Not a cloud-spot in the sky. Not more than just enough ripple on the face of the long and equal billow to deepen the exquisitely fine sea-blue. No sound save

that raised by our own voices and the ship's keel cutting a way for us clean through the sea. Not an object to distract. Now and then a distant sail lying steady on its own course, as we on ours. Dolphins playing under the stern cabin-windows. Shoals of flying-fish, painted in beautiful colours as delicately as if they were to be admired by masters of pictorial art, instead of dwelling on the barren waste of waters, all but hidden from human sight. At night the moon sheds her clear illuminating ray—so clear, that one may see to read by it. Or the starry night, many times more brilliant than the hemisphere which covers us in these dim regions. It would seem as if the eye of the beholder had gained a telescopic power, multiplying the brightness of the minutest star. By day, the clouds not spread flat and thin over the ethereal firmament, but rolled in round and almost solid masses with steep mountain-sides.

Then the Caribbean Islands came to view, mountainous indeed, but clothed with sward and forest from skirt to summit. When from far, on the distant broad horizon, seen through the pure atmosphere, it seems as if a paradise were planted here and there in the remote West to compensate us in these later ages for the loss of the primeval garden of delights once planted in the East, but blighted, neglected, lost through the sins of man.

It was a most happy voyage. I had not noted when it began. Time elapsed so gently, with life so sweet, that we made no note of its passage, and I only find that we cast anchor in the Bay of St. Vincent on the 25th day of November, 1827; but we had come to a land of perpetual summer, where dark November

is not known. It was a Sunday morning. At the very dropping of the anchor a missionary brother set foot upon the *Chieftain's* deck to bid us welcome. We landed without delay. Hundreds of negroes—if not more than hundreds—were on the shore to cheer us, and the whole mass moved up with us from the beach towards the Mission-house, crying, “GOD BLESS MASSA MISSIONARY!”

At the Mission-house we had a pious and enthusiastic welcome, and in the evening of that Holy Day I addressed a crowded congregation of pure black Africans, with here and there a mulatto or a “white,” just in sufficient number to strengthen the depth of colour in the grand assemblage of sons and daughters of Ham.

But I may not lay aside my pen from telling of these three voyages within six months of the year 1827, without adding a few lines of grateful acknowledgment of the goodness of God.

One great advantage to myself was the opportunity for undistracted study. Another was the opportunity for much reflection. Frequent changes of situation diverted me from the deadening routine of common life, and my thoughts found their way into channels entirely new. Involuntary association with godless and ignorant “companions of voyage,” in rapid contrast with Christian communion and sympathies, gave me occasion to estimate more intelligently the excellence of true religion, and provided me with some of that wider experience which is necessary for a preacher.

On my twenty-fifth birthday (Nov. 15), when in mid-ocean, I made some notes in my Journal while

searching my heart, and examining what progress I had made in useful studies.

The goodness of God towards us was acknowledged to have been unspeakably great. We were on the bosom of the Atlantic Ocean with our Christian fellow-voyagers, and making our own fourth voyage within twenty months. Beaten by storms, and beset with dangers on sea and on land, assaulted by mobs, and wearied for a time in Malta with petty annoyances from one who should have given brotherly support, we were now brought safely through, and speeding our happy way on the most glorious errand ever confided to mortal man. Our health good; comforts many.

My soul was athirst for God, Source of all good, acknowledged and intimately felt to be such. Conscientious of an all-sustaining faith, but equally conscientious of loving Him far too little, I could address Him as my Father, and feel sure that my prayer was heard. Yet it became me to confess that this experience of lively faith was by no means uniform. It seemed frequently to sleep. I needed rousing to more lively earnestness. I ought to have been holy, for of late there had been many incitements to seek after the image and mind of Christ.

With regard to necessary studies, I was endeavouring to lay in stores of knowledge such as would qualify me to become a faithful expositor of Holy Scripture, and a ready guide to inquirers after truth and grace. Latin reading was pleasant. Italian I had nearly mastered, and next came French. Greek had to be refreshed, and was marked for special attention when we should be settled in St. Vincent. In historical knowledge I was miserably deficient, and of books had

next to none. Hebrew lay in remoter distance, very attainable, although as yet untouched, but Arabic had sufficiently Orientalized my conceptions to create an enthusiastic longing after the holy language. The plain doctrine of our faith I knew, and resolved to strive by theological reading, and by making the composition of every sermon a theological study, to render every thing subservient to that grand object. There lay in future prospect pulpit expositions; pastoral communications of heavenly science; full consecration of heart to God alone. Blessed prospect! The last words written in the Journal before landing in the West Indies were, "*God help me by His grace!*"

I trust the prayer was heard. After the Conference of 1825, I had offered prayer for help in learning languages, and certainly God's peculiar providence brought me helpers and unexpected opportunities. I was praying for help to save souls, and indications—nay, evidences—of good since received encourage me to hope for larger proof when things now hidden shall be brought to light.

VII.

THE WEST INDIES.

LET me recall a few scenes of missionary life in the West Indies in the latter days of slavery; not when the slave-trade was carried on, nor yet when the cruelties of the system were daily perpetrated in open view, nor when certain impatient reformers were agitating negro society.¹ When I was in St. Vincent, the rudeness of planters' life was softened by intelligence and hospitality: religion was gradually working out a permanent reformation, and nothing worthy the name of persecution disturbed our quiet.

A visit to the Governor, Sir Charles Brisbane, paid on our arrival, was nearly all that reminded us of political relations.

The customs of early Methodism were faithfully retained. At five o'clock every morning, about an hour before sunrise, a congregation was already present, having found free admission as early as they pleased to come. The doors of the church were open day and night, that any who wished retirement for prayer might enter freely. At the appointed hour the minister raised his voice, inviting to a hymn of praise,

¹ If the sentence gives offence to any, I must ask indulgence. It may imply more than history, as now written, would confirm, but I leave it as it stands: it correctly expresses what we generally felt.

and the hour was occupied with devotion; usually a short exhortation, with prayers and hymns. As the day dawned,—and it dawns very rapidly, with scarcely any twilight between the night and the day,—the apostolic benediction gave dismissal. The slave, whose yoke had been loosened for the night, had it laid on tight again, and hastened to his accustomed labour with strength renewed.

Class-meeting was highly valued. There the impulsive African gave utterance to his emotions. The negro leader imparted honest exhortation, just as he thought needful, and the word of exhortation was well received. A dozen classes, perhaps, would be met at one time, after Sunday morning service, in the house of prayer. It was sometimes very pleasant to spend that hour in the neighbourhood, and within hearing, under the covert of a hut, or the shadow of a tree, taking refreshment, and making ready for further duties. Pleasant indeed it often was to meet those classes, hear them tell out their thoughts with unreserved simplicity, weep for joy, and break forth into praise. They were eloquent in telling of their love to Jesus, and in likening His love for them to all that is precious in this world, and to the dearest relations of humanity. "He is my Father," one would say, "and my Mother, and my Brother, and my Sister: He is everything to me." It was worth listening to, if it were only to be reminded that in spite of all that could befall them, though father, mother, brother, and sister might be sold off any day in one lot, and while no family was secure against the desecrations of greed or lust; amidst all uncertainty of tenure, the sanctities of kindred could never be destroyed, and family ties and endear-

ments were, to the apprehension of the Christian negro, of all things most like heaven. So he felt in those hallowed moments when he tasted and saw that his Lord was gracious, and rejoiced in the glorious liberty of a child of God. Not only when incited by the presence and sympathy of others, or moved by the sermon or the hymn; but in time of sudden alarm or of protracted suffering.

One midnight the inhabitants of St. Vincent were suddenly waked up by an earthquake. I found myself rolled from side to side as I lay in bed. Our wooden house creaked. China rattled. Doors opened. Then all was silent again; but the silence was awful, for there was a universal breathless pause in expectation that a heavier shock would follow. That, however, did not come, but the few stone walls that were in Kingstown were considerably cleft. Being aware that the island was volcanic, and informed that wooden houses would bear much rocking before giving way, we fell asleep again, but next day felt anxious to know whether much harm was done, and curious to find what effect was produced on our neighbours. The first person I met was a good old class-leader, Haffy Trimmingham, and referring to the visitation of the night just past, I asked him how he felt. "I was on my knees when it came," said he, "and it shook me, for I always get up to pray when I wake after my first sleep, and I felt that if it was the end of the world, I was ready to go. Bless God!" There was no vain pretence in Haffy. He was a consistently truthful man, whom his master, a humane slave-owner,—for there were some such,—could trust with anything; but he had the singular peculiarity that he would not be persuaded to learn to

read, lest, like many of his brother Africans whose pride under the novel acquirement of reading had made fools of them, he should be caught in the same snare.

Perhaps to give honour to their sincerity, and in pity too, it pleased God to endue many of those poor slaves with a superhuman patience. An elderly man of similar piety, but in some respects superior to Haffy, saw his eldest daughter stripped and flogged for having by a look or gesture betrayed pity for a younger brother when undergoing punishment for a very trivial accident that could not be reasonably considered an offence. The mother of the family could not suppress her grief, and when the father came to his hut after the day's labour, he found it empty. Mother, daughter, and son were all confined in the stocks. He came to tell me the sorrowful story, shedding a few tears as he related the pitiful particulars. "I will see the owner," said I, "explain the whole affair, and we shall have that manager dismissed." "Oh no, my master," answered the venerable sufferer, "Oh no! *I would not hurt him.*" "We are both right," said I. "It becomes me to be indignant, and it is Christ-like for you to be patient; more patient by far than I could be, if I were in your place."

Artificial discourses, framed scholastically, divided and subdivided, and repeated with punctilious exactness to poor brethren and sisters when they came once a fortnight to get some comfort, would have been cruelly out of place, and I had to consider how I might best find my way to their hearts, and at the same time convey Gospel truth to their understanding.

Impromptu addresses were often found more effectual than anything verbally premeditated. One Sunday morning, in a very spacious wattled hut, called a chapel, thatched over-head, well open at the sides, and well sheltered in the heart of a stately forest, the congregation both filling it and crowding round on the outside, I was trying to explain the doctrine of the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ for the sins of the world, but my phrase was too cold and technical to be felt. They suffered it with very creditable decorum, but I was feeling ashamed to find such glorious truth falling lifeless from my lips. I paused, therefore, and tried again in such words as these:—

“There was a man that had a good many sheep. He loved the sheep very much. He had a name for every one of them, and he could tell if any one was missing. There was another man that wanted to kill all the sheep, and one day, when they were all feeding in the field, that *bad* man came in among them with a big knife, and began to stick his knife into sheep after sheep, right and left, and there he came laying them down bleeding and dying on the ground. The good man that they belonged to saw that bad man at once. So he ran quick into the middle of the flock, right up to the man that was killing them, stood before him, laid open his breast, and cried out, ‘Here! here! kill me, but don’t hurt my poor sheep.’ Didn’t that good man love the sheep?”

The congregation all started to their feet, the tears gushing from their eyes, and exclaimed, “He lub um too much, my Massa! He lub um too much.” That was enough. Many words were not wanted, but a few sentences of plain exhortation were enough. I had

only to respond, "That was Jesus," and encourage them to love Him because He first loved us.

In a congregation of field-slaves, this simple method, if not carried to excess, might be the best. In the towns, however, with white and coloured people, negroes domesticated from infancy, and perhaps taught in Sunday-school, carefully prepared and very practical sermons were most needful. At one time, as my Journal reminds me, I had to set forth the divinity of Christ as clearly as possible, having discovered that the congregation at Kingstown was generally tainted with Socinianism. Another note indicates the kind of lecture I found necessary. "This morning I expounded 1 Tim. ii., enforcing the relative duties of men and women." Such exposition was extremely necessary. The *whites*, as we Englishmen were called, were the greatest sinners. But a few years before, scarcely a married white man was known on the island, and even in my time there were comparatively few. The common custom still was to have a coloured kept woman, every slave-owner considering that he had the right to do as he pleased with his own property. So far as it was possible to couch the needed instruction in language that might be spoken in the pulpit, I endeavoured to do my duty. Hearers, being guilty, were impatient. Now and then a white sinner would quit his pew in anger, slamming the door behind him. Once a *gentleman* of consequence stepped out into the aisle, rebuked me for my "impudence," and marched away, never to show himself there again. Once at an early morning service a mulatto sister, shrouded in the darkness, fell on her knees, prayed aloud with abundant fervour, and, having fixed our

attention, poured forth a flood of bitterest imprecation, with horrible particularity, on me and all belonging to me. I let her go on without interruption, that since she chose to lay the subject before Him who answers in judgment or in mercy as it may please Him, it might be left *there*. Some men yielded to the remonstrances of conscience, and put away their concubines, this poor woman being one. But irritation was more prevalent than repentance. The local newspaper declared against me. The island rang with the indignation of the more hardened, and I was abused in prose and verse. Coarse ballads were penned on the occasion, and sung through Kingstown at night by bands of vociferous vocalists with rough music, and I was hooted by crowds who gathered under my windows.

But it was to the credit of the San Vincentians that while the lowest rabble did that, there was no violence attempted, and some good was done. Those little manifestations of anger assured me that a sting had been infixed in the hearts of many, and remembering the more violent doings of the Maltese mob, I felt steeled against these far less fearful manifestations. I need not repeat what the world knows, and it will no doubt be remembered that our missionaries to the West Indian Islands had from the first promoted lawful marriage. They used their liberty to solemnize marriages where there was not any law forbidding, and even in spite of the local authorities when there was a statute prohibitory. Those marriages were all Christian, for such a thing as mere civil marriage without any public acknowledgment of God was an abomination not yet known. We married many, and

received no applications for divorce. Uneasy couples—such as exist, alas ! in all communities—sprung up with us, but there not being any court of probate and divorce, no man attempted to put asunder those whom God made one.

The high festival of our Lord's nativity was kept with religious gladness. How the drunken dances and other immoralities of darker times had passed away has been often told. But the contrast between the Christian commemoration in the West Indies fifty or sixty years ago, and the heartless negligence apparent in Great Britain now, tells heavily against us. The solemn communion after the second morning service on Christmas day, when hundreds of communicants crowded round the Lord's table, is remembered with a sense of shame amidst the shadows of congregations in many places of worship now.

I must make respectful mention of the hospitality of the planters towards us, notwithstanding our rebukes of their irregularities, and our known abhorrence of negro slavery. It cannot be remembered without gratitude. Now and then a light-headed individual forgot himself, but these sallies, after all, were harmless, and sometimes amusing, merely to be censured with a smile. Here is a specimen.

No slave might presume to marry without permission from his master. One Sunday morning Robert Martin, as I will call him, being one of the most respectable members of my negro flock at Biabou, brought me a letter from Mr. Somebody, whose name he gave me, not suspecting the oddity of its contents. It was a licence for marriage, and, as nearly as I can remember, ran thus :—

“SIR,—The bearer, Robert Martin, is a great rogue, a liar, a thief, a drunkard, an adulterer, and every thing that is bad. He wants to be married, and you may marry him.—I am, your obedient servant,

JEREMIAH LEATHERNBENDENBAGS.

“*The Rev. W. H. Rule.*”

Robert was forthwith made a happy husband, and carried back to his indulgent master the following reply, under a cover addressed to him by his correct name:—

“SIR,—Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him. Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit.—I am, your obedient servant,

W. H. RULE.

“*Mr. Jeremiah Leathernbendenbags.*”

My brother missionaries were nearly all young men, little farther advanced in date than I. A few only were entitled to the honour of even moderate seniority. But they had a sufficiently strong sense of discipline to do their duty, at least, as disciplinarians. Notwithstanding my ordination, and previous examinations in a higher court all got through, they insisted on examining me at the first District Meeting, as if I were no more than a mere probationer, not acknowledging any difference between ordained and unordained. At the second District Meeting, where I again underwent an elementary examination, most of them were disconcerted at my reputed studious habits, and one, slightly verging towards maturity of age, charged me formally with wasting time. He was provoked to this display of conscientious jealousy by

my own imprudence in doing more than custom had in those days sanctioned. I had not only produced, as usual, a list of books read in the course of the year, but had also given an account of some Latin and Greek translation, and some French reading. The secretary of the meeting was unable to read some part of the paper handed in for his perusal, and no small degree of dissatisfaction was expressed at the conduct of the young man who had come out as a missionary, and then wasted his precious time about Latin and Greek. Strong censure was threatened. But my good superintendent, Thomas Payne, manfully interposed, gave a distinct account of my daily missionary labours, and wound up, in the enthusiasm of his brotherly love, by bluntly telling the assembly that I did more than any of them. So I escaped unhurt.

One other incident may close these brief notes. While on the Kingstown Circuit, my attention was drawn to the few Charaib Indians yet remaining there. Their principal settlement was near the foot of the Souffriere, a volcanic mountain on the leeward side of the island, a short distance northward of our last station on that coast, where I had met a few of them, and expressed a wish to pay their tribe a visit. Early one morning I proceeded thither. The settlement of neat wattled huts, scrupulously clean, was in the centre of a native forest, at the head of a small bay, surrounded by high land: the luxuriant tropical vegetation flourished down to the water's edge, where there is no tide to encroach or to retreat. A noble Indian stood looking out on the top of a perpendicular, high rock, and as my canoe neared the landing-place, he

gracefully threw himself head-foremost into the deep water at the foot, dived admirably, and rose to the surface at a considerable distance. Other Charaibs whom I had observed at the edge of the wood, unencumbered with clothing, ran away at our appearing, and quickly put on the little covering they required to receive their visitor. Two or three conducted me to their chief's hut, consisting of two spacious rooms, which were soon more than filled by the whole of the little population, who sat close together on the ground inside and outside the hut, while I addressed to them in familiar words an outline of revealed truths concerning God the Creator, the creation, the fall of Adam, and the Redeemer of mankind. They appeared to be much affected as they listened, for their constant intercourse with negroes and others who spoke English enabled them to understand me well.

When my message was delivered, and prayer offered up, the chief invited me to go with him into the forest, and showed me a spot on which he offered to build a house for the worship of God through Jesus Christ the Lord. I thankfully accepted the offer. A few materials were sent to help in the erection, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that Christian worship has been continued there ever since. Those Charaibs, therefore, are now a Christian tribe.¹

¹ A few years ago I heard from a returned Wesleyan missionary that the Charaib station was transferred to other hands.

VIII.

LAST YEAR WITHIN THE TROPICS, AND RETURN.

OUR last year on the island of St. Vincent was spent at Biabou, eventually made head of a Circuit. It was a singular station. The church and the Mission-house stood within the same enclosure, and overlooked the ocean, having an eastern aspect. Except one neighbouring planter and his family,—he being a highly respectable married man,—I cannot remember that there was a free person in all my congregation at Biabou. They were all field-slaves, all, except the aged and the little children, were at work all day long, every day except one Sunday in a fortnight. On some of the week evenings they could be assembled for an hour after sunset on their own estates, but at any other time pastoral visitation was impracticable.

That year, therefore, was full of study. Every morning, from six to seven, I devoted to a most estimable young colleague, whom I assisted in his studies, and the remainder was apportioned to myself, as by time-table, chiefly for application to Hebrew, Greek, and Biblical science. The arrangement of work was compact, and seldom interrupted. A book at breakfast. A book after dinner, when the shadow of a

mountain at the west fell on the greensward around us, and I made my promenade on the soft turf where the sensitive plant crept wild, and the leaves fell at the vibration of each footstep some distance before I reached them, and had risen again before I could return. All nature gave signs of life, and the ever-sounding wave rolling far beneath our feet made music. The whales lay in dark masses under the crystal deep, or sported on the surface. The profusion of animal existence, the luxuriant vegetation, the grandly rolling clouds, the sudden impetuous rains, the everlasting trade-wind, all the climatal phenomena kept up the illusion that all things were consciously alive. Then I had a book for horseback too, to read while sitting on the back of our demure old Jenny, who preferred the walk to the trot, and needed no pressure of the bridle to keep her quiet.

Intervals of time helped me to enjoy a very happy home, an enjoyment, however, which was much diminished by the rapid decay of my dear wife's health, which made removal to a temperate climate imperatively necessary.

As there was no hope of her living much longer if we remained where we were, I took passage for England without delay. She was too weak to stand, and was carried on board. We had with us our only child, a fine little boy not yet three years old, whom we loved most tenderly. We embarked in the *New Chieftain*,—the *Chieftain* which brought us out was wrecked in return from that voyage,—on the 14th of March, 1831, not sorry to leave a land of slaves, yet sorrowfully parting from some who had endeared themselves to us by extreme kindness, and hoping

that the end of our involuntary return to England might be answered, as eventually it was. But the change of climate was more than our beloved child could bear. As we came into northern latitudes he caught cold, then sore throat, and when we were hoping that by God's blessing on our care he was beginning to recover, was actually dying, and breathed his last suddenly in my arms. Just on the edge of soundings, the same day, his body was committed to the deep.

In the unutterable grief of that day, we forgot the lesser troubles we were passing through. The captain, formerly one of the most respectable men in the West India trade, had given way to intemperance, and was almost always in his berth stupefied and helpless. The stock of provisions was insufficient. The ship was ill navigated, and one early morning when we should have been entering the British Channel, we found ourselves among the Azore Islands, with a magnificent view of the Peak of Teneriffe, piercing the blue sky far above the highest cloud. The captain was out of sight and unconscious; the mate in perplexity; no chart of the islands on board; nothing human to trust in for safety but sharp look out against breakers, which at night was of small avail. We were at the mercy of calms under the lee of those lofty islands, and of uncertain currents; and our only trust was in God's pitying providence. So I helped to keep watch at night, and, doubtless, we all prayed for succour. Then provisions fell short, and then it was that our child fell sick. His feeble mother lay helpless and sad, and all hands were dispirited.

On the 27th of April came our great calamity. On

May 3rd we landed in England, and sought among the sympathy of our nearest friends to rise above the sorrow, but it was too heavy.

At the Mission House there was a matter to be settled. I had disobeyed orders. I had taken my own course, and presented myself at home unbidden. Discipline ought to be enforced. But the official formalities were soon disposed of. Both Committee and Secretaries showed us great kindness; after due consideration, they expressly assured me of their approval. There was not a man of them who would not have done the like.

I could then review the three years and four months spent on the West Indian Mission. I could also see that various and unsettled as had been my course during the first six years of service, everything had in some way contributed to my good. Never seasick, I had five long voyages for almost uninterrupted study in all, except the last. In London, in Malta, and in the West there was either unusual leisure or unusual incitement, either yielding opportunity or supplying motive. The benefit of those preliminaries has been found incalculably great during the labours that have followed. As for the abrupt removals and apparently unsuitable appointments, I disliked them all, but they were all most graciously over-ruled. Having recorded this note of unfeigned gratitude to God, I pass on to other scenes.

IX.

GIBRALTAR.

BEGINNINGS.

VERY soon after our arrival in England from St. Vincent, I was reminded of a strongly expressed desire of the little flock in Gibraltar, in the year 1827, that I should be appointed their pastor, and was requested by the Missionary Committee to accept the charge. Domestic circumstances required that we should remain at home for a few months; and meanwhile the Conference gave me a nominal appointment to the Sevenoaks Circuit, which I occupied from August until January.

We embarked at Falmouth on the 10th day of February, 1832, on board H.M. steam-packet *African*, bearing the Mediterranean mail; made the voyage, inclusive of a call at Lisbon, in six days, enjoying such tranquil weather from first to last as we never experienced in any voyage before or since. Steam navigation was just then extended from England to the Mediterranean; and it so happened that I was the first missionary who had the advantage of it. I believe an old friend of ours, Joseph Wolff, who followed me soon afterwards, was the second. After performing quarantine in the Bay of Gibraltar for

five days, in an empty hulk, hired for the occasion, we were permitted to land.

The cause of this detention was an outbreak of cholera in London a day or two before the sailing of the *African*, and we could not help marking that almost immediately after we left Gibraltar, between four and five years before, yellow fever broke out and swept off a great multitude of people, my brother missionary, William Barber, and our excellent friend, Dr. Hennan, inspector-general of hospitals, among the rest; that the ship *Chieftain*, which carried us to the West Indies, was wrecked on her return voyage; that a fortnight after we left St. Vincent, a hurricane visited the island and carried the house we had lived in, and the church close by it, clear off the ground; and that now, while we were waiting at Falmouth for the day of embarkation, Asiatic cholera made its appearance in London, and was spreading death and terror from one end of Great Britain to the other. So we had escaped pestilential fever, shipwreck, hurricane, and pestilence again in quick succession.

But a moral pestilence had begun to make havoc, and was now to spend itself upon us. A newspaper, miscalled *The Christian Advocate*, endeavoured to diffuse the poison of distrust wherever a Wesleyan congregation was to be found. Our little community in Gibraltar, being an extremely susceptible body, caught the infection, and exhibited its early symptoms as soon as we arrived. A boatful of those simple folk came off to greet us, as we lay in quarantine, and to survey their future minister. Most of them we had not seen before. Most unconsciously I gave them an unfavourable impression. There is in

every circle some peculiar cant, more or less the converse of the greater or lesser intelligence that may exist to counteract it. Religious circles, to our shame be it spoken, are not exempt. I had not been in the way of catching the distinctive mannerism of the Church whose ministrations brought me to a knowledge of the truth, and therefore had not caught the habit of calling brothers and sisters persons who were not in any way related to me. According to the custom of my new flock, I ought to have said, "My dear brother," or, "My dear sister so-and-so," to each of the party, or to as many as possible. But I used the common worldly "Mr." or "Mrs.," which made them fancy that I was too proud to own our spiritual kindred. The common report of our spiritual pride was confirmed. My friendly relations with the Conference told hard against me, and my unconsciously haughty manner was apparently incompatible with charity and humility towards themselves. I had no suspicion, during the visit alongside, of having occasioned such disquiet.

They departed in disgust, leaving me in quarantine, convened a meeting for special prayer, and publicly supplicated for my conversion. Of this I knew nothing, but the jealousy was soon disclosed. Happily it was not universal, and the wiser part of the congregation were not much affected by it. We had great trouble in consequence; but so had our brethren in England, and I shall say no more about the matter until something better can be told.

In spite of this agitation, the work of God went on. My field of labour, at first, was chiefly in the garrison. The soldiers, always accessible to those who

care for them, were much profited by the ministration of the Gospel. Awakenings to a consciousness of guilt in the sight of God, with repentance, faith, and heavenly peace, were frequent at that time, as such awakenings and conversions had been for forty years preceding.

The Spaniards and Spanish-speaking natives had not shared the benefit of our Mission to any appreciable extent. Miserable methods of attracting beggars, and shrinking from publicity, had been adopted in Gibraltar, as in Malta. Petty gatherings of mendicants, or of people capable of mendicancy, and willing to be indirectly fed for making up the face of a congregation of the kind I am now describing, had been met in a hired room up the hillside, away from observation, and some kind of sermons had been badly read to them at odd times. All agreed that prejudice ought not to be aroused, but that "Nicomeduses" ought to be encouraged. They fancied that any attempt to give publicity to the Gospel would either drive inquirers away, or would be dangerous to those that came. While this delusion lasted no good whatever could be done.

Neither was the missionary to Gibraltar explicitly instructed to go beyond the English; and any labour not expended on the English was considered by not a few of them to be labour thrown away, a diversion of energy from one's proper work, always to be regarded with jealousy, and sometimes made the subject of complaint. This weakness, I regret to say, was not peculiar to Gibraltar, but lingered in many colonial stations, where the less liberal members of the congregations looked upon natives with a sort of contemptuous

indifference. But I remembered that I had given myself to be a missionary, not a colonial chaplain; and was so accepted by the Conference. The necessary demolition of a wretched little fabric of wood, hay, and stubble was rather troublesome, but quickly done.

Some preparatory measures for my proper work were soon in hand. To put the depôt of the Bible Society in order, enlarge the committee, and increase the circulation of the sacred volume among people of various nations visiting Gibraltar; to quicken the distribution of religious tracts; to establish a soldiers' library; and generally, to arrange for organizing the various operations of a real Mission, was my duty. Those labours became so various, and were so intermingled, that it would require a volume larger than the present to recount them fully. To avoid confusion, I will treat them separately, and I will be brief.

X.

GIBRALTAR.

EDUCATION.

WHEN as yet we had not taken possession of the Mission-house, but were in temporary occupation of another, awaiting the departure of my predecessor, before I could decide on any course of action, a little child, messenger of Providence, came to show us the best way.

We were lodging in the neighbourhood of several poor families, one of them consisting of a bedridden father, two or three small children, and the mother working hard to get food for him and them. They were all Papists, of course. The poor woman begged my wife to teach the eldest child to read. She asked this favour "for the love of God," hoping to raise the girl above the dregs of humanity around them, trusting that when she became fatherless she might be qualified to take some position above the lowest. The poor woman implored the boon with great earnestness. She would prefer it to "an ounce of gold"—so large a coin¹ that thousands of poor people lived almost without getting a sight of one.

Gladly was the kindness done. My dear wife's

¹ A Spanish doubloon, worth about £3 16s.

help was *meet for me*, the very help most meet for a missionary, as will appear when I come to tell some of the work she did. The little pupil came punctually every morning to be taught, and proved her capacity to learn. Then the careful mother, too wise to miss the opportunity, begged the same service for a little brother. The door being now fairly opened, another neighbour begged admission for a third scholar. More followed. Little Jews and Jewesses came next. Help was needed. One hour became two, and during the hours appointed I left my study and assisted Mrs. Rule to teach no inconsiderable school the first letters.

There had not been any means provided for teaching the infant natives of Gibraltar, and I became, unawares, founder of the first charity-school in the garrison, or, as it began to be called, the colony,¹ and there was prospect of eventual increase into a large establishment. It was, therefore, my duty to consider how religion was to be taught—how the word of God should be presented to the children of Papists and Jews, so that they might learn to pray. If ever there was what people are now calling a religious difficulty, here I found it, or *thought* I found it.

It seemed right to be cautious, and my first and weakest notion of caution was to strike out a *via media*, not observing that a way which lies between two widely divergent points cannot lead to either. But I thought we might feel our way upon neutral ground, and come out right at last. The middle way, however, was easily devised. It would be to have no prayer, but what should be called a morning reading-class; to let the Christians and Jews both read the

¹ Yet Gibraltar had been a British possession for 128 years.

Book of Psalms, and in place of complete religious instruction I thought of teaching them all the Decalogue, which undoubtedly every human being ought to learn as early as possible, and gave to each of the Jewish children a slip of paper bearing a written request to his father to be allowed to teach him the Ten Commandments, עשרת הדברים. The request was cordially welcomed, and perhaps I was for a moment popular in the outskirts of the synagogue. Yet every day brought a deepening sense of embarrassment, the consciousness of a false position. But relief soon came.

The Rabbis forbade the people to send their children to a Christian school, and certainly, so long as they professed to be Jews at heart, they ought to refrain from exposing their children to what they could not but regard as a temptation to apostasy. As a Christian, if I had a vocation to preach the Gospel to the Jews, it was my duty to deal with men, not infants. They were all withdrawn at a stroke, without a word of explanation. For my part, I learned a lesson on consistency.

Another difficulty yet remained. To conciliate the Jews by that little method was happily impossible, but would it be right in any such way to set about conciliating Papists? Certainly not. Conciliation by compromise must never more be attempted. Neither would it be right to teach those children that their parents were living in idolatry, until their parents had means of knowing what instruction I should be likely to give. I therefore watched for an opportunity of doing what would be right. The opportunity came quickly. Our efforts to teach the poor had wakened

up the slumbering English, and it was proposed to establish a public school, but not exclusively for connection with the Church of England. An esteemed friend, member of my congregation, at that time holding a high civil appointment in the colony, had received the first suggestion, entered heartily into the proposal, and obtained the grant of a schoolhouse, with public money in aid of maintenance. I concurred with the proposal, turned over my Spanish children to that school, and hoped for a day when I might take the benefit of experience and do my duty.

Persons of all the religions of Gibraltar were taken into the committee of that school, and consequently *no religion* was to be taught there. The missionary, therefore, had an open field for usefulness before him. Impulse, however, was given to secular education, and so far good was done in a population where ignorance had prevailed in every preceding age.

On the 22nd of October, 1833, I having some time before intimated to my Spanish congregation that gratuitous instruction would be given to any Spanish children whose parents might present them, *two* were brought. After three months we counted *ten*, and at the end of the year there were *thirty*. The avowed object being to teach them religion, and not only secular knowledge, attendance at Divine service on Sunday mornings was required. At first the novel obligation was hardly understood, but it was enforced. The school increased slowly, but the children advanced rapidly, religious influence grew stronger, and at length the school became numerous, and the rudiments of an established congregation were collected.

Some of the children gave evidence of a change of

heart. The very first boy admitted—one of the two present on the first day—begged to be received as a member of our Church, and began to meet in class, promising to abide by our discipline “if God would help him so to do.” His parents were poor Genoese, struggling with many hardships. Every member of their numerous family capable of earning ever so little towards their daily subsistence was pressed into the service. This lad was expert in serving at the counter in their little shop, and on Sundays, busiest of days with them, they thought it absolutely necessary to keep him from church that he might wait upon the customers. His mother called on me to beg that his presence at catechism and Divine service might be dispensed with. After hearing the case, special and urgent withal, my answer was simply this: “*I should be very happy to oblige you, but I have orders to give no such indulgence in this school.*” “Then, if you have orders, I cannot expect you to compromise yourself by breaking them for me.” “*Nor could I do so. The orders are binding on you as well as on me. They are given to us by God, and you may find them in the Bible.*” Full explanation followed. She was admonished of the displeasure of Almighty God, which might be expected to baffle all her efforts if she brought up her children in the breach of His commandments for the sake of temporary gain. The effect was noteworthy. Not to lose the benefit of a good education for her eldest son, she yielded the point at once, abandoned Sunday trading, and actually gave up the shop.

The lad, however, did not experience a thorough change of heart. His temper was violent; but under

kind advice and prayer he was often moved to tears, and it was but a few months after his mother's application to me that he professed his desire to become a Protestant. Then even his parents persecuted him. They often kept him without food, and sometimes his father would drag him out of bed at night, strip him, and horsewhip him. But Salvador Negrotto persevered notwithstanding. The fear of God kept him above the fear of the whip, but he had not yet full enjoyment of the love of God, although he sought it sorrowfully for many months. Yet he did love God, and us for His sake. Nothing could tear him from us. While he was in that state of mind the Vicar Apostolic, Father Zino, sent for him and offered him a situation on pay that would have been considered far too high for one so young, but he stood before his Paternity in silence, sagaciously looking round him until he caught sight of the door, and without uttering a word bolted away and ran straight to my house for refuge. He soon found refuge and rest for his soul at the mercy-seat of Christ, and could rejoice in the love of God. In due time he became assistant teacher, and then master in the same school. I had the happiness of uniting him in marriage with a young woman trained up from childhood in one of my girls' schools.¹ Hoping to find a wider field of usefulness and suitable maintenance in South America, they went thither, as did another of my boys, also married to one of my schoolgirls, and the two masters, Salvador Negrotto and William Parody, for many years — perhaps to this day — unitedly conducted a large educational establishment

¹ Girls' and boys' schools were never met near each other by Spaniards, and experience has taught that they never ought to be.

in Buenos Ayres on the same principles as that in Gibraltar, accumulating wealth, and exerting a sacred influence.

Again and again the priests of Gibraltar went from house to house, and by dint of persuasion or intimidation induced parents to remove their children from our schools; but such reductions only served to sift out the less constant, and left the Mission all the stronger for their departure. Accelerated increase followed after every procedure of the kind. Wiser members of the Romish community advised their priests to try the more honourable method of working us down, and made a loud appeal for help to the Society at Rome *De Propagandá Fide*. The Sacred Congregation, it was soon announced, "took the trouble to ordain" three men, who, as was afterwards found, had been notorious drunkards. Two of those worthies were sent to Gibraltar, with orders to "give peculiar care to instruct the children in the duties of their holy religion." They came, and proceeded to work as best they might, but soon found it convenient to decamp at night, leaving the school which had been collected for them to other teachers. Drunken and licentious habits had brought them into trouble.

Our schools multiplied and flourished. When I left the colony in the summer of 1842, the collective establishment consisted of four day and two evening schools. All were well attended. A Government report attested them better taught than any others in Gibraltar. Unsolicited, and without any thought on our part, the local government gave us money every year in proportion to our expenditure; and it is my duty to testify that there was not the least interfer-

ence with our proceedings on that account, much less any disposition to dictate or control.

On the day of the Wesleyan Centenary Festival in October, 1839, an old restriction was for the first time broken through in favour of our schools. To prevent any outburst of hostility in the population of Gibraltar, where Jews and Christians, Protestants and Papists, were mingled together, no religious procession had ever been allowed since the British occupation. General (afterwards Field-Marshal) Sir Alexander Woodford kindly relaxed the restriction, with the concurrence of the police authority, in our favour, and I led nearly four hundred children in procession. With scarcely an exception, they were all children of Spaniards or other foreigners. We walked from the Mission-house to the General's quarters, where he received us with expressions of kind interest. When there we all sang with good heart, before the representative of our sovereign, a stanza of the National Anthem, rendered into Spanish for the occasion :

“ Viva Victoria,
Nuestra Victoria,
Dios la salve.
Sobre nosotros
Reine largos años,
Y de sus enemigos
Dios la salve.”

Having manifested the loyalty which, I believe, all felt, and were proud to feel, the little Methodist troop marched through the town, out at the Waterport, and away to the neutral ground between the British and Spanish territories, preceded by a white banner with the sentence ' ער הנה עורנו ה' for the information of the

Jews, and on the other side, for the Spaniards, *Hasta aquí el Señor nos ha socorrido*: "Hitherto the LORD hath helped us." How He had helped us will appear more clearly when I have recited other events in Gibraltar and Spain.

The police had received instructions to attend us, but they had nothing to do but share our enjoyment. A few brave soldiers, who fancied the sight of some red jackets might impress the natives with a sense of order, looked pleasurably surprised to find themselves carried along with the friendly pressure of a delighted crowd. Our dear children and the members of the local Society, who had graced the procession, and foremost of them all, a good old man of fourscore, once a drummer boy among the defenders of Gibraltar in the memorable siege of 1779-1783, partook of a hearty English treat on the plain of sand which separates the Bay of old Tarshish from the waters of the Mediterranean. A large ship-builders' shed, the property of a respectable Romanist, was placed at our disposal, unsolicited, and free of charge. A large-hearted Jew, also of his own free motion, supplied the earthenware for our feast. This frugal feast being finished, we moved out into the centre of the ground, and formed the schools in square. A multitude of inhabitants made a broad circle round us. Private carriages and horsemen formed an outer circle, and I addressed the whole assemblage in Spanish, briefly relating the occasion of the rejoicings of Methodism that day the world over.

Then we returned to the Rock. Again the windows were full, and the house-tops crowded. Not an object in the way to impede our progress. *Vivas* ringing as

we came. Fathers and mothers walking beside the juvenile procession. Here and there a mother snatching up one of her children to kiss, and bid go on again. Not a priest was visible that day. It was a pacific triumph. A glorious contrast to the scenes in Malta, and to other scenes in Gibraltar too. It was a demonstration of God's faithfulness, and we carried the confession with us conspicuously: "HITHERTO THE LORD HATH HELPED US."

After the decampment of the drunken schoolmaster-priests their deserted school had been in charge of other teachers, but it did not flourish. Members of the Romish Church, despairing of any great success by means of schools only, appealed to Rome again, and it was there determined to create another diocese, and send a bishop to try if he could crush us by the weight of his episcopal authority. A priest of Irish parentage, born in Spain, and once an Inquisitor in Seville, in the last days of the Horrible Tribunal, was now made Bishop of Heliopolis, and appointed Vicar-General Apostolic in Gibraltar. At the time of our jubilee he was just returned from Rome, and intended, as it seemed, to come to the seat of war at his convenience. Father Zino, the outgoing Vicar Apostolic, an old antagonist of mine, was forthwith to be superannuated for incompetence, and the lay elders of the Gibraltar church—a strangely Presbyterian institution in the bosom of Romanism—wrote a letter, on the 30th of October, to induce him to hasten his arrival. The following extract may serve as a sequel to the brief narrative I have given:—

“Notwithstanding the delay which, contrary to our expectations, has since occurred, we should have con-

tinued to await your Lordship's coming, were it not that circumstances of a most afflicting and alarming character compel us to lay before your Lordship the melancholy state and still more melancholy prospects of the Church confided to your Lordship's pastoral care.

“For some time past, as your Lordship is perhaps aware, sectarian industry has been at work in various ways, endeavouring (but too often with success) to seduce the unwary to wander from the one fold into the paths of error. Of late, their educational establishments, conducted with a zeal truly worthy of a better cause, have succeeded in poisoning the stream at its source, and the 25th of the present month exhibited the humiliating and distressing spectacle of upwards of four hundred children of both sexes, the majority of them the offspring of Catholic parents, walking through the town in solemn procession, openly and avowedly under the banner of Methodism. In this state of things your Lordship's wisdom will easily perceive that some decided measures are imperatively called for; and yet we are so circumstanced as to be hardly in a position to take them.

“The advanced age and infirmities of the Vicar-General prevent him from taking, personally, the active part which he would otherwise willingly do; and, until the arrival of your Lordship, neither he nor the lay portion of the congregation feel authorized in adopting any new plan, fearing the possibility of its interfering, in some way, with those arrangements which your Lordship may have already made, or may hereafter determine upon. In ignorance of the exact period when your Lordship's arrival is likely to put an

end to this state of most embarrassing suspense, we have felt it our duty to present the subject to the notice of your Lordship, most respectfully suggesting the expediency of your Lordship's presence here at the earliest possible period consistent with convenience; and praying that if this much wished-for event is likely to be still further postponed, your Lordship, though absent, will be pleased to favour us with your paternal counsels, directions, and assistance.

“The most urgent want which we experience is that of an efficient organization of our schools. For females we have yet no establishment whatever, and here it is that our enemies triumph most. In addition to this, we have to lament the resources afforded by this place have not enabled us to provide instruction for the boys on a scale according to our wishes, or commensurate with the sum contributed for the support of the school. We mention this in the hope that your Lordship, before leaving England, will be pleased to take measures for supplying a deficiency which here is, at present, without remedy.”

The Bishop of Heliopolis hastened his voyage after obtaining permission, being a foreigner, to live in the colony, and about the New Year, 1840, this priest of ON landed on the mountain of TARIK. A ceremonial welcome was given him by such as desired his coming. He proceeded straightway to the Church, and said a Pontifical Mass, but the popular mind was not easily reconciled to the unfrocked Franciscan friar transformed into a bishop. Neither could they feel quite at home with a strange Irishman, and ex-Inquisitor.

The slight charm of novelty was wearing off, when a Freemason died, after duly going through confession

and extreme unction, but Bishop Hughes issued a written mandate, forbidding the priests to bury his corpse. He and his priests were all strangers alike, and a shock of indignation ran through the place. The elders of the Church remonstrated, but his only answer to them was that they had no right to interfere in a question of Christian burial, and a threat that he would dismiss them all. Meanwhile the Grand Master of the Masonic Lodges of Andalusia, being also Civil Chaplain of the Church of England in the colony, buried the corpse after the English manner in his own division of the Protestant burial-ground. The tide of favour ebbed, and the new Bishop and Vicar Apostolic was left high and dry upon a rock of difficulty.

In that desperate situation he seized the elders' church-books, took possession of the cash, and set at nought every remonstrance. The elders acknowledged themselves his subjects in spirituals. Their souls were under his direction; logically, therefore, he would no doubt contend that their persons and goods ought to be left at his disposal. If the eternal interests of the Church were in his keeping, by a far stronger reason were her temporal ties in his hands. But the elders would not be entangled with logic, and therefore prosecuted him for unlawfully possessing himself of public property which they, and they only, had power, as a legally constituted corporation, to acquire and use. They pleaded that for seventy years past a *Junta*, or board of lay elders, had been appointed by the Governor of the garrison, or colony, to manage the temporal affairs of the Church, and had acted under his immediate and formal sanction. The Bishop denied that any temporal Governor had power to create or

sanction such a board. They pleaded again that the Court of Rome had recognised their Junta. But he stoutly maintained that the whole body of canon law went against any such power as they pretended, and that an accidental and tacit allowance of so great a scandal could not avail to make it lawful. As a Bishop in sworn allegiance to the Pope he was canonically right, but as one living by sufferance in British territory he was utterly wrong.

The Civil Court had the suit before them, but he would not appear to answer for himself. To take the least notice of the summons would be far beneath his dignity, and nothing less than recognition of the superior force of British law, whereunto, as he audaciously maintained, no faithful son of the Church of Rome could ever bow. In short, he was bound by a superior authority, and to place this beyond possibility of doubt he published a Spanish version of a Latin letter received by himself from the Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation De Propagandâ Fide, which I put into English at the foot of the page.¹

¹ "Most Illustrious and Reverend Sir,—The Sacred Congregation has heard with equal wonder and pain that the madness of the members, comprising the Catholic Junta, has carried them to such an excess as to cite and carry before the Civil Tribunals your Most Illustrious, who are their Bishop, and Pastor, and the Representative of this Apostolic See.

"The Holy See trusts that the British authorities and magistrates will show your Most Illustrious that respect in which, to their great disgrace, some refractory sons of the Catholic Church are so deficient, and that according to the laws and treaties which insure protection to the Catholics of that city (Gibraltar), they will protect the indisputable rights of the Bishop against the insolent rebellion of some unhappy individuals belonging to your flock, and subject to your spiritual jurisdiction.

"Furthermore, according to the immutable principles of the Catholic

I think a perusal of this document will justify its insertion here, although not directly relevant to my personal recollections. There is a certain diplomatic civility in it which did not characterize all communications. Between three and four months later, the

Church, the power which the falsely called Catholic Junta endeavours to assume is entirely usurped, for such a Junta never was acknowledged by us, and never will be. Your Illustrious Lordship is therefore expressly charged and commanded to prevent it from exercising any sort of jurisdiction, and to require it, in the name of this Sacred Congregation, to dissolve itself immediately. If, in time past, the ignorance of canonical prescriptions could lead any into error, more or less excusable, let them understand for the future that they cannot possibly take any part in matters pertaining to the Church in opposition to ecclesiastical authority, and that they will incur the gravest censures if they obstinately persevere in making war against their pastor, having recourse to the temporal power in spite of all that the canons say to the contrary, in matters and for objects which are entirely and exclusively dependent on the spiritual.

“Finally, I instruct your Most Illustrious Lordship to suspend payment of the allowances which that Junta made from the funds of the Church, until the Sacred Congregation shall have examined the claims of each one of the persons hitherto receiving those allowances, and shall have determined whether it will be expedient to provide such payments, and if so, how. The question is concerning ecclesiastical funds granted by the government and by the people to priests intrusted with the sacred ministry, and therefore it is an intolerable abuse for laymen to pretend to concern themselves about its distribution; and if there is any doubt in such matters, recourse must be had, according to the constant maxims of the Church, to the supreme ecclesiastical authority, that is to say, to the Holy Apostolic See.

“Therefore, let this serve your Most Illustrious for your guidance, while I pray the Lord to keep and prosper you many years.

“At Rome, in the Propagandâ, on the 21st of November, 1840.—Your most affectionate brother,

G. P. CARDINAL FRANSONI, *Prefect.*

“To the Most Illustrious, etc., HENRY HUGHES,
Bishop of Heliopolis, Vicar Apostolic of Gibraltar.”

—*Algunos Documentos sobre los actuales Negocios Ecclesiasticos de Gibraltar*, 1841. *Cádiz, Imprenta y Librería de Feros.* 1841.

same Cardinal Frasoni wrote a letter to the Roman Consul at Gibraltar. I saw the original, and was permitted to copy it. A few words only shall be repeated here, as illustrative of the spirit of the Court of Rome towards our Courts of justice or of law. The Cardinal thus expresses it:—"The immutable maxims of the Catholic Church cannot be in the least altered by the judges of a lay tribunal, and one that is not Catholic, to which true Catholics should have been ashamed to have recourse for the sake of making war upon their holy pastor. Such judges are no other than malediction and infamy to those who dared to call on them for judgment."¹

Bishop Hughes was proud to act up to the spirit of his instructions, as carrying in his own person the superhuman dignity of the Holy Apostolic See. In haughty contempt, he left the accursed and infamous judges to go on as they pleased. The case was tried. He was found guilty of taking what did not belong to him, and sentenced to imprisonment. No bail was offered. The Honourable Chief Justice, Mr. Barron Field, a thorough English gentleman and unflinching judge, quietly drove in his own carriage to the Bishop's house, gave him a seat therein, drove away to the Moorish castle, which every Calpensian well remembers to look exactly fitted for the use to which it is appropriated, and left the impersonation of Papal Rome there to pursue his meditations. There he lay for six months, until a benevolent Irishman passing by, scandalized or moved to pity, gave bail, and Monsignore was brought out again, went once more to the Church

¹ *Somiglianti giudici non sono sino di maledizione ed infamia per quelli che ardirono di provarli.*

they say he had robbed, had to submit to the sentence of the Court, and leave the board of management in possession of the temporalities. The bell in the tower was rung and a Te Deum chanted.

For our own part, if not altogether proof against a provocation to smile at some passages in the story of his easy martyrdom, we certainly took courage and thanked God when we saw the strenuous effort to disperse our schools and crush our Mission so strangely brought to nought. It was the withering of the strong arm put forth in anger. "His hand, which he put forth against him, dried up, so that he could not pull it in again to him." The division of the Romanists into hostile parties, and the consequent diminution of their resources, left us a broader field of labour undisputed, and while their school declined in consequence, our schools multiplied more and more.

After all that we were enabled to do for the humbler classes, a conviction that the upper classes were comparatively neglected became very strong. English residents, both civil and military, complained that there was no provision whatever for the schooling of their daughters. To send them to England was not only inconvenient and costly, but often undesirable. A military friend, Lieut.-Col. Faddy, R.A., suggested the probability that a lady, whom he knew to be quite equal to the work, would gladly enter into our views; and I wrote to the lady, Miss M'Crindell, then known to the public as author of *The School-Girl in France*, who acceded to the proposal of residing with us, and forming a day-school of young ladies. The undertaking was very successful. The school, however, was not only secular. Miss M'Crindell's earnest piety

would have given a religious character to any institution under her charge, but, that there might be no mistake in any quarter, I made it a condition of admittance that the ladies' school should attend at the English service in our own church on Sunday mornings. Those of them who were members of the Church of England found nothing to alienate them from their own communion, and so entire was the confidence that no proselytizing methods would be employed, that the families of those who were members of the school attended also, and gave an additional feature of interest to a congregation that was already good.

I have confessed that when I began, as a stranger without the kind of experience required for my guidance, I was unprepared to venture on any decisive course of action, but endeavoured to avoid committing myself to a false or doubtful principle. In reality, my principle was settled. I aimed at making everything subservient to the Gospel of Christ, and desired to follow the teaching of God's Holy Word as the supreme and absolute authority. Hence there could be no concession to popular prejudice, nor any compromise with Popery. A sentiment in exact accordance with my own views was expressed by the chief of the Jews, a rich, upright, and liberal man, when I applied to him, as to other principal inhabitants, for a subscription towards the support of a schoolmaster in our first elementary school. "Do you intend," he asked me, "to teach religion in your school?" Receiving my reply, he continued, "Then, Sir, as a Jew, I cannot give money for the teaching of Christianity. If religion were not taught in your school, as it is not in

some others, I would subscribe; but I should think, at the same time, that you did not do your duty, and should not respect you as a Christian minister, which now I do, and wish you great success among the Christians." This answer was worth more to me than any money.

XI.

GIBRALTAR.

PUBLIC MINISTRATIONS—THE PRESS—CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME previous study of the Spanish language had partly prepared me for entering into this work without much delay. My endeavour to teach, as well as preach, led me to contemplate the establishment of regularly organized missionary operations, which the Romish clergy in Gibraltar, and far beyond, could not hear of without alarm. Counter-operations were therefore carried on against us.

Brute force was very soon employed, and this began in the Lent of 1833. The preachers for that season had been accustomed to declaim against the religion of Protestants, and usually closed that part of their mission by collecting Bibles and burning them. This desecration had never called forth any public animadversion on our part, for we submitted in silence, as if it were their prerogative to insult Christianity, and our place to see it insulted—as if the religion of Holy Scripture was neither entitled to respect nor worthy of defence. The preacher of 1833 was said to equal the most violent of his predecessors in vituperation, and for my part, hoping to moderate his bitterness, I proposed a friendly interview, but he

met my advance with haughty silence. I, therefore, delivered a course of lectures against Popery; many hundreds of people heard them, and some attention was drawn to the subject.

The preacher of 1834 opened his discourses with a notice that he would demonstrate the errors of Protestantism. I therefore attended in his congregation to hear how he proceeded, and be the better prepared to defend our position. To avoid mistakes it was necessary for me to take notes, but once, and only once, was this permitted. During the second sermon, men were stationed behind me, and prevented me by force. On this I retreated into the chancel, and sat there with the priests until the sermon was closed, and a "dry mass" concluded. The preacher was very vehement, and very pointed. Before the third evening I had informed the chief magistrate (James Rowan, Esq.) of the probability of repeated and yet greater violence, and claimed protection as a British subject, and as a Protestant minister peaceably pursuing a necessary duty in a public congregation. Consequently a strong body of policemen was sent for my protection, and men who attempted to prevent my taking pencil notes were quietly removed out of the way. This little incident, which might have been passed over without notice, was made the occasion of great uproar.

Father Zino, the Vicar Apostolic, marched down from the altar, followed by all the ecclesiastical persons belonging to the church, full-robed, and a stout cross-bearer before him. He came, clamorously imploring me not to break the peace, which he was so most effectually breaking. Not producing any impression

on me or my protectors, he shouted, "*Afuera con ellos! Afuera con ellos!*"—"Turn them out! Turn them out!" At that signal the preacher ran down from the pulpit. About a dozen ruffians, armed with bludgeons, rushed out of the vestry and down the altar-steps into the midst of the congregation, swinging them over their heads as they aimed at mine. One only struck me, and that slightly, for a strong-armed man turned it aside as it fell. Most of the people fled; but some brave defenders, whom I knew not, rallied round me and closed in upon the assailants, struggling to disarm them. As this went on, the sergeant of police suggested that I should retire, and I walked away with him without receiving the least injury, but several of my unknown friends were knocked down and beaten.

This, however, was no more than the fulfilment of a deliberate threat; for the Vicar, who led the assault, had sent a priest to me the day before, threatening violence if I entered the church again. "The people," he said, "he could not restrain." But he well knew that the people were not disposed to injure me, and therefore he hired men to do what the people would not. The Lieutenant-Governor, then Sir William Houston, on being appealed to by the priests on one hand, and on receiving the report of the responsible British functionary on the other, patronized their cause, censured the magistrate in terms too coarse to be repeated, and commanded that no protection should be given to the missionary. The gentleman so insulted could not possibly remain in the colony under such government, and quickly returned to England. The general officer, who had so forgotten the proprieties of

his own position, left in due course of service, and the missionary remained to enjoy public confidence, and to exchange expressions of cordial goodwill, even with Father Zino, who had but done the best he could, in obedience to the injunctions of a superior power. Pope Gregory XVI. had recently thought fit to send an instruction to the clergy of Andalusia, to be on their guard against the heretic in Gibraltar who was acting, he said, against the Catholic religion. This occurrence, however, did great good; and gave me increased influence as a preacher among the native inhabitants.

I had already collected a Spanish class. It was formed on the 24th of January, 1833. On that evening three poor men—Antonio Sanchez, Vicente Rojas, and Jacinto Molina—united with me in the first Spanish class-meeting that was ever held. They were almost utterly ignorant of the elementary truths of Christianity, and had very indistinct notions of experimental piety, yet they were apparently sincere in desires to flee from the wrath to come. Their general conduct was reputed to be good, and they had placed themselves under my spiritual charge, welcomed my visits to their houses, and appeared thankful for instruction and advice. They could not yet be regarded as converts to God, but were earnest converts to Protestantism, and apparently sincere inquirers after religious knowledge. As neophytes, therefore, they claimed my care. It was my duty to do the best I could for them, and I knew not of any school for leading in the way of life better than that which is provided by Methodism, if only I had grace for faithful administration.

Slowly, but steadily, this class increased, and while it required close watchfulness, and cost me great solicitude, it gave me good ground of assurance that whether in Spain, Italy, or any other country of Europe, classes conducted on our original plan, without any lowering of the standard whatever, although they may not be numerous, are yet essential to our existence as a Church, and that the substitution of other meetings, or the making up of nominal lists on any other principle, would be a delusion. Repentance, conversion, holiness of heart, and holiness of life must all be accepted as practical realities; but faithless experiments, under the notion that some intermediate measure must be taken to win people over without making too heavy a demand on the worldly and the bigoted, are ever sure to be followed by one of two evils—either eventual disappointment and utter failure, or else the propagation of a superficial piety, little better than the ungodliness we wish our converts to abandon.

For some time I was alone on the station, and had to minister to two distinct congregations—the English and the Spanish. The English, especially, increased. After the Good Friday and Easter services of 1833, the little “Providence Chapel,” as our people called it, was overcrowded, and it became necessary to enlarge it to twice the size, having more than twice the accommodation. Two full services every Sunday morning, lasting from nine o’clock until half-past twelve—the first Spanish and the second English. Two evening services—the first English and the second Spanish; and some of the congregations usually crowded. Sacramental services and other

duties heavily taxed my energies. There was no change of pulpits, no stock sermons, no reading of manuscript, nor any recitation *memoriter*. Two young men in succession were sent me, but they were as yet untried, and proved unsuitable.

For three years, with the intention of relieving me, a very good man was sent to take charge of the English congregation. His character was blameless, and his principles were truly Christian, but a similar appointment was not repeated.

Daily from my study window, or from the house-top, I could survey the Bay,—the Strait,—the nearer lands of Spain,—the coast of Africa. Close below the town floated the flags of many nations: the small craft, built for contraband traffic along the coast, hoisting the Union Jack, and trusting in the heavy guns of the fortress, and the guns of our ships of war; while within range of either were British gun-boats, and Spanish coast-guard boats, lying side by side. Turk and American, French and English, Russian, Italian, and barbarian all in unity under our shadow. In the streets a correspondent exhibition of good fellowship and security in the various physiognomy and costume of the passers-by, and fruitless competition in their languages. There goes the grave Rabbi, not exchanging a salutation of peace with the proud Musulman, while merchants, market-folk, and a crowd of native population talk, we may be sure, in not less than five principal tongues from morning to night, and many rarer dialects mingle in the Babel of sound, making the missionary long for Pentecostal power, though he might well despair of recovering the Pentecostal gift of universal utterance.

But it was pleasant to find access to most of them by means of the English, Spanish, and Italian languages. Ever since the days when Ferdinand and Isabella drove away the Jews and Moors, Spanish has been vernacular in Barbary. The Venetians and the Genoese of old made Italian, more or less corrupt, their medium of communication at the ports around the Mediterranean, and from the Strait of Gibraltar to the coast of Palestine Spanish and Italian enable any one to make himself understood. As to myself on the Rock, the inhabitants were all friendly—as were the Governor and those around him. Occasional manifestations of hostility on account of religion were but brief, and never popular. Merchants, tradesmen, consuls, and working-people agreed in the same good spirit. A little skirmish now and then diversified the scene, but passed off soon, even pleasantly.

For example, our little church had been taxed from its first erection as a private house. In those days its existence as a place of worship was not recognised, and if report be true, the missionary had once been threatened with tossing in a blanket if he presumed to pass beyond the limit assigned him by uncivilised intolerance. I had myself been forbidden to visit a man in prison by Sir William Houston, but Sir Alexander Woodford was exemplary for courtesy and justice. As for the heads of departments, they left me to fight my way through, and I did my best accordingly. The ignominious tax I refused to pay, either for the house of God or for my own dwelling, until I could see the receipts for similar payments when made by the ministers of the English Church, by the Romish priests, and by the Jewish Rabbis.

Such evidence was not forthcoming, and as it could not be produced, I left to the Revenue department the alternative of taking it by distress, or doing themselves justice by doing justice to me,—not for my sake, but for the sake of the Church I represented. The tax was left unpaid, and the question closed to their satisfaction, I think, no less than to mine.

When a new marriage law was made in England, rendering it possible for Wesleyan ministers to unite in marriage members of their congregations, I desired to exercise the like freedom. To this the law-officers objected, but acknowledged that they were not able to oppose any legal hinderance. Therefore, after due communication with the law-officers of the Government, and with the Governor himself, I proceeded to do my duty, and did it without being required to submit to the degradation of having a civil registrar to make the act legal. So the knot of difficulty was amicably cut, and this mark of inequality, also, was happily removed.

An important step in advance was taken in respect to the army, and, after a sharper conflict, I had the happiness of seeing the Wesleyan troops marched in due order to their own place of worship. Of this, however, I have spoken elsewhere.¹

The press, too, was relieved from restrictions which had ever been laid on it. Rather early in my residence, I desired to print an advertisement for a course of lectures in Spanish in defence of the Protestant religion. Sir Alexander Woodford, who had recently

¹ *An Account of the Establishment of Wesleyan Methodism in the British Army.* London: T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road. 1883.

come to the command, instantly granted me permission on my applying to His Excellency personally. He desired his secretary to write an order on my manuscript copy to the Government printer, M. Bouisson, who, much to his delight at seeing the Garrison Press unexpectedly delivered in a moment from the odium so long attached to it, expedited the work with happy haste. Malta soon followed the laudable example. For the space of seven years I was able to keep the Gibraltar printers frequently at work. The military library, founded by King George IV., and richly furnished with such works as educated men and students read, was kindly thrown open to me as an honorary member, and I found there many important works that, in addition to those on my own shelves, were of great service in the course of translation and comment. The following were printed for me in Gibraltar, in the Spanish language¹:—

- A.D. 1833. *a.* A Prospectus of my Spanish Lectures on Popery.
b. The Rules of the Methodist Societies.
 1836. *b.* The First Conference Catechism.
 1837. *b.* The Second Conference Catechism.
a. A Supplement to a very small collection of Hymns which had been printed in Cadiz in 1835.
a. Lessons of English Grammar for the use of Spaniards in our schools. 12mo, pp. 24.

¹ *a.* My own writings.

b. My own translations of English books or tracts.

c. One translation made by a Spaniard.

d. An original paper by a Spaniard.

- A.D. 1838. *c.* Bogue's Essay on the New Testament. 8vo, pp. viii. 272.
1839. *a.* A Defence of the Methodist Protestant Church. 8vo, pp. 20.
- b.* Nevin's Thoughts on Popery. 8vo, pp. iv. 200.
- a.* Rules of Arithmetic and Examples for the Spanish Schools on our Mission. 12mo, pp. 50.
- b.* Joseph John Gurney's Observations on the Sabbath. pp. iv. 70.
- a.* Statement of Methodist Missions for the use of Missionary Collectors in the Spanish Population.
1840. *b.* Horne's (Rev. Thomas Hartwell) Romanism contrary to Holy Scripture. 8vo, pp. 64.
- d.* Letter on Religious Toleration. 8vo, pp. 4.
1841. *a.* Refutation of a Calumny invented against the Methodists. 8vo, pp. 4.
- a.* The Four Gospels, translated from Greek into Spanish, with copious notes. 4to, pp. 632.
- b.* Andrew Dunn. 8vo, pp. 50.
1842. *a.* Spanish Hymn-Book. 24mo, pp. viii. 120 hymns.
- a.* Christianity Restored. 8vo, pp. iv. 128.

Also, from time to time, school rules and incidental fly-leaves, of which I have no record preserved. Some of these books, especially the Four Gospels and

Commentary, and the Hymn-Book, have been extensively circulated in Spanish America.

To these should be added the following volumes, which were printed at the expense of our Missionary Society, to complete my Commentary on the New Testament, and to provide hymns for our Spanish congregations, the Hymnal printed in 1842 being out of print:—

1877. Acts of the Apostles, Romans, 1 and 2 Corinthians, translation and notes. 4to, pp. 382. London.

1880. Galatians to Revelation, as above. 4to, pp. 568. London.

Hymns for the Spanish Congregations of the Protestant Church. 12mo, pp. 319, vi. Hymns 349. Madrid.

Visitors from Spain were often seen in my congregation, and some of them rendered me welcome aid in carrying on correspondence with their country, at times when stated operations there had not yet begun, or were not certainly established, and at last when they were interrupted. The humblest class of visitors were smugglers: daring men who knew how to dispose of their goods, and, in spite of the illegality of their trade as *contrabandistas*, were in reality an established and socially recognised set of chapmen, carrying on their business constantly throughout the land, with active participation of all classes of Spaniards, from the Queen and her courtiers down to the lowest. Yet they were *pro forma* as constantly pursued, shot after often, but never killed except by accident or malice.

From the depots of the British and Foreign Bible

and Tract Society, and from the stock of books printed by me for the American Tract Society, I supplied the smugglers freely. The sacred volumes of the entire Bible, and of the New Testament, with the many good books otherwise provided, were of considerable market value to those men, who no doubt sold most of them, and thus they were circulated all over Spain. So brought into communication with me, the smugglers heard many a sermon, and had important conversations, which cannot have been altogether useless.

Visitors of higher classes often claimed attention. Such an one was Don Pascual Marin, *Vicario*, or curate, of the Collegiate Church of Santa Cruz, in the city of Valencia. He came to Gibraltar as an inquirer, quite unexpectedly, having obtained leave of absence from his Bishop, who little suspected that he had such a reason for asking the indulgence. Bearing a letter of introduction to me from Lieutenant Graydon, agent of the Bible Society, he found a sincere welcome, and became my guest and friend. During the two months he diligently studied the Bible, of which, although a popular preacher, he knew nothing beyond second-hand Latin sentences. The morning hours of reading and conversation, which we spent together, were to me exceedingly interesting; his whole deportment was most satisfactory, and I felt justified in admitting him to the Lord's table as a private communicant, and permitted him to preach in my pulpit on the last Sunday before his departure. At his own earnest desire he addressed my Spanish congregation, made an open confession of scriptural truth, and declared himself willing to accept the consequences of that confession, whatever they might be.

On the expiration of his time of leave he returned to Valencia, and, as he landed on the Grao, was met by a priest whom the Archbishop Elect of the Province sent to deliver him the salary due to that date, and a written order of suspension from all sacerdotal functions. Of course the Archbishop had heard of his sojourn in the house of a Protestant minister and of the sermon he had preached in a Protestant church, and certainly he had some reason to complain. But he had received information almost from my house direct. It was the custom of a servant woman of mine to wait outside the dining-room door, set her ear to the key-hole as we sat at table, listen to our conversation and report it daily at the confessional. These conversations were repeated to Don Pascual himself in Valencia, with astonishing exactness, and on their evidence he was put under arrest.

Hearing of his difficulty, I wrote a letter of remonstrance on his behalf to the Civil Governor of the city, strongly representing how unfavourable an impression in regard to Spain would be received in other countries, should the chief magistrate of Valencia become the agent of a persecution on account of religion. The Governor perceived the odium to which he would be exposed by taking part in the prosecution of a man for heresy, and refused to have anything to do with the priest of Santa Cruz.

Don Pascual himself, the Governor of Valencia, and I, severally sent up reports of the case to the Cortes, and on his behalf we prayed for protection. The Cortes granted him special protection, and would not suffer him to be imprisoned.

When appealing to the Cortes for protection against

the Archbishop, he pleaded that in his sermon at Gibraltar he had not attacked his Church, as indeed he had not,—unless every declaration of truth is to be construed into an attack on error,—and at his request I gave him a certificate to that effect, attesting that he had confined himself to the exposition of evangelical truth, without entering into controversy. The Cortes appointed an Ecclesiastical Commission to consider the case, and the report thereon was as follows:—

“The Ecclesiastical Commission has carefully examined the memorial addressed to the Cortes by Don Pascual Marin, beneficed presbyter of the parish of Santa Cruz, of Valencia, complaining of the proceeding of the ecclesiastical governor of that diocese,¹ who, having received a communication from the Apostolic Vicar of the garrison of Gibraltar, in which it was stated that the said Don Pascual Marin, during his stay in that place, had attended at the chapel of a Protestant congregation, and pronounced a discourse therein the last day,—had suspended the said presbyter from the exercise of his ecclesiastical ministry.

“The Commission believes that it would have been desirable that the ecclesiastical governor of Valencia should not have regarded the business as one of those cases which are of the greatest importance. In countries where there is toleration of various forms of worship, it is not uncommon for persons to attend at services celebrated in forms differing from their own, without ever fearing any compromise of their religious

The Archbishop Elect was so called, the Pope not having confirmed his appointment to the Province over which he was presiding, nor acknowledged the existing Government of Spain.

profession. The discourse pronounced by the presbyter Marin had not for its argument, as appears by the certificate of the Protestant minister, any point of controversy. The Commission, therefore, considering the nature of the memorial, and also that it is not sufficiently reported by documentary evidence, think that it should be referred to the Government; that the Government, having taken the matter into consideration, may adopt the most just and convenient measures. The Cortes, however, will determine what shall be the most convenient.—Palace of the same, Sept. 9, 1837.”

My friend, therefore, was not imprisoned, but neither was he restored to his benefice, or permitted to officiate as priest. Don Antonio Martinez, Bishop of Jaen, who first affixed his signature to the report of the Commission, told me that the Government could not do any more for him until he should be reconciled to the Church, by retracting what he was reported to have said in his sermon. “But,” said the Bishop, “he was too obstinate, and would retract nothing.” “But,” said he again, “we would not allow him to be persecuted.”

But although legal persecution and direct personal violence could be restrained, priestly anger was not to be appeased, and, after all that could be said, the provocation to anger in this case was not inconsiderable. For to ask leave of absence from his Bishop, and then to use it for the single purpose of going over to the ranks of “heresy,” was enough to irritate.

While he was yet at large, I visited Valencia, and called on him in the house of his mother, who was a strict Papist. It was a miserable place. Everything seemed stamped with poverty. The old lady

ceased not from pouring on him the bitterest reproaches. Glad to escape from such a scene, I accepted his offer to show me round the city. He took me to the church where he had officiated, and showed me the priest-roll with his name erased, observing that the erasure had been made with great solemnity. A room which he had occupied by the church was unfurnished, and the plaster stripped off from the walls and ceiling. The priests were forbidden to speak with him, or to salute him by the way, and they punctually obeyed the prohibition. The people were exhorted to hold no correspondence with him, and the rabble were incited to insult him. He was admonished that his life would be in danger if he were seen in any of the churches, and his appearance in any church during mass would no doubt have raised a riot; but as a well-known and persecuted man he had many friends, and could therefore venture to show me his own church and some others, point out their architectural beauties, and explain peculiarities in their services. But this was a time of revolution, and the priests were humbled. One of those churches was converted into a granary. Heaps of corn were on the pavement, half concealing pillars of porphyry and gilded altar-pieces. Pictures of saints still hung on the walls, and a solemn organ and gorgeous pulpit remained just as the organist had left the one and the preacher the other.

Our last visit was of all the most interesting. We found farriers busy shoeing horses in the spacious vestibule of another church, where a forge had been erected. In the lofty nave the altars on each side were converted into mangers, whereat horses were

feeding, a picture of the saint hanging over each, and the marble pavement wofully defiled. The grooms hung about curiously as we surveyed the place. Don Pascual and I stood on what had been the floor of the high altar but a few weeks before, and gazed upon the strange spectacle of desecration. Unable to repress the emotion which such a sight could not but awaken, we two joined in a spontaneous exclamation, "Babylon is fallen! is fallen!" The men heartily responded, and the edifice rang to the Apocalyptic sentence. Leaving the dilapidated church, we walked out into the adjacent square, and close by, within sound of the smith's forge in the porch, we stood upon the very spot where, just twelve years before, the Inquisition had perpetrated one of its murders. Two or three of Don Pascual's friends and fellow-citizens joined us, and unitedly described what he and they had witnessed, when a Spanish Quaker, named Rissole, from the neighbouring village of Busafa, suffered martyrdom. The only offence of that good man was that he had refused to go to mass. He had not, so far as it is reported, attacked Romish idolatry as my friend had done while yet he had the office of preacher in this very city. Marin, in so doing, was a dogmatizing heretic; and the law of Spain, as it then stood, would have dealt yet worse with him. They hanged Rissole, but they would have burnt Marin. My belief was, and I recorded it at the time, that if an Inquisition were again set up in Spain, my poor friend's mother would be the first person to aid the Inquisitors in marching him to the stake.

When the constitution of 1835 was cancelled, and despotism restored, my friend was sent to prison, tor-

mented into a sort of recantation, and then released. A few years earlier, and he would have been imprisoned for life, if not starved or burned to death. But now, in 1837, not even Queen Christina nor her Bishops could venture so far. As for the confessional, this affair of our housemaid taught me a lesson, and from that time I made it a rule never to allow a servant of mine to frequent it, under peril of *instant* dismissal from my house. No master of a family, in any country, ought to have an inmate of his house who carries intelligence of his affairs to strangers, and, worst of all, to a professional dealer in scandal and villany for the aggrandizement of his own order, or for the destruction of other men.

I must notice yet another visitor, Don García Blanco, Professor of Hebrew in the University of Madrid. He introduced himself to me by calling to request my opinion on a various reading in a Hebrew manuscript in his possession. The real object of his visit was to have conversation on some important matter, but chiefly the disagreement of the Latin Vulgate version of the Bible, widely as it sometimes differs, or appears to differ, from the original Hebrew. For several successive years he was a valued correspondent.

Many whose names I never knew, or never noted, presented themselves after public services, or called at my house as strangers desiring information. Conversations of great interest frequently occurred, and active correspondences with Spain were carried on.

XII.

GIBRALTAR.

THE JEWS.

THERE are many Jews in Gibraltar, where they have (or had, in my time) four synagogues. Very soon after my arrival in 1832, I attended some of the services in the principal synagogues, for the purpose of hearing Hebrew, and acquiring a correct pronounciation, as they are the Sephardim, or Oriental Jews.

At one of their most solemn festival services, I had been furnished with a Hebrew prayer-book, and did not scruple to raise my voice with theirs in chanting the appointed Psalms, as much ours as theirs. Neither did I lose the opportunity of making some approach towards the confession of as much of their creed as corresponded with my own, and therefore let my voice be heard in unison with theirs when the Thirteen Articles were read, keeping silence only while the congregation professed the following: "*God will not change, nor will He alter His decree (which is) for all ages for Himself alone;*" for this is meant to be a declaration against the New Testament. Neither could I say: "*There hath not arisen in Israel one like Moses yet: Nor a prophet that looketh upon his likeness;*"

for this is an express denial of our Lord Jesus Christ. Nor could I deny that our Redeemer had come into the world, by joining in their profession of a vain hope that "*He will send our Messiah at the end of days, to redeem them that expect the end of His salvation.*"

My silence was marked, and it afterwards led to earnest conversation with some who had sat near me, and, before we parted, requested that I would appoint a time and place for meeting one of their "wise men." The next evening and the same synagogue were appointed for the interview, and I returned accordingly, expecting and hoping for a formal disputation, trusting that a blessing would attend it. As I approached the synagogue the next evening, my hope rekindled. Some two or three Jews advanced from the door to meet me, and led me to a chief place in the synagogue, where sat their judge, Rabí Israël ben Sáya, a venerable patriarch, a hundred years old, or nearly, clad in his Oriental garb; and, ranged in order after him, on parallel benches, the elders and chief people of his nation. These rose at once on my arrival, and one of them, taking me by the hand, introduced me to him with the flattering title of חכם גדול—a person most worthy of his consideration. They entertained me by singing Hebrew hymns until the commencement of the service, when I was shown to a seat with the congregation, and invited to join in the service. The service proceeded as usual, but at the close they all walked gravely away, leaving me to wait for the promised wise man, and as the last of the congregation were nearing the door, two figures approached towards me—one, an old woman coming to put out the lamps; the other, the person who had

proposed an interview, but now apologized for the non-appearance of the sage whom he had expected, but who desired to be excused from such a conference, as he had not studied Christianity. It was a masterly avoidance of an argument on which they had no desire to enter.

Soon after this the Rev. Joseph Wolff (afterwards Dr. Wolff) spent a few days in Gibraltar, on his way from England eastward, and publicly challenged the Jews to meet him. His invitation was treated with contempt, and they proceeded so far as to insult him publicly. With admirable meekness our good brother came back to my house, and, without a word of preface, closing the door after him, said, "Let us pray for poor ——," the man who had treated him with the greatest scurrility, fell on his knees, and prayed for him with great fervour. Immediately a crowd of Jews came to me, and begged the New Testament in Hebrew. I gave it them most readily, emptying the depository of copies that would never sell, and they seemed greatly delighted with the gift. But no sooner was it known that my stock was exhausted, than they carried them, as with one accord, to the "Square," tore the books to tatters, made the ground white with scattered leaves, and tramped them under foot, so vigorous was their resistance to any apprehended encroachment of Christianity.

Yet all were not of the same mind. Soon after this agitation a young Jew, about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, conceived a desire to see me, and knocked at my door one Sunday morning. The servant told him that I did not receive visitors on Sundays, but, instead of being repelled by this

denial, he came again the next day, anxious now to see a Christian who kept holy his own Sabbath-day, contrary to the impression of the Jews that we had no real Sabbath. This was Jacob Cohen, the son of Abraham. His father, Abraham, was a Moorish Jew, exceedingly bigoted, yet not much to be blamed, as one of the descendants of the Jews that were murdered, or else most wickedly expelled from Spain, and then enslaved in Morocco, and their children after them. His mother was an English Jewess, a lover of England, and an amiable woman. Jacob was a fine young man, trained up in the Hebrew College of Tangier, taught the traditions and customs of Oriental Judaism from his infancy, speaking with fluency his mother's English and his father's Moorish Arabic, with Rabbinical Hebrew and Jew-Spanish. He loved the Old Testament devoutly. He most firmly believed in the plenary inspiration of Moses and the Prophets. The Talmud he rejected, the foolish traditions of his countrymen he despised, yet, most thoroughly a Jew, he revered the sacred writings and institutions of pure Hebrew antiquity, and had a fine perception of right principle, with a tender conscience.

For several months his visits were made almost daily, and continued for two or three hours. We read in the Hebrew Bible. I taught him to read the Greek Testament, and we compared the two. Nothing was passed over lightly, and he contended with great earnestness for whatever in Judaism he could find a shadow of honest argument to defend, but would readily give up what he found to be untenable.

For some time he attended punctually the English

service on Sunday evenings, and being a favourite disciple of the aged judge whom I have already mentioned, he repeated to him, one Monday morning, a quotation from Rabi Saádiah the Gaon, relating to the Messiah's entrance into Jerusalem, meek and lowly, which he had heard me make in my sermon the evening before. This drew forth an exclamation of reproof: "I see that you will soon become a Christian preacher." A severe prohibition followed, and from that time he durst not appear again in our congregation, but he studied at home all the more diligently, and continued his conferences with myself. As he could not be seen with a book known to contain the New Testament, I furnished him with a copy of the *Simple Syriac*—most venerable of all translations¹—the language being perfectly intelligible to one who, like my friend, understood Chaldee, and half-an-hour sufficed for me to teach him the alphabet. He carried home the book, as mysterious as Chinese to all around him, and, without being suspected, read our blessed Lord's discourses almost in the very words He uttered: the exclamation on the cross, the life-awakening summons to the ruler's daughter, the denunciation of St. Paul to them that love not the Lord Jesus. He felt himself almost carried away to Jerusalem, while he read the Lord's discourses to his own nation, to Pharisees holding the very same traditions that he had learned from his cradle onwards,

¹ We then thought the Peshito to be the most ancient Syriac version. Some years later, Professor Cureton found in Egypt another version, among manuscripts in a more ancient Syriac, that of Edessa, which is now distinguished as the Curetonian Version of the New Testament.

in a language so like his own that he seemed to enter into the circle of the Twelve, and sit with them at the Great Master's feet, hearing the very sounds that might have issued from His lips. That precious volume he studied with devout admiration, and when once I began to point out the reasonableness of believing the miracles recorded by the Evangelists, he relieved me of all apprehension that he doubted them by an assurance, that what in them might awaken doubt in some minds gave him assurance, and they were, to him, their own evidence.

He did not conceal his willingness to be established in a hearty belief in Christianity, but rather expressed a desire that it should be so; and I cannot forget an exclamation which once burst from his lips: "*Ojalá que yo fuera Cristiano!*"—"O that I were a Christian!" He sat up through parts of many nights to copy passages of the *Confirmation of the Faith*, תּוֹק אֱמוּנָה—a book written by the Karaite Rabí Isaac of Torok against Christianity, and brought me from day to day the passages he had transcribed, to seek solution of difficulties which the Jews generally take to be insoluble, but which a knowledge of the New Testament, as well as the Old, enabled me, as I think, to solve.

He freely communicated whatever our conversations might call forth relative to Jewish customs, opinions, and superstitions, especially in Barbary. The superstitious practices of the Barbary Jews appeared to be excessive, and I regret to have neglected to take notes which might assist me in present studies. One note, however, I did preserve. It was written for me by himself; a little hymn of his infancy which, no

doubt, he had often repeated when they laid him in his cot at night in his early childhood :—

מימינינו גבראל	On our right hand Gabriél,
ומשמאלנו מכאל	And on our left hand Michaél,
ועל ראשנו מכנת אל	And o'erhead God's strength as well,
כל היום וכל הלילה	All the day and all the night.

תברוך הבית הזה	May this dwelling blessed be,
מרי נביא וגם חוזה	O my Lord Prophet and Seer too ;
כי כן ציוב אלהינו זה	For this the brightness of our God shall be,
כל היום וכל הלילה	All the day and all the night.

הן לנו שבוע טוב	O give to us the seven-fold good,
רענן וגם הטוב	Prosperity, and also good,
ומה" יבא לנו הטוב	And from the Lord come to us good,
כל היום וכל הלילה	All the night and all the day.

Here is angel-worship, certainly, condemned of old (Col. ii. 18). But if we may compare two superstitions, there is more dignity, and a better defined shadow of truth, in the Jewish night-hymn than in the Popish :—

“ Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on :
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels guard my head.”

It is highly probable that my friend would have made an open profession of the Christian faith, following the deepening conviction of his mind, but his unshaken attachment to a Christian minister, in spite of the suspicions of his people, induced the chief Rabbi to contrive that he should be removed to Lisbon, whither he went in the spring of 1834, to be attached

to a Jewish commercial house, with every prospect of temporal advancement. But his mind continued to obey the impulse it had received, and after two years, at least, of intimate personal friendship, we still kept up an active correspondence on the subject which had so much engaged us in oral conference, and his letters, written sometimes in Spanish, and sometimes in Hebrew, abounded in pleasing sentiment, and indicated the same powerful and conscientious attachment to the religion of his fathers, with an equally earnest desire for superior instruction, heightening my interest in the writer, and admiration of the sterling integrity of his character.

My beloved friend was, at the time of writing these letters, the *minister*, מו"ק of the synagogue in Lisbon, where the Jews held him in high esteem for his extensive learning. His correspondence continued until the close of the year 1834, when it suddenly ceased, and we heard of his death with surprise and grief. It was almost, if not quite, sudden. They said that he had died of a sore throat. Might he not, even in the last hour, yield obedience to the Word he had long ceased to hear with indifference: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved"?

But I have yet more to say of Jews. The first member of my Spanish class, with his wife and their only child, a little boy taught in our school, had been removed to Tangier for about two years, when I felt anxious to visit them, and on the 26th of May, 1835, took passage in one of the small coasting craft, which brought over cattle and poultry from Barbary to the Gibraltar market. This boat was on return after discharging its live cargo. I had gone on board long

before the captain was ready to heave anchor, and, as I find it noted in my Journal, Juan Garcia, another of my Spanish flock, came off to bid me a prosperous voyage, and beguile the weariness of waiting in a rather unpleasant situation. Garcia was a Genoese sailor, countryman of my old friend Captain Schiaffino. His heart was truly changed. His voyages to South America were long, but he punctually came to class on every return, and rejoiced in communion with us. He wore no scapulary to keep him from being drowned, but he did carry a sort of locket-case on his breast, in which he kept his class-tickets, with the idea that if it should please God for him to die by drowning, and if his body were picked up at sea, or cast ashore in any foreign land, it might be seen who and what he was, and known that he died a Protestant and Wesleyan Methodist. The good man's conversation contrasted so beautifully with the savage ungodliness of the heathen sailors on board, that I could not but rejoice in marking what the grace of God had done for him, and contemplate, with unspeakable gratitude, this living fruit of the Divine blessing on my labour.

Towards mid-day the boat dropped out of the Bay, and moved slowly down the Strait. Thoughts of the past, and hopes for the future, filled me with solemn gladness. I was on my way, on real mission duty, towards the shore of Africa, and although there would lie between us a then unexplored expanse of continent, I should be united in spirit with many brethren animated with one hope of taking possession of all Africa, and winning over all the inhabitants to Christ. I had not laboured in vain, nor were the fruits doubt-

ful. The hour spent in my foreign class on the last evening would be long remembered by myself, at least, if it were only for the statements of one of the new members. "When I pray," said he, "my heart tells me that God has pardoned all my sins, but after this I am again in doubt whether it is so or no. But when I pray again, my heart again tells me that I am forgiven. And then I weep for joy, as I always do weep when I think of it. I was filled with wonder first, when I knew not what it meant. Still I am a great sinner, and hope God will have mercy on me."

Next morning I awoke in the Bay of Tangier, and soon landed. There was the captain of the port, working with primitive simplicity among his men on the beach, as unlike an Englishman boasting of that title as can be well imagined, yet, with politeness not in the least inferior, he invited me to sit down at the Custom-House door until my portmanteau could be examined. This was quickly done, and then I was beset with a swarm of Jews and Moors, hungry and athletic, all agreed to cheat the Christian if they could. At last they actually clasped each others' hands, and drew themselves out into a long line, to prevent my passing until they had got something out of me. But they got nothing; I put on all the British importance I could assume, and literally forced my way through. They are timid enough, poor creatures, when a stranger makes a show of authority, for in the presence of authority in Barbary no man's head is safe upon his shoulders; and happily, there was a British Consul-General in Tangier—an official of real consequence, able to call over a ship of war, guns and all, on any emergency, and like a less

worthy personage,—not clothed in purple, but,—letting the poor barbarians sit down at his door, and eat daily of the broken pieces that fell from his table. So that I (anything but an athlete) could be stronger than the brawny thieves who made a show of force to fleece the Christian.

I proceeded to the house of a highly respectable Jew, a physician, who afforded a comfortable home to a few of the principal English residents in Gibraltar when they visited Tangier, and, being a member of the well-known family of Ben Oliel, commanded universal confidence. After some refreshment, I proceeded to the dwelling of Antonio Sanchez, whom I had come to see. Had I been a personal relative, he and his wife could not have given me a more cordial welcome. Poor Antonio had not been suffered to pursue his course without molestation. On his arrival, furnished with a certificate of being a Protestant, he was treated very kindly by our Consul-General, Mr. Drummond Hay, who hallowed the Lord's Day, and had Divine service at the Consulate, conducted by his chaplain. It was heard that Antonio, although a Spaniard, had attended there once. He was watched, and seen to go a second time. On his return he found a messenger waiting in his house to summon him into the presence of the Spanish Vice-Consul. He attended at once, and from that officer received a sharp rebuke for going to a meeting of heretics, and a threat of "heaviest displeasure." As the services at our Consulate were conducted in English, which my friend did not understand, he determined to desist from further attendance, and to worship God in his own house with all the

solemnity possible in such circumstances. Many instances of that Vice-Consul's barbarity towards Spanish refugees were related, and it appeared that in troublous times, when political offenders who could not find shelter in Gibraltar ventured into Barbary, that lowest of all possible officials drove them to the alternative of returning as prisoners to certain death in Spain, or turning renegades to Mohammedanism, and thereby becoming subjects of the Emperor of Morocco. If they could not escape by flight, they often chose apostasy, but were sure to be reduced to extreme wretchedness.

In the evening of that day when Antonio had returned from his labour as a mason, I spent some time, as in class, with him and his wife. After we had enjoyed conversation and prayer, the good man called together the five Jews and two Jewesses of the house, and to these, with the three Christians, I read in Spanish the 67th Psalm: "God be merciful unto us, and bless us." Then in prayer, as we all knelt together, I felt unutterable embarrassment at the thought that they would not join in prayer offered up through Christ, and at the dread of pretending to pray without the only Mediator between God and man. But conscience dashed aside the fetters, and having asked for some great gift, I bethought me of the right words to use in such a case, and borrowing for those words the proper invocation, I presented the petition in the name of Jesus the Messiah!—*בשם ישוע המשיח*—
At the mention of that name which is above every name, uttered in the holy language, their hearts softened, and they responded aloud, still in the same consecrated speech, *אמן* AMEN! I accepted that

Amen as a solemn assent to my Christian prayer, which made it theirs as much as mine. I felt as if the way into the Holiest was laid open. I felt that God had given me the high privilege of leading the souls of these Hebrews into His very presence. I could bring them to the mercy-seat. My lips were unsealed. I felt as if I was their brother. My tongue was free, and I could clothe my thoughts, when necessary, in Hebrew phrase. Those prolonged studies with Jacob Cohen, the Barbary Jew, had enabled me, at *that* time, almost to speak Hebrew, and the precious talent thus came into use.

Risen from our knees, I told the little company of the tender mercy—described, as best I could, the shining of His face on our souls—set before them Jesus the Anointed as the Saviour of all nations, but especially of theirs. I told them how He breaks our bonds asunder, and while my heart was full, their eyes glistened with surprise and satisfaction. We were on common ground. I could appeal to the Law and the Prophets, and so could they: therefore we could look at each other without mistrust.

During conversation that followed, our friend Antonio Sanchez said: "Although these are Jews, you must know that they are not averse from the Christian religion, for they have long been in the habit of meeting here with me, and of hearing and reading the Bible and other books which you have had the kindness to send me." To this they assented, and I urged them to *examine, inquire, and pray*. I advised them to use David's prayer: "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may see wondrous things out of Thy law." I also read to them the protestation of St.

Paul, of the tribe of Benjamin, that he would willingly be *accursed*, **חרם** for his brethren's sake, and assured them that every true Christian loved them just as St. Paul did. They begged me to come again on the following evening, which I gladly promised, and returned to my lodgings, rejoicing that I had found the golden key which opens the gate of mercy; and before laying me down to sleep, I prayed earnestly for the family with whom I lodged, for the parents and for the children. Two little boys, Abraham and Machluf, after a few years became Christians, and subsequently Christian ministers.

But I had yet another service in the house of Antonio Sanchez on the following evening, as invited. There were three more persons bearing the name of Christian, several more Jews and Jewesses, and one stately Mohammedan, who sat erect and unmoved, as if he had come to watch and to report. The room was crowded, and the central court received some that could not find nearer admittance. On taking my seat to read and expound a portion of Holy Scripture, I observed that on the first evening I had spoken to them out of their *Torah*, and asked if it pleased them that I should now speak to them out of mine. With one voice they gave consent. I therefore opened, on the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, and having read it through, delivered an extemporaneous homily, adapted, as I thought, to the state and circumstances of the company before me. After a running paraphrase on the text of the Apostle, marking the qualities of charity, which is the love of God in the soul of man manifested by love to our fellows, I confined my address to the person and

attributes of our blessed Saviour. I told them of His excellent love. Using the title, or name, of the reigning monarch in whose dominions we were, I described the Lord Jesus Christ, as the true *Abd-ar-rakhmán*, FATHER OF MERCIES. I quoted for Him the sentence of the Prophet Isaiah, as quoted by our Lord Himself in the synagogue of Nazareth. I dwelt upon His mighty works—His opening the prison-houses—giving sight to the blind—setting the captives free—raising the dead. I told them that the glory of their latter house should yet be greater than the glory of their former house—that the *Shekkináh* would come again to them from the East, and that it would be for glory and defence on all the habitations of Jerusalem; but I could not expressly remind them, without giving needless pain, of what is an ever present cause of anguish, their cruel bondage under the Pharaoh of the West. Speaking under a sense of lively sympathy, I strove to picture to their imagination the glorious excellence of the King of kings and Lord of lords—the King who reigns in righteousness, and whose princes rule in judgment. Then again we prayed. We all knelt down together on the same floor. The partition-wall that separated the Jew and the Gentile was at that moment swept away. I could plead with God, who saw and heard us all. I could pray for the dispersed of Judah, and I could in faith foresee the coming in of even that African captivity with the fulness of the Gentiles, and anticipate the song of exultation that they will sing together.

After we rose from prayer, and the company gradually dispersed, two or three ancient Rabbis produced Rabbinical commentaries they had brought with

them, and asked my opinion on some knotty points. What they were I forget, but this is a Jewish way of sustaining conversation, and very agreeable it was. They thanked me much, hoped to see me again, and we parted like brethren. Little presents of eggs and fruit sent over to me from Tangiers assured me of their interest in the subjects of our conversation, and seemed to be first-fruits of a richer yield.

XIII.

SPAIN.

FIRST JOURNEY—SEVILLE.

ALMOST coincident with my appointment to Gibraltar was a revolution in the social state of Spain. Ferdinand VII., always feeble-minded, was now decidedly imbecile. Oppressed by one of the worst governments that ever was, corrupted and mocked by Popery, the people of Spain were stirred into impatience, and he was compelled to sanction measures entirely the opposite of every voluntary act of his life. One of those measures was the grant of an amnesty to persons absent on account of political offences. This act of grace was done in the latter part of the year 1831, and it brought back to Spain many of the most enlightened Spaniards, refugees or exiles.

There was even a slight approach towards recognition of English Protestants as human beings, not brute beasts, and the shadow of a boon which, contemptibly little as it was, was then comparatively great. The long continued efforts of Mr. Consul Mark at Malaga, whose predecessor in the British Consulate was buried at night in a garden, as a heretic not worthy of a Christian's grave, had at length extorted from Ferdinand

a graceless permission to British subjects in Spain to purchase ground for burials *if private persons could be induced to sell it*, and to use it under the hard conditions that every such burial-place should be "*surrounded with a plain wall, without church, chapel, or any other mark of temple, or public or private worship, . . . placing themselves, above all, in agreement with the local authorities, to whom should be communicated the opportune precautions.*" This first sorry concession to humanity, made against the King's will, and conveyed with express contempt of the claims of religion, was published on the last day of the same year, 1831. On that day I was in England, waiting to proceed to Gibraltar according to appointment, but scarcely daring to hope for an entrance into Spain. We landed in Gibraltar in the last week of the February following.

On the 29th of September, 1833, the King died. His younger brother, Don Carlos, being unable to resist the determination of the country that he should not wear the crown, which would have been his but for the Salic law, and that it should be given to an infant daughter of Ferdinand, left the country, and a revolution instantly followed. That revolution, in its earlier stages, afforded us but scant encouragement, and the Inquisitorial laws against heresy remained written, and were frequently appealed to, although not fully carried into execution.¹ But a door of access was then opened which has not since been closed.

¹ The affairs of Spain are related in my *Memoir of a Mission to Gibraltar and Spain*. (John Mason. 1844.) The Inquisitorial laws of Spain, before and after the above date, are described in my *History of the Inquisition from its Establishment in the Twelfth Century to its Extinction in the Nineteenth*. (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.; and Wesleyan Conference Office. 1874.)

One morning in the summer of 1834, while kneeling at family prayer, and making intercession for Spain, as usual, a sudden suggestion dashed into my mind. The thought came unsought. Nothing that I can remember had ever led to the idea, and if such a thought had found utterance in that day, it would probably have seemed visionary, or at least premature. Perhaps it came from the Father of Lights, who, "by His special grace preventing us, puts into our minds good desires, so that by His continual help we may bring the same to good effect through Jesus Christ our Lord." Certainly this thought of opening correspondence with Spanish booksellers pointed my way to the door of entrance into Spain.

Without losing an hour, I sought for booksellers' newspaper advertisements, and, following that clue, wrote to the principal booksellers in thirty-five of the chief towns, inviting them to receive Bibles for sale on commission from the British and Foreign Bible Society. Several of them answered very favourably, so far as their willingness to do business went, but pointed out a legal difficulty. All books printed out of Spain were prohibited.

Some of them advised that, as a matter of custom and course, the Bible should have false title-pages, and be so reported as not to come under the prohibitory regulations. This proposal served, at least, to show how business might be done in Spain, but so to work and make a lie was past our power, and I could only get a few copies taken into Cadiz, and Granada, and Madrid by private hands. It was therefore the more desirable that I should go into the country, and personally endeavour to establish relations that would be

above revision by Custom-House officers, and find some way of sending living men who would carry the Bible in their hands, and preach the Gospel to the people. How I proceeded with this view cannot be better shown than by copying from the narrative of my first journey to Madrid, as I find it in the book just quoted, but which has been many years out of print:—

January 10th, 1835. Every arrangement had been made for a short absence from Gibraltar. I received a letter from London, conveying the necessary permission, and the same evening embarked for Cadiz. Our good people almost gave me over for lost. A few of them came to my house to bid me a sorrowful farewell; and when I commended them and my family to the Divine protection during my absence, as we knelt in prayer, they seemed as if the “order of prayer for a departing soul” would have been more in harmony with their feelings than any other devotional exercise whatever. I thanked them for their kindness; and prayed that God would contradict their fears, in the eventual success of His holy cause.

11th. I landed at Cadiz this morning. Its appearance from the Bay is very pleasing. But the first object which fixed my attention after landing was the inscription over the gate by which we enter the city: *Dominus custodiet introitum tuum*—“The Lord will keep thy coming in.” No sentence could have been more appropriately brought to my remembrance; and I here record my unfeigned thanks to the God of our life, that He did guard me on my going in, and that His protection has not been less manifest from that

moment to the present. It was then refreshing to feel assured that the promise would be fulfilled, and it is a source of happiness still to feel that the same promise is offered to every minister of Christ who shall go on a similar errand into Spain.

It was the Lord's Day. The narrow, balconied streets were full of animation and bustle. I walked into the Augustine Convent, and through the cloister. In the hall at the entrance there were some trifling pictures, one of which was hung round with "miracles," or small waxen figures, representing different parts of the human body, to signify that miracles of healing were wrought in those parts, in the persons who made the offerings, *by virtue of that picture*. It was a representation of the child Jesus in the arms of His Virgin Mother. Underneath was a hymn to the purity of the Virgin, who, the Augustines contended,¹ was conceived without original sin; and to keep up the charm of this pious opinion with the vulgar, they contrived to have it said that miracles were performed there.

A set of paintings, illustrative of the legendary life and adventures of Augustine, were hung round the court; an inscription in verse under each picture, many of them containing blasphemous attributions of Divine perfection to the Virgin Mary. There, for example, Augustine was portrayed in a posture of reverence before the Virgin and Child. Her bosom was exposed, and his rapturous contemplation was distracted between the smiling face of the Child and the breast of the mother, as in doubt, whether of the

¹ Since then, in the Council attempted in Rome by Pius IX., the Immaculate Conception has been made an article of faith.

two he should love the better. The doubt was told in the inscription, and solved by the last words, as they were written : *mas amaría*, "which he should love most," but answered, *mas á-maría*, "Mary most." There were also portraits of the founders of the convent, one of whom was a *Calificador*, or Examining Inquisitor, who had made use of a portion of his earnings towards raising the edifice, which was thus like the potter's field, purchased partly, at least, with the price of blood.

Seeing a bookseller's shop open, I walked into it, and looked around. "You have books," said I, "in various languages." "I have." "Have you Bibles?" "No." "Are they ever asked for?" A pause. "Are they ever asked for?" "Sometimes." "Then you ought to sell them." "I ought to sell many books which I do not." I espied an *Index Expurgatorius*, and after looking over his shelves, happened to say, "I think you have some prohibited books here." "No, I have not, not one." Within a few seconds he stood behind me, with the key of the shop in his hand, begged my pardon, but said he must go somewhither. So I withdrew, and he, following, locked up his shop, and walked away. He thought I had the ill intention of informing against him as a seller of prohibited books. His *Index*, however, was very soon transferred to my own shelf, where it long kept a place.

12th. This morning I called on another bookseller, who had been waiting six months to receive Bibles for sale. He was not only willing, but desirous, to receive them, because "the work," as he called it, was *rare*. He, too, suggested a plan of so sending copies as not to bring them under examination at the Custom-

House, where an ecclesiastic was kept in pay to guard against the introduction of heretical books.

I walked over the Franciscan Convent, and saw much that is not worth mentioning, except that so far from any appearance of piety in the inmates, there was not even common respect paid to objects that are said to be very sacred. "See," said one, pointing to a picture of Christ, which English visitors were said to admire as very fine, "See the Lad!" (*Mira al mozo!*) For so some devotees, with brazen familiarity, call our Lord.

13th. I left Cadiz this morning, in a diligence, for Seville. I had been entreated, in Gibraltar, to keep my profession out of sight. The passport was made out accordingly, and I was to follow in some degree the custom of other Protestant clergymen, who were said to cast aside everything professional, and thus whatever might lead to unpleasant discovery. I had never been in disguise before, nor did I well understand how I was to seem to be what I was not, or avoid seeming to be what I was. Such an effort did not appear to myself creditable, but, to quiet the fears of family and flock, I had agreed to try how far English taciturnity might serve the purpose of concealment. But the trouble might have been better spared; for, in stopping at Xerez de la Frontera to change mules and dine, I was addressed by name at the dinner-table, every particular which was to have been concealed was mentioned to the company with all the formality of a public introduction, and I had the great satisfaction of escaping from the penance of stealing through the country like a fugitive felon or a spy. Three years' public life in the Garrison had made that happily impossible.

The *redonda* of the diligence was then occupied by five young gentlemen—students proceeding to resume their studies in the University of Seville after the Christmas vacation, making up the complement of six passengers in that enclosure: four of them were sons of the Marquis of Campo-ameno, and two of the party were remarkably intelligent. On ascertaining that they had an Englishman in company, they became inquisitive about English customs and affairs; and some of their relatives being dignitaries in the Church—the then Archbishop of Granada among the rest—they plied me with many questions respecting the doctrines and rites of the Protestant religion. Our conversation became animated, and intensely interesting, keeping us all wide-awake all night; and when we reached Seville in the morning, they vied with each other in showing me hospitality, took me to private lodgings, begged my friendship and correspondence, and I may now add that on subsequent occasions they continued to show me great kindness.

An occurrence took place in the night quite characteristic of travelling in Spain. At the village of Alcalá del Guadaíra, while they were changing the mules, I walked forward, in the bright moonlight, to see the place, and take exercise, together with two or three fellow-travellers. On leaving the village, just as the open road begins, a numerous band of men and women suddenly issued from a cross-way, all in profound silence, so that their approach was not perceptible until they were close upon us. “Who are these?” I asked carelessly, but the question was not answered. My companions stood still, and I, not perceiving their embarrassment, walked forward,

ascending the hill where it forms a precipitous bank of the river Guadaíra, and admiring the magnificent remains of a Moorish castle on the opposite height. The needy vagabonds, who had probably intended to stop the diligence, had not calculated on meeting a company on foot, and while staying to choose their prey, and fixing, as they were overheard to say, on him that wore a frock coat, which was the unsuspecting Englishman, they saw a party of muleteers approaching by a cross-road, lost courage, and turned back again. On rejoining my friends in the *redonda*, I bethought me of the sentence graven over the gate of Cadiz: "*The Lord shall keep thy coming in.*"

14th. We reached Seville about seven o'clock this morning. After breakfast I called on the British Vice-Consul, and thence proceeded to seek out the dwelling of a respectable tradesman, Juan Ramon Ramirez. He is mentioned here as affording an example of the benefit which resulted from the stated ministration of the Gospel in Gibraltar. One Sunday evening, in November, 1834, he attended, like many other Spaniards, to gratify his curiosity, and heard a sermon. After sermon he requested an interview; next morning he breakfasted with us, and some time was spent in religious conversation. He said that he was like a ship without helm or pilot; disgusted with the priesthood of his own country, yet utterly uninformed as to religion. I recommended him to study the Bible which he had purchased, and encouraged him to call again. He called again, and invited me to visit him, should I ever go to Seville. I went to his house accordingly, and, although not expected, had been so accurately described, that when I made my

appearance at the door, his wife and his mother anticipated me by saying, *V. viene de Gibraltar*: "You come from Gibraltar."

Ramirez, although rather a poor man, would not suffer me to remain at my lodgings, but insisted that I should make his house my home, and would not be denied. He had numerous family connections among the tradesfolk of the city, and assured me that there were thousands who would gladly declare themselves Protestants, should the way be opened by the proclamation of religious liberty, which was earnestly desired by the people. It was computed, he said, that about seven-ninths of the population of Seville did not go to mass nor to the confessional. But these are infidel, and indifferent to all religion. The minority, who kept up the old forms, were generally remarkable for bigotry. A comedy, called "The Devil Preacher"—a comedy which then stood in the Spanish Expurgatory Index, where it was condemned just thirty-one years before—was to be acted openly that evening in Seville, the residence of a Cardinal Archbishop, who knew of it, but had no power to prevent, for no one could stem the tide of opposition to the Church. It occurred to me that we should exhibit our placards for the Bible, that infidel effrontery might not outdo Christian boldness. And after that time the Word of God was advertised in the most public manner.

As Ramirez and I perambulated Seville, he pointed out many historical objects with the zeal of a true Sevillian, who cannot forget an old compliment to his city, now passed into a proverb:—

"Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
No ha visto maravilla."

“He who has not seen Seville, has not seen a wonder.” The lofty and unique Giralda, once matched with a mosque, now attached to a cathedral; the still magnificent Alcazar, an ancient seat of Moorish grandeur; the lovely paintings of Murillo, prince of Spanish artists; and many other things, were viewed with hurried admiration, but were not the objects of prevailing interest, even to an eye that had been fixed a thousand times on the sublime relics of the Parthenon, the delineations of Raphael, the colouring of Titian and of Rubens, and the more familiar beauties of our native school. “To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.”

On the Guadalquivir is a bridge of boats, which rises as the river swells with winter flood, and falls as it subsides during summer drought. Down and up the antiquated way, you pass between Seville and the Triana, a large suburb on the northern side. Here *is* a modern market-place, where *was* the first burning-place of the Inquisition of Seville, established in the fifteenth century by Ferdinand V. From this soil, where the pavement hides the ashes of many victims, the groans of martyrs rose to heaven. From this place their blood still cries for vengeance; and as we stood there, wretched Spain, distracted, half peopled, waste, reeking with the blood of her children, was suffering the scourge of God’s retributive vengeance. Having re-crossed the bridge, we went into a church. *Chains* were hung over the entrance, because absolute kings had gone in there; yet the degrading emblem was looked on in the year 1835 as a badge of honour. Into this church the prisoners of that execrable

tribunal used to be brought to hear sentence pronounced and the last "sermon" preached.

Ramirez happening to mention that I was a preacher, at once turned the conversation to religious subjects. After declining an invitation to adjourn to a coffee-house, I drew their attention to the Bible, of which they were all so ignorant that they knew not how to look out a book or chapter, and had heard so little that they did not even know that its perusal was in any way restricted. To appease their amazement at hearing of the prohibitions which had nearly kept it out of Spain, I read and descanted on 1 Tim. iii., iv., Rev. xvii., and the Ten Commandments, these being some of the many parts of Holy Scripture which cannot be made known without endangering the credit of Romanism. Then came a beneficed chaplain of Utrera, a small town in the province, and we talked about the prayers of the Church. He acknowledged that it seemed very absurd to read Latin prayers for Spanish people, for which he could never see any reason, except the personal reason that he was paid for doing it.

15th. Called on the parish priest of San Gil, who had expressed a wish to talk with me. Found him a kindly natured man, free and unassuming, but in religion lax extremely. This was the first sacerdotal dwelling I had ever entered, and I surveyed the interior with some degree of inquisitiveness. It looked nothing like a bachelor's abode, but quite as snug a house as my own. His housekeeper, an agreeable female, between twenty-five and thirty, came forward with all the confidence of mistress of the family. Speaking of theological studies, he said that

in Spain little was taught except theology, whereas in other countries philosophy was studied more, and he lamented the want of philosophy in Spain. "But then," said he, "we can study theology with our eyes shut. It differs from mathematics, a science which requires attention, and affords demonstration of what is learnt. But in theology you have only to believe what you are told, and the work is done." He had not the faintest notion of Scriptural divinity, nor an evangelical ministry, nor the conversion of a sinner to God. He thought it impossible to convince an infidel of the truth of revealed religion. He assented to some observations of mine, but had nothing to offer in reply. To break silence, I made some allusion to the civil war then raging, and spoke of the power and mercy of God, on which rested our hopes amidst the horrors of war; but he coolly asked if I really thought that God would meddle with such trifles as the quarrels of insignificant creatures like ourselves. It did not occur to him that such a sentiment must appear very unbecoming in a clergyman, and he was surprised that I did not share it with him. Well might he be surprised, for it was the sentiment prevailing with both priests and people. He took me to see his church, and showed me the holy images; but the keepers of the place paid no more respect to the images than the priest paid to the Bible; so that, taking the whole together, there is more than was meant in that sentence of the Council of Trent, which is practically applied to all that is really or nominally sacred: "Not that we should believe that there is any divinity or virtue in them."

Just after sunset I went to the cathedral with my

fellow-travellers. The gloomy majesty of the building at this hour was most impressive, and indeed at every hour of day and evening, and under every change of light and shade, the effect produced by a view of the interior is totally different from everything without. A scenic charm is thrown over all objects, and the mind struggles between the enjoyment of what is really sublime, and sorrow in the contemplation of the idolatrous worship which is incessantly conducted there. A few kneeling penitents were dimly seen dispersed over the floor, and as we passed them we heard them whisper prayers hurriedly, as if by tale: if such unintelligible forms of words may be called prayers. Within the gorgeous choir, ecclesiastics, never to be mingled with unconsecrated outside worshippers, were chanting their vespers to sound of organ; and so solemnly measured were the notes that they rather tranquillized the sense than disturbed the silence.

Within the strong enclosure of the high altar sat the Cardinal Cienfuegos, not enrobed, nor with any attendant near him, but in solitary state, like a shade, scarce visible in the scanty gleaming of a few half-trimmed lamps. He was presumed to be absorbed in holy meditation, or pouring out his soul in mental prayer. They who knew him doubted as to the purity of his devotions. Be this as it might, he was in the last days of his glory; for, shortly afterwards, he was convicted of being in treasonable correspondence with the enemies of his country, of contributing, if information was correct, a part of his exorbitant revenue to the support of the Carlist rebellion, and was banished from Seville. On my next visit to the

city, I walked through the splendid apartments of his vacated palace. A crowd of beggars, gathered round the rails, spoiled the impression of sanctity which the incomparable artifice of the cathedral service had forced upon the mind. They were waiting for *his blessing*, should he deign to extend his hand towards them on leaving the place, and for *the alms* which a compassionate stranger might bestow. Our party was numerous, and I availed myself of that opportunity, before quitting the cathedral, to give them a sketch of the constitution and operations of the British and Foreign Bible Society, one of those great and holy institutions which characterize our Scriptural Christianity, as contrasted with the scene then present. One of the company professed a lively desire to possess the Bible to examine for himself, and a copy was afterwards sent to him.

I took tea with our Vice-Consul. An old inhabitant of Seville, who was present, predicted what soon took place—the downfall of monasticism in Spain. The friars, as all said, were fallen into utter contempt; and, for some years, none but the dregs of the people had betaken themselves to that way of getting a livelihood. Nor were the friars allowed to visit in any family of which the female part had not already lost their character.

At the house of Ramirez, before retiring to rest, I had the satisfaction of assembling the family at prayer. It was the first time in their lives they had ever been engaged in such a manner, and I therefore the more rejoiced to lead them to the mercy-seat, and hoped, prayed, and believed that the time was rapidly approaching when family religion should be known in Spain.

16th. I visited the library of the cathedral. It is contained in two spacious and lofty rooms, and is by far the largest in Seville, if not in all the Provinces, and was founded by Fernando Colon, son of the famous Cristóbal Colon, discoverer of the New World. With a liberality which then characterized public institutions in Spain, it was open to all persons without exception. Any one might have free access to the books, and study on the spot as long and as often as he pleased. There was a large proportion of theological and ecclesiastical works, but the stock of Biblical literature was miserably small. There was but one entire copy of the Hebrew Bible in a separate form, and another with the notes of Kimchi on the Minor Prophets. I was shown two beautifully written Latin manuscripts of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, but could not find that there were any Greek manuscripts. The librarian produced instead an early printed edition of the New Testament in Greek. Yet Spain is the country of the first complete Polyglot Bible.

On the same day I had three long conversations with parties of collegiates. Five of them were exceedingly attentive, and never left me without a guide. They determined to ascertain fully and precisely what I was, and I had the satisfaction of making myself known as a Methodist minister. Groups of students gathered round me to get information as to England,—the Episcopalians, Calvinists, Methodists, Quakers. They desired leave to examine my head, expecting to find the tonsure, and measure its size, which is of some importance, and wondered at finding my head furnished with its proper covering, not disguised with artificial poll-patch or whisker. They asked, Why was I not

tonsured? Had we images in our churches? Did we say mass? Did we officiate in robes? Did we believe in the mystery of the sacrament? In the purity of the Virgin? In the Holy Trinity? Saints? miracles? confessions? Why did we not acknowledge the Pope? In short, they put me through a close examination, and the more they learned, the more their curiosity was quickened.

More than two hours were spent in conversation with a student of theology named Sanchez. He brought his manual (*Schram*), a compendium of polemical divinity, and proposed many questions, desiring to know our belief on many articles. I requested him to bring his Latin Bible, as the authority mutually acknowledged; and our discussion was conducted in the most friendly spirit. Some of the listeners were infidels, but none of their witticisms could provoke him to a smile. Unlike the priest of San Gil, he professed reverential submission to holy Scripture. I urged him to study the original languages and Biblical criticisms, for his own sake, and for the sake of others, and to cast off the trammels of scholasticism. I especially laboured to combat the proposition of his master, that faith is a grace which God imparts only to the righteous; and strove to show him the way of salvation which God appoints for sinners by repentance and faith in Christ Jesus. He freely assented to the Scriptural doctrine of justification by faith; and when I had finished my statement of it, looked sorrowful, and remained silent. I was sorry that I could not spend much more time in Seville, and have a field of labour among those thousands of interesting young men.

After one day more of intense interest in that city I took my seat in a diligence, and proceeded towards Madrid on the 18th. The roads were bad, the beasts poor, and the journey inevitably tedious. The towns and villages were extremely wretched, and in most of them we were surrounded with crowds of beggars—men, women, and children. The ruins of ancient edifices, houses dilapidated and deserted,¹ the sweep of the walls of some towns far beyond the compass of the existing habitations, and the comfortless and even squalid appearance of the peasantry, indicated a deep declension from a state of superior civilisation and prosperity.

The village of Carolina, in the Sierra Morena, was at that time to be excepted from the general description; but it is to be lamented that even this exception rapidly disappeared, and Carolina came to look as miserable as other places. But as I passed through in 1835, we seemed to have entered into another country, and to be holding intercourse with a distinct people. Provisions at the inn were abundant, and served up with decency. The inhabitants looked intent on business. Trains of labourers, with their

¹ Be it observed that my first visit to Spain was made in January, 1835, before the suppression of monasteries, which took place in June of that year. The decay I witnessed, and then described, had been going on for ages. The ruin of Spain was *gradual*. An "Anglo-Catholic" liturgist, bemoaning the very same state of ruin, which he witnessed in the year 1843, confidently attributes it to the Revolution of 1835, which had not been accomplished when I wrote the account now transferred to these pages; and it was not possible that the Constitution of 1835 should cause the national ruin which was notorious the whole world over long before that year began. English readers ought to be on their guard against misrepresentations in 1863 that in 1843 no one would have presumed to make.—*Essays on Liturgiology, etc.* By the Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. London, 1863. Essay xvi.

waggon, etc., were coming into town, or going out into the country. The surrounding fields were well cultivated. The streets were not disfigured with pictures and images of saints, and *one* church reared its spire in the midst. Carolina was the centre of a colony founded by Charles III., in the latter half of the last century. The colonists were Germans and Swiss, invited to cultivate the soil, and repair, in some small degree, the desolation made by the expulsion of Jews, Moriscoes, and multitudes of clean-blooded Spaniards, who had fled to escape from persecutions, religious and political; and in consequence also of the celibacy of priests, nuns, and friars, and the consequent licentiousness of the whole population of Spain then remaining. It is said that there were many Protestants among those settlers, whom the King amused with a promise that they should be free to exercise their own religion; but the promise was first evaded, and then forgotten. I do not know whether there is any documentary confirmation of these statements, but such an event is by no means improbable, and, if true, is instructive to British settlers in Spain at this day, who must hold fast their religion, if they wish to keep it.

XIV.

SPAIN.

FIRST JOURNEY—MADRID.

JANUARY 22nd. I reached Madrid this afternoon, and paid my first visit to a bookseller, with whom I had previously corresponded, and who was particularly desirous to obtain Bibles for sale, but as yet knew not how to effect their importation.

23rd. With a letter of introduction from a Spanish friend in Cadiz, I called on Don Felix Torres Amat, Bishop of Astorga, and translator of the Bible. He appeared anxious to acquit himself of all suspicion of bigotry. He said that he had received kind assistance from Englishmen in publishing his version, recounted the services which they had rendered to him, and acknowledged Protestants to be Christians, and many of them actuated by the most pious and generous sentiments. He had been called on from Rome to examine the versions published in Spain by the Bible Societies, and to report on their alleged corruption; and after having seen, as he believed, all those versions, and examined all the principal passages cited in controversy between us, he had not detected the least corruption in any instance, but reported accordingly, and told the Pope that if they in Rome calumniated the Protestants, by laying

against them accusations which could not be substantiated, they would inevitably lose their cause. He kindly presented me with a copy of his own version, which, he said, he had desired the printer to sell at cost price, adding only a commission for himself, as he (the author) wished no profit from it. His object was to throw the book into circulation among heads of families, priests, who *ought* to read the Bible, and friars, who were too generally ignorant of its contents. He gave me a full account of the hostility to his work manifested in Rome.

24th. I was introduced to Fray José de la Canal, Augustinian in the convent of San Felipe Real. He is busy in preparing a continuation of the *Espana Sagrada*, by appointment of the Royal Academy of History, of which he is a member. He received me very kindly, and we had a long and pleasing conversation. He then occupied excellent apartments in the convent, and was surrounded by an extensive library. Everything wore an appearance of comfort, and even of elegance, rather in contrast with the flannel garb of the friar, whose intellectual countenance, easy and cheerful manner, and dignity of sentiment, were those of a man too valuable to be shut up within a cloister, unless, indeed, it were to labour there without distraction for the benefit of the world.

The Inquisition, he said, had ruined Spain. The nation had been literally vanquished and enslaved by Rome. Religion had been oppressed, and almost lost. Literature was buried, and but some vestiges of learning remained, as if preserved by miracle; and any other nation would have sunk into utter barbarism under such immense disadvantages as had afflicted

Spain. Infidelity had been brought in from France, and the people, submerged in ignorance, were carried away by a flood of unbelief and licentiousness, until the state of the Spanish youth was lamentable in the extreme. To show that he had not taken these views hastily, he read a few sentences from his preface to a book which he had translated from French into Spanish, in the year 1823, with the title of *Apologista Anti-revolucionario*. In that preface he openly declared that the people of Spain were abandoned to a state of profound ignorance, and that the only remedy was in the hands of the clergy, who ought to provide them with sound instruction. But since then, he added, things were grown worse instead of better. The prohibitions which had been laid in the way of literature, he deplored in strong language, and said that the clergy should have employed their pens to resist the influx of irreligion and scepticism, but that it had been rendered impossible for them to do so. Priests, in general, profoundly ignorant, were posted at the Custom-Houses to keep out of the kingdom every work to which they might object, perhaps without so much as understanding the title-page. Even the ministers of religion were not so much as allowed to read a prohibited book without special licence, as though they were unworthy of confidence, and had no judgment of their own to guide them. "But now,"—these were his own words,—“the Spanish clergy are generally weary of the arrogance and domineering measures of the Romans, and are desirous to break off the yoke.” He said that it was much to be desired that the Spanish and English Churches should unite, and make a stand against Rome; or, if not, it appeared to him

that, *through Romish art and Antichristian policy*, Christianity would soon be driven out of Europe.

To this I replied that, if the Church of Spain were to cast off the Pope of Rome, there might not be much difficulty in effecting a union with the Church of England, so far as discipline was concerned, for the position of both would then be similar; but I feared that it would be impossible for them to agree as to doctrine, since they differed almost entirely on some of the cardinal articles of faith. He thought that difference might be easily overcome. "For," said he, "we would agree to abide by the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament in the first place, and then be further guided by the Fathers of the Church of the first six centuries, and reject the superstitions which were afterwards introduced; although, indeed, abuses began with Constantine."

Fray José politely regretted that our acquaintance must be so short, and, as I was about to leave, took me into his bed-chamber, and as he threw open the door bade me look at "the prisoners." "*Ahí están los presos,*" cried he, pointing to a collection of several hundreds of prohibited books,—probably gotten by the clerical searchers at the Custom-Houses,—in French, Spanish, Italian, and Latin. There was no time to look over them; but he pointed out a few, and, among them, Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History* in English.

On the same day I met with Don Eugenio Tapia, an eminent lawyer and literary man. In worse times he had been imprisoned in the Inquisition on account of his liberal political opinions. But he had also breathed the free air of our happy island, and learned to love Englishmen, speak our language, and desire

constitutional and religious liberty. He was then one of a Commission preparing a code of laws to be submitted to the Cortes. I conversed also with the Señor de Quintana, one of the most popular and accomplished literati of Spain, a Prócer of the kingdom (member of the Upper Chamber of the Legislature), and President, I understood, of the Commission for preparing a new code.

As the morrow would be Sunday, I had indulged with pleasure the expectation of consecrating an hour at least to the worship of Almighty God, according to a Protestant form, in the chapel of the British minister, and hoped to meet there some interested in maintaining the externals of Scriptural worship, if nothing more, in the heart of that idolatrous city. To obtain the necessary information of time and place, I called at the residence of our national representative. The porter did not understand my questions, and I was sent upstairs, to try if I could be understood there. I found a steward, or upper servant, who said that he had been in that house eight years, but had never seen anything of the kind, nor, indeed, any observance of Sunday, nor was there any chaplain. Several gentlemen had called, from time to time, making similar inquiries, but had all been disappointed. I thought how easy it was to talk about the intolerance of Spaniards, and the danger of meddling with their religion, while our Government, careful only to give them no object of toleration, left them no power to be tolerant. I remember the indignation I felt, and what I wrote on that occasion is before me, but it is useless to repeat it now.

25th. On the Sunday I remained in my lodgings

until towards evening, endeavouring to unite in the sanctification of the Christian Sabbath with the whole body of believers throughout the world. An English gentleman, who lodged in the same house, hearing that a person of the same language was there, kindly called in to offer his services, and I had the pleasure of dining with him. There was a third person present, a priest in habit, but without any cure, and it would be well if all of the sort were as exempt as he; for he was a hardened infidel, far more barefaced than the one I had met in Seville. My English acquaintance had not come into Spain with any concern for religion, so he quietly dropped asleep while my opponent and I kept up a warm controversy, until it was happily interrupted by the entrance of a very different kind of person, a Señor Zorillo. This gentleman was the first Spaniard I met with who could not only recognise the personal appearance of a minister, but express a sincere satisfaction in falling into his company. He had been in England as an emigrant, and fancied he had seen me at the house of my first class-leader, Mr. Joseph Butterworth. He spoke of Mr. Butterworth in the most affectionate manner, as a devout Christian and generous benefactor of his distressed countrymen when refugees in England; and when he found that I was of the same communion, he appeared to transfer to me a similar feeling of regard. He gave me the address of Don Lorenzo Villanueva, brother of the celebrated Joaquin Lorenzo Villanueva, at that time alive, a refugee in Dublin.

26th. I paid another visit to the Bishop of Astorga. Our conversation was very lengthened.

His favourite topic was union of the Spanish and English Churches. We entered fully into the subject, he thinking that such a union was possible, and I persuaded of the contrary. He suggested points of agreement, on all which I endeavoured to show that agreement would not be possible. "We must lay aside our passion," he exclaimed, "and manifest Christian charity. The enemy of the Church is not now Luther nor Calvin, but Antichrist; and in order to combat him effectually, we must leave the out-works, whatever they be, come back into the citadel itself, which is Divine revelation, and there be united, and contend for that, or in fifty years hence there will be no religion in the world. The generality of Catholics would say that you cannot be saved; but I say that you can; for you, and other Protestants, if you hold the essentials of Christianity, are Christians as well as we." He urged me, being a young man, to think well on the subject, and to draw up a project for the union of Christians against infidels.

The Bishop gave me some particulars of his own literary history, and mentioned, as an evidence of the advancing liberty of his time, the fact that, whereas he had written in the first edition of his version, after the word "Peter," at Acts ii. 14, the words "as chief of the apostles," he had omitted them in the second edition, as being disputable by the Protestants, and because they convey an opinion for which he was not anxious to contend. He was so kind as to give me copies of his other writings, and of some works edited by himself. The perusal of those books would not have conveyed to my mind the idea of so great a man as I felt myself to be conversing

with in Madrid; but his views had no doubt undergone some change in the course of a studious life and very arduous career both in Church and State, and more than all, he once wrote under censorship, and with a persuasion that he might conceal much, perhaps even dissimulate. Ministers and rulers of a Church which subsists by professing more than any intelligent man can possibly believe, cannot be depended on. They must maintain and teach what they doubt, or even what they believe to be untrue.

Much more I might write concerning the incidents of this first missionary journey to Madrid, but it would be tedious, and I therefore content myself with these notes, and will now record the conclusions to which I arrived on review of all that I had seen and heard.

During a journey of four days from Madrid back to Seville my mind was intensely occupied in revolving the important question, *How shall the Gospel be carried into Spain?* I felt painfully convinced that the great mass of the people were abandoned to idleness and vice. They had learned to despise, and had been driven to hate, the long established superstition. Infidelity had spread beyond all that a stranger could have imagined. Here was not merely blank ignorance, but inveterate wickedness, luxuriating in wild and horrible excess. It seemed as if Missions in pagan Africa¹ could not be so difficult as in this nominally Christian country. And how might the

¹ At this very time the missionaries Barnabas and William Shaw, Robert Moffat, and their brethren, in pagan Africa, were already working out a triumphant demonstration of the power of the Gospel in those regions. It now remains for us to show that we, having the same Gospel to proclaim and the same saving truth to teach, may

state of the people be faithfully described by one who was, as yet, almost a stranger ?

I had been constrained to sketch a dreary picture, yet it was not altogether without relief. There were a few who, while they had shaken off the yoke of the vulgar superstition, yet revered God and religion : their minds were open to conviction, and to them our labours might be beneficial. Still it was evident that even these, having no ascertained standard of principle, had fallen into a pernicious laxity of sentiment. They were liberal, and this was encouraging ; but then they would class together Protestants, Jews, and Moors, as being all alike candidates for freedom in the exercise of their respective forms of worship, not only on the ground of common justice between men, but supposing their several religions to be equally worthy of the respect, if not the credence, of mankind. In the lower classes, and it was said that in the higher also, the females were extremely degraded, and the ordinary language of both men and women was blasphemous, trifling, and obscene. People, indeed, were friendly and hospitable ; and were it not for the highway robbers, it appeared that a stranger might dwell among them in perfect safety. But they could not understand his best feelings. To ingratiate themselves with a minister of the Gospel, they seemed to think it sufficient that they should deride the friars ; but that they should refrain from filthy and profane discourse, when in his presence, was a refine-

calculate on equal success, and must be content with nothing less. May God abundantly bless our brethren that are now on the Iberian Peninsula, and gird them with strength for the entire consecration of their best cultivated powers in stated ministrations.

ment of decorum beyond what most of them had been able to conceive. That Jesus Christ is the only Saviour and Intercessor, and that His love, His holiness, and His truth, must be experienced in the heart of the believer, and exemplified in his conduct, were strange things to their hearing.

However, one cheering fact was unexpectedly ascertained, has been since confirmed, and is now thankfully recorded. Among the more intelligent there were many who entertained a prepossession highly favourable to Protestant doctrines and worship, so far as they had any correct notion of them. This was brought about by the personal influence of returned refugees, and by the improved state of the Spanish press, as a powerful medium of general information. Such was the train of my reflections when, at Cordova, a young man joined the diligence as it came down from Madrid. We rode together for some hours without any fellow-passenger to disturb the train of conversation, so that I could speak to him the more freely and fully. He was a young man, but, unlike the greater number of young men in Spain, was married. We parted at Ecija, and he waited at the inn while I opened my portmanteau to give him my Bible. The gift was accompanied with exhortation and advice as to the right manner of reading it, which he received, not only with thankfulness, but with an emotion that caused tears to flow: and thus we bade each other farewell, probably not to meet again until the last great day.

After return to Gibraltar, I reflected seriously on the universal ignorance of the Holy Scriptures in the people, and absence of sound Biblical learning in their

teachers. I had seen in Seville and Madrid two of the chief libraries in the country, but could not find a single work that might be classed under the denomination of *Critica Sacra*; and the few books there were would scarcely obtain a reference in Germany, England, or America. A folio Lexicon, for example, was a mere nomenclature, running down in parallel columns of Hebrew and Latin words; and even where some show of interpretation was made, it was no more than the recitation of a few sayings of saints and fathers. The very little erudition that did exist was perverted to an ill use, because, perhaps, the right application of sacred literature was not understood. Masoretic accents were cited in aid of the doctrine of transubstantiation. Amat, learned as he was, had not heard of books elsewhere common, and very many of the priests had not even a Latin Bible to call their own. It appeared, therefore, that, among other measures, something should be done to excite the priests themselves to Scriptural study, and that a first impulse might be given by following the example of the early Reformers, and preparing a version of the Bible from the originals, and that to such a version, prepared with the utmost care, a commentary should be attached, constructed on the following plan:—

1. To exhibit with brevity, and not controversially, the truths essential to vital godliness, substantiated by Scriptural proofs, so as to form a mass of textual evidence on every point which could not be fairly treated by help of mere isolated passages, but by reference to the whole Bible; which is just what they shun, and we desire.

2. To make constant reference to the original text, asserting its exclusive authenticity. This would excite the curiosity of some who might proceed to learn the languages of the text, and thus a line of study would be promoted which would raise a few, at least, above the trite polemics now in vogue, and, serving to disclose the uselessness of that spurious theology, leave their minds free to obey the leadings of a superior kind of study.

3. To vindicate against misinterpretation the passages usually cited in support of error.

4. To defend the Bible against the cavils of infidels, by plain exposition of the passages which they most abuse, and to commend it to the respect of those who, having been required to take it on the credit of their Church, regard it rather as an obscure *Church-book* than as a Divine revelation, and as constituting in itself a Divine authority.

5. And thus to shift the ground of controversy in such a manner as to confer a benefit on the controversialists, by leading them close to the fountain of truth.

Here, as it seemed, was the plan of an extensive work, such as the most competent person could not by himself produce amidst the cares and labours of a foreign Mission, and which could not be printed without the expenditure of a large sum of money. My time was divided between pastoral duties and public ministrations, the establishment and oversight of schools, and on three different occasions, for several months together, in inspecting the operations of workmen erecting Mission buildings, and in finding means to defray expenses with a difficulty and

anxiety not to be understood by any one who has not sustained a burden of the kind. However, I resolved to attempt a *part* of the plan, and immediately set about the translation and annotation of the Four Gospels, as the portion of the sacred volume to be preferred on many accounts; and, after many hindrances and consequent delay, the book was brought out of press in Gibraltar, in June, 1841, and so arranged that if nothing further of the kind should be effected for the present, it might be used as a manual of easy reference on every subject of importance, either by the Spanish student, or by the missionary engaged in acquiring a knowledge of the language, with a view to the exercise of his ministry among an infidel and Popish population. The volume was printed at my own cost, and could not be published by any Spanish bookseller. A few copies were sold, many were rotted or otherwise destroyed by the negligence of those in whose charge they were left at Gibraltar, but the remainder of the impression I gave to the Missionary Society, and it has gradually got into circulation in Spain and Spanish America.

XV.

SPAIN.

A FIRST ATTEMPT—SAN ROQUE.

TOWARDS the close of the same year (1835) I made an attempt, not uninteresting, nor altogether fruitless, although for that time unsuccessful, to extend our Mission into one of the neighbouring towns. On the 17th November I took possession of three hired rooms in San Roque, so making myself a householder of the place. It was my intention to visit the place weekly, and endeavour to collect a little congregation.

San Roque is distant from Gibraltar about one league, and contained about three thousand inhabitants. Nicolas Lovero, a Piedmontese, and his wife—she being also an Italian, and they both members of our Church—had gone thither to reside, and it was my duty to follow them. After a few visits, at each of which I exhorted and prayed with small companies of their friends, I ventured to take a further step towards the accomplishment of my object, and for that purpose hired those rooms. Meanwhile a rumour got abroad that orders were issued to prevent my entrance into Spain, and that if I were caught in the country I was to be arrested. Still I made my accustomed visits

till December 29th. On that day I went to San Roque as usual, and found reason to suspect that a woman, who had introduced herself to me some months before in Gibraltar, and pretended to be very piously disposed, had given confidential reports—probably at the confession—of my movements, so far as they were known to her. I therefore chose to be my own reporter, and went forthwith to the house of the Chief Alcalde, to whom I had paid a visit of ceremony a few weeks previously, in pursuance of my constant custom to make myself known to the principal authority wherever I might be. This time I found his lordship standing at his door, as if upon the watch, and was instantly in his custody. After leading me to the Judge of First Instance, and to the Vicar Apostolic, the Alcalde took me back again to the house of the Judge, where I was invited to sit down, and treated very civilly.

The Vicar and I had scarcely been seated when the military commandant of the district, whose office is to take cognizance of foreigners; the Judge of First Instance, as concerned with breakers of the peace; the parish priest, as chief local ecclesiastical authority, entered the room, and with my captor, the Alcalde, Don Andres Vasquez, constituted themselves a special tribunal, ecclesiastical, military, criminal, and civic, to sit in judgment on the dogmatizing English heretic whom they caught, or meant to catch, that evening, *flagrante delicto*. The Mayor presented me to his colleagues with a short speech, wherein he set forth the illegality of my proceedings in San Roque, and communicated the judgment of the Vicar thereupon.

The Judge, a man of agreeable manners, less than

forty years of age, was frank and courteous, in perfect contrast with the Alcalde, who was as sour as a man could be. The priest was also a young man of good address, and rather kindly. The commandant was very quiet, and made it understood that he had come because the Alcalde sent for him, but the matter in hand was not in his line. The Alcalde, who had delivered first what was on his mind, sat in sullen silence, perhaps mortified at seeing me in better hands than his own, which must have been itching to crush me like a moth.

Then it was my turn to speak for myself. I had nothing to confess, nor anything to deny. There I was. But I pleaded against the law of Spain which empowered them to make me their prisoner—a law which was iniquitous, cruel, and unjust. All this the Judge conceded, and even the priest allowed, and not only did he allow the justice of my plea, but he told me in detail all that had been going on among the clerics from the time of my first visit to the place: what were the orders of the Bishop of Cadiz to the Vicar of San Roque, and what the Vicar's orders to them. He also disclosed the skill of the priests in their department of ecclesiastical police, by reciting to me my own proceedings and arrangements. However, he added, and his colleagues gave their assent to the suggestion, that the matter might perhaps be quickly arranged by my pronouncing just a single word. If I would but say *Desisto*—"I desist."

To that proposal I objected that such an engagement was impossible. Necessity was laid on me to preach the Gospel by an authority infinitely superior to Bishop, Pope, or even Inquisition, if such an in-

stitution then existed. And I maintained that the commission given by that supreme authority went so far that I, like every other minister of the Gospel, had authority to preach anywhere in the whole world, Spain, of course, included, if in that country I could exercise my ministry.

The conversation then became general, and lasted altogether about two hours longer, much to the annoyance of the Alcalde; and as we rose to separate, the Judge politely placed his house at my disposal, according to the Spanish compliment.

I was walking down stairs when, recollecting, or reminded, that the work was not quite finished, he ran after me, calling me back, and asked if I intended to preach that evening, accompanying the question with some polite apologies. I replied that I feared the detention to so late an hour would make it impracticable.

Would I object to their going with me to see?

By no means. I should be happy of the honour of their company.

So each functionary present threw his ample cloak around his shoulders, and we moved on in a body: war, law, justice, and divinity, lit by the impartial moon, which had risen and mounted high during the proceedings of the evening, and lighted streets where no lamp ever broke the darkness, nor any scavenger cleansed the way. Thus we proceeded to my apartments, but not a creature met us by the way, nor was anywhere visible, until we reached the house, where the poor people living there looked not a little terrified at the nocturnal visitation of all the AUTHORITIES of San Roque. My custodians did

me the honour to sit down, and we had a long conversation again about the advantages of religious liberty, to which all agreed, except the Alcalde, Don Andres Vasquez, who gave no opinion. "But," they asked me, "how shall this affair be settled?"

I replied that, according to the New Testament, we are bound to respect the civil power, when persons belonging to that order did not lose their proper character by taking orders in civil matters from ecclesiastics, who are themselves bound to obey, and not empowered to command. Therefore, as the authorities then present were acting for the Bishop of Cadiz, and not for the nation or the Queen, I could not enter into any bond whatever as to my future proceedings; that I was sorry for the position in which they were placed, but to show my entire respect for their office, and especially towards the Señor Alcalde Mayor, as chief magistrate of the town, I would engage to pay *him* my first visit, the next time I came to San Roque, leaving it to himself to ascertain my movements if he pleased to do so. To this they all agreed, commending the principles of loyalty I had avowed. We then shook hands and parted.

From that time there could be no hope of a congregation, and therefore my visits were discontinued. But as it would have been unwise to allow such an act of magisterial authority to pass without remonstrances, and leave the two Italians to the mercy of our enemies, I forwarded a statement of the case to Don Pedro Gonzalez Vallejo, at that time President of the Chamber of Proceres, and afterwards Archbishop Elect of Toledo, to be laid by him, *as President* (not as Primate), before the Queen, on their behalf. The

President did not commit himself to a direct answer, but it was gratifying to observe that the Alcalde of San Roque was induced to deport himself in a very different manner, and that Lovero and his wife suffered no direct persecution whatever on account of their religion, which they avowed openly, as they had done from the beginning. On the contrary, they were treated with good looks and good words. Some persecution indeed there was, but as much as possible disguised.

Seeing that the Bishop of Cadiz and many of his clergy had openly assumed a posture of hostility, I felt that we were so much the more straitly bound to maintain an incessant practical protest against the persecuting laws, and to persevere with Christian faithfulness in endeavouring to spread the religion of the Gospel until those laws should be abrogated. And in little more than a year after the affair of San Roque, we had the satisfaction of seeing a change for the better in Spanish legislation.

During that interval I could only persevere with our work in Gibraltar, watch for opportunities of usefulness in the country, and cultivate friendly relations with the people. Ignorance of the Bible was universal, and our first duty was to rouse attention to the sacred volume. So great a change had taken place in every respect that my engagement to visit the Alcalde could not be carried out, for he was displaced, and the constitution of Spain was changed. So I drove out once more to San Roque, taking with me a sufficient supply of New Testaments, hired carriers on the spot, and myself delivered a copy at every house in the principal street—going up one side, and down the other. The

sacred volumes were thankfully received. The Vicar Apostolic, in due fulfilment of his declaration that he would resist all innovation in his religion as long as he lived, issued an order, commanding every one who possessed such a book to bring it to him, that it might be destroyed. The parishioners, however, contended that they had a right to possess God's Holy Word, and to retain the books which were their own property, and which the priests should not take from them, and that they would read the book which they possessed. Some of them, to assert this right the more visibly, read the book in the open streets; and so unanimous were the inhabitants of San Roque on this matter, that the Vicar durst not venture to press the intended confiscation.

Anxious to meet the demand created, I repeated my visit after a few days, taking with me a young man then acting as assistant missionary, and having the carriage well packed with New Testaments, and extracts from the Old Testament, as published by the Bible Society. We drew up on the Alameda outside the gates, and began an open distribution. The delivery of a single copy to a passer-by, with a request to make our presence known, soon brought a crowd of willing receivers, to whom we distributed them all, one by one. While this was going on outside the town, the priests were no less active within the walls, and we were enjoying a leisurable drive on the Alameda, or public walk, awaiting any interview that might happen, when a sort of constable came shouting behind us, and summoned me to stop. I stopped, of course. He was a big, strong man, ready for any rough work, and carrying a Herculean staff that, well

wielded, would bring any one down with a single blow. He came from the Judge of First Instance, my old acquaintance, to summon me into his presence. No reason was to be given to the contrary, but I was to go. Instantly I must obey, asking no questions.

My horse's head was turned accordingly. The official, in proud authority, strode beside the carriage, having us in safe custody as he imagined, his right hand grasping the ponderous club, and his left hand free to seize the reins. People were gathering on both sides, expecting the event in silence. At the proper moment, just when we should have turned off short into the town, I gently tickled with my whip at once the horse's right ear and the man's left, for the two ears were not very far apart. Man and beast, both startled, shied away in different directions,—the horse forward, the man sideward,—and we were on our way to the Rock again before the bewildered constable could recover full consciousness of his position. One ugly exclamation was nearly all we heard of him. The people raised a vociferously hearty cheer, followed by many a "God bless you," and I did not slacken speed until we were beyond the possibility of being overtaken.

For many days after this adventure a party of soldiers were stationed on the high road between Gibraltar and San Roque, to prevent any similar Protestant aggression. Of course, I waited until the proper time to visit that part of Spain again, and the time soon came.

A great revolution was in progress. At one stroke the clergy were deprived of all power over public or private schools, and prohibited from having schools of

their own for teaching the laity. A multitude of mediæval institutions, which had yielded food to the priests and wealth to the King, with the impoverishment of the people, were swept away. The number of monasteries was diminished, with a view to the entire suppression of monasticism, and, on the 11th day of October, 1835, monasticism was declared extinct in Spain. To reduce the exorbitant multitude of priests, the bishops were absolutely forbidden to ordain any more persons to the priesthood, excepting only those who had been already admitted as sub-deacons. The Government assumed absolute control of the universities—universities being essentially civil establishments. A large measure of liberty was given to the press, with reservation, however, in relation to works treating on “Religion and the Sacred Scriptures,” which were still to be under restraint. But an ultimate appeal from the bishops to the Privy Council was provided.

Carlists, Bourbonists, the despotic Governments of Europe, and the Court of Rome above them all, were in covert or declared hostility to Spain. As for the Pope and his Court, all amicable relations between them and Spain were suspended, and not only were ordinations to the priesthood forbidden,—and the prohibition continued absolute for seven years,—but any official correspondence with the Court of Rome was made high treason, and to be treated as such.

XVI.

SPAIN.

THE AFFAIRS OF 1836.

ARRANGEMENTS were to be made this year for the extension of the Gibraltar Mission into Spain, and in order to ascertain the most eligible part of one of the neighbouring Provinces for a Mission station, I visited Cadiz, Malaga, and Granada.

From the 16th to the 18th of May inclusive, I was in Cadiz inquiring as to the number and circumstances of Englishmen and Americans in that port, and found that in the preceding twelve months there had been registered at the British Consulate—

British vessels . . .	253	with crews . . .	2400
American vessels . . .	79	with crews . . .	902
	<hr/>		<hr/>
In all, vessels . . .	332	and crews . . .	3302

There were also between three and four hundred British, American, and German Protestants resident in Cadiz, besides many natives of Gibraltar, being British subjects. In Port St. Mary and Xerez there were many more. In Cadiz the only form of Divine worship held in public for Protestants was the reading of prayers in the British Consul's house, and a sermon on Sunday mornings when practicable. The services

were official, but scarcely public, and the company was always very small.

I was introduced to Don Pedro Urquinaona, Governor of Cadiz, a well-tryed advocate of civil and religious liberty, and author of a vigorously written volume on *Spain under the Arbitrary Power of the Apostolic Congregation*. He was a Doctor in Canon Law, and honoured by the Cortes with the title of *Benemeritus*. I was indebted to him for some very interesting conversations, with a hearty assurance that if I took up my abode in Cadiz, I should have his protection so long as he was Governor, and be free to profess and propagate our religious principles, except only that, according to the law then in force, I might not assemble a public congregation of Spaniards; but he hoped that that law would soon be abrogated.

There being no road between Cadiz and the towns eastward,—so destitute of roads was this country, once reputed great,—I was forced to return to Gibraltar from Andalusia, in order to prosecute my inquiries in the next province of Granada. Embarking again at Gibraltar, we steered for Malaga, anchored in the Bay, and lay there five hours in full day before we were visited by a health-boat, so cheap was time in those parts. Then we were admitted to pratique. Using an introduction to an English merchant in Malaga, I found that most of the English residents there, as in Cadiz, seemed utterly devoid of religious principle, and accommodated themselves to the idolatrous and immoral customs of the place.

Yet there was one brilliant exception in the person of William Mark, Esq., British Consul-General for the kingdom of Granada; a true Englishman, an earnest

Protestant and friend of Spain, having lived in the country twenty-two years. From the very first, when but a private gentleman, he had open family prayer in his house, and read prayers every Sunday with as many as would join him, in spite of messages, sometimes *threatening*, from the ecclesiastical authorities. But he would not be deprived of his right as an Englishman, nor deterred from the performance of his duty as a Christian, by any of the foolish fears which some people have, or pretend to have, in such situations; and he lost nothing by his faithfulness, but gained much. He served the constitutional cause of Spain as if it were his own, and by help of the resources placed at his disposal by the British Government, saved Malaga from being pillaged by the bands of the Carlist General Gomez. For this and other services he received the Cross of Isabel the Catholic, and was publicly thanked by the Ministers in the Cortes. But Malaga did not present to my judgment so promising an aspect as Cadiz.

A slow but very pleasant journey inland to Granada gave me a fine opportunity for rambling over the country, and observing the social condition of the people.

Now, for the first time, I met some persons who had seen Bibles, and read religious tracts, either brought from Gibraltar direct, or circulated by Mr. Consul Mark in Malaga. Two priests were travelling in the same company—ignorant, dogmatical, and testy.

At twelve o'clock on the second day we reached Loja, a considerable town. As the main street was impassable on wheels, because of the dilapidation of the pavement, we lightened the waggon and walked

forward. It being near the time for mid-day mass, people were crowding into the principal church to do honour, as I heard, to Saint Ferdinand of Spain. My fellow-travellers fell into the throng, and invited me to join them. All hands but mine were dipped into the "blessed water" at the door, and a man whose lewd conversation had nearly put him out of our company in the journey, was he who crossed himself in the most masterly manner. The church was very spacious and lofty, but otherwise mean. I found myself nearly half-way up the nave, and as the congregation assembled, each one dropped on his knees and remained kneeling, until, in a few minutes, the whole pavement was covered with the compact multitude, from porch to chancel. In other churches I had generally observed that many persons on the outskirts of the congregations remained standing, even during the elevation of the Host; but here every one knelt in deep silence, until, all at once, every eye looked upwards, and a faint murmur was heard, as of prayer. The sound gradually strengthened. Each one beat his breast with the clenched right hand, applying a measured stroke just on the middle of the breast-bone, where the thoracic arch can best receive it, and where, if the devotee is robust, a stout blow may be received without any inconvenience; for in the Romish ceremonial every movement is nicely calculated, and the worshippers are duly taught. This penitential breast-beating produced a cadaverous hollow sound, with a forcible emission of the breath, and one gasp of the entire multitude answering to each blow made the roofs resound.

As this was going on, the little bell at the altar

tinkled, and the officiating priest—the “celebrant”—turned his face towards the congregation, holding the Host above his head. The noise increased. The eyes of the people fell on me as I stood in the midst, the only person on his feet except the priest. Their faces glowed with anger. The bell rang again, and again, and again violently. The kneeling mass, agitated, began to sway to and fro, the men half rising from their knees, yet held down by the spell of the elevated Host. Here and there voices rose from the remote parts of the church calling on me to kneel down, and if I had knelt silence would have been probably restored, but that was the one thing impossible to do. I felt unutterable horror, not, I confess, unaccompanied with fear; but horror, indignation, and pity predominated over fear. I turned me to observe if there was any practicable way of egress. Those nearest me shuffled aside, shrinking away as if from contagion, and as my first step showed my intention to quit the place, way was made, and I reached the door unhurt. The uproar then subsided. I breathed the fresh air of heaven, and walked gladly to the inn. One of my fellow-travellers joined me, and others quickly followed. In answer to their expressions of wonder at my boldness in refusing to fall down before the Host, I told them of the Hebrews on the Plain of Dura, and they were satisfied.

Having resumed our places in the waggon, we moved northward, and stopped in early evening to rest the mules and stay at a post-house for the night. Before sunset, I walked into the little village of Ueto del Rio. Like most of the villages I had seen, Ueto is enclosed by a mud wall, and provided with savage-

looking dogs, well fitted to scare away thieves. Herds of swine, droves of oxen, and other animals were brought in from the field—*fields* one could not say—to be kept safe inside the village for the night. The interior of the cottages looked clean and orderly. The women were seated at the doors in the cool of the evening, fondling their little children, or busy at needlework, or collected in friendly groups; and the people generally directed kind looks towards the solitary stranger, very unlike their brethren at Loja in the morning. Some even volunteered their services to show him the way through, or indulged their curiosity by getting him to talk. There was no appearance of intemperance or irregularity, but much of healthfulness and comfort.

Next day I left the waggon to lumber on its way, and walked alone for a few miles towards the ancient city of Granada, at leisure to enjoy my thoughts without molestation, now and then resting at a hospitable cottage. In the afternoon I messed comfortably at a village inn, where my plain garb and unshaven chin did not tempt the host to charge me high, or fancy me an English gentleman,—or indeed an Englishman at all. Towards evening, untroubled by Custom-House officers, or officials of any sort, I walked unobserved into Granada, some time before the arrival of the waggon, and found a hotel called “St. Mary of the Sorrows,” which afforded good accommodation and refreshment.

But in Granada, as in Seville, I found private hospitality. Don Manuel Sauz, a gentleman with whom I had corresponded, came to see me, and, taking no denial, made me his guest, and introduced me to

his friends. One of them, Don Vicente Savonat, was an old captain in the army. In his youth he had known Volney in France, and learned from him the sophistry of unbelief. He had been a favourite disciple of the infidel. He had seen much hard service, and, in spite of the infidelity he had imbibed, was not wholly devoid of conscientious feelings. Like thousands more, he had been found out by Volney, but never knew a minister of Christ. His account of Spain confirmed my previous impressions, and is worth repeating.

He said that Spaniards in general, but especially the young men, had cast off all religion. They observed a few ceremonies, but at the same time despised all religious ceremony, and merely conformed for the sake of avoiding collision with the Churchmen. Here and there one might be found who thought seriously on such subjects, and would gladly embrace any better religion than that prevailing in their own country. This class of persons confessed their ignorance, and lamented that there were none to teach them better. Very few books were read, and most of those few were infidel and impious, and their evil influence grew deeper and deeper every day. He thought that a Protestant resident in Granada might do much good by devoting himself to the instruction of young men, but he would need much patience to bear with their unsteadiness and idleness, and would have to begin by imparting to them the very first elements of knowledge. He maintained that most good might be done by sending schoolmasters into Spain. But a disciple of Volney was not the person to advise a missionary on search for the door of entrance into a Popish

country. He did not know the power of the Gospel of Christ.

The day after my arrival in Granada, I obtained an introduction to the Captain-General of the Province. He had been a refugee in England, spoke English, and was said to be an avowed advocate of religious liberty. He politely gave me an order to go over the palace of the Alhambra : a visit much to be enjoyed.

June 2nd was the festival of Corpus Christi. On this day Granada was very full. Protestant strangers came, as usual, to see the procession, and I, although bent on a very different errand, was amongst the curious spectators. Travelling sight-seers have described the spectacle of the Corpus Christi often, and this is not the place for such descriptions. As soon as ever the Host was replaced on the high altar of the cathedral, I was taken to visit Don José Polo, a priest of the *Sagrario*, a part of the edifice which serves as parish church, and who, as they told me, was expecting me to call upon him. I found him a liberal man, quite sensible of the corruption of his Church and the degradation of his country. He complained bitterly of the wickedness and cruelty of imposing celibacy on the clergy, and gave me shocking instances of the immorality of misnamed celibates. He stated amidst a numerous company of his parishioners, who gave their unanimous confirmation of the statement, that no priest who does not steadily cohabit with one female is regarded as a man of decent moral character, unless he is aged.

At a subsequent visit, in the presence of two intimate friends of his, he told me the number of his own children, and brought one in his arms for me to

see—a fine little girl four or five years old. Putting her from his arms into mine, he said that his child she was, and he never would disown her. With tears he bewailed the hard necessity that was laid on him to live thus, and congratulated me on my happiness in belonging to a Church whose ministers are not so degraded and oppressed.

Most of the remainder of the day was spent in giving Don José information concerning the faith of Protestants, especially of Wesleyans, intermingled with exhortation to search the Scriptures, and to preach the truth as it may be learned from them. He exemplified the sincerity of his professions of confidence and goodwill that very evening in a manner most unexpected. We went together to the vestry of the Sagrario, for him to prepare for the baptism of a child of one of his parishioners. The father¹ of the child was there, and a large party of his friends. Don José introduced me to them very heartily as a “Protestant priest.” I followed up the introduction, *at his request*, by an address, of which the subject was left to my own discretion. Obviously, the subject of an address in such circumstances should be Baptism. I therefore showed them the nature and significance of the sacrament, and exhorted the father to pray that the child might then receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and that the influence of that Divine baptism might abide with him through all his future life. After this address, my friend the priest, to my very great surprise, offered me his robes, and begged me to officiate in his stead, and all present appeared to con-

¹ The mother could not be present, infants being baptized too soon for the mothers to leave their chambers.

cur in the request; but I represented that in the Roman ritual there were things to which I could not possibly agree, and that therefore it was equally impossible for me to baptize a child in the Roman manner. So, at last, he would have me take his arm, hold the book with him, lead the baptismal procession through the cathedral, and receive the infant at the door. Thus we went in full solemnity, lighted by a blaze of tapers, for by this time it was past night-fall, and more than once or twice he repeated to those near us that it was right for me to take part in the ceremony, as I was a priest as well as he. So I witnessed the act of exorcism, when he cast the devil out of the infant before administering baptism, and then led it to the font for the chrism, the *ephphatha*, and the water. As soon as all this was over, I made good my ground by explaining distinctly the difference between their baptisms and ours. Clear and unreserved—but kindly courteous—as the explanation was, it gave not the least offence, and the numerous company, following the invitation of Don José, earnestly invited me to step into the pulpit, and when I was there, pressed me to deliver them a Protestant sermon. That, however, I could not do. It had been substantially done already, and I had no right to take possession of the pulpit of the Cathedral Church of Granada, which, after all, was not rightfully at the disposal of the parish priest.

With much regret I left the city on the following morning, persuaded that even in but a few months much good might be done there, if it were only by conferences with earnest inquirers after religious information, giving exhortations which God would surely

own, and offering prayers which He could not fail to answer. But the national revolution then in advance had not yet reached its crisis.

For reasons known to every one, and constrained by the advice of her constitutional Ministers, Queen-Governess Christina had reluctantly signed a decree, dated February 26th, 1836, forbidding those ecclesiastics to exercise the functions of preacher and confessor who, by their conduct and known political opinions, made it evident that they had forgotten the fidelity due to their lawful sovereign, the obligations which bound them to society and to their native country, and the precepts of their Divine Master.

But this decree was not enough. The revolution could not be accomplished at a stroke. The suppression of monasteries could only be gradual, and, although far advanced, was not yet finished; the enmity of the ultramontane priesthood and their followers waxed hotter and hotter, and it became necessary to hasten more decisive measures. Foreign despotic governments, or monarchs, were uniting all their powers to crush the nascent liberties of Spain; and as for Christina, she was not to be trusted by any one. She was notoriously disaffected to the cause of national freedom. She was devoid of womanly decency, and incapable of queenly honour; and the conflict between absolutist and constitutional principles seemed at this conjuncture doubtful. The Provinces took alarm. In many places the people rose and dismissed their Governors. Deeds of violence and even murder became frequent. For about ten days Madrid was under martial law; but intelligence came that the Provinces in general refused to obey the Governors appointed over them by the

Queen, but yet professed entire loyalty to her person ; and she and her Ministers felt that resistance to the will of the nation was no longer possible.

A body of soldiers surrounded the palace of St. Ildefonso, whither Christina had gone for retreat. A soldier, having obtained admission into her presence, presented to her a paper having these few words written :—“*As Queen-Governess of Spain, I ordain and command that the political Constitution of 1812 be published, until the nation, assembled in Cortes, shall expressly make known its will, or give another Constitution adapted to its necessities.—At St. Ildefonso, August 13th, 1836.*”

Startled at the appearance of the extraordinary deputy, and bewildered with his demand, the Queen refused to have anything to do with the paper, but the man told her very coolly that it was the will of the nation that she should affix her signature. Convinced that it was so indeed, and powerless to resist, she subscribed, “YO LA REINA GOBERNADORA.”

The soldier hurried from her presence, held up the paper to his comrades, and those nearest saw the signature, wet from the royal hand. The air was rent with *vivas*. The intelligence was diffused over the kingdom as quickly as couriers could carry it. The boards of provisional government instantly resigned their temporary office. The Queen re-entered Madrid in an involuntary triumph, hailed as “mother of the Spaniards !” For that day Spain was happy. Cortes were convoked forthwith, and when the year 1837 began, preparations were in progress for revising the Constitution of the State.

Meanwhile, a complete journal of my visits to the

three cities was sent to London, and I received authority to send our principal schoolmaster, whom I had instructed and recommended for the work, to open a Mission in Cadiz. I took him overland to that city, just before Christmas, and on the last Sunday in 1836 the Bethel Flag was hoisted in the Bay. By a felicitous coincidence, the new Constitution and the new Mission began together. No time was lost.

XVII.

SPAIN.

THE MISSION BEGUN IN CADIZ.

OUR schoolmaster commenced his labours by preaching every Sunday on board one or other of the English merchant-ships in the Bay of Cadiz. His time during the week was occupied in studying the Spanish language, and in holding conversations with Spaniards on religious subjects.

After about six months' preparation, he was able to proceed more directly to missionary work. Two or three children, whose parents knew that he had been master in one of our schools at Gibraltar, were sent to him daily to learn to write, and, with the knowledge and approval of their parents, were formed into a Bible-class. Besides these, a few persons began to assemble at his lodgings on Sundays, with whom he read prayers, and after prayers a sermon. By these means the circle of his connections widened, and a small school came into existence, as it were, spontaneously. I strictly instructed him only to accept applications to admit children. Such applications were first made by some who observed him to be so engaged with one or two children of the house where he lodged, and it, therefore, was not necessary for us

to solicit any. This system had been invariably followed in Gibraltar. In all cases the parents, from the first, had voluntarily placed their children under Protestant teachers, and we did not lay ourselves open to the charge of slighting parental authority in the matter of religion; and if we were to do so towards them, we could not reasonably complain if others did the like towards us. In any case, such a procedure would have been unwise.

Here was a Protestant institution, although on a very small scale, organized in Spain, and it could not be witnessed with indifference, for the like had never before been in all the land. The priests of Cadiz murmured, threatened, and spared no effort to terrify the few persons who sent their children, or who attended at those little meetings; and although they were generally above submission to priestly influence, here and there one drew back, rather to avoid annoyance than for any stronger reason. The Bishop was much angered. As Bishop, he had been sworn to persecute and destroy heretics with all his might, and was irreconcilably opposed to reform of every kind; but in reality his power to injure our work was diminished in proportion to the degree of his animosity against it. To the preaching he especially objected. "I have no objection to the school," he is reported to have said, "provided they teach nothing contrary to our doctrines; but to preach on Sundays is another thing. I wish I could put a stop to it." When some one said he thought the Bishop had power to do anything he pleased with respect to the religious education of the people, he replied: "O that I could! The civil authorities of Cadiz will not support

me. They say it would prove that we are not yet free."

The civil authorities, taken man by man, were almost all friendly to the innovation, and did not hesitate to express their goodwill; and such was the state of public feeling that no one could act summarily against us unless we were caught breaking some law; but that, indeed, we were. The law of Spain, as it then stood, required that no one should teach a school who had not been duly examined and licensed, the examination being of such a kind as to exclude almost all foreigners, and certainly all Protestants, from the situation of schoolmaster. This being the case, it was so represented to our master that it would be imprudent for him to persist in an open infraction of the law. On that point there could be no question, and I therefore directed him to close the school at once, and to desist from preaching until he could, if possible, be released from the position of a man acting unlawfully; that is to say, until we had sought an amendment of the law, and failed to obtain it. I considered, too, that by closing the school voluntarily, we should prevent the issue of any order to close it, and avoid an aggravation of the difficulty by coming into conflict with unfriendly authorities. But I desired him to submit the affair for decision to those who had power to assist him. But, while the deliberation was going forward, he received an official order to close the school.

On hearing of this reverse, I rode over from Gibraltar to Cadiz, and found reason to hope that the difficulty might be overcome. At special request I preached on three successive evenings, to as many

persons as could conveniently assemble in a large room, and on the Sunday conducted Divine service in our accustomed manner. On those occasions the Word of God was heard with solemn attention, and the absence of any fear, even when every one expected persecution, confirmed my assurance that God would maintain His cause. A few days after my return to Gibraltar, I heard that the Governor of Cadiz (not now Urquinaona) had given permission for the school to be re-opened until an answer should be received from the Government at Madrid, when the question would be decided. Our friends, therefore, were full of hope; several persons sought admission for their children, and I found it necessary to hire a house for their accommodation.

But the government of Cadiz fell into other hands, the Count of Clonard, a reactionary Papist, being appointed to that post. This notwithstanding, as the year 1837 closed, our prospects brightened. We had the satisfaction of seeing the question of religious liberty fairly opened, and were even encouraged to hope that it would be fully debated in the Cortes.

The debate which took place was highly important. For the first time in the history of Spain religious liberty was openly and vigorously advocated. In the Constitution of 1812, it had been declared that the religion of the Spanish nation *was, and ever should be*, the Catholic Apostolic, Roman, only true. The nation protected that religion by "wise and just laws," and prohibited the exercise of any other. The Constitution of 1837, framed when our Spanish congregation in Gibraltar was heard of all over Spain—when a friend of my own, Don Antonio Garcia Blanco, an

avowed opponent of the Court of Rome, proposed in the Cortes a scheme "for the better ordering and reformation of the clergy"—when the Bishop of Cadiz was using every effort to resist our entrance into the country—after the clergy had been warned against me and my doings by Pope Gregory XVI.,—this Constitution, framed amidst these new and unprecedented circumstances, ignored all that was *Roman*, withheld its sanction from the Inquisitorial laws—by the former Cortes called "wise and just"—and omitted the prohibition of other religions. The Article was now reduced to a single sentence, which ran thus:—"The nation obliges itself to maintain the worship and ministers of the Catholic religion, which the Spaniards profess." Now the Spaniards might profess the religion of Cranmer, or Luther, or Calvin, and it would still be CATHOLIC, still Apostolic and Nicene.

I cannot survey the course of these events, and remember the observation and study of the affairs of Spain in those eventful years, without perceiving that the foundations of Liberty of Worship were laid in the years 1836–37, not, as people have latterly imagined, in the Revolution of 1868. And in justice to myself and those who sent me to Gibraltar, and sanctioned my proceedings in Spain, and in behalf of Spaniards, I note it now, not fearing any charge of egotism or of boasting.

Towards the close of 1837, and almost immediately after the affair of Don Pascual Marin in connection with myself had been discussed in the same Cortes, our infant establishment in Cadiz was reconstituted under a provisional licence; but on January 28th, 1838, it was that the Count of Clonard, as already

mentioned, communicated what he was pleased to call a decision of the Queen-Governess, that our master should not be allowed to teach unless he would lose the character of foreigner,—that is to say, British subject,—with which character the authorized exercise of that calling was “incompatible.”

The school was therefore closed again, and all our other operations in Cadiz, except our ministrations to British and American seamen in the Bay, were suspended. But our case was not yet forlorn. We had kept the ground for more than a year; a favourable feeling towards us was rapidly gaining on the population; the Gospel had been preached to our countrymen at stated times, and a portion of Divine truth communicated to the minds of several interesting youths, as well as to some of their relatives.

A personal application to the supreme Government at Madrid was now the one human resort lying open before me.

XVIII.

S P A I N.

SECOND JOURNEY TO MADRID.

ON Saturday, March 11, 1838, I proceeded by steam-packet from Gibraltar to Cadiz, on my way to Madrid. On the Sunday morning, I attended at prayers in the British Consulate; and after service, had conversation with the Consul-General for the Province, Mr. John Brackenbury, nephew of Robert Carr Brackenbury, a name of honourable mention in the early history of Methodism. I told him that—as I afterwards found, the Governor of Cadiz falsely pretended—the Marquis of Someruclos, Minister of the Interior, by command of the Queen-Governess, had forbidden my agent, being a foreigner, to teach a school in Spain, that the school was consequently closed, and that I intended to proceed at once to Madrid, and endeavour to obtain a reversal of the decision. Mr. Consul Brackenbury was exceedingly afraid that we were come to attack the religion of the country, which he held to be inviolable. He extolled the piety of one, and the religion of another, who were conscientiously opposed to our efforts to introduce the Protestant religion into Catholic Spain. But I was to see him again on the morrow.

On Monday, 13th, I saw him again. He could not get over his apprehension that I was doing wrong in coming into Spain at all. After much trouble, I got his promise of an official letter of introduction to the British Minister at Madrid, but he persisted in giving it me *only* in the character of agent to the Bible Society. I left him to describe me in any character he pleased, determined not to assume, nor even tacitly acknowledge, any other character than my own. I had already received from Don Manuel María Barleta, a gentleman well known to the Spanish authorities, a letter of introduction to the Under-Secretary of State for the Foreign Department.

On Tuesday, 14th, I went up the Guadalquivir to Seville, where I was detained until the 20th, waiting for a conveyance to Madrid; for the ordinary conveyances were all stopped in consequence of the civil war, and traffic was almost entirely suspended. After lumbering over the road for six days in a heavy waggon, I reached Ecija, when one of Her Spanish Majesty's mail-carts drove into the courtyard of the inn, and, after some negotiation with the driver, I took my place in it, hoping for better speed. But, not aware that a stamped licence was necessary for one to be carried in that vehicle, wretched as it was, I found myself at the mercy of a robber of a driver, who threatened violence if I did not pay him handsomely for allowing me to travel in a Queen's carriage without licence. So I quitted him at the next post-house, intending to hire horses and proceed in saddle. But neither horse nor saddle was to be had. A boy took my luggage on a stout mule so far as Cordova, a distance of about sixteen miles, whither I went on foot,

cutting over the hills to save a little distance ; entered the city just before sunset ; bribed the guards to open the gate after dark and let in my luggage ; found a Professor of Theology, to whom I had a letter of introduction, in one of the colleges, with whom I left Bishop Jewel's *Apology*, to be translated from Latin into Spanish, and, by his help, obtained from the administrator of mails an order on all postmasters, judges, and justices on the road, to be furnished with help and protection on the way.

We were now approaching the seat of war, and after eating as hearty a meal as ever I ate in my life, I took the last night's rest in the mail-cart, the last I could reasonably hope for on that road. Yet the rest was but partial. My bed was the mail-bags, whereon I slept content, being committed to the care of Him on whose errand I had come, and was proceeding northwards, the only passenger. About three o'clock in the morning we stopped at a small town—of the name I took no note—and waited until daylight for a military escort, and it was not until nearly nine o'clock that half-a-dozen lancers could be told off to guard the correspondence of Seville, Cadiz, and Cordova, and all other places in the south, the distance of a single stage. At every village we waited—that is, the driver and I—until an escort of soldiers could be given ; and then they marched but a short way with us, leaving us to go through the most perilous parts of the country without any human protection.

The first night in this region of alarms, the people of the inn absolutely refused to give me any sort of entertainment, perhaps afraid to trust a solitary stranger, who might be a Carlist in disguise. A

humble citizen, occupying, with his family, a tenement of two rooms, invited me to lodge in one of them, but saw me safely into bed, to be sure that I had no weapon concealed about me, before he would venture to trust himself to sleep. In the night, the town was alarmed with the sound of musketry outside the walls; and the Alcalde sent to Bailen for help, but no help was there, nor could any escort be found for the mail next day. On an appeal being made to me, as the only living person concerned, besides the guard, whether we should proceed without escort, or remain there, I preferred to go forward, apprehending greater danger from the starving population within the walls than from the enemy in the open country.

I do not recount here the many interesting incidents of this journey, nor do I dwell upon the desolation of civil war, which all the way between Cordova and Madrid lay as a blight upon the land, nor yet the dangers which beset my way.

In the night of the 28th, however, danger came very near. A shot from the roadside, aimed at the guard, passed just before his face. It was no doubt intended to kill him, and rob the mail. The man, with a true instinct of self-preservation, flung himself instantly prone on the horse's back, and there he lay, urging the startled beast on at full gallop, while the party, whether of highwaymen or soldiers we knew not, sent after us a volley of shot which did us no hurt, and we were soon out of range, and as they were on foot, we were soon beyond pursuit. When I saw my driver throw himself off his seat, I slipped off mine and lay between the mail-bags, which were quite sufficient to protect me from the shots, however

thick they might have come on us from behind. But between two and three o'clock in the morning of the 29th, we reached Madrid. On being challenged at the gate of the city, the conductor answered, "The mail from Andalusia," and we were instantly admitted. But I had to wait in the lobby of the General Post Office until break of day.

My first care was to wait on Sir George Villiers, the British Minister. A very formal official despatch from Mr. Consul Brackenbury announced me as agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. His Excellency received me very kindly, and was not a little amused when his visitor presented himself as altogether a different kind of person, come on his own errand, and certifying himself accordingly.

I had come to Madrid for the purpose of seeking his advice and assistance in corresponding with the Spanish Government. Without a moment's hesitation he entered into the case fully, assured me of his best assistance, and desired me to state every particular in writing, that he might study it thoroughly before saying anything to the Conde de Ofalia, Secretary of State¹ to Queen Christina. He would then be prepared for discussing it thoroughly.

On the day following I presented my letter of introduction to Don Julian Villalba, Under-Secretary of State, who received me with great cordiality, and professed himself very favourable to the cause of religious liberty. Some days elapsed before any progress could be made with my affairs, but meanwhile I cultivated friendly relations with some persons

¹ The "Secretary of State" in Spain was Foreign Secretary, and chief of the Cabinet.

of influence, and made arrangements with a bookseller for the circulation of religious books in Madrid and the Provinces. Sir George Villiers gave early attention to my business, but he had to wait a favourable moment for communication with Ofália, who was extremely busy with his colleagues preparing the Budget to be laid before the Cortes, and was in a state of nervous uncertainty about his place in the Ministry. Sir George, probably more trusted by Spaniards than any Minister before him, had gained their confidence by a singular combination of self-sacrifice and honesty, bearing with perpetual discomfort, and enduring daily disgust in a Court where profligacy was rampant and truth unknown. Viewing society in all its grades, and able to see through it more clearly than most men, he understood how much Christian influences were needed, to do for Spain what *pronunciamientos* and paper Constitutions never could effect.

My introduction to the Under-Secretary of State was of great value. While the British ambassador and the Spanish Prime Minister were left at their convenience to discuss the great question of religious liberty in Spain, I was assisted by Señor Villalba to communicate with his friend the Under-Secretary for the Department of the Interior, to which Department my business belonged. I found this gentleman in his office, and was not a little interested in paying him visits there, in the former Palace of the Inquisition, where the Inquisitors-General, successors of Torquemada, had held their Court. There the Señor de Oliván manifested lively interest in receiving a humble representative of the religion of the Reformation, who

came to treat concerning the establishment of Gospel Christianity in the land of the Ferdinands. From him I learned, to my great surprise, that the persecution in Cadiz, although carried on in the Queen's name, had not been sanctioned in that office, nor had the case ever been heard of there, not even when the Conde de Clonard closed the school. From his lips I received an assurance that it was the desire of the Government that the religion of England should be introduced into Spain, as being a religion of superior morality, and more conducive to national prosperity than their own. He heard my statements with thoughtful attention, promised to promote my cause to the utmost of his power, and advised me to memorialize the Queen.

He told me that the Ministers were preparing the project of a law for the advancement of education, according to which project, if it became law, profession of the religion of Rome would no longer be a *sine qua non*. He declared that the Government would not regard my case as local, but as one of high and general importance, to be discussed calmly, and with extreme delicacy, so as not to irritate the priesthood.

The day after this conversation I received a note from Sir George Villiers, informing me that the representations adverse to our Mission did not come from Cadiz, but from Gibraltar, and were addressed to the Conde de Ofalia, who referred them to the Marques de Someruclos, Minister of the Interior, to which Department it belonged. It was understood that my communication with that office was in order, and I therefore proceeded at once to finish my negotiations there.

The Under-Secretary, of course as instructed, had

proposed—and other persons of influence with whom I conversed seconded the proposal—that so long as the law of Spain remained unchanged, I should place the school in Cadiz under the nominal management of a Spaniard, with title of *Regente*: that the school should be held in my own house, and that the “Regent” should be under my absolute control: that the usual returns should be made to the municipal authorities in his name, those authorities having no power whatever to interfere with the internal discipline or the religion of the school. He further assured me that, although the Government could not give me express authorization to teach the Protestant religion, or to preach it, *they would rejoice to know that I did both*, and would afford me their moral support.

They were sensible that, as a compromise, this could not be satisfactory, but they designed that it should be only an intermediate measure, to be followed by a new law of education, such as he had already sketched to me in conversation. If, then, I would meet them so far, they would meet me. With regard to preaching, the ministers would support me, and if I would like an audience of the Queen, to lay my requests before Her Majesty, and beg her permission to preach in Spain, he would himself present me.

I thanked him for the proposed honour of a presentation to the Queen, but pointed out that it would not be consistent with a fundamental principle of our religion that I should ask such a *permission* of the sovereign: for, on the one hand, I was bound, by the Divine commission of the Saviour, to preach the Gospel wherever I could, without seeking temporal

authority ; and, on the other hand, we are as distinctly bound to honour the King ; and if Her Majesty were to forbid me to preach within her dominions, and I had professed to acknowledge her power either to permit or to prohibit, I should be obliged either to disobey the sovereign, or to fail from the performance of a duty to God. I, therefore, would rather not do anything which might involve me in such a dilemma.

The Under-Secretary of State for the Interior then introduced me to his chief, the Secretary himself, who advised me to adopt the temporary measure proposed by himself and colleagues ; and I resolved to return at once to Cadiz, look out for a suitable Mission-house, go to work on a larger scale, and trust in God for eventual success.

From the office of the Interior, I proceeded directly to the British Embassy, saw Sir George Villiers, and stated to him the course which I had resolved to take. His Excellency told me, that in reporting to my Society the result of my visit to Madrid, I was at perfect liberty to use his name, and to say that, although he would have gone any length in endeavouring to forward my object with the Spanish Government, he thought I had acted most wisely—as he was pleased to word it—in not asking anything more of them at this juncture, but in adopting the only probable, perhaps the only possible, means for carrying our point, which was to introduce the Gospel into Cadiz. Perhaps no British Minister ever before in Spain could have served a person in my position so effectually. While I live his goodness cannot be forgotten. He kindly gave me the benefit of his courier's bag for sending my letters to England, and so my

correspondence was preserved from the mischances of the Carlist war, and the eye of an unfriendly curiosity. He freely gave me all the advice and all the information which he thought would serve me. Our Mission in Spain he afterwards spoke of in a letter to myself as being *a British interest, which it was his duty to protect.*

Very soon after this visit of mine to Madrid, Sir George returned to England, on the death of his father, the Earl of Clarendon, and succeeded to the earldom. The Spanish Government of his time then gave proof of their sincerity, by more than fulfilling the promise they had made. A Royal Order, which I believe continues in force until this time, abolished the twofold test of Spanish nationality and Papist religion, which had excluded foreigners and Protestants from taking any part in the education of Spaniards, except, perhaps, as occasional or casual teachers of foreign languages.¹

About four months after I had left Madrid, Queen Christina submitted to sanction an Order for allowing "just liberty" for the establishment of colleges and schools for the solid instruction of youth. Any

¹ So I wrote before the Spanish Revolution of 1868, when, after the disappointment of many hopes, I felt that nothing could be made sure of; but in September of that year religious liberty was for the first time proclaimed in Spain, and all our hopes revived. Again, in 1875, by treachery, a son of Isabel II. was brought back to Spain, and every possible effort was made to reinstate Popery in all its lurid splendour, and for a time it seemed as if the Vatican would triumph. But that could not be. The Court at Madrid cannot now rule Spain, and whoever wears the crown, or whatever changes may yet again take place, it now remains with all Christian-minded men to pursue a steady course, trusting in God and abiding by Gospel truth, as we find in the Holy Bible, and then "the Foundation standeth sure."—W. H. R.

individual might set up such establishments without previous licence, if he was twenty-five years old, and of good character. He had nothing more to do than to produce credentials of age and character, and say where the college or school would be situate, in order that the site might be visited by the municipal authority, and seen to be healthy, and not in an objectionable neighbourhood. If it were so, the establishment proposed could not be prohibited. The studies of philosophy, conducted in such colleges, might be incorporated in the universities of the kingdom, subject only to what the plan of study for the time being might require. To enjoy the benefit of incorporation, it would be sufficient for the director of the college to enter his name, as such, in the university nearest at hand, send a list of the pupils matriculated in his college, with a specification of their studies, and, at the end of the course, report the names of those who had passed examination. The students who wished to matriculate in the university would have to undergo a close examination. Besides the subjects required in the universities, the directors of the new colleges *might give instruction in any other subjects without restriction*. The colleges, however, should be open to inspection, and might be closed if grave abuses were reported to the Government.

This Order was communicated officially to the Director-General of Studies in Madrid on the 12th of August, and published in Cadiz by the Conde de Clonard on the 31st.¹ Now, if this Royal Order, cancelling the restrictions laid on schoolmasters for centuries, and tending to admit Protestants and evan-

¹ *Boletin Oficial de la Provincia de Cadiz*. Num. 70. *Viernes*, 31 de Agosto de 1838.

gical instruction into the colleges and universities of Spain, had been the only result of my humble endeavours to establish a Mission in the country, I should feel that no labour, peril, or cost would have been too great to spend for it, and that life itself would have been too small an offering to withhold, if even death had been foreseen, with the crowning prize in view, when the journey was undertaken. But in truth, there was more real danger after the journey than before, when my success roused the ire of my enemies.

It is probable that when I left Gibraltar for that journey, as my intention was not kept secret, it was communicated by letter to Madrid. For when I presented my passport at the proper office, I was taken into the presence of the Governor of the city, who angrily asked what was my business there, and how long I desired to remain. As to my business, I declined to give him any account, but referred him to the British Minister, to whom, I said, my business was known; and certainly the relations between Great Britain and Spain during that Carlist war were such that a British subject whose business was known to the representative of the country deserved civility. As to time, I was not able to say how much might be required. Very angrily again, he set me a fortnight, at the expiration of which period I was to come again and *appear before him*.

Much within the fortnight, only about three days after the conclusion of my business with the Spanish Government, which his lordship might have known, and probably did know,—for there was great interest taken in it in official circles,—I called again to get my passport signed for return home by way of Valencia,

a longer, but a less fatiguing and dangerous route. When I reached Valencia, and took my passport for the same purpose to the British Consulate there, the Vice-Consul, a Spaniard, hastened to tell me that I had been tracked through Spain by spies, that I was reported to be a political agent, although my real business at Madrid was well known, but that the Governor of Madrid had so reported me to the Governor of Valencia, who had orders to put me under arrest at once. Hearing this I resolved to make secrecy impossible on their side, and walked straight away to the residence of the Governor of Valencia to report my arrival, and let him arrest me if he pleased, in which case the British authority in the city would have interfered, and made sure of due redress. I have no doubt that he was well pleased to be out of the way. In due time I embarked at the Grao on board a French steamer, and returned to Gibraltar safe, happy, and thankful.

But I cannot refrain from mentioning an incident characteristic of Spanish generosity towards an Englishman in moments of necessity. During the difficult journey from Seville to Madrid, and then onward, surrounded with the distress consequent on civil war, my letter of credit was exhausted, and I was reduced to my last dollar. In this difficulty I applied to the Steam Packet Office, stated my case, gave my name, residence, and vocation, and asked for credit. Most cordially, and without a word of hesitation, the ticket was given me, and cash actually offered to meet my convenience. The cash I did not need, but paid the captain of the packet on my arrival at the Rock, with grateful remembrance and acknowledgment.

XIX.

SPAIN.

THE CADIZ MISSION RE-ESTABLISHED FOR A TIME.

WHEN I set out on my journey to Madrid in March, 1838, I was not recovered from an attack of pleurisy, which had laid me up in the preceding winter. That toilsome journey, with the anxiety attendant, was too much for a convalescent, and, on return to Gibraltar, I sank again. Much pain and depression convinced me that I could not safely attempt to continue my accustomed labours. Yielding to medical advice, I applied for permission to return to England for a few months, and, having obtained it, recalled my assistant missionary from Cadiz to take charge of the principal station, and taking Mrs. Rule and our three children with me, we left Gibraltar with intention to proceed to England, after spending a week or two in Cadiz, for the purpose of taking such measures as might be necessary for the establishment of a new and larger school, for which I trusted in the faithful aid of my invaluable young helper, Salvador Negrotto, whom we took with us for the purpose.

Change of air and pleasurable occupation so much revived me, that I gave up the idea of proceeding to England at that time, and set to work at once for

establishing a school on the plan suggested by the Spanish Government.

Instead of the house occupied by Mr. Lyon, I hired a mansion in the Calle del Calvario, lately vacated by a Spanish duke, fitted up the spacious hall for an oratory, and furnished another large and airy room for a boys' school, and also another of equal size for a girls' school. One José María Perez was licensed and registered to be master, although neither equal, nor expected to be equal, to the duties of the situation; but Negrotto was worth fifty of him, and did the work admirably well. A woman, whose name I could wish to forget, was hired as needlewoman.

The municipal Government, made aware of the favour of the supreme Government at Madrid, gladly gave me every facility, although the Bishop of Cadiz wrote to the Civil Governor, "informing" him of our establishment, and suggesting that it would be necessary to ascertain what instruction was to be given, and what books were to be used. An officer of police was directed to wait on me for information, and received full information on every particular. In return, this officer acquainted me distinctly with the Bishop's correspondence, and reported favourably to the First Alcalde of Cadiz. The First Alcalde, again, forwarded the police-officer's report to the Civil Governor. As to religion, the report bore that *the Christian doctrine* was taught,—not, of course, *La Doctrina Cristiana* of Bellarmine and the Jesuits, but the Christian doctrine of the Bible. The municipality of Cadiz were gratified with my proceedings, and the inhabitants of the city began to send their children, with expressions of unreserved confidence in me and

my religion. For a time I taught in both the schools daily, and saw them fairly organized; but again my strength failed utterly, and, leaving my family behind, I set sail for England, where it was found that pulmonary disease had advanced so far that recovery was doubtful.

About a month later, almost exhausted with fatigue and anxiety, my dear wife followed with our children, scarcely expecting that we should return to Spain again, but leaving God's work to His wise disposal, confident that, after so many signal interpositions of His providence, He would not suffer it to perish. Not the least cheering token for good was the fact that a faithful helper for the infant Mission in Spain was found in the old-established Mission at Gibraltar.

After successful treatment of my case by Dr. Humphrey Sandwith, we set sail again for Cadiz, on his recommendation, to avoid winter in England, accompanied by a young probationer, in quality of personal assistant, to relieve me of the most laborious duties in the schools, and to preach to English-speaking seamen in the Bay, so leaving me at liberty, health permitting, to attempt the establishment of a Spanish congregation. Within three months from my departure from Spain, like one utterly broken down, I found myself with my rejoicing family again in our Cadiz home, with everything around us apparently in good order.

Our youngest child, named Melancthon, was brought back with us in excellent health, in the arms of his careful nurse, a Spanish woman. We had not been long there when the child's strength suddenly failed.

He became pallid and emaciated, and after a few days died in convulsions. The cause of his death was ascertained when recovery had become impossible. That needlewoman, whom we had left in the girls' school during our absence, had been in secret correspondence with priests, and had managed to take the girls, or some of them, to mass out of school hours. She contrived to get mineral poison mingled with our infant's food, and so, by her vile hand, the first revengeful stroke from the Church of Rome fell on our family. We never saw that woman's face again. The corpse of her victim was enclosed in a shell, put into a coffin, concealed in a common packing-case, and so conveyed out at the city gate. After bribing the Customs' officers to refrain from examining what was carried through, I saw it so taken, went with it on board a steamboat, saw it landed in Gibraltar, and there it was interred with due solemnity in the Wesleyan section of the Public Cemetery in the neutral ground. In Cadiz, I must note, there was no place of burial. Protestants were only permitted to lay their dead in an open place outside the walls, where the unconsecrated grave would, in this case, have been certainly violated. As for the murderess, it was vain to seek for justice on her. No Spanish tribunal in Spain would then have dared to convict her, nor would evidence of her guilt have been accepted. She did, however, tacitly confess the crime. Of course she was absolved. Therefore she might plead herself innocent.

As yet, the priests could not venture to attack us openly. My health rallied beyond expectation. The young man sent out with me proved intellectually and

morally unfit, and it was a relief to be rid of him.¹ The schools flourished, and soon contained at least a hundred children, chiefly from the upper middle class of the inhabitants, whose parents brought them voluntarily, and accepted the conditions of admission specified in printed regulations. As in all the schools which I had established, attendance was required on Sundays for exclusively religious instruction, and Divine service. No holidays were given in honour of saints. But all this was known beforehand by all applicants, and so far from being thought objectionable, these regulations proved a special attraction to the Spaniards. On this point they often expressed themselves very strongly, begging me to teach the children my religion, because they, the parents, were sick and tired of their own. "*Estamos hartos de ella,*" said one of them, with whom they all agreed.

A note in my Journal, written on the 26th of March, 1839, marks the actual commencement of a Reformed Church in Spain. On that day, Enriqueta Martinez, one of our school girls, between twelve and thirteen years of age, came to me deeply affected, soliciting permission to become—as she expressed it—a *Methodist Protestant*. Her desire to give her heart to God had been fixed the Sunday before, while I was appealing to the children of a select Bible-class, and urging them to become real disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ. Before acceding to her request for admission into our Church, I felt it right to see her mother, who had for some weeks previously attended in our newly-estab-

¹ He afterwards obtained ordination in a diocese of the Church of England. The Bishop asked no questions, but took him at hazard, for better or for worse.

lished congregation, and to ascertain *her* view on the subject ; for although there could be no question as to the desirableness of the girl's exchanging Popery for Scriptural Christianity, and the necessity of her seeking the full enjoyment of personal religion, it was at the same time my duty to inculcate on the child her obligation to honour her widowed mother, and to remind the mother of her maternal responsibility.

But I had not only to inculcate a duty on this child. I ever felt it needful to discountenance by my own practice the custom of some persons in Protestant Societies, no less than in the Church of Rome, who proceed in their work of proselytizing children and youths, as if it were a virtuous deed to separate them from their parents without ceremony.

Further, as the matter was strictly personal, as a change of religious denomination would be nothing without a change of heart, and as meeting in class, although not of Divine obligation, is found helpful to those who are seeking such a change, and is also a distinguishing observance of our Methodism, I considered that this young girl would do well so to meet. This I stated to the mother, and at the same time observed that, while I had no doubt as to her good opinion of myself, I seriously doubted whether it would be prudent in her to trust her daughter to anything like private meeting with a priest, not even with a Protestant priest, who, after all, was little more than a stranger to the people of Cadiz. My advice, therefore, was that, as she did not object to her daughter joining my Church, she should accompany her, and be present to take knowledge of the manner of our communion. To this proposal she heartily

assented. The time was appointed for a Spanish class to meet, and such a class was formed accordingly, consisting of Enriqueta, Margarita Barea, a servant in my house, with her son, Federico Gonzalez, and Mrs. Rule. Enriqueta's mother eventually joined, and several others. I led this class, of course, and a happy meeting we had. It was the first establishment in Spain proper of living Methodism, such as we desire to have it everywhere, without abatement and without compromise. For although this particular way of realizing "the Communion of Saints" is not of Divine appointment, nor yet the appointed form of confessing our faith, which is done in partaking of the sacrament of the Eucharist; we have this means of grace established with us, and have every reason for making our best use of it, so long as we do not raise it to a level with the sacraments instituted by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.¹

In Spain, then, I did my duty as a Wesleyan minister, without question or hesitation, and experience assures me that I did right. The social habits of Spaniards, too, require such means of religious intercourse; and even if it were not so, in a country where the profession of earnest faith is considered to be inseparable from some external customs besides mere

¹ And because the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper are Divinely appointed, I have the strongest possible objection to call them "the sacraments of the Church." The Church, or any particular Church, may appoint such observances as it pleases, if they be not contrary to Holy Scripture; but if "sacrament" be the right name of the two sacred observances thus instituted, it cannot be the name of anything instituted by human authority. Therefore, unless I were a Papist, I could not acknowledge that there is a sacrament of the Church.

attendance at mass, it would be obviously improper to present our Church as a mere foreign community having no fraternity at all, nothing distinctive beyond passive attendance at prayers and sermon. On the contrary, we can show them an ecclesiastical system, whose members "take sweet counsel together," as well as "go to the house of God in company."

At this time our congregation had become so numerous that it was necessary, by the removal of a *tabique*, or partition, to take in another room, and I was seriously entertaining the purpose of purchasing (if possible) one of the suppressed Convent-churches. Families occupied seats regularly allotted to them, and our congregation was assuming a satisfactory appearance of stability. But the preachers were declaiming against us vigorously. The Bishop had gone in person to the *Ayuntamiento*, or meeting of civic authorities, and formally presented a memorial against me, written and signed by himself, which the chief magistrate read in silence, declared that it "reeked with blood," and handed it back to him with strong expressions of disgust. A member of this *Ayuntamiento* came to our Sunday morning service, witnessed its decorum, heard our doctrine in the Liturgy as well as in the sermon, and after the benediction, before the congregation dispersed, he came to me and presented thanks in the name of his colleagues, and at their request, for what I had done and was doing for the good of the city, instructing their children, and preaching sound morality.

About this time, at the close of the March Quarter, as we say in England, I gave our usual recognition of class membership to twenty-five persons, and soon

afterwards administered to them, and a few English, the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ. That was a memorable service. After the evening sermon, I announced the Holy Communion, and invited any that were so disposed to remain during its celebration, but requested such to continue until the close. The entire congregation remained, and conducted themselves most reverently. When the communicants knelt at the general confession, they also knelt; and when I proceeded to pronounce the sentences of confession to Almighty God,—although none of them, as I suppose, had ever before heard those sentences,—perceiving by the cadence of my voice that it was intended for others to unite therein, every one present, I believe, missing not a word, with voices clear, subdued, and reverent, syllable by syllable, made such music as elsewhere, before or since, I never heard.

While I was carefully organizing my own Church in Cadiz for the south of Spain, and we had many sincere friends among the Spaniards, we had already many doubtful ones, both Spanish and English. A considerable time before this I was first visited by a gentleman from England, clad in a dull, brown-buff garb, claiming me as one of his brethren, representing the Brothers called Plymouthians, many of whom were hastening to fraternize with the followers of Juan Valdes, who established a sort of Reformation, more than 350 years ago, in Spain and Italy, stealthily amongst wealthy followers, without any public manifestation of worship. These Englishmen were equally mystical, pietistic, and Antinomian. They would not go to Divine service with their fellow-Christians. It

was too worldly, and they were more devout. They would not keep the Sabbath; that was too Jewish, and Christianity had done away with it. They would not be bound by the Ten Commandments; that was legal, they were free. They would have no clergy; for all Christian brethren are equal, and our Heavenly Father looks on us all with undistinguishing regard. These people's yoke was indeed easy, their burden was indeed light; they were making proselytes rapidly among the English, especially in the army; and they were spreading and multiplying as propagandists in all parts of Spain. It was my business silently so to proceed in organizing and watching over our own Mission, as to leave no place for the introduction of this bad leaven.

But we were close upon a crisis, and I knew it not, and should have time for further experience.

XX.

SPAIN.

PERSECUTION AND EXPULSION.

WHILE our Mission was thus flourishing, and I had been assured of the favour of the Spanish Government, and of the laity in general, the cause of civil liberty was imperilled. At Court there was a strong reaction against constitutional principles, and in the Provinces an increasing dissatisfaction with men in power. Civil war still raged, and the Queen-Governess, with her supporters at home and abroad, was accused of secretly fostering rebellion and supporting rebels for the purpose of discrediting the Government they hated, and wearing out the country.

An extraordinary effort was made in Cadiz, during Lent, to turn my presence there into an occasion of riot, in order to get a pretext for using violence, and crushing me at once; but that intrigue failed utterly.

Another experiment was tried. On one and the same Sunday, the preacher in every church of Cadiz pronounced a special sermon against me, by order of the Bishop. The Bishop had convened all the preachers in his palace the week before, and given them instructions. His instructions appear to have

been punctually obeyed; but the sermons, earnest enough no doubt, wrought an effect precisely opposite to the intention of those who made them. By way of counter-demonstration, some of the most respectable citizens brought their children next day, and solicited admission for them into my schools. The preachers had complained that the civil power refused to put me to silence, and exhorted the people to get rid of me at once. The people mocked the preachers; for any tumultuary riddance of me could only have been effected by violence, perhaps murderous, and for such violence the people were not disposed. This method of suppressing heresy therefore failed, but the resources of the priesthood were not yet exhausted.

It was on Sunday, 24th of March, 1839, that an unusual influence rested on the congregation, and attended our Communion service. On that day week a letter, said to be from the pen of an Alcalde, appeared in the *Tiempo* newspaper, denouncing the schools and congregations as unconstitutional, illegal, and dangerous. The writer, who had passed for a Liberal so long as the powers above him were Liberal, but, now that times were changing, assumed another character, asked if it could be possible that the scandal of a Church-school of Methodism was tolerated in Cadiz, a school that would produce a revolution of principles, plunge the inhabitants into a chaos of confusion, disorders, and schism, causing division of families, and leading at length to civil war, incomparably worse than the war then raging in the Northern Provinces of the kingdom. In that case,—so he declaimed,—the whole blame would justly fall upon the magistrates who suffered it.

One Alcalde having sounded an alarm, then—by his own pen, as was believed—another Alcalde pretended to be afraid, and the next day summoned my Spanish master into his presence. The master's account, however, did not quite serve their purpose, and the same Alcalde required me to appear before him the day following. I wrote him a polite note, offering to call on him if he desired any information I could give him; or, if he chose to cite me judicially, I requested that he would be pleased to do so through the British Consul, as I could not appear before a foreign authority without his knowledge. He then sent, by the hand of a policeman, an open summons, which I refused to look at. He next went to the Military Governor of the city, and asked him to send an armed force to take me. This Military Governor refused to be party to any such violence. Failing there, he invited me to a conference with himself at his office, whither I went most readily, and proceeded to confer; but the conference became a brisk debate, and, as he refused to acknowledge the authority of a Royal Order in my favour, issued by the Ofalia Ministry, which had by this time fallen, and as it became evident that there would be for the present no more support for me at Madrid,—the British Ambassador being absent in England, and the Chargé d'Affaires not being one to be depended on,—I determined the next day to close the schools, without waiting for an order compelling me to do so, and thus avoid a direct collision with the new Governor of Cadiz, who was a decided enemy.

But it was not my intention to succumb. I sent the children home, *for the time*, and despatched a notice to the Alcalde of the District that it was my

intention to form a College of Superior Instruction (*Colegio de Humanidades*), and open it on the following Monday, according to the provisions of the Royal Order of August 12th, 1838. Official correspondence followed, according to the tenor of that Order, and after as much delay as reluctant officials could interpose, the necessary documents were in the hands of the Civil Governor, from whom I never received an answer to the application.

The matter did not end here. On Sunday, 7th of April, a week after the letter in the *Tiempo*, and three days after the closing of my schools, the same Alcalde sent me a letter in the afternoon, saying that if I did not cease to hold meetings of persons assembled in my house, to hear discourses not in harmony with Catholic worship, he would take such measures of prevention as the law allowed. I instantly put myself in communication with Mr. Consul Brackenbury, but could obtain no support from him. He might not have been able to help me, but even if able, he was confessedly unwilling. He was in the confidence of "his friend, the Bishop," and had always discountenanced our Mission to Spain. I therefore wrote a short note in reply, consenting to cease for the present, although I had hitherto held such meetings without any objection being made, and without believing them to be contrary to the Constitution of Spain.

The hour for evening service drew near, and the oratory was filled, as usual, before the time appointed. At the moment when worship should commence, I went into the desk with the Alcalde's paper in my hand, and a copy of my reply. I observed three or four strange men with their hats on, apparently kept

quiet by the silence of the densely crowded congregation, yet themselves restless. Without so much as a single word of preface, I read first the missive, and then my written answer, adding only these words: "You are Spaniards, I am an Englishman. I am free; and I pray that the time may soon come when you also shall be free. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen." The people were astounded. A low murmur expressed their horror and amazement. I withdrew at once, and they slowly moved away, giving louder utterance to their feelings as they went; but coming into the street they saw a strong body of soldiers with fixed bayonets lining the way, and by their presence enforcing silence. One aged Spaniard, supported by his two daughters, did venture to break the silence. "My God," he cried, "are we come to this, that we may not hear the word of God before we die?" The presence of those soldiers showed what might be expected from the newly-arrived Governor.

After the congregation had thus dispersed, I retired into a private room with my family and a few friends, and read and expounded the 46th Psalm. We were cast on the faithful care of Him who is our Refuge and Strength, and by His grace were enabled to say with the inspired Psalmist, "The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our Refuge."

Although I had yielded to the Alcalde's notice, I could not cease from domestic worship, nor fail to invite the members of my flock to unite in prayer with my family, which was not small. Two or three Englishmen, personal friends, sometimes joined us,

being Protestants and British subjects. We assembled in larger number on the two following Sundays, forming no inconsiderable congregation, and our service was conducted just as it would have been in more favourable circumstances, except that we refrained from psalmody, which would have sounded like a defiance.

By previous arrangement some of them came to the house so early as eight o'clock in the morning, and others continued to drop in until eleven, the hour for Divine service. Sentinels and spies, posted in the neighbourhood, saw enough to conclude that we were evading magisterial authority; and on the second Sunday, when a yet larger number had congregated, and I had nearly finished reading prayers, the door-bell rang. My servant opened to the visitors, the Alcalde of the *barrio*, and two cavalry soldiers, who forced their way past him, mounted the staircase, and presented themselves at the door of the oratory. Great consternation appeared in the countenances of my startled flock, but I proceeded as if nothing novel had occurred, offered an extemporaneous prayer, as usual, took my text, and delivered the sermon. The Alcalde stood outside, full in my view; the two soldiers took their stand inside, and drew their swords. But they had no orders to use them, and in a few moments rested the points of their weapons on the marble floor, and stood at ease, with their eyes fixed upon the preacher, listening with respectful attention. No allusion to passing events gave occasion for their interference. The congregation sat undisturbed, and the sacred service was concluded more pleasantly than might have been apprehended.

After the benediction I left my desk, withdrew, as accustomed, by a side door, and, having disrobed, went

out to ask my magisterial visitor the occasion of his presence. The Alcalde, answering, said that they had come to disperse the congregation. I reminded him that he had broken an article of the Constitution of Spain, by entering my house with an armed force without any previous judicial procedure. He reminded me that Cadiz was at that time in a state of siege, in consequence of the civil war, and that therefore they were not bound by the Constitution, but said that he would like a few words with me. I reminded him again that I was a British subject, and could not consent to his entrance into my house by force, nor could he remain there without my permission. I therefore refused to exchange another word with him until those soldiers had departed. He then dismissed them with a nod, and they walked down stairs sideways, leaving the Alcalde and me to such conversation as might follow. He was very civil, and said that he had come because he was sent, and so fulfilled his duty. I maintained that I had been doing what I felt it right to do, as a Christian minister and as an Englishman. He and I were not strangers to one another, and had previously met as friendly neighbours. My little congregation knew him as the magistrate to whom they were immediately subject, and quietly withdrew while we were exchanging a few sentences.

A day or two after this occurrence the new Secretary of State sent a note to the gentleman acting as Chargé d'Affaires in the absence of the British Ambassador, requiring that I should quit the country, under peril of death if I refused, as in that case I should be dealt with as a State criminal. Mr. Consul Brackenbury conveyed to me the intimation, together with the

order of his diplomatic superior that I should quit Spain within forty-eight hours. A French steamer was expected to put into Cadiz on its way to Gibraltar in about half that time, and, as resistance was impossible, we spent the intervening hours of day and night in preparation for departure.

My wife and I, with our children and servants, walked through the city from our house to the place of embarkation, greeted on the way with many friendly salutations and loud expressions of respect and sorrow. We occupied the principal cabin of the *Mediterranée*, and a few months later, by a coincidence we could not help noting, Queen Christina herself, by whose command we were expelled from Spain, being compelled to abdicate the Regency, took passage at Valencia on board the same steamboat, occupied the same cabin as a fugitive, and steamed away towards Cività Vecchia. Thence she hastened to Rome, cast herself at the feet of Pope Gregory XVI., suffered his very stern rebuke for having allowed the heretic to teach and preach within her dominions, with many tears confessed her sin, but pleaded in extenuation of the guilt that her Ministers had so compelled her that she could not help herself, implored absolution, received it instantly, and then, as was reported, the softened Pontiff and the penitent ex-Queen interchanged their tokens of affectionate reconciliation and relief.

My departure from Cadiz took place on the 24th of April. On the 23rd, the day preceding, a despatch from the Governor of Cadiz conveyed the intelligence to Madrid that I was certainly to leave on that day. On the 27th or 28th, therefore, the Government and Queen must have been advised in due course of this

arrangement. On the 30th of April the next mail had reached Madrid with intelligence of my actual departure. But as if this fact was not known, nor even expected, the following Royal Order to do what was known to be already done was addressed through the Spanish Minister of the Interior to the Civil Governor of Cadiz, in answer to the very letter which stated that I was leaving the country, in studious silence as to the fact of my expulsion previously decreed and executed, and with a false pretence of believing me to be still in the country. Here it follows:—

“I have laid before Her Majesty the Queen-Governess your communication, dated the 23rd instant, relating to the English Methodist clergyman, Mr. Rule, who, with criminal tenacity, attempts to propagate his doctrines in your capital, making use both of preaching and instruction. Her Majesty, being fully informed, has been pleased to approve of all the measures which you have taken in this serious business; and in order to obviate the evils which might result to Spain from permitting fresh germs of discord to be introduced into the country, has thought good to command that Mr. Rule be forbidden to open any sort of establishment, whether school of primary instruction, or college of humanities, or any other in which, directly by himself, or by persons under his influence, he might disseminate doctrines contrary to our religious unity. It is also the will of Her Majesty that the said Rule be not permitted, under any pretext, to have meetings, conferences, or preachings in his house; and that if, in spite of this

prohibition, he persists in such exercises, which are contrary to our belief and to our laws, you, after having received the proper written report, in which the facts shall be well proved, shall cause him to leave the Province. Finally, Her Majesty wills that you should enjoin on the Commissions of Primary Instruction that they watch with the greatest care over the schools of their districts, in order that the doctrines which this fanatical sectary so earnestly endeavours to spread abroad may not be introduced into them."

Yet I could not consent to make a precipitate and absolute retreat, but sent round my assistant from Gibraltar to keep possession of the ground so far as possible. I instructed him to take a smaller house, minister to the English-speaking seamen in the Bay, which he had an undoubted right to do, and at the same time to maintain such relations with our Spanish brethren as he might find practicable, visiting them from house to house, and encouraging them to persevere in Christian communion, and prayerfully await better times. This he did until the Lent of 1840, the usual crusading season, when an alarm was once more sounded from the pulpits, and although the number of persons known to frequent our house was very small, the fourth Alcalde, one Alzázua, a man of Arabian blood and Romish bitterness, determined to distinguish himself as a lay inquisitor of heresy, and one evening, after a few persons had been seen to enter, followed them, and authoritatively bade them disperse.

On the strength of this discovery, Alzázua wrote a report and gave it to the Governor, who empowered

him to inform the heretical teacher that it was His Excellency's pleasure that he should leave Cadiz. Apprehensive, perhaps, of severe measures, Mr. Lyon yielded. I had instructed him to act as seamen's missionary, and to refuse obedience to any *irregular* order from a Spanish authority alone, beyond suspending meetings with Spaniards, if that became necessary, but to claim his rightful freedom to minister to his fellow-countrymen in the Bay. Had he followed this plain course he could not have been easily expelled, but he did not even mention his vocation as missionary to seamen. Not being left by me at liberty to quit his post unless absolutely compelled, he wrote me an account of the occurrence. I therefore desired him not to quit Cadiz until he obtained some documentary proof of his expulsion by authority, or until openly put out by force. He then obtained a written order to quit, which order lies before me. It sets forth that Mr. James Lyon had been taken in the act of going to preach the maxims of the Methodists in an assemblage of persons congregated for the purpose of hearing him, and that having thereby broken the laws of the kingdom, which forbid attendance on the teaching of any doctrine contrary to the Catholic dogma, the superior political chief had determined that he should be expelled out of the Province in pursuance of the Queen's commands. The document is dated April 6th, 1840. It bears the signature of the Governor of the Province.

Furnished with this mandate, Mr. Lyon came over to Gibraltar, but I retained occupation of the hired house, and my faithful servant, Margarita Barea, continued in possession for me. Occasionally I went

to Cadiz, and every such visit was registered in the Governor's office, and made the subject of a special communication to the Government at Madrid.

My little flock never failed to gather round me, and with them, and them only, it was my custom to spend an hour in reading the word of God, with brief discourse and prayer. One Sunday morning, we were so engaged, when the priest's familiar, Mr. Alcalde Alzázua, with two of his officials, rang for admission, walked into the room, and having charged us with heresy, proceeded to take notes of half-a-dozen persons present. *Present*, I must say, because some had gone up to the house-top, and others down to the cellar, at the sound of his bell. While the names were noted, we administered such plain dealing as his procedure merited, and having received our lessons, he retreated as quickly as he could. As one of the civic authorities, he had to attend at a bull-fight that Sunday afternoon, but came back next day with orders to arrest me and seize my property. The arrest could not be effected, because, after preaching that afternoon to a company of British seamen under the Bethel Flag in the Bay, I had availed myself of a steamer to return to Gibraltar, and was on my way thither while their worships were in the bull-ring; but he made an inventory of my furniture, and summoned the six persons, one of them being my faithful servant, to appear before the magistrates under the charge of *heresy*. As for my furniture, I requested the British Consul to claim it for me, and when he expressed unwillingness, urged my claim to his service emphatically, and the seizure was consequently nullified. As to my servant and the others, who were all poor

people, I advised them not to pay any fines—for we were aware that fines would be demanded—without receipts for the money paid. On the production of those receipts, I promised that the costs should be reimbursed to them. They proceeded accordingly. The receipts are now before me, preserved as relics of a time gone by, and one shall be copied at the foot of the page. That one will serve as a memorial of a good woman¹ who confessed Christ with the holy boldness of a martyr, and held fast the confession of her hope to the hour of her death, many years afterwards. Priests haunted her daily as she lay on her death-bed, but neither their gentler entreaties, nor their angry denunciations, moved her. She died in peace. I believe she gave up her last breath in the sight of some of them, whom she had not suffered to extort a syllable of submission that could make it appear that when on the brink of death, and in near prospect of eternity, she had renounced her faith.

This fierce repression notwithstanding, the flock was not scattered. They continued to meet every Sunday for prayer, in an upper room of one of their houses. Every week, from the time of my visit in April, 1840, to July, 1842, when I returned to England, I sent them a pastoral letter on some Scriptural subject,

¹ “Margarita Barea has paid in at the office of the Alcalde of this Quarter (*barrio*) the fine of two hundred reals of vellon, which the Señor Don José Alzázua has been pleased to impose on her for having lodged Mr. Rule in her house, Number 67 Port Street, without giving information to the Authority, and for having permitted him to hold meetings in it.

“GERONIMO CARRASCO.

“Cadiz, 12th May, 1840.”

[200 reals is about £2 1s. 8d.]

which served them for sermon. One of their number officiated, first reading prayers,—the Common Prayer of the Church of England translated into Spanish,—and my letter after prayers. Another of them kept watch outside, and gave signal if any one entered the house, that the company might disperse by the house-top before any unwelcome visitor could reach the meeting-room. But nothing happened to disturb them.

During those troubles, which it would be tedious to relate more circumstantially, all my Spanish neighbours, both known to myself and unknown,—all except the Bishop and his followers,—all that were not actuated by adverse motives, treated us with the greatest kindness. If there were any other indications of unfriendly feeling, it was among the English residents, who feared that the introduction of Protestantism into the country would awaken strife, and eventually spoil their trade, or perhaps endanger their safety. For three years and a quarter that we had lived and laboured in Cadiz and elsewhere, the imperishable seed of life was sown, and Spaniards not a few are now the abundant living harvest of these and subsequent labours in the same field.

By the fall of Queen Christina an opportunity soon occurred for the re-establishment of our Cadiz Mission. Christina had fled the country. The cry for religious liberty was raised again. Constitutional Government was established once more, and yet again the Constitution of 1868 threw open the country.

XXI.

ENGLAND.

METHODISM AT HOME.

MY appointments to Circuits in England by the Conferences of 1842–1850 inclusive were not such as to afford occasion for extensive remark. After seventeen years of life on foreign stations, chiefly beyond the trodden ways of colonial society, and the sanctity of established precedent, I was not well prepared for the prescribed movements of a Circuit at home, and the manifold exigencies of official discipline. The missionary is least of all men fashioned for customs which are the product of an age clean gone, which even to those who have never been out of England are sometimes wearisome. Accidental peculiarities, not by any means essential to our ecclesiastical system, yet considered to be such, may become occasions of annoyance, and while many may confess that they exist, the most enthusiastic reformer, if he were a wise man, would hesitate to propose an immediate remedy. On the other hand, the pioneer who has had to think and act for himself, and, far away from home, push on his way without a single responsible adviser, trusting in the gracious guidance and help of God, and ever sensible of his own responsi-

bility, cannot suddenly shake off like a summer coat his accustomed sense of liberty to choose and to pursue that which commends itself as best.

He finds himself in a new atmosphere. He must pass away from the practical consideration of high questions. He has to study, like an amateur lawyer, the rights and the duties of trustees. He must meet, or avoid, the demands of one local Society and the complaints of another. It is his business to look after the collections, keep up the funds, fill up the schedules, see to the monthly book-orders, answer for the book-accounts, and make out the preachers' plans. He is expected to tread in the cycle of ordinary details, and to be on the alert for all extraordinary exigencies from New Year's dawn to the concluding Watch-night, passing under the clouds of dim uncertainty which overhang himself and those around him in March and in July. These things are sometimes agreeable enough. They may stimulate and refresh the native Methodist, they may pleasantly break monotony, and be accepted as the excellence and charm of his itinerancy. But even he, when middle age is past, and love of novelty and bustle is gone, may long for a more settled condition of existence. But to one who has just come from driving the Gospel plough over the fallow lands of heathendom or Popedom, all this is strangely new, and he has not read the like of it in the Acts of the Apostles. The truth is, that the peculiarities of "our system" may not be one-twentieth as peculiar as they looked, nor as odd as I once fancied them to be, but I had been cast in another mould, and could not fit into them so quickly.

Never conscious of possessing the special qualifications proper for a superintendent minister in England, I have been for the most part happily excused, and have occupied that position but for one year, and endeavoured, during my comparatively few Circuit appointments, to fulfil the duties of a second. I cherish a respectful and affectionate remembrance of my colleagues in general, and, after much communication with our people of every class, arrive at the sincere conviction that neither ministers nor people can be excelled by those of any other Church in the world, taking them collectively. With regard to the Gospel it has been my unspeakable happiness to preach, I am in perfect accord with my brethren, and have never for a moment wavered from the standard of doctrine which I cordially received at first.

I gave studious attention to the ecclesiastical constitution of Methodism while engaged in my Spanish Mission. Surrounded as I was with Popery, it was impossible to be indifferent to such a subject, and my pen was sometimes employed in providing information for inquirers, and in defending Protestantism in general, and Wesleyan Methodism in particular, against the attacks of enemies.

In the year 1846 I published a small book under the title of *Wesleyan Methodism regarded as the System of a Christian Church*. My motive, in venturing to write on such a subject, was a strong sense of the mistake of one or two well-meaning men who endeavoured to parry the assaults of some zealots of the Church of England by professing to be members of that Church, as if the original relation of a Society in the Church of England could any longer be possible.

Although a member of the parent Church during at least twenty-two years of my early life, and always entertaining towards it a profound respect, I could not honestly profess to be in its communion when I had actually withdrawn therefrom. I did not acknowledge any Anglican Bishop as having authority over me, nor did any such Bishop know anything of me. My own ecclesiastical superiors were the hundred members of Conference, with the President at their head, and any senior minister whose name might happen to stand above me at the head of a Circuit, or a District. I obeyed a system of discipline—quite irrespective of any little defects in arrangement or administration which I may notice in these pages—distinctive of my own Church, and not known in the Church of Wesley. I saw that the reason for every part of ecclesiastical discipline must be sought in the Bible, and I believed that we found there sufficient to justify our own.

I endeavoured, as clearly yet as gently as possible, to show that although we have not yet Bishops by name in England, the ministers oddly called *Chairmen of Districts* perform an Episcopal function from year to year.

The President of Conference, now bearing the same title as the chief of a Republic, I would have to be consecrated Archbishop, subject to the like discipline, not changing the universal language of ancient Christianity, nor subverting what I humbly believe to be an essential principle of the New Testament. This I now say after forty years' further observation and reflection; and for the satisfaction of any who may think that I have gone beyond

the position taken in the little volume which was written and subjected to the judgment of some of my most eminent brethren two years before it was published, I must now say distinctly that I would not erase a material sentence of it.¹

¹ A revered ex-President suggests that the Connexional Editor is bound to "append a note" to this passage, "in vindication of our official phraseology" against the somewhat caustic strictures of our beloved and venerated father Dr. Rule. The first exception taken by him is against the designation *Chairman of the District*, and he puts forth "Bishop" as the proper title for the minister who occupies the station hitherto indicated by the former name. But the special duties, responsibilities, and *restrictions* of that important Church-office are most aptly indicated by the designation which has naturally obtained ever since the origination of the office; and, on the other hand, a title suggestive of the rank and rights of Diocesan Episcopacy would be, not descriptive of either his status or his functions, but utterly delusive. True, he may be said to "perform an Episcopal function," but assuredly not many such. He has no exclusive prerogative to ordain, consecrate, and confirm, and his visitorial rights are most strictly defined, and most carefully limited. His authority within his District is simply that which necessarily attaches itself to, or naturally grows out of, his *Chairmanship* of the District Committee, and hence of Minor or Special District Meetings, and, if he think fit, of the Quarterly Meetings of solitary stations, or of any other Circuit to which the Superintendent may "invite" him. The Superintendent of a Circuit is the true counterpart and successor of the primitive Bishop, such as he appeared and acted when first it was found expedient to give to one of the Presbyters in a locality the distinctive title of Bishop, a name which up to that time had been simply an alternative designation of all Presbyters. If it were seemly or expedient to import into our pastorate a hierarchical terminology, and into our brotherhood a prelatical style of address, the correct order would be to Grecize Superintendent into Bishop, enthrone *Chairman* as Archbishop, and exaggerate President into Primate, Patriarch, or Pope. The venerable autobiographer next severely criticises the title "the *President of Conference*." He condemns it as "the same title as the chief of a Republic." And where's the harm of that? An at least equally forceful objection applies to the title "Bishop"—"Overseer." When it was first given by the Apostles to the Elders of the Christian Church, the Pastors of Christ's flock held it in common with a vast variety of

As it devolved on me, singly, to declare publicly against the Societism of those times, maintaining that we were not a Society but a Church, and as that position has been gradually adopted, I think it secular financial officers, of much less dignity than the President of the United States; and in the Greek Bible used by the Apostles it is applied indifferently to secular and religious officials. And, as to "the New Testament," what trace of an Archbishop is to be found there?—unless it be "the *Chief Shepherd*" Himself. The name *President* is fully justified by the Greek (Rom. xii. 8; 1 Thess. v. 12; 1 Tim. v. 17), and is a very fitting title for those "who are *over* you in the Lord." Dr. Rule "would have" the President "to be consecrated Archbishop." Happily the Methodist Conference has neither time nor taste for any such ceremony. We prefer the Conference prayer-meeting. But to call our President by that name, instead of "Archbishop," is said to be "changing the universal language of ancient Christianity." Yet such an accomplished ecclesiastical archæologist as Dr. Rule is well aware that the word "President" is of much more "ancient" use in the Christian Church than the word "Archbishop." But the indifference to, and, indeed, distaste for, ecclesiastical titles, which have gathered about them the unchristian associations of hierarchical dignitaries,—a feeling against which Dr. Rule protests,—the Methodist Conference and Connexion learnt from John Wesley himself. Although he rightly maintained that he was as true "an *episcopus*" as any man in England, yet he avers, "Men may call me a fool, a rascal, a scoundrel, and I am content; but they shall never, by my consent, call me a Bishop" (*Works*, xiii. 75.) He ordained Dr. Coke *General Superintendent*. Our American brethren had an absolute right to give to him and others the Greek rather than the Latin name, if they preferred it. And in any case, no harm has come of it. So we, on our side the water, have as absolute a right to adhere to the simple, harmless, unpretentious nomenclature of our founder and our fathers. It is only necessary to add that the antithesis, and even antinomy, between "Church" and "Society," assumed by our learned friend, has no existence in fact. No one can read with open mind the *Acts* and the *Epistles* without perceiving that the Primitive Apostolic Church was essentially a *Society*. It was so to its own consciousness, it was so in the recognition of *them that were without*. The Methodist Connexion, in assuming the full proportions of a Church, did not cease to be a Society, and has an unchallengeable right to both names.

necessary to note the circumstance in the account I am giving of myself.

While on this point, it may be as well to say that for reasons of propriety I had worn gown, bands, and surplice, and, after my arrival in England, continued to wear them on some occasions. On some occasions I do so still, using also a cassock for convenience. When officiating in connection with the army, I have constantly worn robes; and probably when ministers and congregations come to see things as they are, the use of decent vestments will become general; and what is more important, the numberless proprieties of Divine worship and pastoral duty will be more carefully observed. This is not Ritualism, as the Romanizing folly has been too gently called, which ought to be wisely and utterly avoided. We cannot be too studiously careful to avoid Antinomian laxity in doctrine, and slovenly negligence in worship, and their contraries, as now happens in the once Reformed Church of England.

XXII.

THE CONFERENCE OFFICE AND ALDERSHOT.

MY literary connection with the Conference¹ began shortly before the session of 1850. For purposes of reference it was desirable that I should be near London. Rochester appeared to be a convenient station, and thither I was well pleased to go. At that time the most fierce and widely spread agitation that ever disturbed our peace was at its height. The majority of Wesleyans in that old Circuit were agitated in a high degree. The men in office in the Circuit consequently meant to lock up the minister's house, and so prevent our entrance; but being made aware of their intention, I expedited my departure from Birmingham, reached Rochester much before the time usual for a new minister's arrival, drove up with my wife and children to Old Brompton, walked in just half an hour before my predecessor had arranged to quit, and got quiet possession of the very house in which my good father-friend, Richard Treffry the elder, first proposed that I should offer myself for the office and work of a Wesleyan

¹ Writing the *Martyrs of the Reformation*. London: Mason. 1851.

Methodist minister. Our arrival was noised abroad, and a few old friends were soon on the spot to make us happy.

More than twenty-four hours after our entrance, messengers from the recalcitrant stewards came to tell me that, having been treated badly by the Conference, they would not acknowledge me as their minister. My reply was brief. As the stewards did not acknowledge me, I did not acknowledge them. As there would be no recognition on either side, there would be no communication. As there would be no communication, there could not be any disagreement. So they kept their ground, and I kept mine. But neither was there to be any salary. I had assumed the power of the keys! They retained the power of the purse! By appointment I ministered to the congregations, proceeding as if nothing unusual had happened, and making no allusion in my ministrations to the peculiarity of my position in Rochester, nor to the state of our Church in general. But in the very first service I conducted in Rochester, on the following Sunday morning, the First Lesson being the 16th chapter of the Book of Numbers, I read the narrative of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram with the distinctness proper and accustomed. Their feelings I could not answer for, and they certainly gave me *one* attentive hearing; but I believe they were greatly angered, and scandalized that my voice did not falter while I innocently read, "If these men die the common death of all men, or if they be visited after the visitation of all men, the Lord hath not sent me." However, I went on my way in quiet, dividing my time very pleasantly between study, pastoral visitation, and pulpit work.

“Supplies” were stopped, indeed, not only in Rochester, but in many other places, but there were other sources of supply, and no doubt many of us could enjoy a familiar metrical version of the 23rd Psalm :—

“Thy hand in sight of all my foes
Doth now my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days :
O may Thine house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise !”

The leaders of the agitation in Rochester—to do them justice—were not so savage as many of their party elsewhere, but their spirit was quite perverse enough. I was not mobbed nor stoned, as some were. Once, it is true, the church door was locked against me in one of the minor places, but I sent a man in at the vestry window, who unlocked it, and let in me and the congregation. On the whole matter there is now little to be said, except that, from first to last, neither party was blameless. In the main, however, the Conference was undoubtedly in the right, and the agitators in the wrong. Nevertheless, the affair was in some places awkwardly conducted.

The Conference of 1851 appointed me joint Editor with my inestimable friend the Rev. William Lockwood Thornton. Six years were spent in the duties of that office, and so far as my colleague and I were concerned, we had every cause of satisfaction with the body of our brother ministers, and with the public

in general. Of course, we found it impossible to gratify all parties, and, assuredly, no party could have our service at its disposal. Questions arose of too grave importance to be treated without earnestness, and while we were intrusted with the official organ, and had to speak as faithfully as possible in the interest of all, we could not possibly commit ourselves to the peculiar views of any. I remained there no longer than the single term of six years. The Conference strongly objected to my removal. But I could not yield to the voice of the majority, although it was very large, and therefore pressed my own desire to undertake another work, which opportunely lay before me. So I resolved to solicit my own appointment to a work in connection with the British army, which I had sought to prepare for another, if the Conference would consent to undertake that work.

The Wesleyan Conference Office is well known as an establishment for the publication or sale of books belonging to the whole body of Wesleyan ministers, not for the profit of any of them in particular, but in general, for the benefit of the more aged brethren, when unable to discharge their duty any longer in Circuits, or of such as are laid aside by sickness or old age, and of their widows after them, and for subsidizing the Connexional Funds most in need of help. The existence of this important establishment is well known. The moral government has been good, because conservative. Indefatigable diligence in a rigidly appointed line, stern integrity of dealing, and a religious dread of speculation, fenced it closely round. Safe within the fence, yet cramped, it could not spread

beyond it. It might have been great, but like old London, when building was not yet permitted outside the walls, and population did not grow.

But as London of the reign of Elizabeth could not be so described as to represent the London of Victoria, so could not the Book-Room of to-day represent the ancient Book-Room as I knew it in course of transition into the new institution which now happily appears. Therefore I will not attempt it.

Perhaps, if my term of service as one of the Conference Editors was marked with anything deserving note, it was the commencement of a Sunday School Monthly Magazine, which I was permitted to edit, and did my best to render subservient to the creation of a Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union. In the first numbers of that periodical, the principle of union in the schools of Circuits was advocated, and correspondence on the subject encouraged. The process of uniting schools began, and it has ripened into a comprehensive union of our Sunday Schools in England, of which the benefit is obvious. Union with consequent strength, and with more abundant fruit of piety, now gives cause for devout thankfulness to God. Not the first impulse, but the privilege of representing, in some degree, the wishes of others, and that alone, was mine.

At the Conference Office, as was generally acknowledged, the field of action was too contracted in those days. I was therefore glad to be released from the post of Editor, that I might pursue another object which had engaged my attention first at Gibraltar; yet without any indifference to the work which had been entrusted to me in connection with

the press, and happy to anticipate such a change in the management of the Book-Room founded by Wesley, as should make it the most important institution it has now grown to be; and we hope it will be an unspeakably greater blessing to the world, and yet be conducted even on a larger scale than the boasted library of the Vatican was meant to be in relation to the general operations of the Church of Rome, when that library was framed to counteract the influence of printing at the dawn of the Reformation. This for good, that for evil.

If my object in writing these Recollections was other than it is, I might write a long chapter on subjects having little direct relation to my duties as a Wesleyan minister, although common to us all as Christian men, during my six years' residence in London; but a brief notice will be sufficient.

Being Secretary of our Lord's Day Committee, it devolved on me to accept appointment as one of three Honorary Secretaries of a large Metropolitan Committee to resist an effort of the Secularists to engage Government to open the Royal Parks for bands of music, and other amusements, on Sundays. The Church of England was represented by one Secretary, the Dissenters by another, and the Wesleyans by another. As for the leading Dissenting ministers, they did indeed attend our meetings in sufficient number to argue against our movement on their own principle of not accepting legal obligation to the performance of any religious duty. There were exceptions in this respect, but their Secretary did not act. The Secretary for the Church of England Society for Promoting the

Better Observance of the Lord's Day, and I, did our best. We had no second opinion on the subject, and spared no endeavour, night and day, to fight the battle, and we were well supported. Our laity rallied to the front, and during the great public controversy, besides taking part in one of the most influential deputations that ever went to a Prime Minister, I was twice requested to summon meetings of Wesleyans only, and wait upon the Premier, to press incidents, as they arose, on his attention. On the first and chief occasion, our President, Lord Shaftesbury, introduced the deputation. Archbishop Sumner and Rev. Isaac Keeling, President of the Conference, and Rev. Dr. Steane, an eminent Baptist minister, universally esteemed, respectively addressed Lord Palmerston, who at that moment stood perplexed with the support rendered to the Sabbath-breakers by all his colleagues; but, being forthwith addressed by Archbishop Sumner in an official letter, entreating him to support our prayer, Lord Palmerston nobly acted for himself alone, and wrote an answer to His Grace with full assent. We offered solemn thanksgiving to God, and then rendered to the Premier and the Primate our hearty acknowledgments.

The Protestant Alliance was formed soon after I came to London, and at a meeting of its promoters I was invited to be a member of the Managing Committee. The aged Lord Roden, well known as a faithful confessor of Christ, then presided. We found much work to do, and had great encouragement. Under the settled presidency of Lord Shaftesbury, and by his indefatigable interest, the Committee had access to the Foreign Office, and facility of unofficial com

munication with some foreign Governments in behalf of persecuted Protestants. Lords Palmerston and Clarendon were our friends often, and promoters of civil and religious liberty all over the world. Among the names heard from time to time at our Board there was none more gratefully welcomed than that of the first King of United Italy, Victor Emanuel, as yet known as King of Sardinia, who desired that instead of publishing abroad tales of persecution occurring in his dominions, we should make the facts known to himself, that he might apply the remedy. This we did, and were never disappointed.

Don Angel Herreros de Mora was nephew of Garcia Herreros, Minister of King Ferdinando VII., who banished all the Jesuits from Spain in 1835; and, having written the history of Jesuit proceedings in Spain, was persecuted according to the old Inquisitorial fashion, and therefore fled the country, leaving behind him his wife and child; for he had added the sacrilege of marriage to his other offences, having been ordained a priest, but having never said a mass. He had made my friendship in London some years before, and had proceeded to America with letters of introduction, and had been honourably employed in the service of the American Bible and Tract Societies.

In a hopeful interval in the affairs of Spain he had ventured back to Madrid, but unfortunately arrived at a moment of political reaction. But he could not be concealed, they had counted his steps, had received full report of his proceedings, and knew that he was come in the capacity of agent to the American Bible Society.

The first time he ventured out of doors was on the

evening of August 26th, 1856. He could not think that there was a party of ruffians walking behind him in the Prado of Madrid. They savagely attacked him with sticks, and dragged him away to the Governor of the city. Without ceremony the Governor sent him to the Vicar Apostolic Pando, who sent him direct to a dismal pestilential dungeon, where he was locked up, visited by priests, tormented with examinations, and sick with fever. His wife and mother immediately wrote me piteous letters full of disgusting details. I brought these letters to the attention of Lord Clarendon, Foreign Secretary of State, who knew me well, and had befriended us so greatly in Madrid. His Lordship desired me to give him a full statement of particulars in writing, consulted the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, and for him, in conjunction with himself, he wrote a friendly letter to Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires, to be delivered to the Spanish Government first, asking them as a favour to set free the captive, and, if this did not answer, he was to proceed further; but it did answer. Lord Clarendon had been too good a friend, and the British Government was too much valued, and the question of religion was too delicate for this application to be treated lightly. Mr. Otway, acting in conjunction with the civil authorities, got Señor de Mora into his possession, walked with him for an hour openly in the Puerto del Sol, gave him in charge of the conductor of the mail to take him to Paris, and leave him at the British Embassy. Then to the Ambassador our Government had written instructions to send him to me in London. He came bruised and emaciated, thankful to God and his friends.

All his expenses were paid by our Government, which was then thoroughly Protestant and thoroughly English.

This is the veritable history, but a recent fabricator of history says that my friend is a fictitious person.

From London I removed to Aldershot, and there abode from May, 1857, to August, 1865, having obtained the sanction of Conference for the prosecution of a work which grew into an important department of labour in our Church. It had been my duty, treading in the steps of predecessors as a missionary in Gibraltar, to minister to soldiers in that garrison; and again, after the Crimean war, on the formation of the camp of instruction in the neighbourhood of Aldershot, a hamlet in one of the wilds of Hampshire, I went thither to seek their welfare, and saw the Lieutenant-General commanding, who gave me permission to search for some Wesleyan soldiers who I had reason to believe were there, and for as many as might be found. There was good reason to expect many members of Wesleyan families who had been brought up in our schools and congregations, for such are always found when sought for in armies, fleets, colonies, towns not hitherto occupied, or townships newly risen. Finding at Aldershot a sufficient number wherewith to form the nucleus of a congregation, I proceeded at once to take the necessary measures, with the intention of asking Conference to provide them with a minister. At last I begged to be myself set apart for the work, and was gratified with the appointment. It thence devolved on me to endeavour an extension of the work through all the army wherever troops were stationed, at home and abroad, and

to obtain for our brethren throughout the service the full enjoyment of religious liberty.

How I pursued this object, what facilities were afforded to me and my brother ministers, what obstacles we encountered, and what, God helping, we overcame, and how far it pleased Him to prosper my humble endeavours, I have related in a little book, printed and published at the Conference Office. It contains complete documentary evidence, and may be relied upon as an original and authentic record of the first establishment of Wesleyan Methodism in the British army. That narrative cannot be repeated here, but it will deserve remembrance when all that relates to the writer shall have been lost in the oblivion which inevitably swallows up all mere personal recollections.

On May 2, 1883, I sent presentation copies to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, and to the Right Honourable General Sir William Knollys, who was in command of the Aldershot Division when I went thither, and for some years after, and to whom I was indebted for invaluable assistance. The letters which passed on this occasion may serve, if the reader pleases, as an authentication of the narrative as containing nothing that could not be confidently submitted to the inspection of the highest authorities, who had entire cognizance of all the proceedings on all sides from the beginning.

(1.) To the Duke :—

“ May it please your Royal Highness,—I have ventured to forward by this post, and beg the honour of your acceptance of a little book which I have just

published, containing such an account of occurrences which issued in the recognition of Wesleyans in the army, just twenty-one years ago, as ought to be known in justice to Her Majesty's Government at the War Office and at the Horse Guards, to whom we are indebted for this benefit. I trust it will be apparent to my readers how much we owe to the equal justice and generous consideration of the chief military authorities, in the example of your Royal Highness, which ever led the way. — I have the honour to remain your Royal Highness' very humble and most obedient servant, W. H. RULE, D.D."

(2.) The Duke's reply from the Horse Guards :—

"REV. SIR,—I am desired by the Duke of Cambridge to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this day's date, and to convey to you the thanks of H.R.H. for the book which you have sent him, and for the kind terms in which you express yourself towards H.R.H.—I remain your very obedient servant, E. A. WHITMORE, Lieut.-Gen., Mil. Sec."

(3.) To Sir William Knollys :—

"MY DEAR GENERAL,—For as my General, although but a stray civilian volunteer, it was always my happiness to regard you, and still it is to think of you. I have just published a little book concerning past events, and this post will convey two copies, one to the Duke of Cambridge, trusting that he will do me the honour to accept it, and the other to yourself, in the same hope. I thought it due to the army authorities, and to myself, on whom the onus was, through all our difficulties, devolved, to bear the brunt

until our footing was as good as gained, and that was in 1862, to leave this behind for public information. Most of my active brethren are gone; other men will not know how to tell the tale of our beginnings, and therefore I have myself told it, perhaps clumsily, but I hope truly.

“You, my dear Sir, were all through my chief and most valued friend, and I shall never find language to duly express the thankfulness I feel. Allow me, then, to profess myself, with unfeigned affection, your obliged and very humble servant, W. H. RULE.”

(4.) The General's reply from the House of Lords, Westminster Palace,¹ May 16, 1883:—

“DEAR DR. RULE,—I find it difficult adequately to express to you the pleasure your kind letter, conveying to me for my acceptance a copy of your *History of Wesleyan Methodism in the British Army*, has given me, nor can I sufficiently thank you for all the flattering things you are kind enough to say throughout your work with reference to my services and assistance in enabling you to carry out the good and great work you had in hand and at heart; when I recollect the difficulties you had to contend with owing to the varieties of worship which existed in our camp, and the readiness with which you submitted to them; and when I call to mind the success of your ministrations. I felt then, as I feel now, that I should have done less than my duty if I had not afforded you, in your visits to the hospitals, and to the sick generally, the assistance and encouragement which was open to

¹ Where he resided as Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

all who sought to avail themselves of it.—Believe me to be, dear Dr. Rule, yours very sincerely, W. KNOLLYS.”

I am not entitled to add anything in anticipation of what may hereafter be written by another pen concerning the crowning of this work in the fuller recognition of our Church by the provisions of the Royal Warrant of June 25th, 1881, and in the Queen's Regulations now in force. In par. 110 of these Regulations it is provided that soldiers are to be classified under one of the following heads, viz. :—

Church of England.

Presbyterians.

Wesleyans.

Other Protestants, not included in the foregoing.

Roman Catholics.

XXIII.

OUTSIDE CAMP.

WHILE stationed at Aldershot, my effectual recreations were not inconsiderable. The routine of pastoral duty was redeemed from monotony by diversity of incident, and the solicitude of official oversight over the wide field which the British army covers was relieved by the changing aspects of correspondence, and often by the pleasure of success; but apart from all this we could enjoy the pleasantness of rural life. Wild enough was the area of country purchased for military use, but outside that waste, where one could often enjoy the charm of perfect solitude, there spreads a country diversified with a great variety of scenery and soil.

The town of Aldershot, whose first house I saw, grew up to a considerable population, less and less uncivilised as year followed year. In all directions little hamlets came into light, and obscure little villages, growing into consequence by the establishment of households attracted by the trade of the grand encampment, changed the aspect of the neighbourhood from extreme rusticity into something like suburban cheerfulness. Various national establishments arose, and each contributed something to the commercial value of the neighbourhood. Individual adventurers

and industrious families came so numerously to settle, that we became a sort of colony ; and I, as a Wesleyan minister, could not help watching for arrivals of immigrant members of our common flock, and when such came, either singly or in families, it was my habit to find them out, tell them of our new centre just outside camp, which they might know when they came in sight of it by the iron church-tower, with flag-staff on the top, seen from far in several directions. Those journeys of search and welcome made me well familiar with the whole country round, and the invaluable Ordnance Survey Sheet enabled me to find my way anywhere with little or no trouble. Often a solitary Wesleyan family would be delighted with a visit from their own minister, and come when practicable to our Sunday services at the church. After a time the little Methodist abodes became so numerous that the new-comer would be told of brethren within a mile or two at farthest, and I could by appointment gather them into one or other of their houses, pray with and exhort them, inviting them to cultivate holy friendship, help each other on in the good way heavenward, and endeavour to spread the influences of true religion among other strangers, in hope of founding Societies and congregations. None of this labour could be lost.

The town of Farnham, situated within three miles from us, had once a little knot of Wesleyan Methodists, and when I came into the neighbourhood the word *Farnham* was on the Guildford and Alton Circuit plan ; but opposite to *Farnham*, all across the sheet, lay a blank-white band, there being no appointments, nor any place of meeting left. There was

just one deserted family ; others came, or were discovered, and many a long winter's evening did I spend upon Farnham, shepherding the flock, so to speak, in open field. It was a flock made up out of stray sheep, and some of them sickly, but yet a flock, and my young colleagues and I did what we could to tend them. *Farnham* is on the Minutes as a Circuit town, and after the effervescence which serves to defecate the little mixture of things not fitly put together, I suppose there is now better company, having a new church built, with its minister, Society, and congregation.

In Hale, then a half-barbarous little village of old inhabitants, broken down tradesmen from unknown places, agricultural labourers, publicans, and vagrants, there went to settle for a time a respectable artisan from the Isle of Wight, a local preacher. I found him there, at the same time finding out the hamlet I had not seen nor heard of until then. Once a week Mr. Kelly or I went to his house, held a little prayer or exhortation meeting with his family and two or three people who came in for the sake of good neighbourhood. There was no visible fruit for several weeks, nor were those meetings known of, as I suppose, beyond the little knot of private friends who now and then came to them, and almost as often did *not* come. Yet *we* were known. One Thursday evening, after service in the church at Aldershot, Mr. Kelly brought to my study a principal inhabitant of Hale, a small farmer, with two or three other inhabitants, who had for some time, unknown and unobserved, attended with the congregation, received good impressions, found out the local preacher, and brought him

with them to offer me, as a free gift, a site of freehold land, if I would assist them to build a place of worship in Hale, and give them such ministrations for themselves and neighbours as they had enjoyed in our Church at Aldershot.

After some conversation, I knelt with my new friends in prayer for Divine guidance, and appointed a near day for meeting them again at Hale for further consideration of the subject. I met them accordingly, assured them of my willingness to do my best,—told them I had no funds for carrying out the desired object, and was aware that they had none,—said that I would beg money of my friends, but as that would be a work of time, we must be content that the building should *grow*, rather than be reared at once. As soon as I got money enough, we would lay in the foundations of the walls, wait for more money to build up the walls, and so proceed in gathering money, and completing the edifice free from debt. But I suggested that while this process should be going slowly on,—for I had no time for such an effort as might accomplish the work more quickly,—we should strive to win souls, and so raise a living congregation in readiness to occupy the projected church. To this they agreed, but my question was, where to assemble a congregation to whom we might minister without delay? After sitting silent for a minute or two in the little parlour of old Mr. Baker, intending donor of the land, a carpenter in the company broke silence: If his workshop would do, we were welcome to that; would we go and see it? Any place, I replied, would do for me, and I would gladly meet any who would come and hear the

Gospel there. It was not necessary to see it first. That was Friday evening. We fixed on the next Sunday coming for the first attempt. Leaving Mr. Kelly to the service at Aldershot, I went to the carpenter's shop, hastily cleared out for the purpose, and held the first public service with my friends and a few casual rustics, who gazed at the novelty of the affair, but listened with civil attention; and for three years, for so long time was our new church in growing, the congregation was gathered in the carpenter's shop, with a Sunday School, and a class was formed in a private house. For a time the enlarged congregation promised well, and no effort or necessary cost was spared to provide it with suitable ministrations, but in my desire to organize the Society, and to conduct all affairs according to our established discipline, I invested persons with office who promised well, but when once installed did not use their trust in consistence with that discipline, became restive, quarrelled, and divided. In that state they were when I left Aldershot, and a *small* debt which would have been soon liquidated, had I continued, remained to make up the outlay of nearly a thousand pounds. But in due time we took the matter in hand, and the property was transferred to a new trust, and given over to the adjacent Alton Circuit, in which I hoped it would serve well—for it is a substantial building—for many generations.

At the same time that this went on at Hale, I was enabled to lay the foundations of a wider work, in pursuance of a cherished object. I had always felt that it was not enough for the camp to care for the regiments that came and went, but that congregations

should be so established by ourselves around the territory exclusively occupied by the army, that when a soldier went out of camp in any direction, he might find one of our congregations, and some of ourselves, to give him welcome, and to do him good.

Within sight from the high ground of the South Camp is the pile of buildings erected on Broadmoor for the reception of criminal lunatics. When those buildings were advancing towards completion, two Wesleyans, with their families, were appointed to responsible situations there. One of them, formerly a Royal Engineer, was clerk of works, and him I found willing to do everything in his power to forward our views. At Broadmoor, and in York Town, we were collecting a few persons of the same class, who became very earnest in endeavouring to spread vital godliness among a newly forming population. Hearing of their zeal, Mr. Gibson, Lord of the Manor of Sandhurst, offered them a site on which to build a place of worship, and with him I hastened to put myself into communication. His unexpected death prevented the exact fulfilment of his purposes, but during the short time that his life lasted his friendly influence told powerfully in our behalf; some of the inhabitants enlisted themselves in our service; one of them gave us the free use of a large barn, in which we had a crowded congregation, until we could erect a wooden shed to receive the people, and thus vacate the barn before harvest. That shed was quickly superseded by the desired church, and when I went thither from Croydon to conduct the first Sunday services, I found that the bounty of friends far and near had left no debt at all, and the collections of that day

conveniently served for some interior fittings not yet complete. Towards that erection, Mr. Walter, M.P., of Bearwood, had given me a donation when I was making my first effort. On the morning after the first Sunday of Divine worship at Sandhurst, at request of friends, I drove over to Bearwood, and asked Mr. Walter to sell us a site for the erection of another church on his estate, close by the Broadmoor Prison, where habitations for a new population were rapidly rising. Without a moment's hesitation, Mr. Walter consented that we should have land on the site we might prefer, and by his own spontaneous gift he afterwards conveyed it to trustees for the Conference without any cost whatever. The old shed, taken to pieces by our friend the clerk of the works, was placed on it, to serve a second time for gathering a congregation on ground in every respect new.

Sandhurst, Berks, is also on the Minutes of Conference, and is the head of a Circuit extending over a tract of country where we have several congregations, whose actual prosperity, and the prospect of eventual success, is most encouraging. The memory of that voluntary labour for the extension of the cause of God on the borders of Surrey, Hampshire, and Berkshire, where there had been but sparse population before the establishment of the camp, and, except a painfully weak Society in Guildford, no Methodism at all, is to me most pleasant. Those pedestrian visits to distant cottages, or to small meetings in cottage or barn, these small experiments, harmless failures, and unhopèd-for successes, are charming to be thought upon.

When we came from London to find an abode near Aldershot, there was not one house completely built, and we were obliged to find lodgings in the neighbourhood. At the Farnborough railway station, about three miles from camp, we could not find any vehicle for hire except an open common cart, and rode in the face of a high wind covering us in clouds of sand from the newly broken surface of the Common. My wife and I came in advance of our family, whom we left in London until we could enter into a new house near camp, not yet finished, the roof not watertight in any place, no drainage at all, the ownership disputed. In a few weeks a bailiff was put in by one of the claimants to ownership, until the officers of the County Court put him out, and decided that there was no known owner to receive my rent. The whole place was a social chaos, and glad were we to have a chaplain's house built hastily of wood, sheathed with corrugated iron, and almost unroofed by the first high wind, so slovenly was the workmanship. The maker and builder of the iron church was himself a bankrupt, and to expedite the work I had often to pay his hungry workmen. I had the honour, however, to be one of the many founders of the new town, and could not refrain from taking some part in the formation of a township with its local board, and entering into the interests of the young community. Soon, of course, I found myself in company from which propriety bade me part. This notwithstanding, there were interests which I could not abandon, and I was sometimes called upon to communicate with authorities on questions of police, or to communicate with the Secretary of State for the Home Depart-

ment when there was no corporate body with its acknowledged representative. The incumbent of the parish also did his best, but felt, with good reason, increasingly uneasy in his new position—so uneasy had he already been, that, while such numeration was practicable to a close inquirer, he reported that there had invaded his once quiet, lovely, retired little parish “—— prostitutes, *and* sectarians!” The annoyance must have been great, and the oddity of his classification was characteristic. We exchanged visits and became good friends, notwithstanding my sectarianism.

Many of the inhabitants attended at our church, and I had therefore pastoral duty in town to attend to as far as practicable. The case of young men in the new shops, especially in a large outfitting establishment, demanded attention, and, in hope of keeping some of them out of demoralizing association, I united with their employer, who was a constant member of our congregation, and with two or three others, in forming an “Institution” for reading and innocent recreation, which lasted for some years, quite as long as small societies of the kind do last. We had annual meetings, and I had the pleasure of engaging the interest of General Knollys, the Bishop of Winchester (Sumner), and Sir John Pennefather to preside at our annual meetings. More certainly useful was an effort of my son, who succeeded in establishing a system of examinations in connection with the Society of Arts, which became permanent, and led to very satisfactory results. But these things were no more than passing and incidental.

In course of time Dissenting congregations were

collected, and places of worship built. A busy Dissenting party arose. A branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which I had taken part in introducing, was rent by the disagreement of parties which cannot coalesce, and I learned then more perfectly what I am not likely to unlearn, that it is the wisdom of every Church to attend thoroughly to its own duties, and unite with others only just so far as can be done without detriment to primary obligations, maintaining always that kind of friendship which is most cordial, while it is kept respectfully beyond quarrelling distance. If our work is God's work, we are really called to it, and it should be our care to keep clear of doubtful associations. This saying may be thought intolerant, but is not so intended. Such abstention is necessary.

XXIV.

PLYMOUTH.

WHEN I withdrew from army work, in kind consideration of my desire for an appointment in the south of England, the Conference stationed me in Plymouth. The Superintendent of that Circuit was a few years my junior, but it was consistent with usage that he should retain the Superintendency, and it pleased me well to be exempt from the duties of that office. We proceeded thither with pleasant anticipations, which were happily realized. Remote from London, and free from more public responsibilities, my life was comparatively private. Here were scenes of my boyhood. I breathed almost my native air. Aged persons reminded me of incidents which had occurred half a century before, and I could scarcely avoid recalling much that had lain out of sight so long that it was well nigh lost to memory. But nothing occurred during my three years' residence at Stonehouse of sufficient importance to mention here, except, perhaps, that it became my duty to seek an amendment of some unsatisfactory arrangements in relation to the Royal Marines.

When the payment of Head-money to the Wesleyan minister acting as chaplain to our men in that corps was restored, his relation to them as their minister

was tacitly ignored. When the time for payment to me came, a non-commissioned officer brought me some verbal message from the paymaster—a procedure unheard of in any branch of Her Majesty's Service towards an officer, or any clergyman acting as chaplain. Consistently with discipline, therefore, I could not receive an unwritten message, unless it were delivered by an authorized messenger. I therefore proceeded to the office of the Colonel-Commandant, and there found a printed form of certificate made ready for my signature, by the erasure of some part of it which the Wesleyan minister was "not expected to sign." Other chaplains declared, according to the form, that they had visited the sick in hospital, and performed religious services there, but I was told that it was not expected that I should visit the Royal Naval Hospital until sent for. Of course I could not submit to the injustice and indignity of such exclusion, and no course remained for me but to refuse money paid on such terms. The Commandant had no authority to alter the terms which, he said, had been dictated at the Admiralty. I therefore sent up the correspondence to the Secretary of the Admiralty, with such observations as were obviously necessary; and the Lords Commissioners, perhaps not aware of the fact then laid before them, immediately ordered a removal of the ignominious restriction. I filled up and signed a clean certificate of the duties I was then authorized to perform, paid my respects to the Captain-Commandant of the Hospital, went over the wards regularly once a week, and whenever any case required special attention, received kindness from the medical authorities, wel-

come from the chaplain resident, respectful and thankful attention from the patients, and the manifest blessing of God rested on me in the discharge of that delightful part of my duty. The money received by me was, every penny of it, according to the established custom, handed over to the Circuit; and the numerous attendance of marines, with many wives and children, constituted a most interesting feature in the Stonehouse congregation. Had I remained longer—which the law of itinerancy forbids—I should have had stated services within the hospital on Sundays for invalids. The very day before my departure, I was favoured with an interview by the Lords of the Admiralty, with whom, by appointment, I had a lengthened conversation, on occasion of their visitation to the General Naval Hospital, and at their desire corresponded with the Secretary of the Admiralty in view of such arrangements as were desirable being made at Plymouth and elsewhere; but my successor did not avail himself of the opportunity thus afforded, and this arrangement (as they would say) “fell through.”

In the Circuit, both town and country, friendships were formed, and our united ministrations were to some extent prospered. The punctual holding of ministers' meetings from week to week gave unity to our action, and tended to strengthen our unity of spirit. There were four of us in the Circuit, with much diversity of temperament and genius; but we harmonized fairly well, having at least unity of purpose, and sincere desire to do our duty and live in brotherly love. The laymen in office, not less diverse in their ways than we in ours, some of them possessing very strongly marked peculiarities, gave us

ample opportunity for exercising the grace of patience ; but some again were so good and so excellent that the company was well balanced, and we received more good at the hand of our Master than most of us deserved.

When I arrived at Plymouth on my appointment to the Circuit in 1865, I was agreeably surprised to find awaiting me a letter from Colonel Peard, son of Admiral Peard, my grand-uncle, at one time very popular as "Garibaldi's Englishman," during the revolution which led to the unification of Italy under Victor Emanuel. I had not seen him since he was a boy in his father's house. He was thoroughly educated at Oxford, gained a D.C.L., became a barrister, but never practised ; he delighted in literary study, had an extensive library, visited me from his residence on his estate in Cornwall, or on his visits in London, when I removed to Croydon, and spent many happy visits in my study, making many investigations. He was a member of the true Evangelical Church of England, and respected mine, so that our intercourse was congenial ; and with him ceased almost all my nearer family relationships in Cornwall and everywhere else.

XXV.

SUPERANNUATION.

THE Devonport District Meeting of 1868, according to the form prescribed, endorsed my request to Conference for permission to retire from active service, and take the humble rank of Supernumerary Minister. I needed rest. To enter into another Circuit, with sufficient energy for the efficient discharge of its various duties, would have required strength of limb and power of unreserved adaptation to innumerable exigencies far beyond what I possessed after forty-three years of special service. Certainly I was not worn out, nor did my brethren fancy me unable to go through the ordinary round of Circuit work, walking perhaps excepted. As for desiring an "easy Circuit," that could not be thought of; for no Circuit can be made *easy*, if the work necessary to be done is not in some degree, at least, neglected. I might, it is true, have continued to put forth effort beyond my natural strength, but I had no disposition to persist until I should be broken down. My request was granted; and, glad to find myself released from all sense of official responsibility, I proceeded with my wife and two of our children to Croydon in Surrey, there to be joined by our eldest son, who was intending to take up his abode in that town.

I had long determined that wherever I might reside as a Supernumerary, I would not presume to take any deliberative part in the affairs of the Circuit, even to the extent allowed by a standing regulation of Conference. It did not seem fitting that one should take part in the administration of discipline for which another is responsible, nor yet right that he should trouble the regular Circuit ministers with counsels or opinions which might entirely differ from their own, or take any position that might seem to disturb the relations of the Superintendent minister and his colleagues with the people. So long as the established order of Methodism is by them duly observed, it is his duty to abstain from interference ; but, if otherwise, it may become his duty to take advice with constituted authorities.

From August, 1868, to April, 1873, I was an inhabitant of Croydon. We removed thither from Plymouth immediately after Conference, and at the end of the year my eldest son, Barrow, according to previous arrangement, came thither from Aldershot, where we had left him on my removal to Plymouth, and now with him and his wife and children we made one family.

At the London Conference of 1872 I was superannuated. The four years of my supernumeraryship having expired, this took place *de facto*. By usage of Conference, saving a later relaxation in favour of ex-Presidents, I, at the same time, ceased to be member of "the legal Conference," which consists of one hundred members elected to that honourable position ; the vacancies made by death being filled in the same manner every year. I then ceased voluntarily from taking part in the deliberations of Conference, notwith-

standing the courteous and earnest assurances of my brethren then assembled that my spontaneous silence was not consistent with their wish, and even contrary, as I well knew, to established usage.

Besides the reasons I have just now given for my request to be supernumbered, there was another which had much weight with me. I felt that I might well employ a remnant of life in resuming some earlier studies, in the hope of promoting useful knowledge, and the cause of Christianity.

I had in hand my *Historical Exposition of the Book of Daniel the Prophet*. In that work I allowed myself the least possible scope in commenting on prophetic sentences which I could not consider to be fulfilled. One note, however, in anticipation of a fulfilment not then accomplished (in the year 1868), but on the brink of accomplishment, may be mentioned here. Annotating Dan. vii. 25, I wrote as follows:—“*Laws and times shall be given into his hand for a time, and times, and a half; and time being customarily equivalent with year, it is generally agreed that three and a half years, or 1260 days, putting days for years, is 1260 years. If so, we have yet to ascertain the exact time of the commencement of the term before we can calculate its close. If it began A.D. 606, when the Emperor of the East conferred the title of Universal Bishop on the Bishop of Rome, Boniface III., it closed in 1866; and when time sufficient has elapsed to ascertain the settled results of the events of that year in regard to the temporal power of the Pope, students of prophecy will be able to speak with greater confidence than we can just now venture to assume.*” On September 20th, 1870, a year and a

half after the publication of my book, the Italian troops entered Rome, the last piece of Italian territory was released from the temporal government of the Pope, and every subsequent event has contributed stronger and stronger confirmation to the persuasion that the temporal power of the Papacy is utterly extinct. It is a happiness to have witnessed this event.

On the 7th of April, 1870, by dating the preface, I put the last hand to a *History of the Karaite Jews*. This was the first separate work in the English language on the subject. It was derived from writings of the Karaites themselves, which some of the reviewers had not read, nor ever could they read. They could not find anything like it in Prideaux's *Connexion*, in whose day the Karaite documents did not exist in Europe, except a few of them in Hebrew, but even that is doubtful. Since 1870, Hebrew antiquarians have found much more in the East, and their publications have enabled me to review, re-study, and re-write my work, and the manuscript is ready for the press. Perhaps after my departure hence it may be printed.

Later in the same year I published a little book under the title of *The Holy Sabbath, Instituted in Paradise, and Perfected through Christ: an Historical Demonstration*. It is one of my smallest books, but I incline to think it the best of them all.

Biblical Monuments, which issued from the press in June, 1873, is the result of an incidental conversation with Mr. J. Corbet Anderson, of Croydon, once a pupil of Haydon the artist, a man of greater perseverance than his master, and of excellent character. He

having offered me his valuable assistance in preparing the necessary drawings and tracings, and superintending the photographic processes for plates to illustrate the volume, I wrote the work. It appropriates many of the most important Assyrian, Egyptian, and other Oriental discoveries up to that time, which serve as monuments confirmatory of leading facts of Bible History. It also contains some information for general readers concerning the literary structure of the Sacred Volume, together with a careful account of the ancient versions and their translators. The volume is very handsomely executed, is honoured with a place in the principal libraries of the United Kingdom, and has for subscribers a number of persons of high position. Of all these, the one whose memory I cherish with special honour and sincere affection was the Archbishop (Tait) of Canterbury. His Grace kindly became a subscriber, having seen a portion of the proofs, and understood my object. My object was to engage the attention of students and literary men to a body of monumental evidence which establishes the authenticity of the historical portions of Holy Scripture beyond doubt, and *without controversy*. The preparation of this book engaged me for a time more closely than ever in a favourite and most pleasurable line of study, and led me to become a member of the Society of Biblical Archæology.

The first weeks of 1873 were saddened by the last illness of my beloved wife. Her sufferings were very great. A frame long weakened by disease was prostrated in the last stages of natural decay. During a great part of the time the powers of recognition and reason almost utterly failed. Shortly before her

death, in brief intervals of comparative ease and calm, she could dimly perceive the approach of dissolution, and give reason to believe that she had good hope of heaven. But the testimony we could all bear of her Christian principle and life was the best ground of assurance that she fell asleep in Jesus, with sure and certain hope of everlasting life. Our children were all around her. One of them, Ulric Zuinglius, after an absence of ten years in Newfoundland as a missionary minister of the Church of England, had returned unexpectedly, at Christmas preceding, in time to have much satisfactory communication with her. Another came too late for certain recognition. She did not believe that it was he at first, and we did not yet know that even under the semblance of much filial affection the spirit of Romanism had so wrought in him that he could bring to the chamber of his dying mother the intent of proselyting, and so far deluded him that he could carry away with him the fancy that, unconscious as she was, he might report her as a proselyte. On hearing of her death a day or two later, he induced a Romish priest in Brighton to say a requiem mass for her soul. This he did not conceal; and as the pretended conversion was no doubt recorded elsewhere as a fact, it is due to ourselves that it should here be publicly contradicted. Our only daughter, with her husband, Mr. Joseph Spooner, came up from Plymouth immediately on hearing of her state, but she knew them not. This dear child tended her with daughterly affection day by day. Our eldest son, Barrow, with a devotedness never to be forgotten, and our patient, loving son, Philip Melancthon, ever tenderly endeared

to us by the feebleness of his constitution, watched night and day. Our son Barrow's wife toiled with daughterly anxiety beyond her strength. Our sister-in-law, Dunmill, from Maidstone, herself an invalid, came over and watched at all hours, in spite of her own pain. One friend, whom I shall hereafter name, endeared herself to me by assiduous care on to the last moment. An old friend, Mrs. Buller, of Croydon, leaving her own home day by day, and all day long, refused to quit the chamber. So much loving kindness, so much more than could be written, surrounded me with comfort, and laid me under a perpetual debt to family and friends, and to Him whose never-failing providence sent them all.

I exchanged the last intelligible sentences with my beloved, suffering, dying wife on the morning of our forty-seventh wedding day, and two days later, February 26th, 1873, so gently that our dear invalid son, who stood watching, could only perceive that she had ceased to breathe, her spirit fled.

On the Sunday before her death, when she was conscious of all that passed, and could therefore unite with us in Holy Communion, all our family, together with our two invaluable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Buller, assembled in her chamber, and our son Ulric assisting me, we partook together of the emblems of our blessed Saviour's body and blood. The memory of those days of mingled anguish, prayer, and consolation can never pass away.

A concurrence of several circumstances indicated the desirableness of an entire change of domestic arrangements. Ulric proceeded to a curacy in Kent, and Philip went to live with him. My daughter

kindly persuaded me to live near her in Plymouth, and my son Barrow contemplated some changes in his own household. Thus we were suddenly dispersed.

I could not leave Croydon without much regret. Contrary to my first intention to lead a perfectly retired life, I had been drawn into close relations with the town. On the passing of the Education Act of 1870, I was already in communication with some of the principal inhabitants, and the one of them just named had become my intimate personal friend. With some others I had been actively associated in a movement against the demoralizing "Contagious Diseases Acts." Within the circle of Methodism I was, of course, well known. The Dissenters, as soon as it was determined to seek the appointment of a School Board, united themselves in avowed hostility to the Church of England, to denominational schools, and to the use of the Bible in schools. Members of the Church of England rallied together in self-defence. Some few of the weaker ones among us Wesleyans were joining with the Dissenters,—that designation then including avowed infidels,—and under a false pretence of being authorized to represent Methodism, went all lengths of godlessness with these associates. Our congregations, quite apart from *them*, called on my brother ministers to support them in promoting my nomination for membership in the future Board. Their energy carried all before it. A powerful committee was formed, and admirably organized. I issued an address to the electors of Croydon, proceeding with entire independence of both the parties, who had seemed to take the town between them. Refusing to be associated with the Dissenters, and being, of

course, equally distinct from the others, I took my own ground, and declaring my own principles,¹ placed adherence to the Bible "above all things." This brought me the confidence of the God-fearing people of all denominations, and set me at the head of the poll, until, towards the close, a devoted clergyman at the head of a populous district, where he commanded almost an exclusive influence, took precedence of me by 4811 votes over 4670.

My success was the more remarkable as it could not be attributed to any personal preference, I being unknown to the great majority of the voters. The leading Baptist layman was one of my most active canvassers, and my claims were advocated and accepted in a meeting of the Baptist Church, where a spirit of reverence for the Word of God prevailed, as I fear it

¹ " *To the Rate-payers in the Parish of Croydon.*

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—In soliciting a share of your Votes as a Candidate for election to a seat at the Board which is to be formed in this Parish, under the Elementary Education Act of 1870, I beg to lay before you an indication of the principles by which I shall be guided, if you intrust me with your support.

"1. I sincerely desire that the children to be taught in the Schools which are now to be established, should receive a thoroughly good English education, whether or not their parents be in circumstances to pay for it; which would enable every youth of good capacity to work his way in society hereafter.

"2. I heartily approve of the Act, so far as its operation can be now anticipated, not doubting that the future Board will discharge their duties in such a manner as may be reasonably expected from the gentlemen whom you elect.

"3. Considering that persons of various religious denominations will be united in the support and management of those Schools, I should, for my part, be careful to refrain from everything contrary to liberty of conscience, or that would infringe upon the just claims of others.

"4. Above all things, I am anxious that the Bible, in the authorized English version, should be read in the Schools, and that the Masters

did not in any of the other Dissenting congregations. A minister of the Church of England, the Rev. G. R. Roberts, himself a successful candidate for membership, when announcing his own candidature, associated my name with his own, although we had never exchanged a word on any subject whatever, nor did I know him when, afterwards, I met him. Another, perhaps the most laborious incumbent in the parish, so advocated the use of the Bible in the coming School Board schools, that some hundreds of votes were promised for me by members of his congregation after the sermon; some, whose names I never heard, canvassed for me from door to door. So strong did conscience prove itself, when the whole population was appealed to for deciding the question whether the cause of public education should be committed to advocates or to opponents of Bible-teaching.

and Mistresses appointed should not only be competent to teach, and duly qualified and accredited as such, but persons whose Christian example and instructions would be in manifest accordance with the teaching of God's Holy Word. We can well afford to keep our Catechisms and formularies out of School, if the Bible be reverently read there, and its Divine authority upheld in the moral discipline which must be necessarily maintained by the Teachers. But Parents should have such religious instruction provided for their children as they can obtain there during the week, consistently with the provisions of the Act. Denominational instruction is already afforded in the Sunday Schools, and the several places of worship, which are accessible to all.

“ 5. I should conscientiously watch the interests of the Rate-payers in all matters of expenditure and management.

“ My experience in England and other countries, during many years, prepares me to take part in the present effort for benefiting the industrial classes, by means of a more extended provision of national education.

“ WILLIAM HARRIS RULE, D.D.

“ *Croydon, Feb., 1871.*”

Much noise was made, some time after the election of the Board, by the opponents of what are called "denominational" schools, but in every attempt to promote secularism the zealots were baffled on all sides, both by public vote and by decisions of the Government Department of Education. We had warm debates in the Board on questions involving religious principle, but our majority maintained its ground—nine for the Bible and two against it.

My eldest son was chosen to be Clerk of the Croydon School Board, and afterwards made Inspector of the Schools also. He was already devoted to the work of education, and bore testimonials of superior ability from some of the leading educationists of the kingdom, to whom he was well known as Founder and Secretary of "The Scholastic Registration Association;" and he quickly gained universal approbation by his effective performance of the duties of both offices. So guided, the steady advance of the Croydon School placed it foremost among those institutions. The Religious Question, raised by a minority of its members, was warmly and well debated in its earlier sittings, and satisfactorily settled; and as I now write after more than fifteen years' practice, it has not been raised again. At the third or fourth annual public meeting for the distribution of prizes, the late Archbishop of Canterbury presided. His Grace frankly acknowledged the mistrust with which he had regarded the Education Act of 1870. He feared, as did many others, that a character of secularism would be given to the newly-established schools, prejudicial to the cause of religion, and he had refrained, until that day, from taking part in the proceedings of any School

Board. But he had observed our proceedings from the beginning, and seen, with great satisfaction, that in all our schools the Bible was read, and the facts and truths of Holy Scripture were explained and taught. Holding in his hand a copy of our little Book of Prayers, he commended it highly, wishing that there had been such prayers in the school to which he went when he was a boy. After leaving the chair, he took occasion to converse with me on the same subject, and congratulate me on the success with which my son, as was well known, had conducted his part of the business of the Committee and the schools, contributing so largely to the solution of the Religious Question, and the general efficiency of the Institution in the Croydon District.

Two full years of active membership therein may be marked as affording a pleasant episode in the story of my life; not only for the pleasure of association with some worthy men, both lay and cleric, but also for the opportunity afforded me of upholding a right principle in an influential position.

Within the Croydon Circuit I was not unemployed, especially in the pulpits. And during that time, at least, I was not a supernumerary in the town. I did indeed succeed in forming an important Society class, and found myself surrounded by a circle of highly valued friends, who gave me substantial proofs of Christian affection.

XXVI.

LATER LIFE.

ON March 10th, 1874, I was married again. Harriette Edmed, of Maidstone, was daughter of Mr. Thomas Edmed, yeoman, of Otham, near that town, many years deceased. She was a sincerely attached member of the Church of England, and her pastor and friend, the Rev. Henry Woodhouse Dearden, M.A., married us in the Church of St. Paul, Maidstone, of which parish he was vicar. I thank God for the gift of a second affectionate and faithful wife.

So far I had written, not expecting to have anything more to write, nor any more to do in this world than the delivery of a few sermons, and the discharge of private duties in my home and neighbourhood. But our heavenly Master had not given me His discharge, and such matters have not engaged my chief attention. I had the happiness of seeing my eldest son, with his wife and children, more fully brought under the power of personal religion, and making the interests of the Croydon Circuit their own; while my own wife unites in our peculiar services, and I have been able to prosecute some special studies with advantage.

After issuing my *Biblical Monuments*, and selling

copies enough to pay for the production of the work, the volume was put out of print by a fire which burnt down the binder's premises and consumed the remainder which lay there in sheets. But the Orientalists were working zealously; George Smith, of the British Museum, was in the height of his successes as discoverer and translator of Assyrian inscriptions; the Society of Biblical Archæology, of which I had been a member from the first year of its existence, was rising rapidly, aided by many of the most eminent Oriental scholars in the world; and I was able to collate a considerable mass of monumental remains with historical portions of Holy Scripture. The fruit of some earnest and happy study I condensed into two small volumes, published by the Bagsters in February and June, 1877, under the title of *Oriental Records: Monumental and Historical*.

Could I now retain my energies, and find leisure for a renewed prosecution of the same line of study, availing myself of further discoveries in the same fields, I might much enlarge this work. I have been engaged in correspondence with incredulous travellers in the Wilderness of the Wandering, who have satisfied themselves by glimpses at the *graffiti* on the sandstone in the Wadis that the deeper inscriptions on the hard rocks which lie beyond have no relation to the Israelites; and I am not without hope that attention to the subject being again aroused, some competent scholar will devote himself to a patient and critical examination of those precious writings with pens of iron on the rocks, and bring faithful transcripts and translations for insertion among the *Records of the Past*, edited by the late very learned and vener-

able Dr. Birch, to whom I have the honour to profess myself a frequent debtor.

Before these little books could be printed, I was engaged in continuing my translation of the New Testament from Greek into Spanish, and original commentary in the same language. My translation of the Four Gospels, with commentary, was already in general use in Spanish-speaking countries. The work is now completed, and in January, 1880, after hard labour, the last volume by English printers was published in London. I was enabled to print it by grant from the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society. This has been the chief literary work of my life, and I am thankful for having been spared to finish it.

I have also prepared and printed in Madrid an enlarged Hymnal for the use of our Spanish congregations, aided by free access to the collections from old Spanish poets of the Rev. J. E. Dalton, B.D., Rector of Seagrave, and by the goodness of the Foreign Wesleyan Missionary Society, which makes the book its own by paying the printer.

With this point I again thought assuredly that my work was done; but it pleased our heavenly Master to order otherwise, and I must take up the pen again.

XXVII.

AFFAIRS IN SPAIN.

AFTER the Revolution of 1868, a proclamation of Liberty of Worship, confirmed by the Constituent Cortes of 1869, opened the door, as was the phrase, for the admission of the Gospel into Spain. The Gospel, with or without permission, had been already proclaimed and taught. Ever since the invasion of the French, Spanish refugees in England had come to some knowledge of Holy Scripture, and from time to time many thousand Bibles had been carried into the Peninsula. Some Spaniards and Portuguese had openly separated from the Church of Rome, and immediately on hearing of this last Spanish Revolution an acceptable and powerful preacher, Ruet, hastened back to his country, and assembled a congregation in Madrid. From day to day similar congregations gathered; Germans, Swiss, Englishmen, and others, under the general name of Evangelicals, some professing to be members of recognised Churches or denominations, and others called "unsectarian," made ample use of the freedom so unexpectedly afforded.

For a time this freedom prevailed, and the existence of thousands of non-Catholics, as Roman Catholics please to call them, was an undisputed fact. But

the Jesuits had been diligently plotting a reaction. When a son of the King of Italy had reluctantly consented to accept the abdicated throne of Spain, and rule the nation constitutionally, his Ministers were corrupted, his life was threatened, an assassin, probably hired, attempted to murder him, but failed, and fled, and none so pursued as to overtake, nor was any measure taken to discover. The courtiers manifested no displeasure; King Amadeo wisely relinquished the worthless title, and, still an honest man, returned to rejoice in the emancipation of united Italy, leaving the traitorous Ministers to their own devices for the ruin of their country.

The plot proceeded, and an opinion being easily propagated that a Spaniard, and none other than a Spaniard, ought to be King of Spain, one of the Ministers, Cánovas del Castillo, put himself into secret correspondence with the young Prince of Asturias, certainly a son of Isabella II., but of obscure paternity, inviting him to return to Spain, and satisfy—as the mercenary conspirators presumed to say—the wishes of the country. He hastened from England, where he had been receiving a military education, concerted such measures as he could with his unhappy mother by the way, promised her to promote the re-establishment of the Bourbon dynasty and the Papal supremacy, and made his way to Madrid in the autumn of 1875. Cánovas and his friends welcomed him; he was surrounded by the united force of Cabinet, Church, and Army; and the nation, taken by surprise, could only submit, and to some extent give as much credit as possible to the promise that he would be King on liberal principles, he following in this profession the

instruction of Cánovas, his restorer,—the politic advice of Cánovas, President of his Council of Ministers.

Alfonso XII., on his arrival, did not swear to the Constitution of 1869, but only sanctioned or allowed it. In 1876 other Cortes were held and another Constitution framed; and while the general feeling in favour of Civil and Religious Liberty was too strong to be directly resisted, and the number of professed non-Catholics too great for these to be put to silence at a stroke, a new Article (XI.) was introduced into it as a fundamental code, imposing some severe restrictions on us, leaving all manifestation of our religion to be dealt with summarily, putting it with felonious offences. We were to be allowed a certain degree of liberty within doors and in graveyards, but forbidding all announcements of religious worship or ceremony; and so artfully were “manifestations” forbidden, as to put our religion altogether out of sight and hearing, and in effect place all honest and outspoken Protestants under absolute proscription. Friendly magistrates might possibly venture to interpret Article XI. of 1876 less rigidly, but, at the very best, for the smallest measure of toleration, we were to be left at the mercy of individuals. It does not seem to have been observed in England, or to have excited notice even in Spain, that this Cánovas, who instructed young Alfonso to profess liberal intentions, in those very Cortes of 1876, in the discussion before Article XI., had pleaded vehemently for establishing again the old Inquisition of Torquemada, as the only possible instrument for repressing heresy and maintaining Catholic unity, if liberty of worship were allowed, even worship in secrecy and silence.

On September 8th, 1876, a telegram from Madrid announced that a Cabinet Council (Cánovas being President) had determined to enforce the restrictions, and instructed the provincial authorities accordingly. Repressive measures in Madrid and Cadiz simultaneously excited great indignation in Spain and England.

On the morning of September 12th, a telegram from Madrid brought intelligence of great dissatisfaction expressed in almost all the papers of that metropolis with the conduct of the Sub-Governor of Menorca in Port Mahon. Other instances of active interference were reported from day to day. Great excitement prevailed in London, and perhaps the largest deputation ever witnessed there went to the Foreign Minister to solicit his interposition. The following telegrams from Berlin and Madrid partly describe the state of affairs at that time:—

“BERLIN, *September 15th.*

“The intolerant measures taken by the Spanish Government against Protestants in Spain are stated to have given rise to a frequent exchange of notes between the British and German Governments. It is understood that they will address remonstrances to the Spanish Cabinet upon this subject, and call upon it to act in conformity with its engagements.”

“MADRID, *September 14th.*

“The Minister of Foreign Affairs has addressed a circular note to the Spanish representatives abroad, with the object of correcting any false impressions produced by the recent events at Port Mahon, and

the intervention of the police for the removal of placards affixed to Protestant chapels in Madrid. The Minister points out that Article XI. of the Constitution, adopted by the Cortes, regarding the tolerance of non-Catholic creeds, grants to them perfect liberty within their places of worship and their burial-grounds, but prohibits public manifestations by non-Catholic sects, whereby public order might be disturbed. Processions, etc., have such a character, but placards publicly posted up in the streets may also be brought under this category. The Spanish Government will be guided in its attitude towards the non-Catholic creeds simply by Article XI. of the Constitution."

This haughty defiance by the guilty party could not be maintained. The offending Government tried to temporise. Evasive messages were sent to the representatives in foreign Courts, but they were too contemptible to be heeded, and the remonstrances, from London and Berlin especially, were too stern to be resisted. Meanwhile, a happy turn was given to the torrent at Port Mahon by the wisdom and forbearance of our own missionary, of whose position we had no direct information in London, for he maintained entire silence. A new Sub-Governor arrived at the island with Cánovas' new instructions ringing in his head, and he was instantly met with the entreaties of priests and zealots to put an end to the manifestations of the heretics. On the first Sunday following, therefore, he proceeded to the house occupied by our Mr. Brown in Port Mahon, and found him in a large hall, and surrounded by

a numerous school, which was chiefly, if not entirely, all his congregation. The children were singing, as those children generally do sing, boisterously. The Governor thought this to be a great disorder, an unpardonable manifestation, a contumacious defiance. Therefore, as was of course, just then he called for silence, but they, not knowing his high authority, sang the louder. Of course he was angry, and threatened to put out Mr. Brown, but Mr. Brown calmly declined to go. The uproar continued and the Governor withdrew, meditating, no doubt, how he might proceed to preserve public order, and vindicate his own dignity. Some impulsive listeners of the class that in certain positions are wont to consider themselves the conservators of public interests, hastily wrote an address to the British Government, claiming protection, and last of all came to Mr. Brown that he might just put in his signature at the end. But Mr. Brown, not disposed to fancy himself helpless, and leave the management of his affairs to some undenominational strangers, or forget that if he needed advocates he could find his own at home, respectfully declined their services. In fact, the next day brought intelligence to England by the usual channels, and Lord Derby sent over his instructions to Sir Henry Layard. Moved by this influence, the Cánovas Government instructed the Governor of the Balearic Province to inquire into the conduct of his subordinate. An officer of Government came to Port Mahon to hold a court of inquiry, to which Mr. Brown should be summoned, and invited to prosecute his charge against the Governor of the island. Considering that the Governor had not gone beyond his instructions, and

that the blame could only be laid on the persons in power at Madrid, and not wishing to be entangled with parties utterly unconnected with himself, and for whose proceedings he could not in any case be safely responsible, he declined presenting any charge, and left circumstances to speak for themselves. His intending captor, unexpectedly released from the unfair position of a scapegoat by the person expected to be his prosecutor, became thenceforward Mr. Brown's staunch protector. The supreme Government, of whatever party, should know that Methodist missionaries are not given to be unreasonably clamorous, and in this instance the main question was, for the time, satisfactorily settled between the Governments—dissimilar though they were—of England and Spain, and the following circular letter was soon afterwards sent by Her Majesty's Representative at Madrid to British Consuls and others in Spain:—

“MADRID, *December* 11, 1876.

“SIR,—I beg to inform you that the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs has suggested to me the following Rules for the guidance of the Protestant ministers and other persons connected with Protestant establishments engaged in teaching in Spain.

“Where churches exist, exclusively devoted to public worship, the authorities shall not place the slightest restriction on such worship, saving the general measures of police and public order; and where no such church exists, one special room in the same building shall be devoted to public worship and another for teaching, the latter alone being subject to the inspection of the

authorities; and, finally, where such appropriation is impossible, the minister, of whatever religion he may be, shall, if he can only provide one room, designate beforehand which hours are devoted to worship, and which to teaching, the building to be scrupulously respected by the authorities during the former.

“His Excellency further informs me that orders will be sent to all the authorities in the kingdom to conform their conduct to these regulations; to which, as at present advised, I see no objection. You will therefore recommend British subjects who may be connected with Protestant Missions to observe them.—
I am, etc.,
A. H. LAYARD.”

During the excitement in September much prayer for our brethren was offered; under the restraint of diplomatic courtesy, the representatives of the Governments discussed the great question of Religious Liberty with calmness; intelligent Spaniards of every rank again confessed themselves weary of intolerance, and a crisis passed off which will ever be regarded as important in the history of Spain.

The little island of Menorca, whither every eye had been directed, became the centre of an influence for Methodism that bids fair to spread over the whole kingdom. A few weeks after the affair at Port Mahon, Mr. Brown's efforts were greatly blessed to some members of his little congregation, whom he sedulously instructed in the first elements of Christian doctrine, and trained into habits of evangelical activity. Five of them he recommended to the Missionary Committee as candidates for our ministry, and the

Conference of 1878 empowered the Secretaries to send out a senior minister to examine the men, obtain full information concerning them, and report accordingly. I was requested to undertake this service.

XXVIII.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

HAVING received instructions to visit the Mission Stations at Gibraltar and Barcelona, on the Balearic Islands, and in Portugal, accompanied by my wife, I embarked on the 20th of September, 1878, in the steamship *Galicia* in the London Docks. After a rather rough passage of five days, we put into Lisbon to discharge some cargo, and viewed that city from the Tagus after an interval of about forty years since my last call there. Greatly was the aspect changed. The old walls in the midst of the city, as they were shattered by the earthquake of 1755, had been cleared away, and Lisbon, long so ruinous in appearance at first approach, now looked as if rebuilt. We were landed at the Custom-House, where the officers were very civil, proceeded to the English hotel, kept by an Englishwoman, and found excellent accommodation. The streets, once so filthy, were now clean and well-paved. Everything had undergone repair. The manners of the people were agreeable, and the fine weather in that bright climate gave to all things an air of gladness.

Next morning we called on my old friend and correspondent, the Rev. T. Godfrey Pope, British chaplain, who insisted on making us his guests.

Nothing could be more opportune than this reception. I found Mr. Pope, who had been for some years chaplain at Seville, thoroughly conversant with the state of affairs in Spain and Portugal, and making the best use of his position to act as pioneer for future operations. We spent two days in close conversation on matters of ecclesiastical discipline and Mission work, and found ourselves in perfect agreement on every fundamental principle, the New Testament being our standard authority, and the discipline of the Evangelical Church of England, out of England, and Wesleyan Methodism being such that we may work together without collision or compromise, each in his own relations. He introduced me to the Rev. Mr. Stewart, Presbyterian minister. We saw as much of Lisbon as possible, and were accompanied by Mr. Pope to the *Galicia* at mid-day on the 27th, to proceed to Gibraltar, with the intention of returning to Lisbon, after visiting Porto, to be Mr. Pope's guest again, to return to England thence.

GIBRALTAR.—On Sunday morning, September 29th, we awoke in the Bay of Gibraltar, and having given notice of our approach by telegram from Lisbon, the Rev. H. H. Richmond, Wesleyan minister, and Mr. Gilchrist, the schoolmaster, came off to meet us, Mr. Richmond begging me to preach for him that day. We put on shore without delay, and were conducted to lodgings. Immediately after breakfast the master came to ask me to address the Sunday School, where I should find children and even grandchildren of some pupils in my former schools, of which the first was established in the year 1833. This I was glad to

do, and thence proceeding to our church, which I built, heard some part of the morning service read, and saw some remarkable alterations in the interior of the building. The pulpit and reading-desk were carried away, because such things were considered out of fashion, and superseded by a shabby carpeted and railed deal platform, which ran the whole length inside of what was once the communion place. The Decalogue on two tablets, the one English, the other Spanish, had been on the wall, but they were torn off and carried away. The congregation was small, and among them there were very few of the civilian population, if any, present.

One principal feature of my old Mission life was utterly lost. There was no Spanish congregation. I had much conversation on the next day with Mr. Richmond, whose ministrations were chiefly with the soldiers; among whom, however, he had no active helper, unless perhaps one, formerly a class-leader in England, then teaching in an English Sunday School. The daily boys' and girls' schools were taught together in one room, the upper floor of a new schoolhouse, by one master with two mistresses and monitors. No suggestion offered for rendering the school directly conducive to the establishment of congregation or Society was considered practicable.

It has, since this inspection of the station, been considered how again the due advantage shall be taken of Gibraltar as a missionary station. It is remembered that our first missionary was sent thither in the year 1804. The garrison, it is true, demands and has had our constant care. British soldiers in 1792 established Methodism there by

their own unassisted efforts, and under this point of view it gains increased importance.

Now that this garrison is one of the many military stations where the work of Methodism is recognised and in part sustained by Her Majesty's Government the chaplain will have the benefit of salutary oversight so far as the regular and diligent performance is concerned, and this, on solitary stations, is in some cases necessary. We must hope that it will shortly be seen what can henceforth be done among the native population, and in San Roque, Algeciras, and other neighbouring towns where great influence ought to be exerted.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday were spent on the Rock. We were often in the town, and seldom or never without being accosted by some who knew of my arrival; middle-aged and elderly persons, some of them in very respectable positions, who had been taught in our schools, and now declared themselves thankful for the instruction they had received. These remembrancers brought back many affecting recollections, mingled with deep regret for this almost utter abandonment of the once flourishing Mission to the native inhabitants and the people of the neighbouring country.

CADIZ.—On Thursday, October 3, at 5 A.M., after receiving much personal attention from Mr. Richmond, who accompanied us to the ship, we embarked for Cadiz, where we landed about 2 P.M., got our luggage through the Custom-House with no greater discomfort than is inevitable in such places, drove to a hotel, and after refreshment I went to the railway station to inquire about inland journey next day. An hour's

walk in the evening in the well lighted city showed us a bright side of one of my happiest old homes.

CÓRDOVA.—On Friday, October 4, at 5.15 A.M., our train moved off for Córdoba. The journey was very pleasant. Fellow-travellers agreeable. Had conversation with one of them about a valued old English friend. A glimpse at the Giralda, or Moorish tower of the cathedral, as we passed Seville, brought many happy days to mind. I found old Córdoba wonderfully changed since the time when the streets were pitch dark at night, and the city gates barred at sunset in dread of Don Carlos. Now, not only were the gates carried away, but the wall round the city was demolished. The sequestration of monasteries had made way for public walks and gardens; but with all this transformation there was a number of rebuilt nunneries, with the names of the orders ostentatiously displayed, which at that time I could not account for, not being aware of what no one seems to have yet come to understand: the secret management of the Government to bring back Popery with all its oppressive and demoralizing institutions.

The city was brightly lit, and there was an air of respectability in the people. I caught the opportunity for practising some forms of Spanish politeness, which was very pleasant. We hastened to take a nap at the hotel, where manners and fare were altogether primitive, and once more reminded us that material civic reconstruction does not refine men's nature, nor civilise their homes. We rose at ten o'clock, found the Promenade ablaze with lamps, and resounding with music, went to the railway, had our closing experience of unlicensed porters, were detained

an hour before departure, and some time after midnight departed for Madrid.

MADRID.—*Saturday, October 5th.* Reached the capital at 9 P.M. The unchecked decay of rural population, and constant abandonment of agriculture in the interior of Spain, lay bare to view during this journey. Commerce, however, has much improved in the seaports, and commercial enterprise is apparent in the construction of railways, which must have been greatly facilitated by the cheapness of land, cheap because worthless for want of cultivation. Neither is the rolling-stock very costly, but the extent of engineering work is great, and I should think the engineering to be excellent. There is, of course, much to be forgiven, but not a little to be commended. The care of passengers' luggage was great, and although discipline seemed excessive, it was no doubt necessary. At one station I was overcharged for luggage by mistake, of which I was not myself aware, but the train was delayed a little, and to my surprise the station-master, who had stopped it that the error might be rectified, appeared at the carriage window and put the excess of money into my hand. A great display of military care conveyed a certain sense of danger, but in a land notoriously infested with highwaymen that could not be without reason. Priests and soldiers abounded on every platform, exhibiting cause and effect in juxtaposition. Thankful to God for His good providence, we reached the Peace Hotel on the Puerta del Sol in perfect safety towards bedtime, and were admitted to comfortable lodgings, and a well supplied *table d'hôte*.

Sunday, October 6th, was a day to be remembered.

The morning, before breakfast, was spent in hunting for the agent of the Bible Society, from whom to obtain some information that might serve us in order to the better observance of the Lord's Day. But after seeking for his dwelling from place to place, we could only ascertain that he and his family were away in the Asturias. After breakfast Mrs. Rule and I went in search of the British Legation, which used to be in the Calle Atocha, but was now removed; and it was long before we could find a cabman, or any other person having the least idea of where it might be. At length, just in time for Divine service, we were driven to the house, not at all conspicuous, in a street not far from the Royal Palace. Here was a room set apart for Sunday morning services, and an acting chaplain, not appointed by Her Majesty, but sustained by voluntary contributions, for noting which a book lay open at the door. A young clergyman read prayers well, and preached a good sermon, but the service was not enlivened by a hymn of praise. Certainly there was not here any outward manifestation of religion. No one could tell us of any English Protestant service in the evening; so we spent the day in retirement and meditation in our chamber. In the evening we walked in and around the Puerta del Sol to see if there was any sign of church-going or sacred observance; but there was not the least. Coffee-houses packed full of idlers. Street the same. Nothing heard but idle talk. No indication of serious purpose. All waste and profligacy. We hastened back to our chamber, lest we should be recognised by any one that knew us.

Monday, October 7th. We found the Depository of

the Bible Society. My old and valued friend, Mr. Corfield, being out of town, his clerks gave us all needful information, and we were directed to the Rev. Mr. Jameson, Presbyterian minister, who gave us cordial welcome, and showed us over his scholastic establishment, where were little children, boys and girls, and seniors of both sexes. The elder of these were matriculated in the University of Madrid, and their number is steadily increasing, so that Mr. Jameson's labours are already largely rewarded in the literary attainments of his scholars. One of the masters, a Bachelor of the University, is likely to become an ordained minister. The law, I should observe, which enabled Mr. Jameson to bring his college into relation with the University, is the Royal Order of 1838, given by the Liberal Government of Queen Christina to enable me to carry on our Mission in Cadiz, and to provide a channel for the introduction of the Protestant religion into the Universities of Spain. The scheme entirely originated with the Government then in power, under the friendly influence of Sir George Villiers, for which their own knowledge and conviction entirely prepared the Constitutional Ministers. Each class, as I found, had its room, and in each I addressed a few words to the teachers and pupils.

From the Presbyterian School I hastened to the British Legation, and saw Her Britannic Majesty's Minister, Mr. Sackville West, to whom I had the honour of paying my respects preparatory to waiting on the Count de Toreno, the Spanish Minister of Trade, to whom I had applied more than a year earlier for the authorization required by the law in force for the introduction into Spain of books printed

in Spanish out of the country. The Count had sent me an apparent answer of assent, signed by his own hand, in very courteous language, but nevertheless withheld the needful document, although I had twice applied for it. It was not my intention to ask Mr. West for his assistance in this matter, but only to pay him due respect, and not attempt to seek an interview with a Minister of the King of Spain without first approaching the representative of my own Sovereign, and using what might prove to be a necessary precaution, in case I should find it desirable to appeal to him.

From the British Legation I went to the office of the Minister of Trade, and found his Secretary, who referred me to the Director of the Department to which my business belonged, the Señor Dumac, to whom I showed the correspondence. He saw that it was, so far, in good order, and caused the keeper of the archives to search for copies.

The keeper found and brought out my first letter to the Minister, and a copy of his answer to me, but nothing more. The omission of my other two letters could not be explained, but at the request of Señor Dumac I gave copies to him, to be added to my letter to the Conde de Toreno of August 22nd, 1877, and the Count's answer to me, dated on the first day of September following. It was arranged that I should call again on the following Thursday, and either have the business concluded, or see the Minister, and press for it.

Tuesday, October 8th. Visited Mr. Henry Fliedner, German missionary, and brother of Rev. Frederick Fliedner, Lutheran minister in Madrid, with whom

I had long conversation concerning the introduction of books into Spain, which appeared to have been sometimes managed by irregular channels, having no trouble with legal forms. But where law does provide for the admission of such books, I am persuaded that we should not submit to smuggle, bribing Custom-House officers to help us. In the afternoon Mr. Henry Fliedner took me to his shop, where he carries on business as a bookseller, and appears now to be the one Protestant bookseller in Spain. He also took us over the important German Mission establishment, consisting of church, orphanage, schools, depôt for books, and rooms for general use. This establishment, and the various work done therein, is greatly to be admired. From Scotch and Germans in Madrid there is much to be learned.

Wednesday, October 9th. We spent the day in general observation about Madrid.

Thursday, October 10th. I went this morning to the Ministry of Fomento, as by arrangement with the Director of the Department of Literary Property. Found Señor Dumac as reserved as he had been free, and heard that the Minister would not be in his office until four o'clock. I called at that hour; he had not arrived, but I sent in a note asking for an interview, and after waiting nearly an hour, seated on the one vacant chair in a large entrance-hall available for a visitor, a messenger came desiring me to go to the Count's Secretary. The Secretary was to say that the Count could not receive me until the next of his days for public reception. The Secretary had shown His Excellency my copies of the letters I had sent him, and I was to be told that no letters could be received

in that office unless they were written upon stamped paper, which, I was informed, could be bought in any shop where they sold tobacco. I could not refrain from animadverting very distinctly on the suppression of an application made from England and received with apparent courtesy by one of the King's Ministers, and now repeated, but refused for no other than the ridiculous reason alleged that it was not written on stamped paper bought in a tobacco-shop in Madrid. However, I soon lighted on a tobacco-shop, bought an abundantly stamped sheet, and sent an application, but it was never answered so long as that Cabinet existed.

We spent the evening with Mr. Fliedner and his family, and formed a connection by which I hoped we might introduce books by some better means than fruitless negotiations with a Government Office whose chief could silently set aside the law which it was his duty to uphold, and yet could not venture to openly transgress it.

ZARAGOZA.—*Friday, October 11.* By train at 6 A.M. left Madrid for Zaragoza, where we arrived about 8.30 P.M. This was the eve of the Feast of Santa Maria del Pilar—Feast of the Pillar rather than the Saint. The city was glutted with people, and we were told, and could not doubt, that it would be impossible to obtain a bed at any price at any hotel or lodging-house. But the station-master had pity on my wife, and requested the mistress of a *Fonda* on the railway premises, which was also full to every corner, to make up beds for us in an unoccupied building. We were conducted by lantern-light across a spacious yard, and over a brook, into what seemed

an empty barrack, taken upstairs, and led through a long gallery to what were probably officer's quarters of two rooms, quite unfurnished, and not a pane of glass in the windows, not a ray of light until we opened one shutter to let the sky appear. But we locked ourselves in, and quickly saw the last of an end of candle, by which we were delighted to see that the good hostess had found us two good pallet beds with excellent bedding, and a moderately clean stone floor. In the rustic Fonda we had received great civility, but scarcely any supper, for the multitude, like swarming locusts, were consuming everything, and the dining-room, where we had endeavoured to make use of something too hard for mastication, was full of beds, some already occupied, and the others all bespoken, and weary guests preparing to enter into theirs. For our part, when snugly locked in the unfurnished barrack-room, we were thankful to our Guide and Guardian for safe arrival, and a quiet resting-place under lock and key. We were to be called up next morning at an early hour, and were accordingly roused some time before the earliest sign of day, left the building almost without having seen it, went back to the Fonda, where we could not get any more breakfast than a cup of coffee, for there was absolutely no bread, nor anything else to be eaten, and so, hoping to find some food on the journey, we waited for the train more than an hour after time, gladly left the myriads of pillar-worshippers at 7.15 A.M., found provisions here and there in course of the day, and reached Barcelona at 7.20 P.M. Mr. Simpson, our missionary, looked in at the carriage-window, led us some distance to his lodgings, which

consisted of half a flat, five stories up, in a very lofty house in the Calle del Comercio. There we found refreshment and welcomed rest.

BARCELONA.—*Sunday, October 13th.* Went with Mr. Simpson to our station in the Street Abaixadors, and addressed the school. Heard Mr. Simpson address the audience at morning service, after which I administered the sacrament of the Eucharist, assisted by him. In the evening I conducted Divine service, and for the first time after an interval of thirty-six years found myself, to my surprise and comfort, preaching with ease to a Spanish congregation.

Monday, October 14th. Wrote letters and corrected proofs. Visited the Barcelona school in the afternoon. The school is kept in the same room where Divine service is held, but the civil authority has not seen it necessary to interfere. The place is gloomy. The master is evidently of an inferior class. The mistress is much better. The children are nearly all very young, and the classes very low. I was present at the Society class-meeting in the evening. Mr. Simpson led the class; several spoke, and expressed themselves very satisfactorily. They did not use any set form in describing their experience.

Tuesday, October 15th. Went this evening with Mr. Simpson to the village of San Martin, and preached to the little congregation that assembles there. The people listened attentively, but the habit of sitting all through the service gave an appearance of irreverent indifference which was distressing. It was as if the sacred acts of prayer and praise were not felt to be more than a common and indifferent formality. Yet there were some signs, here and

there, of religious feeling. The few hymns in use were collected from various sources, all of the sort exclusively called evangelical, and not always adapted to the Scriptures read, and to what ought to be the subjects of discourse, nor to the requirements of the people. I perceived that the Spanish congregations would have to be provided with a hymn-book for their own use. The book I had prepared and published when in Gibraltar had been thrown aside when the Gibraltar Mission to Spaniards was discontinued, and was unknown in Spain, although reprinted in America, and quoted in other compilations on both sides the Atlantic.

Wednesday, October 16th. This morning I visited the schools in the village of Pueblo Nuevo. The rooms were very dirty, and smelt very bad, especially the boys' room. The children were filthy, and the master—if he was indeed master, which there was nothing to show—little better. Nothing like an intelligent answer could be elicited by the simplest and most patient questioning. The girls' school was much less offensive, and the mistress kind in manner, quick, and sensible. Certainly the girls were unwashed, yet not so forlorn in appearance as their brothers below stairs. They answered tolerably well, and some very little children gave undoubted evidence of the attention paid to them. The needlework which Mrs. Rule examined was unusually good for such young girls. The boys' school at San Martin was better than this at Pueblo Nuevo. The master there was clean, intelligent, and active, and by consequence his boys were altogether better than these.

This evening at Abaixadors, I gave the congrega-

tion some account of the origin and progress of our Spanish Mission, and stated its single object: the salvation of souls, for the glory of God, and the welfare of the nation. The attendance was good, and the people manifested an affectionate interest in our work.

Thursday, October 17th. Finding myself weary to-day, I took rest, and we were driven, with Mr. Simpson, about the city and suburban region, or, as they say, the *ensanche*, enlargement, beyond the ancient wall now swept away. We observed an appearance of proprietary wealth, with a display of ornament and luxury. There was an indication of monastic reaction, too, in the erection of new convents. On the other hand, there were many factories, and other industrial establishments. The new University of Barcelona is a magnificent pile of buildings, and there are said to be many students; altogether showing a determination in the laity to make good use of the sequestrated ecclesiastical property. Many elementary schools, dignified with the name of "colleges," have their signs, and are said to be of recent establishment. The shops are generally shabby in the parts of Barcelona seen to-day, and look as if the tradesmen were a depressed and overburdened class. We heard much of the Public Hospital. According to the present law of Spain, distinct wards ought to be provided in all public hospitals for Protestants. But no such provision is made in Barcelona, and the managers of this hospital are said to contend that it is not a public institution. I could not hear that it was either private or ecclesiastical, but thought that the Protestants in Barcelona, or their representatives,

ought to claim the fulfilment of the law, and that if their application to the so-called Government at Madrid were to fail, the British and German representatives at that Court should communicate with their own Governments, and obtain instructions accordingly. As in 1876, the question of Religious Liberty should again be made national. Spanish Protestants in Barcelona professed to fear that patients in a public hospital would in any case be treated cruelly; but if the civil authority did not grossly fail, I should have no apprehension of the sort. Priests would most probably incite surgeons and nurses to inflict torture in their way on the bodies of sick and unprotected heretics; but if Protestants outside the hospital would refuse to suffer it, civil authorities, being appealed to, and finding themselves trusted and respected, would be most unlikely to permit such doings as I heard reported.

Such was my opinion at the time, founded on my own experience in time past; and I hold it still, but must confess that I had not such an insight into the wickedness, or weakness, of the King's Ministers as I subsequently gained.

With regard to the non-manifestation clause in the spurious Constitution of 1876, it was enforced in Barcelona, but as I have shown on a preceding page, it ought not to have been considered as yet in force, nor ever was it enforced where Divine worship was performed in separate ecclesiastical buildings. Even in Barcelona the voice of praise was heard loud and clear in the Abaixadors, and could not any where be put to silence as was at first intended.

Friday, October 18th. I examined the Barcelona

schools this morning in the Life of Christ, as prepared by Mr. Brown in a harmonic arrangement of the text of the Four Gospels. The answers were satisfactory, and showed that the children were most of them familiar with the leading incidents of the Gospel narrative. The condition of the children, as regards cleanliness, is much better than in the villages. In the evening I went to Pueblo Nuevo with Mr. Simpson, and heard the three masters address the congregation. The Barcelona master *first*. He was quiet, commonplace, and devoid of speaking power. The St. Martin master *second*; more lively, somewhat original in style and conception, and pleasing in manner. The Pueblo Nuevo master *third*; barely commonplace, and repulsively abrupt. The theme of all was "Come to Jesus," but the exhortation was not sufficiently sustained in any of the addresses by exposition of Gospel truth or enforcement of Divine obligation. Considering that no one of these men was a young beginner, that they were employed to preach is anything but satisfactory. In conversation with Mr. Simpson I was entirely confirmed in the persuasion that two of them, at least, should cease forthwith from speaking to the public.

Saturday, October 19th. We went this morning to see the cathedral, which is to be in full dress tomorrow for the reception of a new bishop. This bishop came to Barcelona a few days ago, and issued a pastoral letter in the daily papers to the public, whom he was careful to inform that he should pay *deference* to King Alfonso and *obedience* to the Pope. I have never seen a Romish church so overcrowded with images, and most of them very shabby, tawdry,

and unclean. The chapels all round the church and the cloisters also are packed full, and there were boxes to receive alms for their *culto*, which must mean draping, cleansing, and repair. One of them is said to have miracle-working power. Some poor people were on their knees before it praying to be healed, and others were sitting within sight, as if in contemplative awe, as well they might be if the piece of sculpture were what it is said to be: a marble crucifix about the size of life, with one leg drawn up, bent, and turned aside, the whole side of the figure having so moved from its original posture, to avoid being struck by a shot which was aimed at it. Had the conscious marble not shrunk away from the missile, it would have been shattered! Here and there in the church, in the spacious chapel for confessions, and in the cloisters, a priest was to be seen walking in watchful silence with a breviary in his hand, as if making the daily recitation, and the whole scene was precisely what it must have been four hundred years ago, except that a Reformed clergyman and his wife could not then have been seen walking in the crowd. In an adjacent building, once distinguished as palace and prison of the Inquisition, we found a gloomy chamber called the Chapel of Santa Clara, where two priests were standing before a company of female devotees on their knees by candle light, all seeming to repeat in silence some prayers voluntary or prescribed. When ended, the priests made some jerky gesticulations and walked away. Those priests wore a penitential habit of narrow striped black and white, very like some of the *sanbenitos* once worn by penitents in Inquisitorial processions at the Acts of Faith. The

beatas departed after them. The pattern of Inquisitorial dress is here preserved.

Contrary to the custom then prevailing in the chief towns of Spain, there were a few images of saints under glass exposed to view in narrow streets near the cathedral, while in the principal streets of Barcelona everything looked secular and busy enough. Material improvement had been making rapid advance, and new edifices for civic uses were rising on a grand scale, but the things yet wanting were good government and wise administration, with harmony and purity in domestic life. A soul was wanting to animate the transformed body; the Holy Spirit of God imparting healthy life to all its members. Of this, however, there is good hope, and we must in justice and honesty acknowledge that Spaniards, taken individually and for the most part, are kindly, intelligent, and accessible to Christian truth.

Sunday, October 20th. I was present during a sort of morning service. The children and teachers of the three schools were gathered together in the room in the Abaixadors, but there was no good order. The masters were deplorably useless, but the mistresses were willing to lend some help. Every person looked childish. In the evening I preached to the adult congregation.

Monday, October 21st. After being variously engaged during the day, we spent the evening very pleasantly with the Rev. Mr. Lovegrove, rector of a parish in England, who is here for his health, with Mrs. Lovegrove and their children. This worthy minister, on his arrival at Barcelona, took charge of the remnant of a congregation of English residents, previously left

with Mr. Simpson after the decease of his worthy and lamented predecessor, but not long kept together.

Tuesday, October 22nd. Saw the British Vice-Consul to-day, a Spanish gentleman, who speaks English well. I received my pass for the Baleares, without which no one is allowed to take boat. Met Mr. Simpson's class in the evening, and found it satisfactory.

Wednesday, October 23rd. Had important conversation with him to-day concerning some "unsectarian evangelists," as they call themselves, whose principles are most uncertain, and whose proceedings he complains of as injurious, but knows not how to get rid of them. We embarked for Menorca this afternoon in the steamship *Puerto Mahon*.

XXIX.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL—(Continued).

MENORCA.—*Thursday, October 24th.* Landed at Port Mahon this afternoon. Much time was lost by putting in last night at Alcudía, and waiting in the Bay until morning to take on board a deck-load of pigs, great numbers of which animals are exported from Mallorca for consumption on the sister island.

One of the first persons to board our steamer on arrival was Mr. William Thomas Brown, at that time our "agent" in Spain. Mr. Brown was formerly a clerk in our Mission House in London, well known to us all, and much respected. On hearing Don Angel Herreros de Mora speak at a missionary meeting at City Road, and hearing me interpret the speech, he conceived a desire to learn Spanish, and succeeded sufficiently to make himself understood by seamen in Spanish merchant ships on the Thames. After a time he was sent on some account to Portugal, where he could be understood by the Portuguese; and after the Spanish Revolution of 1868, the senior Secretary of our Missionary Society at that time sent him to Barcelona to see if there was "any door open there for preaching the Gospel," and to bring back word. He went, preached the Gospel, and by so doing demonstrated that there was indeed an open door,

and instead of returning remained to work out the glorious certainty, and to show that it was by many willingly accepted, as well as freely preached.

After a time, when it became desirable to go over to Menorca, he obtained permission of the Committee so to do, established a very promising Mission there, and now had reported the offer of five persons, instructed and so far trained by himself, to be ministers of Christ to their countrymen.

Mr. Brown gave me joyful welcome, and conducted us to his lodgings, where we found most cordial hospitality with every comfort. In the evening I heard José Victori preach.

He is forty-four years of age, married, and has two children. He is master in one of our schools. The sermon was an earnest, clear, and faithful address on the nature and necessity of repentance. The reading was dull and drawling, the prayer heavy, and the singing as wretched as it well could be. But the good man did as well as he could, showed himself teachable, and gave daily proof of being truly converted.

Friday, October 25th. Spent the day in examining candidates, and now record the names of men who, I hope, will prove themselves worthy of honourable remembrance as the first native ministers in connection with our Church in Spain:—

Estéban Cirera, Pedro Pons, José Victori. There was another, whom I do not name, because I did not consider him to be yet qualified for candidature.

Cirera preached a good sermon on the New Birth, but his manner was boisterous.

Pons, when his turn came, preached a good sermon

on circumcision of the heart. He treated the subject practically, as one who experienced the reality of what he taught, and well described the change of the regenerate in heart and life.

These three, Cirera, Pons, and Victori, passed examination satisfactorily, and Mr. Brown, who was present all through, testified their good character and consistent conduct as Christian men. They were all daily schoolmasters, and he had most diligently taught them theology, instructed them in the preparation of sermons, and initiated them by association with himself in the due performance of pastoral duties.

Saturday, October 26th. I this evening heard the young man preach whom I do not name. There was nothing more to be objected to him than that he lacked the elements of necessary knowledge.

Sunday, October 27th. I preached both morning and evening to the congregation in Villa Carlos, largest of the four congregations on the Island of Menorca. It assembles in a good room, clean and well fitted up. The attendance is very good, and the people show sincere devotion. When I saw them first, following perhaps their first teachers, the undenominational brethren, they, like those in Barcelona, sat through all; but on Friday, after examining the candidates, I pointed out to them how Divine worship ought to be conducted, and in this was heartily seconded by Mr. Brown. They cordially welcomed the instruction, and now the whole congregation reverently and gladly stood up to sing. They humbly knelt down to pray; and so this congregation, and the others on the island, at once assumed another character, and were on their way to be respected as Christian worshippers of

Almighty God by all who might meet with them for the first time.

Monday, October 28th. I went into Port Mahon with Mr. Brown. We called on Don Antonio Castañair, Sub-Governor, and had much interesting conversation with him. He it is who had that adventure with Mr. Brown and his juvenile congregation which occasioned so great commotion in England, and was heard of again with such good effect at the Court of Madrid. Don Antonio received us very good-naturedly, conversed with frank respect towards our brother, and gave me strong assurance that our Mission should have continued protection, under condition that school and church were kept apart, and with the understanding that we, equally with Spaniards, should keep the law. He invited Mr. Brown to let him know any change of arrangements that it might seem desirable to make in regard to schoolrooms and places for public congregation, and promised that on such occasions he would give all possible assistance. He professed himself highly pleased when I told him that this should be made known in England.

Tuesday, October 29th. I had much conversation with Mr. Brown to-day on all the affairs of his Mission, and, as on other days, went into schools and other places, and observed his communications with the people, and their affectionate appreciation of his pastoral care and kindness. All care on our part at home, and all possible liberality in providing additional missionaries from England, and in training up native ministers, are needed. But with all this, a normal school for masters in Spain, with a superior school for girls, is as necessary as in India. I engaged to

have the Ten Commandments, Apostles' Creed, and Lord's Prayer printed in London, to be placed on the walls where our congregations are assembled, and a hymn-book prepared as soon as possible for our own use in Spain, with a variety of matters to which I afterwards gave my best attention. During these conversations I heard much of the efforts made by priests to make an end of our schools in Mahon, and of the countenance given the priests by the young King Alfonso. His Majesty had visited the island a few months previously, and received earnest appeals for his royal support of the religion of Rome, and discouragement of heretical teaching. The Conde de Toreno was with him, supported those petitions, and, as it is said, advised him to make a handsome donation to the managers of "Catholic schools," such as might enable them to oppose us more effectually. The money came; the priests were agreeably stimulated, parents were powerfully wrought upon, and our schools were much reduced, yet none closed, and our indefatigable "agent," as was then his title, was not disheartened.

Wednesday, October 30th. Conducted and accompanied by Mr. Brown, Mrs. Rule and I embarked this afternoon for the principal island of the Baleares, Mallorca. We steamed along at easy speed, and some time before daybreak lay to off Palma. About six o'clock the city came dimly into view, and a dark mass, very like a huge black rock, rose high above the houses. This was the cathedral of Palma. In due time we were warped into the mole, where stood a few of our people waiting to give us welcome. We drove into the city and found Mr. Brown's humble habitation in the Calle

del Real; but as he did not consider his domestic arrangements sufficient for us, and indeed they were not made with any view to his own personal comfort, he kindly drove us to a hotel, where we made a plain breakfast, the best the people knew how to get up, and returned to make our happy abode with him while we remained on the island.

MALLORCA.—*Thursday, October 31st.* In the evening of this day I heard Joaquin Eyroa preach a very good sermon. He is a grave and honest native of Galicia, had a fair education in his childhood, and speaks good Spanish. He was forty-six years of age, and his wife about the same. They had the care of those little premises, and when Mr. Brown was there waited on him in the two small rooms which served him as dormitory, study, and lavatory, almost all in one, with barely half light and scanty ventilation. Chapel, schoolroom, kitchen, pantry, and vestibule, with no intervening passage, covered the ground floor. Eyroa and his wife had a space on the first floor, through which Mr. Brown passed into his quarters just described. At night our friend slept elsewhere in hired lodgings.

As a stranger Mr. Brown had brought Eyroa and his wife with him from Menorca, and thenceforth, when he visited the island, Joaquin served as his guide about the city, personal attendant within doors, and perpetual witness of his goings; for no man bearing an ecclesiastical character, and observed to walk about alone, would be clear of the suspicion of frequenting improper places, nor would any profession of piety cover him, though he were priest or bishop, from general suspicion of immorality.

Friday, November 1st. I examined Eyroa to-day. To avoid interruption we went by what looked like a cupboard door upstairs into an attic covering the whole area of the building, which, in time past, had been a Freemasons' lodge, and it was still paved with mystic tiles. The neglected open roof admitted rain from every shower. Good Joaquin Eyroa gave me entire satisfaction in every particular. It was a singular accident that made a deserted Masonic lodge the scene of a theological examination.

Saturday, November 2nd. We saw the room below where Eyroa studied by day, and where a large evening school assembled after dark. But the place was never bright. A window in the basement let half its light into a corner of the place that served for study and night-school. The other half of the window, being divided by the edge of a wood partition, illumined a snug little scullery kitchen, boarded off again from the space between the aforesaid school and the street door. This space, where once a farrier shoed his horses, now received the Wesleyan congregation on Sundays and week evenings, exposed to frequent interruptions from idlers outside. As for the schoolroom, aforesaid it was a smithy.

Over this reclaimed smithy was now the room used by Mr. Brown as his study, where he entertained us with hospitality that made us glad. In the time of his predecessor, over the forge, ceiling and floor were opened by a square hatchway with slight iron bars across, answering imperfectly the purpose of skylight to let in rays enough to make the darkness underneath visible, and the purpose of a vent to let out smoke while the smith was at work, which spent itself in the rooms above, and might partly escape through the one

window on which depended light and ventilation—the only window in the dwelling, attic excepted, that opened freely to the sky.

In the evening, as we sat before a table over the grating, decently covered by matting, we were startled by a sudden outburst of sound beneath our feet. It was the crowded school striking up with one loud voice the first note of their hymn, led by Mr. Brown himself, with all the precision of a choir-master. I cannot convey a full impression of the insufficiency and meanness of this composite abode, but it was the best our brother could get on his entrance into Palma as a permanent habitation, and no efforts were spared by the priests to induce the owner to turn him out of this; but the punctual payment of rent made him a tenant too good to be ejected, and this description of the place may serve to exemplify, in some slight degree, his all-enduring self-denial.

Sunday, November 3rd. I read prayers and preached in the morning and in the evening, and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper after the evening service. The congregation in the evening was as numerous as it could be in the irregular and narrow spaces between the old smithy and the street, between the door of what was called the night-school room and the door open to the street. Some children and their teachers stood listening behind me in that obscure apartment. We were all very happy, and in the Communion Service, to which I did not add one extemporaneous word, one man professed to have found peace with God. His subsequent conduct justified the profession; and he became a local preacher, and was in other ways useful.

Monday, November 4th. Having finished the duties of inspection, which were very light on this island, where we had only one small congregation pent up in the miserable little hovel now described, and not yet even a day-school, but where everything I saw led me to admire our exemplary friend and his newly gathered flock, I proposed to call on the Governor of the Balearic Islands, these being all one Province. Mr. Brown had not yet seen him, and I took him with me. The visit was most interesting.

I introduced myself as one sent by the Synod of my Church to visit and inspect our stations in Spain: passing through the island only, I had taken the liberty of presenting myself to His Excellency. He appreciated this mark of respect, threw off the air of business proper if receiving an official visitor, and merely observing: "Then you are here on propaganda," and receiving my answer: "Yes, I am," placed chairs for us, and entered into frank and cordial conversation. He disapproved intolerance, but respected law, and without the least scruple expressed dissent from the reactionary party then represented by the Government at Madrid. He had not seen Mr. Brown until then, but was familiar with his movements, and promised him protection as a Protestant missionary. "But," said he, "you must be prudent." On my assuring him that indeed he was prudent, he accounted for the caution by complaining of some colporteur who was not, but who used irritating and offensive expressions while waiting at his stall, and he was glad to hear that we had no connection with that person. He kindly invited Mr. Brown to come to him personally if any difficulty arose, so as to render written

communications unnecessary, if possible, and prevent public accusation and defence. Of course we all remembered what had occurred in Menorca when he had to order an inquiry into the conduct of the Sub-Governor, but no allusion was made to that circumstance. He then related an occurrence which it interested us to know, as nearly as I can recollect in these words: "The Bishop came here to me the other day, and begged me to get all the Protestants sent off this island, if possible. I said to him: 'If any Protestant is brought to me, accused of any breach of law, I will deal with him as I would deal with any other person, and he shall have justice. But the religion of Protestants is sacred, and I have no power to interfere with it, nor shall any one else interfere with it so long as I am here.' To this the Bishop had nothing to reply, and he withdrew." When we left the office he came out with us, repeating his assurances of good will, and with all the forms of Spanish politeness gave us his hand, and saw us on our way. His subsequent conduct entirely confirmed every friendly word then spoken.

The day after this visit we went to see the cathedral of Palma, a building remarkably majestic in the interior, of great simplicity, free from tinsel, the sculpture, if I may venture to pronounce a judgment after a brief and hasty view, in good style, and some figures of great beauty. There were no idlers, perhaps because there was nothing vulgar to attract them. The peaceful silence of the place, its vast area, and the chastened aspect of the building almost made me forget that the whole ceremonial was idolatrous, and we had not noticed a single priest

until, when near the door on our way out, we turned round to take a last glance. Two burning tapers, like sparks floating in the distance, near the high altar caught our eye, as they were carried aloft; two others followed emerging from the spacious enclosed central choir, and then came a procession of priests, not very numerous. They marched slowly towards us, their soft processional step not breaking the profound silence. With subdued voice a Litany began. My wife and our friend, perhaps fearing lest we should be expected to kneel, quietly went out, leaving me to be the only spectator of their devotions. Soon I heard the word *ora* repeated in perfect unison by about twenty voices, after the name of the saint recited sonorously by one, they making the accustomed supplication, *Ora pro nobis*,¹ "Pray for us." As I stood above the floor on the door-steps, I was as conspicuous to them as they to me, and our attention was mutual. I had been reported and described as usual by the police, and mendacious fame had magnified the description into Bishop of the Methodists, and adorned me with an enormous weight of erudition; I think, a hundred languages! So we surveyed each other. I eyed them with great caution, so as not to seem uncivil, and with equal caution, not to seem to render any sign of reverence to the exalted cross in front of them. Most of them were reverend-looking men, above middle age, so robed as to show advancing degrees of dignity from the cross-bearer who went before, to the Bishop himself who came last, supported by two, perhaps suffragans or brother-bishops, all three wearing robes heavy with gold,

¹ With a very provincial pronunciation, *óla pro nobis*.

the three so close together that the skirts of their robes seemed lapped over into one. They seemed curious to spy the solitary heretic that had come to look at them, but scorned to bend his knee. Languidly, as if they had no hope of being heard, when the foremost pronounced "Saint ——" the band of dignitaries murmured out, *óla pro nobi*, failing to give full articulation to the prayer. Their eyes rose heavenward, but their voices fell. There was no ring of earnestness, no note of prayerful fervour, nor faith of worshippers who believe that they are addressing supplications to the God who hears and answers prayer. What were their thoughts it was not mine to conjecture, but their Litany sounded like the wail of an expiring superstition.

Wednesday, November 6th. Mr. Brown took me to call on a friend of his, one of the principal inhabitants of Palma, an old member of the Cortes. Some time before the last Revolution, this gentleman was arrested in the street, without any form of justice, and for no other reason than that he was a Liberal. There was no parliamentary privilege to protect the person of a legislator, and for some hours his family knew not what was become of him. For some months the Government that then was kept him quiet under lock and key. He took me through part of his extensive library, biblical, theological, historical. To our mutual surprise, at every step or two I recognised and opened familiar works, of which copies were on my own shelves at home, showing that we had a community of studies, perhaps of opinions, perhaps almost of belief.

Thursday, November 7th. This day I rested, to be

ready for further travel, after a most pleasurable visit, and full of hope for these islands; and in the afternoon, not without some feeling of regret, I left the house Calle del Real, 25, the happy but unsightly cradle of Methodism in Mallorca. Good Mr. Brown and his faithful attendant, Joaquin Eyroa, conducted us to the ship, and, with devout and loving valedictions, they and several of our people watched our departure.

VALENCIA.—*Friday, November 8th.* We landed this morning on the Grao of Valencia, found for ourselves and luggage a small tilted cart of imperfect construction, and were conveyed slowly and painfully over an unmade roadway to the city. At the entrance into Valencia is the Custom House, a large and costly building. On the ground before it were crouched a number of country people with fruits and vegetables shot out also on the ground, with clerks taking notes of kind and number, and calculating the duty to be paid before they could be brought into the market. Our heavier luggage, already examined at the landing, was here searched again, and after driving a few paces farther we were stopped by another official, who jumped with authority into the cart, shouting, "*Consumos*" (provisions), and laid hands on half a bottle of light red wine, left after the voyage, for which he very gruffly demanded payment, which he did not get. Pitying our poor driver and his miserable horse, pitying the luckless people that were getting fleeced outside the Custom House, pitying the poverty-stricken citizens who lingered about the half-deserted streets, we sought rest for a few hours in a hotel.

From a balcony we looked out over the open place where four streets converge, and saw a troop of cavalry well fed and caparisoned, policemen not a few, and priests many, all on their common business of keeping the inhabitants in order. After necessary refreshment we walked out to find the railway station, and inform ourselves of the hour appointed for departure. A man from the neighbouring police office ran after us to inquire whither we were going, and where we lodged. With some difficulty we and our luggage were taken from the hotel by the time appointed, but detained at the station long after the time, and locked up with other passengers in a waiting-room, until it pleased the station-master to let us out to take our places in the train. After this, the railway arrangements were less objectionable, except that, as usual, policemen traversed the footboards while we were on full speed, walked in, day and night alike, to make their observations, and walked out to pursue their quest in the carriages along the line. Squads of soldiers awaited us at every station, and changed guard over us all through. From three o'clock on Friday afternoon until nine on Sunday morning we travelled without pause, except at the stations, a few minutes at a time.

Recollections sometimes come unbidden: just now I am not careful to remember time or place, but I have permanent remembrance of a momentary scene not to be forgotten. I was somewhere in the heart of Spain, waiting by the way, while the mules were resting at an inn. We had taken dinner, and I strayed alone to survey the premises, rambling without an aim along the passages. I heard a great

uproar, and as I approached the spot whence it came, it seemed as if the party amongst whom it arose were coming to blows. I threw open the door of the room where they were assembled, and saw a number of middle-aged and elderly men sitting at a round table, busy at a game of cards, over which they were wrangling violently, and the head man, an elderly priest, was lifting his cards in his hand, and more furious than any. Standing with door wide open, I fixed my eye on him, while they hushed for a moment, looking curiously at the stranger who interrupted their game. I solemnly addressed him: "*Labia sacerdotis custodient scientiam, et legem requirent ex ore ejus.*"¹ His countenance fell, he looked silly and ashamed; he stood dumb, and his flock were silent. I quietly walked away, and left them to their reflections.

PORTUGAL.—*Sunday, November 10th.* By way of Badajoz we entered Portugal, and finished a cold and wearisome journey at Villa Nova de Gaya, a transpontine suburb of Porto, and walked to San Christovão, the residence of our very worthy friend, James Cassels, Esq., from whom, with Mrs. Cassels and their family, we received a most hearty and Christian welcome.

This was a bright Sunday morning. Our arrival, at the moment, was unexpected. Mr. Cassels was at the Sunday School, and Mrs. Cassels, with her two little daughters, was on the way thither, but ample provision was made for our comfort; food and rest with every convenience. Father Guilherme Dias, a

¹ "The lips of the priest shall keep knowledge, and they shall seek the law at his mouth."

converted priest, was leading a Methodist class, but we were only capable of receiving hospitality, and thanking God for His preserving care. After the morning service, from which nothing would detain our friends, we all met joyfully, and began a happy sojourn that we never shall forget.

We remained three weeks in S. Christovão—except four days which we spent with Mr. and Mrs. Moreton in Porto—being detained a week by stormy weather; the Douro overflowed by excessive rains, and the bar impassable. But no labour of words would suffice to convey an impression of the interest I felt during this visit. In Villa Nova I found a small building known as the Evangelical Church, well filled with our Methodist congregation, consisting chiefly of poor Portuguese, but including Mr. Cassels and his family. The preachers were Mr. Moreton, our superintendent minister, whose services were for the most part in the city, Mr. Cassels, and Father Dias, formerly one of the most acceptable preachers in Portugal; but being convinced of the errors of his Church, he left it, and offered himself to us. After becoming a candidate for our ministry, he set a good example to his former brethren in the priesthood by marrying, and he had at that time two legitimate children. The Bishop of Porto had recently written a pamphlet under the title of “Pastoral Instructions,” chiefly directed against our Mission, and Father Dias was writing a pamphlet in reply, which he afterwards published with good effect; and so the public press of Portugal was at once thrown open to the great controversy. Our friend and brother Dias was now the editor of a fortnightly publication, *A Reforma*,—“The Reformation,”—which

has no doubt done good service, and largely contributed to a very remarkable change in public opinion. We had schools for boys, but, for want of competent teachers, there were only very young children, and they of the lowest class. But, notwithstanding these disadvantages, great good had been done, and two of the masters had become Protestant ministers in Lisbon; Carvalho, employed by the Rev. Mr. Stewart, Presbyterian; and Cándido, adopted by the Rev. Mr. Pope, Anglican. It is to be hoped that more young Portuguese, truly converted to God, will be duly trained up by ourselves to extend our own Mission in Portugal, with an elevated standard of education, and higher intellectual qualification for shepherding the flock of Christ. The services in our congregation in Villa Nova were conducted with earnestness and decorum.

A mission station had been established in Porto in a building of two floors. The room upstairs was fitted up for preaching, and would contain a congregation of three hundred persons. The room below served for a boys' school, and a few girls were taught in a little side apartment. A good church with a regularly conducted form of worship, suitable school building, and a well organized normal school, are greatly needed. I once addressed a Portuguese congregation in the upper room in the Spanish language, which most of them appeared to understand very well. Twice I preached to an English congregation, and after the second service administered the Holy Communion. On other occasions I addressed English and Spanish companies. It was gratifying to hear that our services in this city had never been disturbed, and

it should always be borne in mind that there are many English families here, and among them a few devoted Methodists. But here, as elsewhere, there were great complaints of the Plymouth Brethren, or whatever else they might be called, calling themselves unsectarian, and endeavouring to propagate Antinomian errors among our people.

The founder of this highly important Mission was Mr. Cassels, whose faithful maintenance of Gospel truth, the persecution he suffered for Christ's sake, and his unflinching steadfastness and triumphant success, I have related elsewhere.¹ The Rev. R. H. Moreton, born of Cornish parents in Buenos Ayres, and chiefly educated, as I believe, by Mr. Negrotto, master of the first Mission school which I established in Gibraltar, was the first Wesleyan minister sent to Portugal in the year 1870.

Introduced by Father Dias to the Royal Library of Porto, chiefly consisting of volumes collected from the libraries of suppressed monasteries, carefully selected, and of great value, I repeatedly spent some hours with great satisfaction, and enjoyed some important conversations on religious and literary subjects. I afterwards sent over presentation copies of my *Commentary on the New Testament*, *History of the Inquisition*, and *Oriental Records*, which were duly received, officially acknowledged, and deposited in the library.

During the days of detention I had much conversation with Mr. Moreton concerning our work in Portugal, and I think we were agreed in the conclusion that

¹ If an enlarged edition of my *History of the Inquisition* should be published, this may be expected in a chapter relative to the decline and extinction of Inquisitorial legislation in Portugal.—W. H. R.

an effective system of school training was absolutely necessary, in order to raise up a community of persons imbued with such principles as to be impervious to the influences of Romanism and unbelief, and attached throughout life to the guides and guardians of their youth, and who, being truly converted to God, could teach others the way of salvation, and be the class-leaders, local preachers, and ordained ministers of future generations. I had also frequent conversations with Mr. Cassels, in which we were entirely agreed on the necessity of some decisive measure for consolidating, raising, and imparting practical unity of doctrine and discipline to all the Wesleyan Missions on the Peninsula and the Balearic Islands; that a well instructed native ministry might be, in due time, established, and lowering and divisive influences from without meanwhile avoided. The need of such care has been felt painfully since those days, and I fear will be yet more painfully proved by further experience.

After a wearisome day spent in anxious conferences and much walking about the city, Mr. Moreton kindly proposed to show us the great cemetery, which is not far distant from his residence. Thither we went, and found it very grand, and significant of the monstrous truth that more care is bestowed by Romish priests on the dying and the dead than on the souls of the living. They are wondrously assiduous in besetting the death-beds, and praying over the graves. In the midst of an amazing excess of sepulchral grandeur there was a small spot of unprotected ground with a few headstones bearing names of Protestants; but even of those graves, as being unconsecrated and profane, and in a place where heretics, suicides, and unbaptized should

have their corpses buried, the occupation would be no more than temporary. The bones would be dug up after a limited time, unless some survivor could be found able and willing to purchase an extension of the term. The whole scene was revolting; every association suggested horror and disgust. The shades of night came on. The dew brought an aguish chill; I came away shivering, and passed a night of severe pain, and a morrow of confinement to my bed, but rallied after the following night of repose and restoration. That chilling visitation to the Necropolis of Porto took place on Monday, November 25th, 1878, and I could have no hope that within that week an event would take place in Lisbon to open a new era in the history of Portugal. Nor was I aware of its occurrence until after my return to England.

The *Diario do Governo* of November 29th contains a new law for Civil Registration, dated the 28th, under the sign-manual of the King, and countersigned by all his Ministers. It was to come into force on the first of January, 1879. The Secretary for Ecclesiastical Affairs and for Justice presents to the King a historical statement of registration as it was in past ages, and of civil registration of births, deaths, and marriages as contemplated in various Acts of Cortes, but for which the sovereign had not yet made any regulations. He proposes to His Majesty a special provision for the "non-Catholics," as they are called in a regulation now to be made. "The non-Catholics, sire, are few, and they all, or nearly all, reside in the great cities, and have easy access to the office of the Administrador of the Council. The great majority, almost all in the rural councils, are Catholics; it would

be too hard to oblige them to take such long journeys." He supposes that the priests, who have been hitherto the only registrars, might object to register the few non-Catholics; but registration is a civil act, and priests acting as registrars perform a civil function, and therefore, when serving a non-Catholic, a priest can have no reason to object, and a law of 1836 provides that the parish priest shall continue to make the civil registration. The Secretary presents the draft of a regulation to which the King and all his Ministers set their hands.

"Foreigners resident in Portugal will not be compelled to register. They may or not as they please." It remains with Protestants to consecrate their civil marriage by a sacred rite provided by themselves independently of the civil law; but from this date the law has made marriage binding for them, and given legitimacy to their children.

The registration of births is obligatory on all Portuguese, irrespective of religious distinction. Note has to be taken of the legitimacy or illegitimacy of every birth. Births in public buildings, whether civil or ecclesiastical, must be registered. Notice of birth is obligatory.

The occurrence of every death, and the cause thereof, must be made known to the Administrador, who must not allow the body to be buried until all that the law requires has been done. Although this regulation does not expressly provide for the burial, subsequent regulations do make provision, as events have shown.

On the morrow of the publication of this law in Portugal we embarked in the ship *Marcosite*, followed

by the blessings and prayers of our friends, English and Portuguese, and on the day-breaking of Monday, December 2nd, steamed out of the Douro. On Saturday the 7th, at 9 A.M., we landed at Gravesend, with much cause for thankfulness to God who preserved us amidst much tempestuous weather at sea and some exposures in journeying on shore, and enabled me to report my inspection to the Missionary Committee in writing and *vivâ voce*.

With the exception of the half-deserted Mission at Gibraltar, I could give such an account as, taken altogether, afforded encouragement, if not perfect satisfaction. Four of the five Spaniards whom I had examined I could recommend to be received as candidates for the ministry, and the Portuguese expriest, Señor Guilherme Dias, merited unqualified commendation. Mr. Brown, our faithful and much esteemed "Agent," was already commended by the fruits of his labour, owned of God; and soon after the Conference of 1879, having consented to receive ordination, he was called home to England and ordained.

From the time of my return until the spring of 1881, I was in constant communication with the Rev. Dr. Punshon, our senior Secretary, concerning the stations I had visited. On the 14th of April it pleased God to call him to his rest. Excessive labour exhausted his extraordinary energies, and a burden of anxiety, caused by the excess of expenditure beyond income to meet the requirements of the foreign stations, weighed him down. I saw him the day before his departure for the Continent in search of health. A kindly cheerfulness lit up a countenance where the traces of anxiety could not be concealed,

and that was my last interview with the beloved and honoured friend with whom I had been one in heart and mind in all that concerned those Missions. In conjunction with him, and having his official sanction, I corresponded with our brethren there, but before his decease my own health had failed. One severe attack threatened my life, and for a time almost deprived me of sight. After this my strength decayed; and a variety of circumstances, both in Spain and Portugal, required that one of the Secretaries should visit the stations for more than inspection. I therefore withdrew from correspondence requiring more authority and strength than I had to give, and trust the Lord will crown the efforts of His servants with prosperity.

Now my course is nearly finished. Now and then I have had the joy of addressing a congregation, my son Barrow officiating as reader in performance of a duty I am no longer able to perform. My limbs are feeble, but I am free to rest, and Nature furnishes refreshment in that excess of sleep which comes to aid in the later stage of life. I have abundant time for healthful meditation, commencing with my own heart, thinking of the years past of service, sincere although imperfect—the infinite goodness of my Master—the all-sufficient grace and merit of my Saviour. Myself and mine I confidently commit to our Heavenly Father's care, in blessed hope of everlasting life.

W. H. RULE.

CROYDON, *May 8th*, 1886.

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