AN
(Cox, M.)

Wednesday, 27.

It is now four days since
I have seen a physician. The
Governor is confined to his room.
"My fever was dreadfully high
last night. This morning I
feel as feeble as mortality can
well. To God I commend all.

Affectionately
M. B. Cox.

REMAINS

OF

MELVILLE B. COX,

LATE MISSIONARY TO LIBERIA.

WITH A

MEMOIR.

BOSTON:
LIGHT AND HORTON.
1835.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1835,
BY LIGHT AND HORTON,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

PRESS OF LIGHT AND HORTON.
Samuel Harris, Printer.

PREFACE.

THE materials of the following Memoir have been derived principally from the various documents left by its lamented subject. They were voluminous, particularly his private journals, and it may be inferred from that circumstance, by some, that a more ample portion of them might have been introduced into this volume with propriety and advantage. The writer deems it his duty therefore to remark, that while parts of these papers, here and there, either were obviously intended for publication, sooner or later, in one shape or another, or wear at least an aspect proper for such use, other and very considerable passages—the great bulk of the manuscript, indeed—were as obviously intended at most, only for the eyes of private and intimate friends, and are moreover of a character chiefly to interest that comparatively small class of our readers. We have of course been compelled, under these circumstances,

to use a diligent discretion in the selections we have made, and have hoped, if we erred at all, to err on the safer side. We believe, however, that nothing of essential interest in the illustration of the purpose of a Memoir like this, has been omitted.

The publication of the *Remains* of such a man as Cox was, certainly requires no explanation or apology. They will be preserved as a precious relic of one of those, whose memories "smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

MEMOIR OF COX.

MEMOIR.

Melville B. Cox, the first Methodist Missionary from America to Africa, was born at Hallowell, in the State (then District) of Maine, on the 9th of November, 1799. He was twin brother of Gershom, now a member of the Maine Methodist Conference, and at this time the only survivor of a family of seven children. Two of them died at sea, as did the father in the West Indies, all in the command of merchant vessels, and neither having scarcely attained the age of mature manhood. The grandfather, James Cox, was a Bostonian by birth, passed the earlier years of his life in that city, and was considerably distinguished among his fellow citizens, particularly as a military man. Tradition makes him a member of the celebrated Tea Party. It is also stated that he commanded a company at the taking of Louisburg, and was at the head

of the little party who gained possession of the first gun taken from the enemy on that occasion. The latter report is probably true, but the former may be considered doubtful; as it is known that he migrated to the State (then District) of Maine, about the year 1757, and it is not ascertained that he ever returned. He was a millwright; but after his establishment on the Kennebeck, (where he was the third settler in the territory of Hallowell, since Augusta,) settled himself down as a farmer, in which occupation he died, in the year 1808, at the age of seventy-four.

The parents of the subject of this memoir were in what is called moderate circumstances, and his means of receiving an education were no better than those of farmers' sons usually were, in similar situations, at the time. He went occasionally, like most boys in this country, to a public school,—generally the well known "District School, as it was," we may fairly presume—probably never to any other, in the course of his life. Even this privilege, however, (as those few who have lacked it can best attest,) humble and cheap as it is,—so humble as to be almost overlooked, and so cheap as to be sometimes despised by the poorest and humblest of those for whose benefit it was designed—has been found, neverthe-

less, in the history of these New England States especially, of most essential service, alike to the interest of individuals, and through them to the public weal. The framers of the Republic were, many of them—not to say most of them—educated, as far as they were educated, in a literary sense, at all, in common schools; and the general officers of the Revolution, as well as a large proportion of those of inferior standing—the men upon whose conduct the fate of liberty throughout the world was hung—were indebted to the same source, in almost every instance, for the knowledge even of reading, and writing, and casting accounts—and few of them were masters of any scholastic accomplishments, beyond these —which proved indispensable to the discharge of the duties committed by their country to their charge. Even our renowned characters in the literary and scientific departments, themselves, those whose fame, if not their lives, has extended down to our own day, and especially the men who, by their mechanical inventions, have done most for the wealth and prosperity of the great mass of the people, and of their race at large, have derived the earliest resources of stirring reflection from books which they neither could nor would have read, but for the simple elements communicated perhaps

by the forgotten old ruler of the village school, "with spectacles on nose." Some of the presidents of our colleges have passed their whole boyhood and youth upon farms, with privileges of education hardly so good as these; and it is stated of one who was afterwards at the head of Harvard University, that his first journey to Cambridge, from his father's cabin in the woods of New Hampshire, (where he studied his first Latin by the light of a pitch-pine knot inflamed,) was performed on foot, for the want of a better conveyance, and with his shoes and stockings carried all the way, for economy and habit's sake, in his hand. James Logan, the friend of Penn, and for some time governor and chief justice of Pennsylvania, though apprenticed to a linen-draper early in life, had studied the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages, previous to his thirteenth year. He acquired the French, Spanish and Italian afterwards, in the same manner, without instruction; and meeting, in his sixteenth year, with a small book on mathematics, he made himself an adept also in that difficult science. But, not to be tedious in our illustrations, and not to go out of our own country for examples, of which no other on earth is or ever was so full as our own—and to say nothing of the Perkinses, and Bowditches, and Websters of

our own times—let anybody, and particularly, any *boy*, who is disposed to disparage the advantages of the means of education which are within the reach of the poor, study the history of George Washington, the surveyor, or Roger Sherman, the shoemaker, or Robert Fulton, the farmer, or Benjamin West, the Quaker's son, or David Rittenhouse, the ploughboy, or Benjamin Franklin, the poor printer; of the boys, in a word, who became in their manhood the explorers of science with the scholars of the old world, the ornament and glory of the arts, the counsellors and defenders of their country, in the forum and in the field, the inventors of the great practical improvements now in the daily use of the people—the improvements in building, in living, in working, in travelling, in the saving of labor every way, in everything but life itself—which, within the last fifty years, have utterly changed the face of society all over the civilized world. Let him study the history of these men, we say, and complain of his poverty and his privileges if he can.

There can be no situation, in a country like ours, out of which a determined spirit will not force itself into distinction,—at least, that best of all its kinds—the distinction of an honorable and useful life. "*Since you received my*

letter of October last,"—wrote Washington,* from a camp among the ridges of the Alleghany mountains, when but sixteen years of age—"*I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed;* but after walking a good deal all the day, [in discharge of his duties as a surveyor,] *I have lain down before the fire, upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or a bear skin, whichever was to be had, and with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats; and happy is he, who gets the berth nearest the fire.*" Now, it is by no means necessary that every lad, in these days, should go into the woods, like Washington, any more than that he should go to college, in order to acquire the means of a good discipline of his faculties, which is the main part of all education; but these cases may suffice to convince him that his education, and his influence, and his usefulness, and his success every way, through life, will depend a great deal more on the disposition he feels, and cherishes, to make the best of his opportunities, such as they are, than upon the opportunities themselves.—This is something of a digression, but we hope not without point. It is too common for boys to imagine that unless they can get what is called a libe-

* In a letter, which is still preserved.

ral education, or, at all events, go to schools and academies as much as they please, and work as little as they like, they can never be able to accomplish anything beyond the precincts of the shop or the farm. That is a great mistake; and the example of the subject of this memoir is a new proof of it;—if not so distinguished an instance as many others, in the same proportion more likely, perhaps, to be imitated by the humble class from whose ranks it was so recently taken.

We have remarked that the literary privileges of Melville, while he remained at home with his parents, were of the humblest order. It is allowed, however, by those who remember him at that period, that he improved them to the utmost; and this is the trait in his character, and the point in his history, to which we have intended to call the especial attention of the younger portion of our readers. We do not hear it said, indeed, that he accustomed himself to sit up all night, or half of it, very often, like Franklin in the bookstore, to read when he ought to have been sleeping; or that when he was sent to drive the cow home from the pasture, he was found, as an illustrious Scotch astronomer used to be, in his boyhood, flat on his back, watching the stars by the aid of a thread strung with small beads, while his

mother was waiting for milk to make his supper of. No such pranks are recorded of him. We cannot even show that he robbed Grimalkin of the fur on her tail, for a paint-brush, like West; or, if he was big enough, while with his parents, to hold a plough, or to drive one, that he used to amuse himself, as Rittenhouse did, when left to himself, with making out all manner of diagrams and "cyphering," on the handles and share. Not so much as one anecdote of the customary precocity is preserved in this case. He had genius enough to be "a good boy," in the old-fashioned sense of the word, and to make as much as most boys do, out of circumstances humble enough to give him an opportunity to try his skill; and that is the best evidence of the best genius, in a poor boy, that we know anything about. Not that he was dull, by any means, as Adam Clarke says *he* was; and still less, that he was considered, like him, "a grievous dunce," (according to his own showing,) good for nothing but "to roll big stones." He does not deserve the honor of ranking with Sir Isaac Newton, in being, as the great philosopher records of himself, "inattentive to study, and ranked very low in the school, till the age of twelve." Melville, wisely content to await the ordinary and wholesome development of his powers, was, at the

same time, early impressed with that important lesson of the value of time, which it takes so many men all their lives to learn. He seemed to understand instinctively, also, what the majority seem scarcely to believe, that everybody in this world, under God, is the maker of his own fortune and his own fame. Melville had an early ambition, of the best kind. He was ambitious—anxious—laborious, to qualify himself "to act well his part," in life, whatever he should be. It will be seen how far he succeeded.

At an early age, he had discovered, under all his disadvantages, so strong a propensity for study—and his proficiency at school always attracted notice—that his parents seem to have considered it the best they could do for him, to put him somewhere within sight and reach, at least, of *books*, knowing that he would be pretty sure to look within the covers as often as his leisure allowed. A bookstore in the thriving village of Hallowell, therefore, was his next advance; and here he doubtless enjoyed an increase in his opportunities of improving his mind, (though not very considerable after all,) which his thrifty use of the "one talent" of his first situation seemed to have both deserved and procured. This, indeed, is among the secrets of the success of the

diligent. Their diligence soon makes itself known; and the clank of the tinman's hammer who begins his work in the dewy calm of the day-break, is not more sure to bring him custom. The diligent always have custom, for they always have *character*. They not only make the best of the facilities which are common to them with others—and of the faculties, too,—but in nine cases out of ten, they will have friends to work for them, and lead them on, and to give them new opportunities, from time to time,—friends who are made such by the silent but sure recommendation of modest merit. The world is bad enough, perhaps, at the best; but it will always—were it only for its own benefit—"lend a helping hand" to those whom they find resolutely and conscientiously determined to help themselves.

We have called the new position of Melville an *advance*. It was so, in regard to the scope it gave him for literary cultivation. It was still humble enough, indeed, to have satisfied the most self-denying, on the score of luxurious leisure; but it was better than it had been. He had to work hard, and keep close within doors, most of his time; but few booksellers' boys—as all the distinguished men who have been early trained in that honorable calling

will testify *—are necessarily without some considerable opportunities of indulging their inclination for study. Our lad, in the village, could now enjoy also the occasional benefit of popular lectures, and other privileges, not many years since wholly unknown even to the higher classes, in the cities themselves. He watched them all narrowly, from his little confinement, and seldom, if ever, it is stated, when he could be at liberty, suffered them to pass unimproved. Thus, "little by little," (as the fable says of the bees and the birds,) he filled his hive with the honey of knowledge. Some distance he had to fly for it sometimes, to be sure; and he found part of it in rough and wild places; but neither himself nor the honey was any the worse for that. There is a homely adage about "the nearer the bone, the sweeter the meat;" and the spirit of the saying is as true of the boy as it is of the bee. As it has been stated that more people in this country, now-a-days, suffer, and suffer more, physically, from eating and drinking than from having too little to eat and drink—so, in the literary life, is there more harm done by a repletion of resources, than by the necessity of

* Such as, in this country, Franklin and Knox.

making the most of a few. There is both a sharper appetite, and a better digestion, in both cases; not to mention that a man, or a boy, who has to earn his fare with his own hands, be it his books or his bread, will be tolerably sure to economize his leisure and his labor, in either case, and to husband the results of either, to the utmost possible advantage.

But enough of discussion. The boyhood and youth of Cox passed swiftly away,—no more eventful than may be inferred from the humble quietness of his situation. It was an important period to him, for he was laying the foundations of his usefulness, in the hardihood, industry, energy and intelligence of his character; but to the world, it presents otherwise no aspect of interest. We shall leave it, with a brief account of his religious career, such as we find supplied at our hands by his own pen; for we prefer, upon this subject, quoting his own language. In a letter, (which we find a copy of among his manuscripts,) addressed to the Reverend Bishop McKendree, under date of May, 1832—about the time of his appointment as missionary to Liberia—and professedly in reply to queries proposed to him by that venerable prelate, and "dear father," as he calls him, he says—

"In July, 1818, God, for Christ's sake, forgave my sins, and imparted to my soul 'peace and joy in the Holy Ghost,' while, almost from the depths of despair, I was pleading for mercy alone in the woods. In a few weeks after, I joined myself to a small class in the neighborhood; and from that time to this, my name has been among them. I preached my first sermon, December 17, 1820. In March, 1821, I was licensed as a local preacher, by the Kennebeck District Conference, and immediately commenced travelling, under the direction of the presiding elder. At the Bath Conference of 1822, I was received on trial, and put in charge of Exeter Circuit. I travelled as an effective preacher till May, 1825, when I was taken sick, and left, that year, a supernumerary, with but little hope of recovery. In '26 and '27, I was superannuated; and in '28 located, and took charge of the 'Itinerant.' In the winter of 1830, finding myself about 1000 dollars poorer than when I commenced my editorial labors, under deep family affliction, and with lungs too sensitive to endure the cold, I left Baltimore for Virginia and the Carolinas. The kind manner in which I was received by my Virginian brethren induced me to join that conference, and, live or die, once more 'try' to preach to sinners. I was stationed at Raleigh, and preached and prayed as long as I could keep from my bed. My time of effective service was short. I preached but little after the first of May. But some souls were converted; enough to

satisfy me that I had followed the leadings of Providence, though it had cost me my life."

We have introduced the whole of this statement in this connection,—though it goes somewhat in advance of our narrative, and will be the subject of explanation hereafter,—rather than divide a document into parts, which was intended to be read *together*. In regard to the earlier period to which it refers, we find some additional notes, in the shape of a journal. From these we learn that in childhood, he was taught the principles of the christian religion "with unremitting attention,"—the greatest of the many services which he owed to an excellent mother, and sufficient, alone, to account for the devoted affection with which he uniformly mentioned her name. Oh! what is the influence of such a woman! The example which she sets, the lessons which she teaches,—her words, actions, thoughts themselves,—how silently, as snow-flakes on the face of the calm waters, do they melt, one by one, as they fall, into the soft heart of childhood! It may seem almost to see nothing, and hear nothing; but nothing, in fact, escapes its notice, and scarcely anything fails of its legitimate effect; for though the seed be buried for a time, it is but buried to be fostered in the

bosom of a warm soil, and to spring forth, under the sunshine of future occasions, into greenness and beauty. These are the nameless benefactors of their race. The praises of the great, and even of the greatly wicked,—of the conquerors and oppressors of their race,—the praises of mere wealth, and power, and of so frail a thing as even beauty—have been always rung, in all changes, till the ear is weary of the sound;—

> "And green along the ocean side,
> The mounds arise where heroes died;"

and *men*—good men—multitudes of them—who have devoted themselves to the cause of humanity in countless ways—have gained, in their death and their fame, at least, the acknowledgments which their lives deserved. But where is the fame of

> "The thousands that, *un*cheered by praise,
> Have made one offering of their days?"

> "Where sleep they, Earth?—by no proud stone
> Their narrow couch of rest is known;
> The still, sad glory of their name
> Hallows no mountain unto fame;
> No—not a tree the record bears
> Of their deep thoughts, and lonely prayers!"

Yet though no record tells them, they are not lost. The mother's monument is in the virtue

and usefulness of those whom she rears for God's glory and man's good; and mountains of marble cannot raise a fame like that.

Witness the working of this leaven in the mind of Cox, again. "I do not recollect," he says, "to have felt any obligation to my Maker, sufficient to amount to a religious conviction, until I was ten years old. *I had however such confidence in the instruction of my parents, that any deviation from rules laid down by them, produced the most painful recollections and fearful apprehensions.*" And, at the age of twelve, "so deep and lasting were the sentiments impressed with the first dawnings of reason, that time nor distance could efface them. Prayer I had always been taught to believe a duty that I owed to God; I now *felt* that it was the result of my obligations to him, flowing from the relation I stood in to my Creator and Preserver."

What he calls the first serious impression which he recollected as the consequence of a public ordinance, was derived, at the age of eleven, from the preaching of an old and eccentric Methodist, whose singularity of manners, and especially his simplicity of language, so strongly attracted the lad's attention, that for some time after he could repeat the greater part of the discourse. The immediate effect of

it was to induce him to study the Holy Scriptures, as he says, "in search of the way of life." He read them through by reading two chapters every day he labored, and ten on the Sabbath. The services of the church now wrought powerfully upon him at times; his "head seemed like waters; he was filled with anxieties." Occasionally, on the Sabbath, at this period, he would take his Testament, and enter the woods, and spend hours in some act of devotion.

These little incidents may seem trivial to some of our readers, but not to those who are willing to ponder the philosophy of the human mind, in all its states and stages, and get "good from everything." One of these juvenile illustrations of the tenderness of his feelings, occurred at the age of twelve, on the occasion of a visit from his mother and twin brother, which at this time was a rare pleasure. The lads engaged in boyish sports, and enjoyed themselves as boys commonly do—roughly—when, in wrestling, one had a fall on his knee. A discussion arose as to its being a fair fall, or not, and it gradually grew warmer till some harsh words were dropt by either party. The sport was abandoned at the same moment, for both perceived they had gone too

far. The sequel we shall leave the journalist to tell in his own language:

"About ten o'clock they left me for home. I watched them till out of sight. But to describe my feelings would be impossible. The most painful regret seized my mind, that I then had ever experienced. Had I been like Cain, the murderer of my brother, I could hardly have felt worse. Could I have seen him, I thought I would have fallen on my knees, and with tears asked his forgiveness. But he was gone—and thought I, ere I see him again, my soul will be in eternity. I went to a place of solitude, and poured out my desires to God for pardon. I wept as if my head had been waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears. Thought I, he was my *brother;* yea, my *twin* brother; that I had not seen him for a year, and now, when favored with the privilege, I had indulged in anger. I wept, and prayed to be forgiven for that *one* sin—I labored, perhaps one, and perhaps two hours—till, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, I felt that God had forgiven me, and rose feeling as much justified from that sin, as if I had never been guilty of it, and with a peace and calmness I can never forget. Thus passed days and months sinning and repenting."

We shall now transcribe his account of the change, already referred to in his statement to the Bishop, which took place in 1818:

"It was when religion was at an unusually low ebb, that I professed the religion of Jesus. There were indeed some who had the form of godliness in the village, but there were few that had the power. Some Methodists in the outskirts of the town were contending strongly against the wiles of Satan, but looked on as enthusiasts or bigots. Whoever had sufficient firmness to confess himself *such*, was sure to incur the one or the other.

"The spring had passed away with me in a careless indifferent manner. Never, perhaps, had six months witnessed against me so much vanity and folly—so much thoughtlessness upon religion, and stifling of convictions. I felt hurried into the company of the careless, and become almost the last that would leave it.

"The summer came, and with it brought the intelligence of the death of an uncle, who had once been a Methodist preacher. I attended his funeral in company with other relations, and heard a discourse from Rev. Mr. T., though with but little effect on me. After the obsequies were over, I was invited to a walk with several cousins, among whom was a daughter of my uncle, who had lately professed religion, in a revival, about twenty miles back in the country. She was warm in her first love, and, while her father was cold in death, felt what nature alone is a stranger to. She knew well how dear the soul of the *sinner* was, and felt the importance of the cause of Christ. We walked in

company with perhaps eight or ten. At about half a mile, and just as I was about to take leave of them, Mary stepped forth in view and presence of all, and with an unaffected interest, invited me to seek for religion. Said she 'You need not believe what I say of it, *but come and see for yourself;* taste and see how good the Lord is.' Her words sank deeply in my heart. I however kept myself as composed as possible, and after thanking her kindly for her advice, and telling her that I hoped I should or would 'try to,' bade them good evening, and left them.

"But my feelings were unutterable. My sins appeared in terror before me. One, above all the rest, seemed to haunt me—that of grieving and resisting the Holy Spirit. I thought it had left me forever. While passing through a small grove, on my way home, I fell on my knees, and poured out my soul to God, and begged him that I might resolve in his strength to seek him.

"For three weeks I know not that I smiled once. My greatest fear was, that God had so often called, and I had so often resisted, that now he would laugh at my calamity, and mock when my fears had come upon me. I however strove to conceal my feelings from every one, but sought every means of grace where I thought I should not be suspected of seriousness. In June, I attended the Conference on Sunday. Bishop George preached from—'And this gospel shall be preached in all the world,

&c.—and then shall the end come.' His description of the gospel was lovely, but that of the 'end' was awfully alarming. I felt deeply afflicted under it, and the constant language of my heart was, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' In the evening, I attended in the grove, to hear Rev. Mr. R——. I recollect nothing, but that my feelings were indescribable. I thought I would give worlds, if I had them, if a *christian* would speak to me, and take me by the hand and lead me to the altar; but none came to me, and I returned 'groaning, being burthened.' This, however, seemed to direct me more and more to Christ: it was vain to seek help elsewhere. My case seemed hopeless. I thought myself forgotten of God and his children. I resolved, however, that I would go mourning *all* my days—that I would always pray, 'God be merciful to me a sinner'—that in the agonies of death I would continue to call, and that while I was descending to the burning lake I would repeat the cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' Thus I continued for days, with a weight and distress of mind that no one knew, but he who drank the 'wormwood and the gall.' One Sunday evening, after having attended church, an old promise which I had heard from a preacher, revived with some comfort to my mind. He had said, while trying to encourage mourners, that however great our sins, if we were fully determined to seek God with all our hearts, the Lord would not suffer us to die without

forgiveness. This for a moment seemed to break the gloom of despair, and I resolved to ask *once* more in *hope*, and if disappointed, still to adhere to my former resolution, though given up to despair. I went to a little grove full in my view, and continued to pray for some time, without any change of feeling. Finally, I concluded I must give up; and between despair and hope, I was about to do so. But that moment—in the twinkling of an eye—my heart was filled with joy. I praised God—I felt *light.* I looked round to see the 'new sun and new earth,' that I had been taught to expect. 'T was the same, only they now wore a smile instead of gloom. The change was in me."

Of the interval which elapsed between this event and the time already mentioned, when Mr. Cox commenced preaching, little information in detail is left us. It appears, however, that his apprenticeship was not served out, a separation being mutually agreed on by his employer and himself; and also that a portion of his nonage was passed with one of his uncles, by *his* invitation. Here, probably, he had an opportunity of preparing himself more systematically than before, for the work before him, which, by this time, must undoubtedly have wholly engrossed his thoughts.

It was about this period that he lost one of his brothers—James. The only record we find

of it in the journal is contained in the following passage:

"August 3, 1820.—While in prayer meeting, just as I had finished opening the meeting, my brother came, and beckoned for me to go to the door. I went, immediately apprehending the burthen of his thoughts,—'James is dead!' Our dear mother followed us immediately out, and called from some distance, with the hurried anxiety of a mother, 'Is James dead?'—all too painfully true."

There would seem to be something more meant here than meets the ear, which, for some reason, Mr. Cox forbore to communicate. The elucidation has been furnished us, while in the act of collecting the materials of this Memoir, from an authority which, as regards the facts, stated *as* facts, at least, no one of our readers, we venture to say, would feel disposed to gainsay, whatever his opinion may be of the comment attached. We do not hesitate to insert that also, in the language of the writer:—

New York, July 25, 1835.

"My Dear Sir:—There is one circumstance in the life of the late Mr. Cox, which, at least to some of his christian friends, may claim a degree more of attention than he has given to it, and which it is probably out of your own power to give, without

some additional facts in the case. If I recollect rightly, he has merely recorded the fact, and that rather incidentally. A relation of the circumstances is the more important, as without the detail, the fact may become a subject of ridicule by the semi-infidel, but with this detail, may afford him a suggestion, the truth of which he cannot so easily gainsay. I am aware, too, that the occurrence may be passed over, as have been thousands of others, of a similar, and even of a more striking character, without acknowledging any supernatural agency; but it must be on the ground of admitting greater mysteries in the explanation than would be found in frankly confessing even the agency of the Deity.

"The following are the facts:—they occurred when Mr. Cox was about twenty years of age. At the time of this singular incident, his brother James, who, it will be seen, was concerned in the affair, was at sea—being master of the brig 'Charles Faucet,' which was then on her passage to New Orleans. This young gentleman, although well fitted for his business in every other respect, and irreproachable in his conduct among men, was destitute of religion.

"From the hour that James sailed for New Orleans, Melville, with another brother of his, and who was alike partner in his 'precious faith,' made the absent brother a constant subject of prayer. Such, indeed, were their feelings for James, and so absorbing to them was the great question of his

soul's salvation, that it became, for a few weeks, with them, their first and last thoughts for the day.

"One evening, just as the sun had fallen, the two brothers, as they were sometimes wont to do, visited the edge of the woods, back of the village, where they then resided, and there knelt down to pray. The first object of interest before them was their absent brother, whose image came up to their view with more than ordinary distinctness, and who, it seemed to them, was not only far away on the sea, tossed upon its waves as the spirit of the storm might drive him, but 'without hope—without God in the world'—and liable to fall into the gulf of wo. As they prayed, their own spirits seemed in agony for James, and they poured out their feelings in alternate offerings, with a depth of sympathy—of religious fervor—of faith in God, never before experienced by them for him. It was given to them to wrestle with God in prayer, and to importune as for their own souls. And thus they did, unconscious of the nightly dews that were falling upon them, until the conflict seemed past, and the blessing they sought gained. They both rose from prayer, and without exchanging a word upon the subject of their feelings, went to their different homes for the night.

"The next morning, the brothers met; but the feelings of the past night were yet too vivid to be dissipated. Said Melville to the younger, 'What did you think of our feelings last night?' 'I think,'

said the younger brother, 'James has experienced religion.' 'Well, I think,' said Melville, 'THAT HE IS DEAD; and I have put it down in my diary; and you will see if it is not true.' A few weeks passed away, and tidings came that *James was dead.* He died within a few days' sail of the Balize, in the evening, and, as the brothers supposed, by a comparison of the letter they received with Melville's diary, *on the same hour in which they were engaged in prayer for his soul.*

The above letter contained no reference to his religious feelings, so that the correctness of the younger brother's impression was yet to be determined. On the return of the brig, however, it was ascertained, by conversation with the mate, that the feelings of both were equally true. It appeared from the mate's testimony, and other circumstances, that immediately after his sailing, James became *serious*, abandoned profaneness, to which he had been accustomed for years, and forbade the indulgence of this profitless and degrading crime on board his vessel; and this seriousness continued to the hour of his death. He communicated his thoughts, however, to no one, excepting to his friends, upon paper, which they received after his death. Yet it does not appear from any of these circumstances, that he found peace to his mind, unless it were in his last hour.

"On the morning of the day on which he died, he said to his mate 'he thought he should die that

day;' and accordingly, made what arrangements he could for such an event. He gave some directions about the vessel, and requested a lock of hair to be cut from his head, which, with a ring that he took from his finger, was handed to his friends. He then gave himself up to his fate. In the evening, the mate went below; and seeing quite a change had taken place in his appearance, and that death was rapidly approaching, he took his hand, and thus addressed him:—'Captain Cox, you are a very sick man.' 'Yes, I know it,' was calmly, though feebly articulated. 'You are dying,' continued the mate. 'Yes, I know it,' he again whispered. 'And are you willing?' 'Yes, blessed'——and burst into a flood of tears, and expired.

"To the christian, I have nothing to say on the above circumstance. To him, all is clear as the light of day. But to the infidel, I may propose one question. How was it possible that the event of James's death, and the change which he evidently experienced in his feelings—call it by what name you please, and the consolation of which no one would take from the dying—how is it possible that the event should be so strongly impressed upon the minds of these two brothers, when he to whom they related was thousands of miles distant; and how could it occur, too, on the very hour when the events were taking place?

Affectionately yours, F."

We return to the course of the memoir of Melville. The condition of his mind at this period—we presume, in anticipation of his ministry—may be inferred from the following passage of his journal:

"JULY 10, 1820.—I think I can say with the Psalmist, 'the Lord is my shepherd;' and it is my desire to follow him whithersoever he goeth. All I want is the mind that was in Christ Jesus. Many times he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me by the side of still waters. Oh, that my peace may be like a river, and my righteousness like the waves of the sea. Though I pass through the valley and shadow of death, I will not fear; though the thunders roll, and from pole to pole rend this earth, if God be my refuge, what can I want beside?

"Now, Lord, hear my prayer! Restore my soul to full health. Lead me in the path of true holiness. For the sake of my Redeemer, may thy rod and thy staff comfort me. Anoint me with the oil of thy kingdom; may my cup run over with gladness. May thy mercy follow me all the days of my life. May I dwell in thy house forever. Lord, help me to be thankful for thy past goodness. This I ask for Christ's sake."

The interesting occasion of the delivery of his first sermon is thus recorded:

"DEC. 17, 1820, is a memorable day to me. I rode out to Readfield, and by the advice of Rev. James Williams, attempted for the first time to preach. The meeting was held in Carleton's school house. I trembled so that I could scarcely see a letter in the hymn book, till I rested my hand upon the pulpit. Text:—'Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.' The text I thought quite as applicable to myself as any I had heard.

"The *calmness*, the sweet, unruffled peace, and the inward satisfaction which I felt, after the services were over, I can never forget."

He mentions that his second sermon was preached in what was formerly called Malta, near his friend James Wingate's. On this occasion, an unusual effect was produced by his discourse, and he speaks of it with evident satisfaction.

The life to which Mr. Cox had now devoted himself is one of which little has been said, by those who have gone through with it, and of which, therefore, the community at large have probably but a vague conception. Humble enough, in human eyes, it must be admitted that it is; and yet few are aware of its trials and hardships, on one hand, or of the good account, on the other, to which it may be turned, and has been, by those disposed, (as

the subject of our memoir was,) to make the most of it as a discipline for themselves, at the same time that they labor unsparingly for the benefit of the people committed to their charge. A better school for the study of human nature, especially—the knowledge of which is so valuable, not to say indispensable, to the preacher, of all other men—cannot easily be imagined.

He was stationed by the Conference, during this period of his labors in Maine, in various parts of that state, but generally in those where the services of an efficient minister were supposed to be most needed; that is, for the most part, where there were fewest of all the comforts of civilized, as well as religious society. The personal equipments with which he supplied himself for this career in the wilderness were, from his circumstances, as well as from principle, necessarily of the simplest quality; scarcely beyond the example of the primitive christians themselves, when they went out "*two by two*"—a social consolation, (and an aid, doubtless,) which our wanderer was in no situation to enjoy. A good deal of the time, he was without the substantial companionship of a horse,—an appurtenance commonly regarded, in such cases, we take it, as a matter of necessity. He speaks of walking eight

or ten miles to hold a meeting. This was sometimes in the daytime, and sometimes in the night, and by high-ways or by-ways, over field or flood, as the case might be. Whether he got anything to eat, too, on the way,—or what he got—or what his accommodations generally might be—were in a great degree accidental; and he probably considered himself fortunate at this;—fortunate if his sufferings consisted chiefly in temporal or trivial things, and especially in mere privation and exhaustion alone.

A specimen or two of this manner of life, at random, may better illustrate what we mean. He stopped at a dwelling house by the way-side, on one occasion, and made a dinner, and doubtless a most acceptable one after a long walk, on a plain dish of bread and fish, without gravy or butter, but with the extra addition of a comfortable cup of tea. This was well. He was extremely weary, however, which was perceptible enough to any observer; and this was a family of his own persuasion, it would seem; but no one invited him to tarry with them, and he had to set off and walk four miles through the woods, before he could find a shelter for his head.

But this was doing well, for he found one at last, and that among friends. At other

times, he was disappointed more grievously. There was a want of ordinary hospitality, even with those for whose benefit he was intending to labor, and who must have been aware of the fact. This afflicted him, and though he probably did not complain, which was rarely his practice, his reflections show how he felt it.

"I have been visiting," he says at one time, "some of my brethren; but truly they appear more like distant relations, than children of one family. They are unwilling to help in distress, or to open their houses to the needy. I rode from house to house, to get my horse kept *one night*, but could not, and was obliged to go to a tavern. I returned, and cried out, 'Oh, that I had a lodging place in the wilderness:'—nay, *death* seemed desirable. I wept in solitude—among strangers; but God was with me, and will raise me up. 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? hope thou in God, for thou shalt yet praise him.' O Lord, may this trial wean me from this world, and fix my soul on thee. Show me the worth of souls. Raise thy work, O God. How can I live—how can I live, unless thy work prosper?"

In another instance, he had been preaching at some remote settlement in the wilderness of the Penobscot country, (as it then was,) at the

time he was upon his Exeter Circuit, when it had got to be late in the evening of a cold winter night, after a hard day's work. Under these circumstances, he was told by the family with whom he had taken tea, that they could not accommodate him with a bed. He expressed his gratitude to them, of course, for what he already owed them, and started off in the night—through the woods—a perfect stranger in the country—with roads and crossings running by him and about him in every direction—to find the house of a former acquaintance, which luckily he at length succeeded in doing. Another night in the winter, he rode on horseback from half past nine till two or three in the morning, between Sebec and Exeter, to attend a quarterly meeting the next day. This was rather rough travelling—and he had a good deal of the same kind—but "that night," he says, "and that deep forest, were to me as a Paradise." We are not certain that this was not, on the whole—and especially considering his health, and a good degree of success in his ministry—the happiest portion of his life. We should dwell less on these little vicissitudes—as he considered them—but that they may furnish serviceable hints to some persons who, if they think more of the drudgery, as well as of the dignity, of this

profession, will be more ready than some of Melville's calculating acquaintances were, to "*open their houses to the needy.*"

"If," he somewhere says, "I had confined myself to the limits of the *Plan*, I might have had rather an easy time of it. But there were too many calls for help to permit this; and wherever I had an invitation, if possible, I would go, and at least preach *once.* Sometimes I had to wade swamps, sometimes follow a foot-path through the woods. Once I went to Ripley, to Frazerville, and to Sebec, and to several other towns, which I do not now recollect, &c."

Neither could it be considered that his pecuniary inducements were such as to excite much of a covetous spirit within him. If he thought of such, when he abandoned the comforts of home, for the life we have here been describing, the reality must speedily have corrected his error, though it does not appear to have altered his conduct. He received in one circuit less than five dollars for about a quarter's labor. Repeatedly he resorted to keeping school, in addition to all his other duties, that he might supply himself with what most persons would count among the necessaries of a poorer man than himself. While at Bath, he taught three months, preaching twice or thrice on the

Sabbath at the same time, and lecturing once during the week besides, part of which services were rendered in neighboring villages, at a considerable distance from the district in which he resided. On Hamden Circuit, also, he taught a grammar class. Subsequently to this, a horse which had been of some service to him became disabled, and he sold the animal for fifteen dollars—perhaps a tolerable indication of his worth at the best of times. However, he found he could hardly dispense with such an aid, in some shape, so he bought another; and to pay for him, went to keeping *two grammar schools*, which, he adds, did not at all interfere with his appointments, as he attended them at hours appropriated to *study* or *rest*. Twenty-four lessons of an hour each constituted this course of instruction. He was of opinion that his pupils in this way obtained more critical knowledge of the English language than in six or twelve months of ordinary instruction; and we presume that he might have made the same remark of himself. There is scarcely any exercise equal to this of teaching, as an intellectual discipline, where the teacher is disposed so to use it; and the more intelligent the pupils, and the more ambitious the preceptor, in such a case, the better, other things equal, for either party. A very

large proportion of the young men educated at our best colleges, including many who have since been highly distinguished in church and state, have been, by their own acknowledgment, eminently indebted to this, among the means of their proficiency. Every minister of the gospel, at least, it seems to us, should train himself strictly to a teacher's duties. They will compel him to cultivate both plainness and thoroughness; and to be plain and thorough, he must think distinctly, and work systematically; and all these, aside from very important moral and practical considerations, will be found promoted, by faithful teaching, a good deal more in the preceptor's mind, than they can be under common circumstances, in the pupils'.

One more specimen:—One Sunday, after having gone a considerable distance to preach, and having preached twice, and being greatly fatigued, as well as in want of food, he went to the door of the dwelling house of an acquaintance who had very kindly entertained him on a former occasion, and probably invited him to make a home of his house, when he came in town. He knocked repeatedly, but no one came or spoke. He ventured to walk in, threw off his cloak, and was making his way to the sitting room, in the hope, doubt-

less, of a cordial christian welcome, that should do both body and soul good, when his ancient host abruptly encountered him. His looks were those of deep displeasure, though more of embarrassment. A word of courtesy was passed, and he addressed his weary friend:— "I was independent once," said he; "I entertained whomsoever I pleased; I did as I pleased. But now I am dependent on friends; and my friends say that *unless I turn you out of doors, they will me.*" Mr. Cox was shocked, of course, with such a reception; but besides that he was quick to discern and appreciate the circumstances alluded to by his "dependent patron," he was on all occasions as active to avoid, not only a controversy, but an unpleasant word, as too many men are to seek one. He instantly thanked the poor man kindly for what he had done, expressed his regret at the necessity, such as it was, imposed upon him, bade him a good evening, and left him. But he could not forget the incident. As he withdrew, he thought, he says, of these words:— "He that loveth houses or lands more than me, is not worthy of me." He adds—

"I went directly to the woods, and passed the time in prayer. At the hour of worship, I went and preached. A few moments before the services

commenced, the house took fire, but it was soon extinguished. If ever I preached, I did that evening. It was awfully solemn, and so silent that you might have heard the falling of a pin. I warned the people to flee the wrath to come, bade them farewell, and left them, for the want of either a place to preach in or accommodations for myself. I rode six miles after sermon, to a friend's, much comforted that I had once been counted worthy of suffering for Christ's sake."

But it was not all thus, as a single passage will show:

"From Hamden I went to the District Conference, held in Fairfield; from thence to the Bath Conference, as near as I can recollect. From this Conference I received my first appointment from the bishop. As was usual in such cases, with novitiates, I was sent to 'Exeter' Circuit, then called the 'Methodist College.' I wept like a child, when I heard it 'read out.' Alone, but hoping in God, I left home, friends, and almost every comfort, and started for my new charge. Exeter was a new part of the country, and the inhabitants generally poor, though it had many precious brethren in its humble log huts. Many of them, too, were men of sterling sense, and well educated; but with an enterprise peculiar to New England, they preferred a forest, with good prospects in future, to the homes of their fathers. We had many good seasons to-

gether. Religion, though not much extended, was revived among the brethren, many prejudices were softened, and *Methodism*, I believe, assumed a higher standing than it had before."

In 1824, Mr. Cox, though he still continued laboring, (at and about Kennebeck, &c.) as usual, with all his might—for he was one of those men who could not labor "moderately," as it is commonly understood—began to feel the effects of his exertions and exposures in his health. Indeed, this circumstance, instead of operating to warn, seemed rather to hasten him. He writes, in one case—"as if in anticipation of what awaited me, I *hastened* to do my work, under many apprehensions of soon being called to account for my stewardship. For three weeks, nearly, before my illness, these words were again and again impressed upon my mind, as if spoken to me—'Your work is done.'" It will be seen in the sequel, how nearly these apprehensions were realized. His career as a preacher in Maine was already closed. He fell sick early in 1825, at Captain Lord's. And here he breaks out, with his characteristic warm-heartedness, in fervent acknowledgments of the great kindness with which he was treated, both by the family and by others. Few persons were more keenly

alive to such tenderness than he was. Those who read this memoir, and remember, as they read, even the slightest service rendered him, may be almost certain it was never forgotten while he lived. For him, injuries were written in water, but kindness in letters of stone.

In June, he was able to ride; and he travelled by slow stages to Belfast, where his brother resided; and there he remained till the last of August. Here he received a proposition from the bookseller at Hallowell, who had once employed him, offering him his stock in trade, with his "stand," on terms of a very favorable character, as he considered them. Finding himself disabled from preaching, and yet most anxious to be doing something, he accepted the proposal, and went into trade again. He continued in it over a year, during which time he was generally unable to speak aloud. We need not go into details. The business turned out unfortunate. He washed his hands of it as fast as possible—sold out for the most he could get—"gave up the last ninepence he had in his pocket—and without a decent suit of clothes, and with borrowed money to pay his passage with, left Hallowell" on the 19th of November, 1826, for the south—having, however, been able to preach once or twice not long previous to leaving.

From this time he was destined to rapid and trying vicissitudes, which the condition of his health poorly qualified him to encounter. This, indeed, was now completely broken down, never to be restored, though his energy and his ambition for active usefulness still continued as fresh as before. He travelled for some months in various directions, searching for employment, and hoping at the same time to meet with a congenial climate. He concluded to establish himself in Maryland; and here were experienced, within the brief space of a year or two, both his happiest and most keenly afflicted days. It would almost have seemed the intention of the overruling Providence which ordered his steps, to try him with all that he could bear of both extremes, in the shortest possible allowance of the little time which remained to him.

It was here that he married, on the 7th of February, 1828, Ellen, the daughter of Mrs. Cromwell Lee; and never, probably, on earth, was a union which promised more satisfaction to the parties, or one that, for the brief space it lasted, produced more. Her character appears to have united every lovely trait which even a fond husband could desire, and the affection between them was most fervent, and interrupted only by death itself. He lived with

her some months in the family of *her* mother, (a lady whom he mentions always in terms similar to those applied to his own,) about ten miles out of Baltimore, where, at her solicitation, he occasionally assumed the direction of her beautiful estate, and became gradually a good deal engrossed in the pleasing cares of the charge. Some of his letters written at this period, from "Clover Hill," are filled with agricultural sketches, and convey a lively idea of the interest he took in his new labors. They were probably found favorable to his health, especially as they not only afforded him little temptation to exhaust his remaining strength in professional services, but, with his other domestic duties, so entirely occupied him as to prevent much of the corroding uneasiness which he generally felt when deprived of such opportunities. "Once in two weeks," he says, "we are visited by our circuit preacher, who finds a congregation of from 50 to 100 to preach to, in a little church about the size of a large school house. Our house is a home for him when he pleases to call, and I assure you we look with pleasure when he is expected. * * I preach but seldom. My lungs are still too weak to speak with ease." This is the picture of a quiet life—very unlike what he had been accustomed to—still more strangely

contrasted with the sequel, which remained as yet undisclosed.

He removed to the city in process of time, and became the editor of a weekly religious paper called the Itinerant, which, though ably conducted, proved more laborious than profitable, and ended with leaving him burthened with debt. But meanwhile, more serious grievances were impending. The blue sky of his life was overcast, never to be bright again. The story is soon told, and it is too painful to dwell upon. "Surely," he says himself, months afterwards, as he looked back, "surely I have passed (if it were right to call afflictions such) a moonless night, the year that is gone (1830.) Three brothers-in-law, a dear wife, and a sweet little child, (beside two bilious attacks upon myself, and one on a sister-in-law at my house,) have followed each other to the grave in rapid and melancholy succession." These were indeed severe trials, to follow so closely a period of such enjoyment, and especially for a man of the ardent temperament of Cox. Now was the time to test the strength of his character, and the value of his religion. Nothing else could support him; and this was sufficient for the crisis. Even as he tells over the list of his losses, with a heart still bleeding, he adds—

"It is well. If I only have righteousness by things which I have suffered, I am content. It is all nothing, when put in competition with the smallest degree of moral improvement. Whom God loveth he chasteneth. If it all end in the fruition of a holy and joyous hope, I may hail it as a means, in the hands of God, of the salvation of my soul."

This spirit we find even in those letters to intimate friends, written in the deepest gloom of his bereavements, which dwell most feelingly on the then absorbing subject of his thoughts. The following is without a date:

"My dear and only Brother:—Your last gave a momentary consolation; I read in it the deep feeling of a brother for a brother's weal, both in this and in another world. But an almost broken heart who can comfort, but God? The fearful cloud has broken—the dreaded moment has come—and I am *alone*. My dear, dear wife is no more. She died on Thursday morning, at twenty minutes past one; and was buried on New Year's Day. Bitter indeed, my brother, would seem my cup, if God had not prepared it. But I know, I feel, that he is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. Yet I have feelings that none can tell—hours of loneliness that seem almost a void in duration. But God hath been better than my fears—'he hath helped me;' and the pangs, the recollections, the touching scenes through which I have passed, might have even

pained a heart far less sensitive than mine, had he not, in my great weakness, vouchsafed the support of his grace in an unusual manner. What seems to have given point to the arrow of death is, that she died a few moments after giving *premature* birth to another pledge of our constant and mutual love. The *cause*, however, was a chronic diarrhœa, which kindness of friends nor skill of physicians could relieve.

" But my *loss*, I believe, is her infinite *gain*. For most of the time during her protracted illness, there seemed a want of confidence in every answer; but blessed be God forever and ever, three days before her death, she partook of the broken body and spilled blood of a dear Redeemer. This awakened all her feelings for a brighter evidence. She cried to God, and he heard her, tranquillized her mind, and gave her that assurance, I trust, which sustains in nature's dying struggle. The following are some of her expressions:—To a minister who had called to pray with her, she said—'I want a bright, unerring evidence of my acceptance with God, before I can be reconciled to leave this (taking hold of my hand) dearest, tenderest and best of husbands. I cannot rest void of it. I want the faith that wrestles *constantly* with God—that says, I will not let thee go, unless thou bless me. Lord, thou hast blessed me, and wilt thou not again? Is mercy clean gone forever? O Sun of Righteousness, arise, with healing in thy wings. Jesus *can* make a *dying* bed feel

soft as downy pillows are. Then, come life or death, all is well.' Her mother mentioned to her that she had often comforted many a weary soul. 'Do n't tell me, my dear Mother,' said she, 'anything that I have done; I am a poor *sinner*.'

"At another season of prayer, after the above, she said, with great fervency—'Oh, pray!—every *breath* should be a breath of prayer. I never can praise God enough. I will *exhaust* myself in his praise:' and immediately, with a feeble voice, commenced singing—

'And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vail,
And soar to worlds on high.'

Her friends then commenced singing—'How happy every child of grace;' and she joined through the whole. When she came to the clause—'I feel the resurrection near,' she stopped, and seemed in an ecstacy, and cried out—'Blessed be God!'

"I cannot say any more in this."

The following bears date the 27th of January, 1830.

"I am indeed deeply afflicted, my dear brother; too deeply to write—too deeply to utter it. My heart feels ready to break forth like waters. I mourn in silence, by day and by night, the absence of one who would console when distressed, and support when weary. I feel a loneliness which mocks the power

of language. 'Lover and friend has been put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.' Hitherto it has seemed but a dream, in which thought had scarcely a consciousness of exertion; but *now* all is a reality. 'I go back—she is not there;' and if I go forward, 'I find her not.' My room—my bed—ah, my brother, *can* you feel as I feel when I revisit them? Fain would I call her back, or hear the whispers of her friendly spirit. But the grave covers her emaciated form, and the worm perhaps already riots on what was so dear and so lovely in life. I sincerely believe the world has not her equal, in some, at least, of the most essential virtues. She sought no pleasure, no company, but mine. Her house was her home, and if it numbered me and our little one, it was enough. Her image is constantly before me, awaking each kind, endearing look, bestowed in sickness and health—but only to tell me I shall enjoy them no more.

"I see, too, her dear form struggling in sickness, and hear in each moaning wind the tale of her excruciating sufferings. In her sickness, I was too sick to afford those attentions health would have enabled me to show. I could only kneel by her side, and weep that I could not relieve her; and at her death, I could not realize that she was gone, nor feel how great was my loss. But now there is no dreaming—all is *real;* no mingled fear and hope—all is stern truth. Ellen is *no more.* Well, be it so, my dear brother. Sometimes my path seems a thorny

one; but God is infinitely better—yes, I *feel* that he is infinitely better to me, than I deserve. Wise purposes may be accomplished by this. Sure I am that *I* was unworthy of so great a blessing. She was taken from evil to come; and the future may show to *me* the ill she was unable to bear."

To his sister, he expresses himself, if possible, in still more touching terms. But enough has been cited to illustrate the points of his character which it was to be expected the circumstances of these afflictions would draw forth; and the subject is too melancholy to be dwelt upon beyond what is necessary to such a development.

His health, at this time, was nearly as bad as it could be. His fever had left him without strength, and his lungs were so irritable that almost the slightest exertion of his voice, even in the way of conversation, was a source of severe pain. It is a striking indication of the force of his character, that, under these circumstances, he not only did not entirely yield to them, but his mind was filled with schemes of activity, which scarcely suffered him to rest for a moment. He had concluded that he must go farther south; but the question was, what he should do,—for he could not endure the thought of being useless. Movements were made for a newspaper, but failed. He then

pondered the notion of travelling with a view to collect facts for the composition of a History of American Methodism, which he believed to be much needed. Other projects were discussed. Finally, he received a commission from his friend, the Rev. Dr. Fisk, to act as an agent to collect subscriptions in behalf of the Wesleyan University; and his journal shows that he labored some in this vocation before leaving Baltimore. But it did not suit him, nor his situation; neither would anything have induced him to engage in any species of mere secular business. Thus he remained—anxiously seeking for something to do, while, in fact, he was unfit for doing anything—till, in February, 1831, we find him suddenly resolved "*to go and offer myself, all broken down as I am, to the Virginia Conference.*" "If they will receive me," he adds, "I will ask for *an effective relation* [charge.] Then, live or die, if the Lord will, I shall be in the travelling connection. Out of it I am unhappy; and if not watchful, I may wander from the simplicity of the gospel." This resolution was formed at Annapolis, whither he had travelled, in the midst of the severities of the coldest season and roughest travelling of the year—slender and sick as he was—with the view of directing his lonely steps as far as

Georgia. The idea of preaching again, wild as it may seem, was perhaps not without justification in the principles of common sense, even for a man who had already sacrificed himself, as Mr. Cox was aware he had done, to his earnestness in his cause. That employment was congenial to him. He longed to be engaged in it again; and disabled as he was from doing almost everything else, it is not improbable that the misery of lying idle, or of being undetermined, to a mind like his, might have affected his health itself more unfavorably than even an ardent renewal of his favorite pursuits. In other respects, it met his desires precisely. "I can only die," he says; "and perhaps that were better than a long and useless life." It was, no doubt, a difficult case to decide, and he felt its perplexities, and labored and prayed fervently to be rightly guided; but on the whole, his heart was fixed; and, as he somewhere says, it beat with joy at the thought. He only regretted ever leaving the ministry:

"Had I not, I might to be sure have been in my grave, but I believe it would have been a triumphant end. *Life* is of no consequence—nay, it is worse than useless, unless it be *profitable* to others and ourselves. I do not say a man may not accomplish even as much good by *suffering* as by *doing* the

will of God; but my impression is, that I was not only called to the ministry, but there to spend my life—there to die! And I most devoutly pray to God, if it be his will, that there I may fall, crowned, not with gold, nor with a diadem of worldly honor, but with the honors of the 'cross of Christ.' I see much that I think might have been saved; I lament, too, a want of gospel simplicity and heavenly mindedness. I pray that God would protect me from it in future. A minister, it is said, should be, like the wife of Cæsar, 'above suspicion.' His countenance, his manners, his dress, should all speak to every man, of the dignity and divinity of his high and holy mission. Oh that the love of the world, its habits, maxims, and everything of it not in accordance with the pattern set by the Saviour of the world, might be crucified to death within me.

'The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.'"

Full of these views, he left Annapolis for Norfolk, and thence, after a short visit, travelled by slow stages, as he was able to bear the movement, to the Conference at Newbern.*

* "I dined in North Carolina," says the journal of the 9th of the month, "and my companion in Virginia, though both of us sat at the same table." This was at the half-way house between Norfolk and Elizabeth City.

Here he received an appointment to Raleigh. We quote from the journal—the best evidence of his feelings :—

"I am now a member of the Virginia Conference. I have asked, too, for an *effective* relation. What a fearful duty, with my state of health! But, live or die, I have passed the resolution to work in the cause. The Lord grant me strength to fulfil it. Oh! that in his infinite mercy, he would restore and sustain my health.

"SATURDAY, 19.—To-day, for the first time for months, have I attempted to preach the gospel of Christ. I went to the pulpit with some sense, I trust, of the *divine presence*, and preached from—'Is the Lord among us or not?'

"I made but little exertion—but little effort; still I trust it was not altogether in vain. There seemed to be much feeling in the congregation, and much in myself. Everything appeared pleasant, and left me less exhausted than I had feared. I have now nothing before me, but to preach and die. Oh that God would help, sustain, and direct me. I have no evidence, however, feeble as I am, that I shall die the sooner by moderately exerting my lungs. I *may*, and I *may* live the longer for it. This is not within my province. My calling I have thought to be that of preaching the gospel. I know of nothing in Scripture which requires me to forsake it, though fallen. I may yet rise; but if not, I feel safer in

the travelling ministry than out of it. Others can do as they think right; this, at present, seems my task. And I only pray that '*God may be with me.*'"

Mr. Cox proceeded from Newbern, as fast as he was able, to his station at Raleigh, and there entered at once on the discharge of his duties. The result was such as most of our readers must have made up their minds to expect. It was an earnest, constant, laborious struggle between disease and determination, with various degrees of superiority sometimes apparent in either, but even its victory going, on the whole, against the body. It is wonderful to what exertions the "willingness" of the spirit —and especially of such a spirit—will occasionally arouse the feeblest frame; and there are few instances of this all-powerful religious energy more striking than the one before us. But these advantages, in many cases, are too frequently gained at great expense. They were so in this. They wore him out more and more, in spite of himself. He rallied, and returned to the contest again, but again he was beat back, and again and again, till finally nothing remained for him but to drag his fagged forces altogether from the field. It would be curious, though melancholy, to trace the fortunes of the battle with more minuteness, as

shadowed forth in the journal; and the more so as the truth has been told with such evident simplicity, and withal, so little with the idea in the writer's mind of making out what would even appear as a continuous and single sketch.

On the morning after his first sermon, the journal assumes rather an encouraging tone. He felt exhaustion, and pain too,—he had scarcely even conversed moderately for five years without feeling it,—but less than he had anticipated. The thought of what he may yet do kindles in him like a flame:—

"I never felt more hope of yet being able to preach than now. Who knows but that I yet may be able to preach twice on the Sabbath? Who knows but God has work for me to do here, which another could not have accomplished? Oh! I do pray, that he who directed a Jacob, may have directed my appointment, and that he will be *with me*, and bless my labors for this people.

"I *pity* the people—have no doubt they are *disappointed*. But this, God can overrule for their good. He can bring light out of obscurity. If here I fall, I have but one prayer:—May I go in the faith and triumph of the humble christian. Life certainly is of no consequence, except so far as it prepares us and others for a future world. It is the good we accomplish, not the number of days we

live. And with this view, a *short* life, if it answer life's great end, is the better one. Ah, me—why am I so slow to believe? Does not God number the hairs of my head? Will he forget even *me?* Ah, no! he has pledged his promise. I will venture upon it. I will lean upon his almighty arm. And then, if I fall or rise, I am alike safe in the protection of him who holds the keys of life and death in his own hands? Oh God, increase my faith. Commission me anew. Anoint me afresh for the work committed to my charge. Oh let my word be as the thunder's voice, though uttered in tones scarcely audible. Give energy to thy truth. Let thy word, though spoken by a worm of earth, be as a hammer to break in pieces, and as a fire to burn."

Immediately after this animated passage, we find him lamenting that his eyes failed him as well as his lungs, and that reading had become painful. The next day, he acted as a preacher in charge for the first time in five years, and made a zealous day's work of his duties. Then came pain in the night after—pain between the shoulders, and in the breast—and the physical effect of the preaching seemed just now to have become apparent; and then he begins to reason again on his course, and to pray God to direct him. On the Sunday following, the journal runs thus:

"I have preached again, till I was nearly exhausted. I cannot but hope, from the appearance of solemnity, and evidence of divine influence, that some special good *will* result from the labors of the evening. Oh my God! shake terribly this place. Oh, breathe over its inhabitants. Speak with that voice to sinners which will awake the dead. Oh, come, come, my dear Redeemer; come in *mercy* to this people, and save the purchase of thy blood.

"I preached one hour and ten minutes. I will try to do better next time. How much, and how painfully we have to learn wisdom. God of goodness, save my feeble lungs from any evil effects from this evening's labor.

"I feel much more sensibly my evening's labor, than at this night week. My pulse assumes its old fretfulness and frequency."

The next extract succeeds at the interval of a fortnight, and shows him still undiscouraged. A good deal of aid which was promised him at this time, had failed. He was also without "local help," which he greatly regretted.

"For four weeks now in succession, I have preached once a week,—a labor I have not performed in the same time for nearly six years. And yet, though I had thought it might kill me, I am not certain that I am really and truly the worse for it. At *this moment*, to be sure, I feel a great weakness

of the lungs. I feel *exhausted;* but I hope by six days more, to be as able to talk as when at Baltimore."

Again:

"Thought it better to stay at home this evening, than to trust myself at a prayer meeting. It is difficult for a minister to sit, and say *nothing*, through a whole prayer meeting; and my lungs are too feeble for exercise." * * * * * *

"SATURDAY, MARCH 19.—I begin to feel more and more, that my having joined the Conference is all for the best. If *I die*, I think it will be so. I feel happier, more given up to God, more communion with him, more confidence in his protection. I feel a sweetness in its contemplation, that I have not for a long time. I do not think that I am sanctified, but I am 'groaning for it.' I want a *holy heart*. And he who has begotten the struggle for it, I trust will grant it unto me. *I want to know all that a man can know of God and live.*" * *

"SUNDAY, 20.—I hope my brethren will bear with my weakness for a little while. I may yet be able to supply the place of an effective man. My soul at this moment feels a little dull. But oh, I pray that God may speak to-day to some one. I long to hear of *one*, who has been pricked to the heart, through my instrumentality, in Raleigh.

"I know the soul is *precious*. I feel sensibly that it outweighs worlds! But I cannot make others

feel it. Did sinners see what I see, and feel what I feel, there would be no rest for them, till they had an assurance of salvation.

"I am sure that the soul which is eternally saved, at the *expense of human life*, costs *nothing*, compared with its real value. But God requires not *murder for sacrifice.*

"I have preached once more. I think I did a little better than on the last Sabbath; still I preached *too long.* When shall I overcome it?"

This effort reduced him probably more than usual, but it will be seen that the effect seemed, after all, to be chiefly to suggest to his restless mind, more vividly than ever, the thought of what *must be done!*

"I am much exhausted. I am fearful that general debility will soon unite with local. Should it, why, I must die. I only pray—'Lord, prepare me for it,' and it is of the least consequence when I meet it. I should be glad to live; to preach the gospel; enjoy its consolations; to see sinners converted, and christians built up in virtue and holiness; to see my dear family and friends, my mother, brother, and dear sister; and last, though not least, to leave in the form of a book, a legacy to careless sinners. I have the *outlines* in my mind, and sketched on paper. I doubt, however, if it ever be accomplished. Should I live *all* this year, I think it will. Oh that, if done, it may speak as with a thun-

der's voice, when the hand that shall have penned it, is mouldering in the tomb.

"But though these be my desires, they may not be for my good. God, for aught that I know, may say to this poor, fainting, suffering, worn out, and dying body, 'It is enough.' I can do but little here, at best. Should I be permitted to enter the 'holy place,' disease and painful suffering, shall no longer cut short my energies."

About the first of April, his health became such that his physician forbade his farther laboring, "for the present;" but in a fortnight, we find him preaching again—that is, once on the Sabbath; and it should be understood that his congregation were often disappointed of a service he had engaged for them, by the failure of the persons relied on, to appear in season. This fact, and the circumstance that an unusual interest began to be manifested by some of his people, and sometimes other peculiar trials, operated forcibly to increase the difficulty of a self-denial less rigid than he practised. He says in one place:—"I attended church. Brother B—— *disappointed* us. In attempting to do something myself, I was almost entirely prostrated." His great anxiety was not, as might be inferred from some of these detached remarks, about himself, for his own sake. It was for his people; and the consid-

eration of their necessities compelled him, ere long, most reluctantly to resign the charge of the station into other hands. He gave up, at this time, his long cherished yearnings for "effective service," though he continued anxiously laboring, as he found opportunity.

"SATURDAY, JUNE 4.—I am better to-day. My pulse has fallen from a hundred and over, to seventy-five. A vegetable diet, I believe, is good for me. It may be that I yet may get well.

"I feel very sensibly the loss of preaching. I know not how it is with others; but it seems harder for me to live as I should as a sufferer, than as an *active* laborer. When I can preach, the worth of souls, the sense of responsibility which rests upon a minister of God, make too deep an impression upon my feelings to give them time to cleave to earth. The labor and the prize, time and eternity, seem but as one and the same thing;—but a moment, and the whole will be realized." * * * *

"JUNE 21.—This day, one year, I lost my little rose-bud. Dear little one, thy father loved thee, but God loved thee more. Thou art now safe. Storms cannot blow upon thee, nor can danger either injure or alarm thee. Thou art in heaven. This moment sweet praise falls from thy infant tongue, to Him who loved thee, and gave himself for thee. Happy little spirit, and happy he who, under God, gave birth to thy immortal existence, in the thought that

his child is *with God.* Oh, that it may stimulate the father to holiness—to a watchful vigilance, thought and action. God of goodness, help me to live for *thee*, and for thee to die. Oh! fix my heart more *constantly* upon thee. Dry up the fountain of sin, O God! let me meet the child of my hopes and its mother, with thee in heaven."

Under the depressing circumstances to which these various extracts allude, and some others to which they do not, it must have been a source of great comfort to a heart like Mr. Cox's, to meet everywhere, as he did, with the kindest personal treatment, from those who proved themselves his true friends. This fact is illustrative of his character; for it was not an interest felt in him for his profession, or for his religion's sake, alone. It was not merely a respect, but a tender affection. He somewhere says himself,—for he felt it most keenly—in reference to attentions he received in the course of an excursion of a month or two, made during the summer he passed at Raleigh, as far as Hillsborough, and in portions of the neighboring counties,—"In the midst of afflictions I am surrounded with many blessings. *The Lord gives me friends wherever I go. Strangers become as fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers.* Oh! that God would bless my benefactors!" Here is a beautiful instance:

"TUESDAY, JULY 12.—Left Hillsborough at half past five in the morning, for the Sulphur Springs in Virginia. Mrs. Blount has been *more* than kind to me. She sent for me to Raleigh; has kept me for three weeks with all the kindness of a sister; put her carriage and horse at my command; tendered me her horse, gig and servant, to go to the Springs; and, to overshadow the whole, when I left her this morning, she slipped into my hand a note enclosing *eighty dollars!*"

Again:

"SATURDAY, OCT. 1.—I have just left Major and Mrs. H——. I have spent with them about five weeks very pleasantly, though most of the time confined to my bed. They have treated me with great kindness—gave me up their own sleeping room—and went up stairs for my convenience. I pray that God may reward them. I want to leave a blessing behind me—not that of silver and gold, but the blessing of a merciful and compassionate God. He can sanctify the weakest means for their spiritual good.

"I am now at Brother L——'s, a young gentleman who was once a travelling preacher, but located for the want of health. He has been exceedingly kind to me, and offers me a home while I am sick, whether it be a short or a long time. Mrs. L—— has given me up her drawing-room. Surely this is the kindness of friends—friends whose hearts know well the mellowing influences of the gospel of Jesus Christ."

Of his female friends he says—

"Some *sisters* are among them, and now and then one who approaches near the character of a *mother*. One, Mrs. R—— C——, I have cause to hold in the most grateful remembrance. Her taste, her feelings, her situation and standing in society, just fit her to do for me what others usually forget. She has not loaded me with silver or gold, nor clothed me in scarlet; but she is always adding to my *comfort*. If a cravat become old, a pocket handkerchief torn, or a bosom worn out, I am supplied with new ones. A day or two since, she sent me a beautifully fine flannel vest, and soon I am to have its fellow. Not long since, she sent me a fine silk velvet vest, with other articles; and almost every day, the footstep of her servant is heard, bringing a cup of jelly, a bowl of custard, a chicken liver, sponge-cake, preserves, or some little delicacy, which 'she hopes I may eat.' And this is not half. A most excellent servant of hers has always been at my command, to dress my blisters, or to do anything that required particular attention; and she herself, when necessary, has watched at my bedside, and made my pillow, in sickness. To God I am indebted for it. Lord, help me—Oh help me, that I may appreciate it."

Speaking of this class of his benefactors elsewhere in the same terms—and the excellent lady in whose household he was settled

many months comes in for a large share of his gratitude—he corrects himself, by stating that they approached as near to the character of such *as strangers could.* For him, however, it was impossible they should ever satisfy those yearnings of affection which went back to the haunts of his early home. This is evident from the language in which he alludes to the letters he occasionally received from his mother and sister. All that his nature was capable of, he says, he had felt for them,—and yet they asked him if he had not forgotten them. The reflections excited by such a question may be inferred, perhaps, from an eloquent passage (apparently taken from a newspaper) which we find among the leaves of his journal:

"It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid who is yearning after his distant country, that the atmosphere around him is soft, that the gales are filled with balm, and the flowers are sparkling from the green earth;—he knows that the softest air to his breast would be the air which hangs over his native land; that more grateful than all the gales of the south would breathe the low whispers of anxious affection; that the very icicles clinging to his own eaves, and the snow beating against his own windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes, than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him

how far he is from that one spot which is dearer to him than the world beside. He may, indeed, find estimable friends, who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains; but they cannot supply the place of the long known and long loved—they cannot read, as in a book, the mute language of his face—they have not learned to wait upon his habits, and anticipate his wants, and he has not learned to communicate, without hesitation, all his wishes, impressions and thoughts, to them. He feels that he is a stranger; and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul. How much is expressed by that form of oriental benediction—*May you die among your kindred!*"—GREENWOOD.

Such, probably, were the thoughts revolving in his mind, in spite of every more cheerful effort, when, in one of his excursions in the neighborhood of Raleigh, disabled by exhaustion on the road-side, and suffering extreme pain, he "felt a little sad," as he expresses it at one time; and at another, "walked into the woods alone, and was so affected that I sat down and wept at the thought of my situation: but He who comforted Hagar comforted me." He was reduced at this period to such a degree that it was with the greatest difficulty he succeeded in getting to Hillsborough, a few miles, with the aid of a mattrass in a car-

riage. "Once, indeed, I feared," he says, after he arrived there, "the road would be my death-bed."—"But I yet live," he adds, "and for three days past, have improved beyond all expectations." Mark now the use which he makes of his first ability! "I have written to Raleigh, that, the Lord willing, I shall be with them next week, *and shall preach to them on Sunday morning!*" This was after his resigning his charge.

Indeed, it seemed as if Death himself could scarcely keep him from the pulpit. He felt invariably a good deal of pain after preaching, and sometimes was exhausted for days; but this, he says, somehow or other, he forgot; and when the inducements seemed pressing, could not but persuade himself that duty required him to try once more. And then he could never be "moderate." He never was boisterous in his manner, indeed; no man's taste, sense or religion could be farther than his from what is termed *rant;* but he could not keep his feelings from being roused to the bottom of their depths, and his feeble frame was racked with contending emotions till it seemed utterly disabled. This, of course, was to be regretted. And yet we have some doubts, after all, whether, in other respects, his experience itself discredited the soundness of the

reasoning which had induced him to join the Conference, and assume a station. His own opinion, certainly, continued the same. As late as September of this trying season, and during a three months' confinement to his room, he says—"I cannot mourn that I have joined the travelling Connection again, though I die fifteen years sooner for it. I believe this is my place, *sick or well.* * * If God called me to it, he will temper the circumstances in the best manner for my good. If I am sick, that sickness may accomplish more than my health." Occasionally, his thoughts on the subject were less cheerful, but the conclusion was always much the same. The Raleigh church, he believed, (notwithstanding his affection for them,) had always abused spiritual privileges; and it might be God's intention to remind them of it through *him:*

"But even with this view, I seemed to look upon myself as the *cause* of the affliction. Had I not been sent here, perhaps they had been better supplied, and—*perhaps worse.* Their preacher might have *died*, or have been such as they would not have thought profitable for this place. At least, I will yet hope for the best. Still I do feel unhappy at times, for the moment, at its recollection. Some good, however, *has been* done. A few were plucked as 'brands from the burning,' who still hold on their

way. These I hope to meet in heaven, as fruits of my ministry here, and as evidence that the hand of God was in my coming to Raleigh."

Nor will the attentive reader of the private journal, on the whole, find anything in the impression it conveys of the spiritual condition of the mind of the writer, to alter the opinion which this reasoning is intended to express and confirm. True, it contains evidence of many anxious, doubtful, desponding hours;—it would be wonderful, indeed, were it otherwise. The trials which beset him were many, and hard to be borne—the trials as well of body as of soul. To be so utterly incapacitated from active service, with such responsibilities over him, and such calls upon him, and such an insatiable and burning eagerness in his bosom to be doing the work whereunto he believed himself to be sent—this was no ordinary affliction, alone. To be without help at all in the first instance, and so grievously disappointed in the second—to be dependent upon everybody, and able to depend upon nobody—to be personally a burthen to all around him, and yet in a land of strangers, who knew him not—to be suffering for privations which he could not allude to, or indebted for kindness which he never could expect to repay—to be filled with all the thousand wearing cares of an official situation,

which, in imagination, in effort, in feeling, in anticipation of the future, if not in actual superintendence of the present, he still continued to fill;—these also were among his trials. That, under these,—and with excruciating agonies of bodily suffering frequently added to a constant inability to converse even, without feeling the pain of a whisper in his lungs,—he could still maintain the spirit which the record of his days sets forth,—what volumes does it speak for the mighty power of a spiritual and fervent faith, through prayer and holy striving, to conquer, under God, every enemy that may beset the soul. He here alludes to a course of severe medical treatment to which he submitted:

"About two or three hours after the operation, I was taken with the most excruciating agony in the spine, about the small of the back. I had just been down in the dining-room, when I was taken, and there I lay till Saturday evening.

"My pains were indescribable. It seemed as if the spinal marrow were separating—as if, without relief, I must die or go crazy. I called on the Lord to save me from another such paroxysm, after I had suffered two or three, and he heard my cry.

"I had many fears that the lower extremities would be paralyzed. But, thanks be to God, I am better;—can walk a little.

"Oh! that this affliction may be for my good! May I see the hand of God in it. May I be purified in it as by fire. Oh! that he would fit me for his kingdom. Sure I am that it is a loud voice. If *pain* can profit the soul, I ought to learn. Such agonized feelings I think I never experienced before. I felt as if the *soul of sensation* were suffering, if not dying.

"What this will end in, is yet uncertain. But be it what it may, I think a few months, say six, at most, will make a change for the better or the worse. It is now six years since I was taken ill. Since then, I have not known a well hour. I do not think the tide will stand much longer where it is. I think the Lord will either take me hence or send to me more health. His will be done, only may he PREPARE ME for the consequences. May he give me a holy heart. Then, neither a burning world nor dissolving nature can alarm me. Then, nothing but God shall make me afraid. In his arms, the fire must cease to burn, and the waters to flow. If I AM be with me—if God in truth show himself mine—it is enough. Oh! that this moment my soul were wholly consecrated to him." * * * *

"SEPTEMBER 19.—Once more I can stand on my feet, as an evidence of God's mercy toward me. But I am not thankful as I should be. My heart is cold. I still love earth and earthly enjoyments. Oh! that I were weaned from every object. Oh! that I did love and honor God as I should. Oh!

that all my words, my actions, my looks, and my thoughts, might tell that I am constantly seeking for the fulness of God. I do pray that my afflictions may not be in vain to those around me, more than to myself. May my sick-room become a chapel, where preaching shall be heard, though no voice speak. Let patient submission tell, O God, how good thou art."

The same spirit pervades the following:

"That providence which has permitted my present, apparently unnecessary affliction, no doubt, to many, seems dark. I was before deeply afflicted, and the doctor's new practice has, instead of relieving me, as was expected, given me a lameness in my back, which has made me more helpless than all my other afflictions put together, and has relieved me of nothing whatever. Still I believe this to be well also. Had I not been detained here, I might now have been food for the inhabitants of the mighty deep. This very circumstance, though dark in its appearance, may have been necessary to prevent a greater *evil*, or—which would be still more grateful to my feelings—to accomplish some greater good in Raleigh than I could elsewhere. Short as is my sight, I can see many possible circumstances, which, had they been permitted, would have made my present situation an object of the most grateful feelings. Be it as it may, I have not a murmuring thought. I believe God 'has done all things well.'

'It is not in man to direct his steps.' In permitting this last treatment, I was governed by the best light I had. If in doing it I erred, I will still believe that God will overrule it for my good, and make even this dark cloud yet as the sunshine of heaven." * * * *

"October 17.—My feelings this morning were a little sad. I begin to doubt for the future about the poor, perishing engagements of earth. And yet I have no cause to. God is still merciful. His arm is not shortened, nor has his eye forgotten to pity. In the midst of afflictions he has sent me many mercies. Nay, *I doubt if any man in health, in the city, has had more enjoyment for the last two months than I.* My mind has generally been unusually tranquil, and in my severe sufferings, I have felt an almighty arm near to support. Lord, save me from unbelief—from distrusting thee—from those fears about being burthensome to others which, sometimes in my life, have been as a gnawing worm to all my joys. Oh turn the tempter away. Lift a standard when he cometh in like a flood, and give me that confidence in thee that will not doubt." * *

"Sunday, Oct. 30.—I have once more attempted to preach. I spoke over an hour, from Rev. xx, 11—15, an awfully terrific subject. I did not have the liberty I wished for, nor that which has been usual. I need to be humbled;—I pray that I may soon learn more sensibly what a poor, weak creature man is—I, in particular. I am sure, how-

ever, that my feelings for the week past have been very sincere. I think I desire the glory of God, above everything. But the heart is deceitful, and probably it often deceives its possessor under his most watchful vigilance. The Lord help me to do better next time. *Preach I must, when able to speak, or suffer spiritual loss.*"

The effort which is alluded to in this passage cost him as severe a penalty as usual—perhaps more so; it is certain that he seems about this time to have made up his mind finally on the necessity of abandoning, for the present, all hope of laboring in his favorite department. Under these circumstances, his restless thoughts again began to scheme new plans of active usefulness. He could not endure, for a moment, the idea of lying idle; contention itself was not more as *death* to him, —to use an expression of his own—than the necessity of suspending his *work*. At one time, indeed, he talks a little of visiting Europe for his health. That would have been delightful to a man of his inquiring mind; he might have indulged freely that longing to *know* and *learn* which, even in the midst of his afflictions—lungs, back, eyes, head, and all, could not prevent him from gratifying with the diligent perusal of his *books*. But *that* was out of

the question, and he thought no more of it; it was no habit of his to waste his strength in wishing for impossible things. A missionary enterprize, in some foreign land, next occurred to him; and in November, we find him discussing the project of going to South America with those views: there he thought the state of his health, even if the voyage gave him no benefit, would still permit him to be essentially useful to some of his fellow men. He trusted, however, that it would restore him to his native strength once more; and "I long," he says, "to preach the gospel to those who have never heard it. My soul burns with impatient desire to hold up the cross of Christ on missionary ground." In December, as the following passage shows, he was still undecided:

"I have now *four* anchors out, and I hope that some of them will hold on. In view of my inability to preach, my mind has been constantly inventing something by which I might support myself without being burthensome to others. I have an eye to the editorship of a paper in Georgia, and to another to be published in Richmond, provided it should be under the direction of the Virginia Conference; and I have made some inquiries about an agency for the Colonization Society; also a mission to South America."

This, as he humorously expresses it, was having all his irons in the fire at once, including his poker and tongs with the rest. Yet there was another plan, not here alluded to—that of a religious paper at Raleigh, for which we notice a copy of the printed "proposals," among the leaves of his journal, marked by himself in a manner which indicates an expectation of being concerned in it; and the style apparently his own. This must have been a mere passing thought. Late in the month, we find him resolved that he would like to be connected in some way with the Conference, but without undertaking to preach, or ride; for he had at last concluded that to "keep preaching a little" would just keep him constantly sick—too sick to labor, though too well to be idle. On the whole, he was in great doubt. His mind inclined, however, to Georgia, from which quarter he continued to be urged. When he left Raleigh, indeed, on the 28th of the month, for Halifax, it seems to have been with almost an intention to make that journey a test of his ability to go farther, and, if he found himself able, to keep on;—but still hoping that some new light might be given him. The first stage, it must be allowed, was not particularly calculated to encourage him. He says—

"I have been in many scenes of wickedness, but never heard so much profanity, in the same space of time, as I did in riding three miles. There were five beings who called themselves 'gentlemen,' in the stage, and four out of the five were just drunk enough to fear neither God nor man. They all swore vengeance against the stage-driver, and some went so far as to swear they would shoot him. One attempted to stab him with a sword-cane, and another to knock him down with a loaded one, but both were prevented by the interference of their sober companion. The fears for my back, and not a few for my *life*, made me think it most prudent to stop at the first place where I could find accommodations. When we arrived at my friend J——'s, I begged the driver to let me get out. My baggage was put down in the road, and I left them to pursue their way in drunken madness, glad, and thankful indeed, that I had escaped with no other inconvenience than a few wrenches of my poor back, and some horrid shocks to my feelings."

From Halifax he travelled by land to Peterborough, with much difficulty, arriving there on the last day of January, and having been about a month in performing a journey which formerly, he says, he could have accomplished on horseback in three days. At one place on this route, he mentions the sight of the skull and hat of a negro recently executed, dur-

ing the general excitement occasioned by the Southampton affair. A number more had shared the same fate at the same place.

At Norfolk, Mr. Cox attended the meeting of the Conference, and was invited to act as Chairman of the Committee for drafting a pastoral letter; a labor which, with others, he was compelled to decline, though he felt the gratification of the compliment it implied, especially considering his age. Here also he received a pressing invitation from his brethren in Maine, to undertake the management of the Maine Wesleyan Journal. At another time, attached as he was to the land of his birth and the friends of his youth, it is not improbable that this proposal might have determined the sequel of his career. As it was, it came too late. A new subject had dawned on his mind. We have noticed the first allusion to the Colonization scheme. This, from the moment of its suggestion, seems to have grown upon his affections, till it became, as will be seen, decidedly a favorite project, even his heart's desire. He speaks of meeting Bishop Hedding, and of proposing the South American mission to him, in a private interview; "and he, in return," he says, "*proposed one for me to Liberia.*" And he promptly adds, "*if the Lord will, I think I shall go;* much, however, yet remains

to be considered," &c. Of this Conference he asked and obtained leave to travel, for the benefit of his health,—the destination, of course, remaining undecided. He then went to Baltimore with the Bishop, and spent a few weeks there, "very solicitous" about his appointment to Liberia, and "wanting much to go," but compelled to wait patiently for the development of events. Thence he directed his course for Wilmington, in company with Bishops Hedding and McKendree. Here he attempted to preach once more, but seems to have been mortified with what he considered his failure. Probably his physical power disappointed him, as little as he now relied on it, for he speaks of going to bed the moment he was done, and there lying till late the next day. Towards the last of April, the warm weather reviving him in some degree, he passed on to Philadelphia, where the sixth General Conference was in session, and there he took his seat as a member; by what authority he does not mention. His mind was still full of the engrossing subject. On the 5th of May he says, "I called on Bishop McKendree. He does not hesitate to say that *he* is prepared to send me to Liberia." He adds that his feelings had become deeply interested in that scheme; so much so, that if the appointment should not

be made, he could not but feel it deeply. "The Lord direct, and help me to be submissive, to believe in his goodness, and to trust my all in his hands. Oh! that I may be *holy*. Surely I shall need it, to dare the climate of Africa." Again:

"SUNDAY, MAY 6.—A pleasant morning. My breast feels acutely the effort of yesterday, to converse agreeably with a few friends. Liberia swallows up all my thoughts. I thirst for the commission to go. The path looks *pleasant*, though filled with dangers. Death may be there, but I trust this would be well also." * * * *

"MONDAY, MAY 7.—The Episcopacy has concluded to send me to LIBERIA. I hail it as the most joyful appointment from them that I have ever received. The prospect now is, that, feeble as I am, there I may be *useful*, while the energy of life remains; that there I may '*cease at once to work and live!*' I thirst to be on my way. I pray that God may fit my soul and body for the duties before me; that God may go with me; then I have no lingering fear. A grave in Africa shall be *sweet* to me, if he sustain me."

Weeks afterward, he continues to use the same expressions of eagerness and joy. Death, life, labor, suffering, but above all, *Liberia*, looked pleasant to him. He saw, or thought he saw, resting upon Africa, the dew of Zion,

and the light of God. He *thirsted to know that the winds of heaven were wafting him to its shores.* This beautiful expression is repeated elsewhere.

Sometimes, his hopes were depressed, even in regard to his African mission. His health troubled him. It not only reduced his animal spirits for a time—an influence which he was sensible of, and guarded against—but really presented, or appeared to present, occasionally, a real, rational, and almost insurmountable obstacle to his usefulness. He counted much, doubtless, on the genial effect of resting from labor at home awhile, the warm weather, travelling, visiting his friends, the African voyage, and also upon the hope of laboring *effectively*—a favorite word of his—in Liberia, without exposing himself to a repetition of the trials he had just undergone in North Carolina. But still appearances were sometimes against him, and he could not overlook that fact, though, on the whole, he was encouraged—especially with the idea that God could bring blessed results out of even his sickness and death, if it so pleased him—and so he went on his way northward in good hope. At New York, he attended the anniversary of the Young Men's Missionary Society of that city, (the same with which he was afterwards more

closely connected,) and spoke a few moments, as he did also, on one occasion, at the Bromfield Street Church, in Boston. On the 21st of June, he met his brother in Portland, and the 27th found him at his sister's (Mrs. Lombard's) in Hallowell. The feelings aroused by his brief interview with these friends, and with the venerable and beloved parent who now embraced him for the last time, hardly suffering herself, as he parted with her, to be left behind—the interest excited in such a mind, at such a moment, by the sight of every familiar object which had greeted his eyes in the distant but unforgotten days of boyhood, now never to greet them again—even the simple circumstance of being called on, in the farewell hour, as he stood at the threshold of the old home which his tears had hallowed to his heart, to administer the baptismal ceremony for his sister's two little children—(a scene to which he often afterwards alludes)—how must these things have moved afresh the deep fountains of feeling and of thought, in a nature so capable of emotion and of reflection as his! He writes their names for a tender memorial of the solemn ordinance. "Dear little Anne and Charles," he calls them. "They are all the children my sister has, and it will be sweet to me to remember that they were

dedicated to God by my office and ministry." And who doubts that it *was* sweet? Who can doubt that, in weariness and sickness, in a far land, by night and day, his affections were soothed by the memory of this delightful, though mournful service; and that even in the last dreams of the dying martyr, on heathen shores, the faces of the angels that beckoned him gently up to his rest in heaven, were blended with the loving and grateful eyes of the "dear" immortal spirits, whose consecration to the divine life they were born for was committed to his hands!

Remembrances of another character were revived, too, by his visit:

"It is now about five years since I left home. In this long absence from friends, the sun hath shed but a few beams on me. *One* bright one rested on me for a while, till infinite wisdom saw it necessary to interpose a cloud. But though *earthly* prospects have been clouded, all, I believe, has eventuated in my *spiritual* good. To-day, I find myself at home, with friends, with those that I love and those that love me. Through all God hath been my guide and my deliverer. *His* hand hath blessed me;—his, afflicted; and I both see and feel that unchanging goodness prompted the one as well as the other.

"Thursday, June 28.—I can scarcely realize that, after an absence of five years, I have again met

my dear mother and sister. Hallowell and home never looked more lovely than now; but the absence of her that I had so often hoped would one day meet them with me, has chastened our joy to melancholy. The past has all been called up afresh. My dear Ellen and little Martha mingle in all our recollections; and the thought that they are no more, has spoken to us so impressively, that we are happy only as we hope for immortality."

Surely this weakness, if it be one, will be forgiven him at such a time. It is not required of man that he should cease to be human. There is a time to weep, as well as a time to pray, and to prevail, in the might of faith, over all things. There could not be the triumph without the trial. Mr. Cox had the experience of both. He felt—felt to his heart's core—felt till the tears were wrung from his manhood like drops of blood;—but he faltered not in the high purpose to which the days of his life, and the capacities of his character, were devoted. It was *because* he felt, that he faltered not:

> "The strength whereby
> The patriot girds himself to die,—
> The unconquerable power that fills
> The freeman battling for his hills,—
> These have one fountain, deep and clear,
> The same whence gushed that child-like tear."

He speaks frequently of what *might* be the issue of his enterprise, but it should not be understood that he thought it, on the whole, a desperate one in that respect; or that he rushed recklessly, like a Roman Stoic, as it were, on the point of his fate. He perceived the hazard, and prepared himself for the result, and especially trusted in God's wisdom, (after making up his mind that it was God's will,) to bring good out of it, whatever it should be; but that he appreciated the motives which he had for living, instead of dying, as other men would, is evident throughout. For example:

"I have left my friends, perhaps forever. Still I trust that the God who has so often blessed, and so long watched over me, *will return me once more in safety.* Oh, that he would! But his will be done. His ways are above ours, and every day's experience teaches me that, if I ruled my own destiny, I should have but a dark path of it here, and perhaps darker hereafter."

"I do not wish to be *presumptuous*," he says in another connection, and this we believe to have been a principle with him. He was exposed, on his return southward, to great danger from the cholera, and would gladly have made arrangements, as he endeavored to do, for embarking without the necessity of linger-

ing in the cities, where it then raged at its height. There were sixty cases on the day he reached Philadelphia, and one hundred and seventy-six on the next, with over eighty deaths. Here he received intelligence from the Colonization Society, at Washington, of a vessel to sail from Norfolk, and he went on. At Baltimore, he received a few hundred dollars, (the residuum of an estate of his wife;) and it is characteristic of his spirit, that the first appropriation from this little sum was for the manumission of a slave boy, whom, it will be seen, he took with him on his mission, intending to keep him under his personal charge. He enjoyed greatly a short visit to Mrs. Lee's. The air of the country, too, much revived him; and it is remarkable how his enthusiasm for his mission regularly swells up in proportion to his apparent ability to do it justice. He speaks of feeling better, "but duty calls, and I must go. Africa is my home. Thither must all my energies be directed. I pray God to fit me for the work." Here the cholera again beset him closely in the city. There were thirty or forty deaths daily, and, among the rest, two in the family with whom he lodged. Word came to the master of the house that one of them was ill, and his decease followed before he could get to him. In Richmond, also,

he found the disorder raging; and at Hampton, where he hoped to get, among other things, some books for his mission library, four persons died out of the family he visited, including a particular friend, his host. He felt himself now in some danger, though gradually too much accustomed to it, if nothing more, to be *alarmed*—in which, probably, much of the hazard, physically speaking, consisted—having been now a month in a close cholera atmosphere; not to mention the fact that at Wilmington, the small pox was raging, at the time of his visit, in a house directly over the way. The following letter, from Norfolk, dated the 13th of October, will continue the narrative; and it will forcibly show how resolutely Mr. Cox, in respect to his mission, (and in other things it was the same,) was in the habit of relying, next to God, upon *himself:*

"My Dear Brother:—These are perilous times. For nearly three months, I have been in the atmosphere of the cholera. Hundreds have been dying around me, and in almost every place I have visited, men have literally been buried 'in heaps.' But God hath spared me. Though frailer than the flower of the field, and frequently under a poisonous influence from the atmosphere, or some to me unknown cause, in the most sensible manner, a gracious God, with a tender care that it seems as if I

had never realized before, has sustained me; and to-day, I am as well, and perhaps better, than when we parted. But, my brother, in what accents should this desolating scourge speak to the living! Why, why live we, while others are dying!

"My mission has 'neither form nor comeliness' to many, nay, most of my friends. One advises that I should take my coffin with me; another thinks it is offering murder for sacrifice; and a third, that it is flying directly in the face of a providence which hath more than thrice said, 'the *white* missionary shall not live there.' But these see as I see not, think as I think not, and feel as I feel not. One circumstance, however, has given me some pain—that, of the ministry, there was none to help me. Still, I have frequently thought that God hath guided this also. Every effort made by myself or others to obtain help, has been thwarted in a manner apparently providential, and entirely beyond our control. All has seemed to say, if I go to Africa, *I must go alone*. But, brother, it is well. I shall have none to lean upon but the missionary's God; I trust I shall cleave the more closely to Him. His smiles, and the assurance of his protection, will be better than the society and aid of thousands. He *can* bring strength out of weakness, and give efficiency to things that are nought. True, it sometimes looks dark to me, and seems impossible that I should accomplish any good; but faith bids me hope that there is light ahead, and that, though

dark, the storm is not only directed by the same hand which has marked the course of a noon-day sun, but that it frequently accomplishes quite as much good. Abraham once went—he knew not where:—I will trust in Abraham's God.

"I am now nearly ready, and the time of my departure is at hand. We are looking for the Jupiter, every moment, in which, God willing, I am expecting to take passage. She will touch here only long enough to take in a few emigrants, and some articles for the Colonization Society; and—we shall be on our way.

"In haste, affectionately, M."

It should be understood, in explanation of part of this letter, that when he accepted, as he had done, (though the date is not given,) the appointment to the superintendency of the mission of the New York Young Men's Society, (auxiliary to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church,) it was with the confident expectation that a companion would accompany him. That hope he abandoned with reluctance. In some measure, he was relieved by the arrival of two young men from Princeton, appointed as missionaries to Africa by the Western Society. These were Presbyterians, but their denomination was no hindrance to the love and joy with which he received them. No consideration of that char-

acter ever moved him to restrain either his respect for principles, or his affection for men. Some of his expressions suggest, indeed, that he suspected this movement might have been quickened a good deal by the efforts of the Methodists. So far, it was a delightful confirmation of the reasoning which he had loved to cherish in regard to the usefulness of his own mission, whatever otherwise its result. "If my move," he says, "*has* done but *this* good, it is worth something. The Lord help us to help each other, as brethren of the same family!"—a beautiful exemplification of his prevailing spirit. The prospect was darkened again by the death of Mr. Barr, only a week subsequent to his having spoken at a public meeting of the free blacks of Norfolk, at which Mr. Cox himself presided; and then once more came a reviving light from the north, in the intelligence of Bishop Hedding's appointment of Messrs. Spaulding and Wright, "to labor under my direction, in connection with me, at and near Liberia." This was an inexpressible consolation to him. He had dreaded at any time to go *alone*, only on the score of his want of strength to be sufficient, alone, for his work. He felt now secure on that point. And he felt also as if God had chosen this way of showing himself in the

mission. He thought he saw why his own efforts to get company had been suffered to fail.

For the opposition, too, which he met with in his views of the propriety of the mission—a sincere opposition without doubt—he received something of an offset, in the sympathy expressed by here and there a friend, of a spirit congenial with his own. The following lines, taken from the Richmond Christian Sentinel, are an example:

TO THE REV. MELVILLE B. COX,

Methodist Missionary to Africa.

Go! child of the cross, to that distant land,
Where the burning sun tints the golden sand
With its glowing beams; where the Niger rolls
Its beautiful streams:—Go! friend of the souls
Of Afric's children; and teach them the way
To approach *thy God;* and how they should pray
To the Spirit of Light, that He may impart
Immortal joy to the heathen heart.
Go! and in sickness shall angels be near,
To wipe from thy cheek each burning tear.
Go! and in danger thy God shall be nigh,
And shall open the way to faith's bright eye.
Go! and in death,—Oh that glorious hour
For bursting the bonds of the tempter's power,—
The seraphs' harmonious numbers shall wake,
On heavenly harps soft music to make,
Around thy couch;—and Afric's sons
Shall bury thy corpse where some bright stream runs;
And the native children repeat their prayers
Around thy grave; and when evening stars

Ride bright through the sky, thy converts shall bow
To the God of him of the sunny brow,
Who led their children along in the way,
From the ills of life, to eternal day.
Go!—and when Gabriel's trump shall resound
Through ocean's caves—when the solid ground
Shall yield its dead, and the dread display
Of the hosts of Heaven proclaim the Day,—
Then rise with thy ransomed from that dim shore,
To dwell with thy Saviour for evermore.

About the same time, he was deeply touched by the reception of a very kind communication from Mrs. Sigourney, which, especially as it explains the whole matter in the best way for itself, we will not deny ourselves the pleasure of inserting at length:

"HARTFORD, SEPT. 21, 1832.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—Seldom have I perused a letter that so strongly awakened my sympathies as yours, delineating the character of your beloved and departed wife. It reached me only last evening, and I hasten to reply, lest my compliance with your request should prove too late for your purpose. The interval of almost three weeks, which has transpired between its date and my answer, has been principally devoted to an absence from home, in a pursuit of health upon the sea-shore. I have seen your name in the public prints, announced as missionary elect to that suffering clime, where my heart has so many years lingered in painful pity, and in trem-

bling hope. God be with you, while you bear the message of his mercy to mourning Africa, bereft of her children, and too long sorrowing like those who have no hope. The Redeemer of souls grant you strength to reap a full harvest in Liberia; and from thence may his gospel go forth in brightness, until the whole of Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands to God.

That all your adversities and toils may be sanctified to your spiritual gain here, and made to enhance your 'durable reward' hereafter, is the prayer of yours,

In the faith and hope of the gospel,

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL AT THE GRAVE OF HIS WIFE.

Once more, 'mid autumn's moaning blast,
I seek thy narrow bed;—
And is this gush of tears *the last*,
I o'er its turf may shed?—
Though seasons change, and years depart,
Yet none shall here recline,
To twine thy memory round his heart
With such a love as mine.

Bound to a suffering, heathen clime,
For our Redeemer's sake,
What tides of sympathy sublime
At thy blest image wake;—
Thy tender care—thy fearless trust—
Thy fond, confiding tone,—
But what avails—since thou art dust,
And I am all alone!

Thou too, dear infant, slumbering nigh,
How beautiful wert thou!
Thy mother's spirit in thine eye,
Her smile upon thy brow;—
A little while, thy rose-bud light
O'er my lone path was shed;—
A *little while*,—there came a blight,
And thou art of the dead.

I go;—my best beloved, farewell!
Borne o'er the trackless sea,
When its wild waves like mountains swell,
Still shall I think of thee;
Thy meekness 'mid affliction's strife,
Thy lifted glance of prayer,
Thy firmness 'neath the storms of life,
Shall be my pattern there.

And when, o'er Afric's bleeding breast,
The scorned of every shore,
The chained, the trampled, the oppressed,
Salvation's balm I pour,
Thy zeal to spread a Saviour's name,
Thy love with cloudless ray,
Like ancient Israel's pillared flame,
Shall cheer my pilgrim way.

If toiling 'mid that sultry glade,
The spoiler's call I hear,
Or 'neath the palm trees' murmuring shade
It hoarsely warns my ear,
Oh! may the faith that fired thine eye,
'Mid pangs untold and strong,
My dying pillow hover nigh,
And wake the triumph-song."

The first of November was the day appointed for the sailing of the Jupiter, in which Mr. Cox had taken passage; and public prayers on board, with all other suitable preparations, were made accordingly. It was not, however, till the 6th, that they weighed anchor for the sea. There was time enough, meanwhile, for calm reflection. The journal acknowledges a "little sadness" at the thought of leaving country and home, but blesses God for the consolations excited by the thought of the future, and for a cheerful hope in His protection. Again, he says—

"Many dangers have presented themselves for reflection this morning, and thought has suggested, as it frequently has, that the hope of life in Africa must be but as a dream. Perhaps so. In making up my mind, and in search of a passage to go out, I have followed the best light I could obtain. I now leave it all with God. My life, my soul, my all, I renewedly resign to him. I believe he careth for me. Why should I doubt but that he will do all things well?" * * * *

"When I think of the responsibility I have taken upon me, where I am, and where I am going to, I am surprised. Something beyond nature, it does seem to me, must have moved my heart to the work, and sustained me under the undertaking, or I should not be where I am. The Lord knoweth. I

pray that he may support me. Never before did I need it so much. Never before did I stand in so responsible a connection to the church. God help me to do honor to him, and justice to the cause in which I am engaged."

On the 10th, several hundred miles out, and after severe sickness, he writes—

"Liberia has seemed sweeter, in my contemplations of yesterday and to-day, than ever. I hope—oh, I do hope, that I may yet live there to do them much good."

On the 19th, "dreadfully sick," and so weak as scarcely to be able to walk, he says—

"I pray God to sustain me. I want at least to tread on the soil of Africa—to inhale its air; and I would that I could be spared at least long enough to see the mission fairly established.

"O God, look on me in love and in mercy. Remember how frail I am, and lift up both my body and soul to praise thee."

The following striking passage occurs on the 24th:

"Appearances of the weather a little more favorable. Sweet peace within me this morning. God is good. In the midst of this watery world—these mighty winds and this trembling sea—my mind has

been greatly comforted. Heavenly suggestions have occurred to me, and, in view of the work, I have been enabled to commit everything to God, without perturbation. I praise God for his mercy. My heart cries out for more of his love, and more of his abiding presence. I want to *breathe* in him—to feel that my very breath is prayer, and communion with God.

"My mind is planning for the good of my mission. A mission-house, a school, and a farm connected with it, and finally an academy, rise up in perspective before me. Hope stops not here. Young converts, churches, circuits, stations, and conferences, I trust, will yet be seen in Liberia."

What a situation for the encouragement of thoughts like these!

On the 27th, the storm raged high, and he was compelled to take refuge in his berth. He writes—

"When has my heart been so much comforted as this morning? God has been very gracious to me. He hath not dealt with me according to my sins. He hath been very gracious and kind, condescended to my weakness, made to my poor heart such heavenly and consoling suggestions, as none but a being of infinite goodness could make. Oh that I may appreciate his mercy. Lord, help me. I want to do right. I want to be holy. Fit me in soul and body for the great work to which I trust Thou hast called me."

This spirit generally pervades his reflections,—quickened, doubtless, by the salutary influence which he believed himself to be feeling in his frame, from the voyage. On the 15th of December, having now been out the unusual time of six weeks, without making the land they had reason to look for long before, and having suffered exceedingly from sea-sickness and rough weather, (not to dwell upon some inconveniences of which we have concluded that a sketch may as well be spared,) his expressions are thus strong:

"I thank God for the consolations of his grace which I this morning feel in my heart. It is sweet—oh! it is sweet, to my lonely heart. Afar from all that nature holds dear, in the midst of a boundless ocean, and among sinners who care but little for God or their own souls, it is sweet—oh! it is sweet, to feel that God is with you, and that his Holy Spirit is within you. Such, I trust, are my feelings this morning. O God, take care of me. Let me not sin against thee, nor do anything that will grieve thy Spirit, or cause it for one moment to leave me to myself."

And the next day, after a religious service on deck—

"I know not when I have engaged my mind better, for the same length of time, than since I left

land. This evening, in particular, I feel sweet peace, and even joy. I am greatly comforted. The Lord be praised. He has condescended to all my weaknesses, granted me heavenly suggestions in hours of trials, and borne up my mind in its loneliness, and the weakness and sickness of my body, in a manner almost beyond hope. Oh! I do pray for a grateful heart, and an unreserved dedication of all I have to Christ and his cause."

Occasionally, the scene around him was delightfully in unison with these feelings. On the 19th, he says—

"It is a lovely morning. Spring was never more bland. The sea is lulled to a calm; a light breeze is bearing us along about three knots an hour; a few clouds are floating in the atmosphere, tinged with all the softness and mellowness of a May or June morning; and everything, on which the eye can rest, seems in perfect harmony with the scene."

But land was still hidden behind the deep blue swell of the eastern sea, though it remained for days so calm that the slightest boat might ride it with safety; and the listless crew could find no employment but to scatter themselves about the sunny deck, mending the sails, while the captain painted the long-boat, and the mate, for his amusement below, idled his "watch" away in adorning the cover of his

"log" with the draft of an American eagle. The number of the ship's company, we might have before remarked, was fifty-four, including thirty-nine emigrants, and one passenger, (Mr. Willis,) with Mr. Cox, in the cabin. His communication with these people helped to pass the time; and it is curious, how, under such circumstances, the mind busies itself with the trifling incidents of the voyage, magnifying them into *events*, and working out of them tissues of thought that invest more or less the reflections of days. These, however, are of little interest to those who read. They are scarcely concerned to discuss the luminous phenomena of the waves, or to moralize on the spouting of a troop of whales, the dropping of a weary sea-bird on the deck, the evolutions of a flock of flying fish, or the passage of a squadron of the beautiful nautiluses, (Portuguese men-of-war the sailors call them,) with their delicately-colored little sails run up, and spread out to the breeze of the morning.

At length, early on the 24th, all hands were roused by the cry of *land*, dimly discerned, or thought to be, at a great distance, but not fairly ascertained till the 27th, when they put into Port Praya, or St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verds. Here was the melancholy sight of the poor natives, still perishing daily with

famine, although two vessels, laden with stores, had arrived from America. Mr. Cox was refreshed with the feeling of the *soil* once more, after being deprived of it for over fifty days, and with the society of the American Consul, (with whom he dined,) and some other countrymen. They sailed again on the first day of the new year, passing for hours along under the banks of the beautiful island of Mayo. On the 8th, the African coast was made, at Cape Verd. The next day, they put into Goree, but without remaining long, ran down the coast to the Gambia, with a fine breeze, in sight all the way of the green and gentle undulations of the shore, everywhere spotted with splendid palm-trees, and presenting to the eye of the missionary, who now hailed it as his home, the most interesting and lovely aspect. On the 12th, they made their way up the noble stream of the Gambia, and anchored off the English town of Bathurst, on the Isle of St. Mary's. Here they remained a week, and ample opportunities were enjoyed for exploring the country, which, it will be seen, were improved diligently by Mr. Cox. His acquaintance here with the governor's chaplain, and especially with Mr. Moister, the Wesleyan missionary, proved a source of equal benefit and pleasure. Here he preached to

heathen, strictly, for the first time in his life, with an interpreter's aid, and having a house nearly filled with an audience as attentive as civilized congregations generally are, and some of them deeply serious. This service, as well as his conversations with the Mohammedan priests who came to see him, moved him in the liveliest manner. He left Bathurst on the whole greatly encouraged, and with a decidedly improved opinion even of the African climate. He commenced studying the Mandingo language as soon as they put to sea again, though still suffering from the motion of the ship. They were driven off to a great distance from the land, by terrible gales, continuing for days; but his heart "was fixed."

"I know not," he says, "when I have felt such strong desires to be wholly given up to the work of the ministry—to be entirely freed from *selfish* views and selfish feelings in my labor—as now. I believe I never have been stronger, since the commencement of my ministry. My cry to God is that my whole soul may be absorbed in the work committed to my charge, and that I may do justice to my mission. Many of my brethren, though they did not directly say so to me, thought, I am sure, that my appointment was a very injudicious one. I am not surprised at it. In human view it did look like 'the day of small things.' But, I bless God, faith

taught me that He, through the weakest instruments, could accomplish his greatest purposes. Be the consequences what they may, I never was surer of anything of the kind, than I am that the providence of God has led me here. I have seen his hand in it, or I do not know it when seen. Oh, I trust the result will prove to the world, and to my brethren, that weak as I am, feeble and worn out as I am, the Lord hath something yet for me to do in his church."

The next time they made land, it was in the dark of the morning, and so closely under the coast, that there was just room to swing off, after hastily casting the anchor. Luckily, they got clear with only the loss of one of the captain's ostriches, which jumped overboard in the alarm. Of this shore he says:

"Its appearance is beautiful—hilly, and delightfully verdant. Indeed, the land on the whole coast, so far as we have run it down, has the appearance of a healthy and fertile country, as inviting to man as any part of America. My fond hopes may all be disappointed, but it would not surprise me, if in half a century, Africa were to show herself as far in the advancement of civilization, religion and learning, as America in the same space of time; nay, I doubt if she does not equal anything in the history of the rise of nations. She has slumbered long, but the hidden waters have been gather-

ing strength. Genius will burst forth, and grow, with the luxuriance of the trees of her own forests."

He passed next by the De Las islands, a charming group, stretching high up from the sea, and everywhere covered with verdure and abundance of trees. The sun now was for the first time oppressive, in the *African* sense, and the voyage became rather, as he calls it, a school of patience; the more so that he knew himself to be so near to the destination he was still so slow to reach. The 29th, at last, found them moored off Sierra Leone. Here he was destined to spend a month, making four, at his departure, since hauling off in the stream at Norfolk. Mr. Moister had given him letters to his reverend brother Ritchie, who, with his colleague, treated him very kindly during his stay here, most of which seems to have been at the Mission-House. A good deal of useful information concerning the country and the natives was gathered here, and some progress made in collecting the facilities for studying the dialects, in which he was particularly indebted to Mr. Raban, the Church missionary, whose establishment he visited at Fourah Bay. On his passage down the coast, the captain was taken sick, entirely disabled, and even delirious. Mr. Cox, (who had no especial cause to

be personally attached to him,) attended him anxiously during his illness, acted as his physician, and had the pleasure of seeing him the better for his treatment. At the same time, he aided the mate in taking his "observations," and otherwise made himself of service. His anxiety now hourly increased, as the journal shows. It illustrates also his first impressions of the colony, with some of his plans, and the energy with which he set himself to his *work:*

"At twelve, took another observation. According to mine, we are eight miles north of our long looked-for port. The mate made it one more. I have perhaps never felt more anxiety to be on shore than now. The sight of the bay, and the thoughts of my mission here, have awakened within me a degree of impatience to be where I ought to have been months ago. But, if a fault, it is not mine. Right or wrong, I believe God will overrule the whole for the good of his cause, in which I trust I am engaged.

"Half past three:—*I have seen Liberia, and live.* It rises up, as yet, but like a cloud of heaven.

"Friday, March 8.—Thank God, I am now at Liberia. We anchored off the town last evening, about ten o'clock. This morning, about eight, I came on shore. The governor received me kindly, and I am now at Rev. Brother Pinney's room, where I am to tarry till farther provisions are made for me.

"Captain Peters is quite ill; and my care of him, and loss of rest and sleep, have made me quite indisposed.

"SATURDAY, 9.—Rev. Brother Williams, the acting governor of the colony, has very kindly given me up his own room, until I can obtain a house. The governor bids me board with him.

SUNDAY, 10.—I can scarcely realize that I have attended church in Liberia, and heard the gospel where, twelve years since, were heard only the shouts of the pagan, or perhaps the infidel prayers of the mussulman. But why wonder? God's light and truth have long since received that divine impetus which will stop only with the conversion of a world.

"TUESDAY, 12.—I love Liberia more than ever. It is humble in its appearance, compared with Bathurst and Free Town; its buildings are smaller, and have less neatness, less taste, and less comfort about them. But, after all, I doubt if this be a real fault. The emigrants were mostly poor on their arrival, and necessity, in the true spirit of the pilgrims of New England, as the mother of virtue, compelled them to be economical. Time and industry will remedy the evil, if evil it be. The great question is—Is there a good foundation? are there *resources* in Liberia for a great and growing republic? I have no doubt of it. There is, however, much yet to be done. We need missions—missions by white men here. We need, too, schools,

and *white* teachers in them. Should a gracious God spare my life, I propose—

"1. To establish a mission at Grand Bassa, to connect with it a school, and to give the care of both into the hands of a local preacher who has just arrived from Virginia.

"2. To establish the 'New York Mission' at Sego, on the Niger. Our brother, to get there, must go by the way of the Gambia river. He can ascend this river within ten days' walk of the Tanen. At Tenda, Mr. Grant, a merchant at Bathurst, on the Gambia, and a great friend of the Methodists, has a factory; and by the time our missionary can get there, he will have another at Sego.

"3. I want to establish a school here, which will connect with it agriculture and art. I propose the Maine Wesleyan Seminary as a model, as near as may be. There should be a large farm. This, in a few years, would support the whole school. There must also be shoemakers, tanners, blacksmiths, carpenters, &c. The native children must be taken and boarded, kept entirely clear from their parents or associates, and bound to the school until they are eighteen or twenty-one.

"4. I have another mission on my mind, either for the interior or at Cape Mount. I am not yet satisfied which is the better place.

"I have purchased a mission house at Monrovia, for which I shall draw on the Society for five hundred dollars. It has connected with it considerable

land, left by the devoted Ashmun for missionary purposes. I consider the purchase as particularly providential, and worth, at least, to the mission, a thousand dollars."

The house mentioned above was one which, with the land around it, had been left by Mr. Ashmun to the Basle Mission. This had been transferred to Sierra Leone, where Mr. Cox had met their agent, and negotiated with him conditionally. He considered his bargain judicious, inasmuch as the house cost three times as much as he gave for it, and would be necessary for himself, as *boarding* was out of the question, even if no other missionaries should follow him. He began living in it, accordingly, on the 21st, though in rather humble style, having at that time no bedstead, nor a single thing to cook with, nor anything to cook but half a barrel of flour, which he purchased. He now considered himself in better health than he had been for months; and as late as April 4th, four weeks from his landing, his opinion was the same. Meanwhile he had spared himself but little. He had visited and carefully examined the Sunday schools; communicated in private freely with many of his brethren of the church; set in motion at Caldwell the first camp-meeting, probably, that

ever was known on the continent; attended to special appointments of fasting, thanksgiving and prayer; and called together two Conferences, for the transaction of the important business of his mission. This was in addition to all his private labors. Unusual anxiety and exertion also were attached to the affairs discussed by the Conference. We need not here enlarge upon them. It is sufficient to observe, that, while it was voted to receive Mr. Cox in the capacity of his appointment, the Conference refused, by one or two votes, to adopt what he considered an indispensable reformatory regulation, intended to prevent, for the future, the administration of the holy sacrament by any persons not authorized so to do, regularly, by the regular Episcopacy of the parent church in America. This point, however, could not be yielded, in the opinion of Mr. Cox; and he pressed it so efficiently, and at the same time in such a spirit, that at another meeting, soon after, of preachers and people, which was cogently addressed by himself, "the result," as he expresses it, "was of God," for almost all present gave in their names. Meanwhile, he had convened a vigorous Sunday school meeting: this gave the cause an impulse, and the next Sabbath, he began himself with a school of 70 children,

with appearances "warranting high hopes of the result." But here he was destined to suspend his labors. The influence of the climate, which perhaps his very solicitude and occupation had parried for a while, was probably aggravated by them in fact; and the first outbreaking, when his chief troubles were just over, was severe in proportion. He felt the *African fever* on the 12th of the month, for the first time, and it almost immediately struck through his whole system. For twelve days it kept him on his bed; and it was not till the 27th that he was able to walk a few steps in his room. He now experienced in his own person the benefit of his medical science; the doctor visited him but twice. He took cold, however, by damp clothes or otherwise, and grew weak again. Death had visited the houses around him; the periodical rains were setting in; the governor and doctor were both confined to their beds; and now, (it is not to be wondered at,) "*his eye began to turn to the grave.*"

"But," he adds, "if I gain heaven—if, after all, I get where Jesus is—it will be enough;—it will be enough. I shall see him as he is. Nor pain nor death will be there. I commend to him my body and my spirit; his they are."

If he felt a little solitary, or even "a little sad," in his present situation, it were no great marvel. It was a most melancholy time around him, especially among his fellow emigrants. The colonists were probably disposed to look rather coldly on the coming of a white man, to rule over them, especially with reforming authority; and much cordiality, even in his sickness, was hardly to be expected from them. A nurse, meanwhile, could not be had much of the time, for love or money. The rains kept everything gloomy outside, and everything damp within; and his house was not as yet furnished with so much as a chimney. That, suffering the pains of a fever the while, he could be at ease under such circumstances, speaks something for the power of the prayer of the righteous man; for this was his consolation. "Most of the day, yesterday, I spent in breathing my soul out to God, either to be restored to usefulness, or fitted for heaven; and to-day I feel that it has not been in vain. This evening, my soul has been much comforted." On the 11th of May, previous to which he had what he calls "another fall-back," with severer chills than he had before known, he expresses himself as follows:

"Oh! sweet, sweet has been this morning to my soul. Such a morning I have not seen, in all my

sickness in Africa. For eight years past, God hath chastened me with sickness and suffering; but this morning, I see and feel that it has been done for my good. Infinite mercy saw that it was necessary, and perhaps the only means to secure my salvation. Through it all I have passed many a storm, many temptations; but this morning, doubts and fears have been brushed away. My soul was feasted 'while it was yet dark.' When no eye could see but his, and no ear hear my voice but his, I had those feelings, that made pain sweet, and suffering as though I suffered not. Yes, I can never forget this blessed Saturday morning."

Some days after this, he began to feel better, but "hardly dared to express it." He derived much pleasure from an occasional call of Mr. Pinney, whom (a Presbyterian) he invited, in the absence of any regularly ordained elder, to preach and administer the holy sacrament, for his people. Some of the neighbors now began to show him a good deal of kind attention: their prejudice was removed and changed into admiration and love, as they became better informed of his character: and they brought and sent him the little delicacies which the place afforded. This faculty of making friends he felt the benefit of, even in the acquaintance of an intelligent young Krooman, whom he had conversed with a little on the day of his leav-

ing the Jupiter. The good fellow frequently afterwards came "to see how he do." He called during his sickness, expressing great solicitude for him. "Suppose me no poor man," he said, "then me bring you fowl—me bring you sheep, to make soup—so you get well; but me have none; me want to see you—so me come." He then added, with evident emotion, "when me go home, me beg God that he make you well!" The idea of this poor fellow, whom many considered beyond the power of the gospel, going home to pray God for *his* recovery, was a "*repast*" to the soul of the sick man.

Another incident gratified him much. This was the reformation, as he believed, of the colored boy he had purchased at Baltimore, and brought with him to the colony. The conduct of the lad, at times, had tried him sorely. At Norfolk, he had been detected in stealing, under aggravated circumstances; and then he was strongly tempted to abandon him to his fate. He concluded, however, that *he* could take as good care of him as anybody else, and perhaps better; and that he was, in some sort, responsible for him:—he kept him, therefore. At Sierra Leone, he made great trouble again, by going to the authorities, and making false representations of his relation to his benefactor. He had patience with him still, and now re-

joiced the more over the repentance which had been wrought in him at the Caldwell meeting. It matters not, he says, how he has treated me; it is enough if God has forgiven him and saved him.

A somewhat similar evidence of his kind and tender disposition appeared not long after, on the occasion of the death of a next door neighbor of his, with his wife—probably fellow emigrants—leaving one little orphan boy, of six years old, to the mercy of the world. "He is a fine little boy (colored,) and as he has no one to take him in, I have offered him a home for a while; and should I think it the will of God, after reflection, *I intend to take him and educate him, as a child of mine. I know what it is to have been an orphan.* I pray God to help me to train him up in his fear." This was one of the last acts of the life of Cox, and it was beautifully characteristic of the man. A house-keeper he had hired, at this time, was sick; and her little boy was the only person about him, to make him now and then a cup of tea; and when he was able to eat, to boil him the rice, which, with a little palm-oil, composed his frugal meal. The poor mission-house, in a heavy rain, "looked as if tubs of water had been poured into one room." It began also to be infested with some of the

vermin of the climate. In reaching for a book from a shelf, about this time, he started a *scorpion* with his finger. The house-species have not generally a fatal sting, though this animal made attempts to infuse his poison, such as it was, by the vigorous management of *his*.

On the 21st, Mr. Pinney, having resolved on returning to America till the end of the rains, came in to take leave of his sick friend. This visit suggested, for the second time, (according to the journal,) the idea of his own return, upon the same plan. He appears to have thought over the matter, but, on the whole, did not feel justified in taking that course. Had his brethren joined him, any of them, he would have felt at liberty to do so: as it was, he considered it his duty to maintain his post, as well and as long as he might. The trial was the greater, as he now saw the greatness of the work to be done around him. "There is labor in Africa," he says, "for thousands;" and he had a firmer belief than ever in the practicability of performing it. Many were discouraged as to missions among the natives; but he had seen and heard, with his own eyes and ears, the effects of faithful labors on the banks of the Gambia; and he *knew*, also, without such facts, he says, that Africa must be redeemed, and that there was power in the gos-

pel to do it. The obstacles, which seemed to some men as a lion in the way, were to him as a "spider's web." In this faith he apparently continued unfaltering to the last. As long as any strength remained, he continued to use it, as well as he could, in the prosecution of his work. His anxieties in regard to the movements he was compelled to suspend, may be inferred, but of them he has said little; his great purpose now was to possess his soul in patience. He busied himself, at intervals, in making, or trying to make, some arrangements for the improvement of the mission-grounds, but could do but little.

Little more, indeed, remained for him to do. His career was drawing rapidly to its close. On the 27th of May, the next day after the adoption of the little orphan, he was taken down with a bilious attack, more violent than any which had preceded it. On the 28th, he says, "I am very weak. I pray God to preserve me. Never did I feel the need of his aid more—perhaps never so much." Then it came on again, racking him through and through. And now the records of his journal grow few and far between; and the characters of the only two pages which remain, for the last two months of his life, are tremulously traced, with fingers whose every movement

told but too plainly how the yet lingering vigor of a once iron constitution had retreated from its dismantled and tottering extremities forever. We copy the whole; for feeble, and almost illegible as it is, it breathes, to the last pulses of weary thought, the spirit of the inflexible christian soldier, who had set up long before, for his dying mottoes—"*Never give up the mission!*" and, "*Africa must be redeemed, though thousands perish!*"

"WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19.—My fever has left me a mere shadow—perhaps I shall soon be but a spirit. I am content. God has graciously supported me. I have been much comforted. God is my rock—Christ my salvation—the Holy Spirit my sanctifier—and a triune God my eternal all.

"FRIDAY, 21.—I still grow more feeble. This morning, my stomach seems too irritable for anything. It is all well. Nature dies, but I shall live again. I think I feel patience, peace, and resignation.

"To-day, I expect the governor to make a few arrangements in my business. My brethren ought to have been here, to have relieved me from it.

"SUNDAY, 23.—My poor body is emaciated to a degree never before known. My first fever was very violent, and ten or twelve days long, and reduced me much; my second, which was short, but no less violent, helped it on; but my third, which

has been more violent and longer than either, has left me mere skin and bones. Every day tells me the chances are against me. But why write it? God I know is doing all things well. This is enough.

"WEDNESDAY, 26.—It is now four days since I have seen a physician. The Governor is confined to his room. My fever was dreadfully high last night. This morning, I feel as feeble as mortality can well. To God I commit all."

Two days previous to the date of the last entry, he had affixed his signature to a paper intended as a codicil to a will formerly drawn up at Norfolk, and forwarded to Maine. This was confirmatory of the disposition of his little property there indicated, with a few trifling additions, including the bequest of a pair of maps to the Sabbath and parish school lately under his charge, and the distribution of a few memorials among his relatives. From the communication of his friends Gripon and Ward, to whom he entrusted the care of this document, it appears that by a later verbal request, he directed a similar disposal of his watch, his desk, and a lock of his own hair, together with a lock which they say they "found bound with riband," his mother's miniature, and a ring of gold from the Gambia. He lingered,

but it would appear in little more than a merely vital condition for the most part, until three o'clock on the morning of Sunday the 21st of July, when he calmly ceased to breathe.

Some additional particulars, in regard to the closing scene, are conveyed in the following letter from Mr. Savage, the missionary, published in the Maine Wesleyan Journal. We insert it entire.

"Monrovia, July 22, 1833.

Dear Sir:—As you wish to know of the last moments of Br. Cox, though I had intended to write to the editor of the Journal, I now put in your possession all I know of the conversation we had, trusting that you will not fail to give all you deem important to his bereaved and mourning friends. When I first came on shore, having a package for him, I took an early opportunity to call, having previously understood that he was low with sickness. At my call he seemed highly gratified, and spoke with freedom and apparent ease on all subjects connected with the mission. He expressed his regret that the assistant missionaries had not arrived, and mourned over the low state of Zion in this place. I inquired of him if he intended to return to America; he seemed to hesitate in his answer, and said he did not know. He was at this time quite cheerful, and his nurse informed me that he appeared much better than he

really was, probably owing to his having heard from America, as I was the bearer of a letter from the Rev. Mr. Drake, of New Orleans. The next time I called, he appeared to have thought more of returning home; and when he found that I intended to return, he expressed his regret, urging the necessity of laborers in this part of the vineyard. At this time I supposed it necessary for me to return, but after visiting Millsburgh I came to a different conclusion. Before I left, when speaking of the probability of returning home, he said he thought he should return with Capt. Abels, but still appeared low in spirits. When endeavoring to ascertain the cause of it, and asking him if he enjoyed his mind, he said, though depressed, he knew not that he had ever doubted his acceptance with God; he had long since made a covenant with him, and did not distrust his mercy, but had sometimes doubted whether he was in his proper sphere. 'Though,' said he, 'I know I had good motives in coming to Africa, yet I may have erred in judgment, for even the best may sometimes err.' He further said—'I have strong attachments in America.' He spoke with emphasis on all subjects connected with his mission, especially the schools, one of which was about commencing at Grand Bassa; and seemed much to lament that the teacher had not arrived for this place. The above is the tenor of his conversation. About this time I left for Millsburgh, and was absent about three days. On my return I found him much worse, having taken a

relapse; and although I had made my arrangements to return in the same boat in which I came down, having made up my mind to stay in Africa, yet at his request I dismissed the boat, concluding to remain until Monday, it being Saturday morning. At this time he was very weak and unable to say but a few words at a time; still he seemed anxious to return home, and spoke of it, but at the same time appeared resigned, and seemed conscious of the probable nearness of his death. He also said everything was arranged, and though I frequently asked him if there was not some person whom he wished to see, he uniformly said everything was arranged. He also said his whole trust was in God. Mentioning the infinite love and condescension of the Lord Jesus, in giving himself a ransom for his rebellious and guilty creatures, he added, 'all my hope is through him.' When near his last, and unable to speak so as to be understood, except in monosyllables, he again said—'I am not afraid to die.' This was pronounced at intervals of some length, and with much exertion. Though from the nature of his disease respiration was very difficult, and he apparently suffering much, yet he uniformly said he was in no pain. Soon after, he appeared engaged in prayer, and then articulated several times in succession—'Come'—a considerable pause succeeding, leaving the inference that he repeated the whole sentence—'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' Reviving a little, he pronounced distinctly, 'Pen,' which I immediately stepped to get;

but he, supposing I did not understand him, said, 'Ink,'—both of which I brought to his bedside, but he was so overcome by this last exertion, that he could say nothing more except at intervals—'Come.' This was about one o'clock. About three he turned on his side and seemed easy; his nurse thought best not to disturb him, as he had frequently given directions when he was easy not to be disturbed. But his ease was the moment of his departure. The conflict now closed, and he breathed forth his soul into the arms of his Redeemer, leaving Africa and his christian friends to mourn their loss, though infinitely his gain.

Your affectionate brother in the Lord,

A. W. SAVAGE."

Such was the life, and such the death, of the first Methodist missionary from America to Africa. His remains were solemnly interred, with more than ordinary marks of attention; for he had been long enough already in the land of his adoption, brief as his stay was on its shores, to win the warm regard of all who knew him. Where he was buried, we have not asked; nor whether so much as a stone points to the place where the lips of the preacher of glad tidings are silent, and the bones that ached so long shall ache no more. It matters but little. He thought so himself of the graves of the good men who fell at Ba-

thurst, when, looking for one of them in vain, he discovered another almost screened from sight by the sprouts of the mangroves, and lifted the rank foliage from the mouldering bricks that covered his body, and could not repress the reflection that "*he too might find a bed on African soil.*" It matters but little. Let but the good be done which he hoped for, even from his death, and it will be monument enough. Let but the sacred dust that lies in Liberian ground speak—as to his own soul the tombs of Bathurst, in their cold solitude, cried out—and the work to which he "thirsted" for the winds to waft him, and which alone he could weep to leave undone, will be *finished.* The living will rush to the help of the dead, whose voices issue from many a holy mound, that needs no marble for its lips. The gospel will be preached; and the truth of God will go forth conquering from sea to sea. Then will the monument, which Cox himself would have chosen, be reared to his memory, and to the memory of all who went before him and shall follow him; for "Africa *will* be redeemed."

REMAINS OF COX.

REMAINS.

The Sketches of Western Africa, which we insert first among the following Remains of Cox, were composed on the ground which they describe, and in the midst of all the circumstances of difficulty which every reader will infer, even from the little that appears on the subject in the preceding memoir. Still, they will be found intrinsically interesting, as well as characteristic of the writer; and not the less so from the fact that the region referred to, however much the object of attention in our day, has, for various reasons, been suffered, by the few intelligent travellers who have visited its shores, to remain almost as much in obscurity as though civilization and christianity had not only made no inroads as yet on the domains of its barbarism, but were apparently destined to make none for a long period to come. Such, however, is certainly

not the belief of the religious world, at least. Their interest in Africa has not been extinguished by the loss of a few of the champions of the Cross. That sacrifice has hallowed the ground, rather, and will hallow it, we trust, more and more, in the hearts of all who put their faith in the promises of God, and in the prevalence of his gospel.

SKETCHES OF WESTERN AFRICA.

PORT PRAYA.

Port Praya is situated at the south-east part of St. Jago, in latitude 15° north, on a table-eminence of land, about seventy or a hundred feet above the level of the sea. The town—or city, as it is called—is surrounded at a distance by mountains without number, thrown into every variety of form which a bursting volcano could give to an uplifting mass of earth.

To me, the appearance of the place is perfectly unique. There is nothing analogous to it in the United States; and to an American who has never been out of them, all descriptions of it must be more or less deceptive. Search for the poorest little village on our rivers, or in some of our farthest wildernesses, nay, I might say, by the side of a good mill-

stream, and in appearance it would have by far the pre-eminence. When you enter the village, there is something a little redeeming about it; the sight of what is called the public square, and a garden or two, make it quite tolerable; but at best, to use the homely phrase of our supercargo, "it is a beggarly place." In the harbor, it strikes one as nothing but ancient ruins crumbling under the weight of years. In its midst, you see it animated with human beings, too ignorant to make it better if they would, and too indolent to do it if they could.

Still, as a port for water and refreshment for ships, it is one of great importance, and seems to have been thrown from the bottom of the great deep, as a common resting place for vessels from every quarter of the globe, by that Hand which so constantly and so abundantly provides for the wants of his creatures.

The buildings are generally remarkably low, built of a dark colored kind of free-stone, stuccoed with plaster, and covered with tile, or thatched with grass. The number of inhabitants is estimated at from two to three thousand. It has a church, a custom-house, a jail, and a "palace," as it is called, though less like one than almost any ordinary house in America.

Religion here, as in countries in general exclusively Catholic, consists in mere ceremony. I saw nothing that looked like the gospel in church or out of it, except in a few gentlemen from America. The Sabbath has but little respect paid to it, though on that day they profess to worship God; but morning,

noon, and evening, the market was open; and hides, horses, and clothes, as well as provisions, were exposed for sale. Form obliges them not to forget that there is such a day, but when it comes, instead of the evangelical worship of a holy and intelligent Spirit, you see nothing but the show of military parade, and the merest mummeries to which a rational being could stoop.

At nine o'clock, the Sabbath I passed there, the bell rang, the drums beat, and the fife blew, and in a few minutes his excellency and suit were escorted to a neat little church by a company of soldiers, with a "pomp of circumstance," which, to a dissenter, was really pitiable, if not ridiculous. They were soon followed by some eight or ten gentlemen and ladies, and perhaps twenty or thirty of the poorer classes of society, making in all about forty-five or fifty. This was all the congregation, out of a population of twenty-five hundred. When comfortably seated, at a heavy tap of the drum, all fell on their knees, while the fife continued to play, and the drum to beat. The devotions lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes, and consisted only of kneeling twice, making a few crosses, a little tattooing with the drum, an air from the fife, and about a dozen words from the priest. I am not sure but that while we were kneeling, the holy sacrament was administered to his Excellency and suit. But such an exhibition of christianity I never saw before, and hope never to see again. Men of common sense

cannot believe in such nonsense; and viewed in the most charitable light, I believe it is only made a stepping-stone to further the designs of a set of men whose only object is self-indulgence and a lordly pre-eminence over their fellow beings. I do not believe they either know or fear God. How much they love their fellow beings, their recent interest for the dying will tell.

This is the place where, a few years since, "his Holiness" ordered a public bonfire to be made of some Bibles, which had very kindly been sent out to them by the American Bible Society. What greater proof can be given to the world, that Papists are wrong, and that they know it? Else why fear they the light of the word of God?

Our stay was too short on the island to become familiar with the manners and customs of the people; but we were there long enough to witness some of the sufferings which this group of islands has recently experienced. They are not yet at an end. They are still dying daily, and some of the poor I saw picked up by the limbs, as a butcher's boy would pick up a slaughtered sheep, carried through the street without even a "grave-cloth," and buried as you would bury a horse or a dog.

Famine is sweeping over these little "specks on the ocean," with far more fearfulness than has the cholera in America. Not less than thirty-three thousand, out of a population of one hundred thousand, have perished within the last twelve months;

and the prospect of any relief from the produce of their own country is still very dubious. A vessel from Portland, and another from Philadelphia, we heard had just arrived, laden entirely with provisions for the dying. They will be as life to the dead. What we had was but little among thousands, but it will no doubt save the lives of some.

The scenes of wretchedness, as pictured by those who had witnessed it at Antonio, Bravo, and Togo, are beyond description. At St. Jago there was but little of it, comparatively, except from those who flocked there for relief from the other islands. Those of them who still lived were grouped together in a large yard, under the direction of the police, or the American consul, and fed from provisions which our country has so kindly sent to them. The scene was an affecting one. Here and there I was pointed to little orphan children, who had neither father, mother, brother, nor sister left. Some of them were sitting on the ground, with a little garment thrown over them to screen them from the harmattan winds—which were then blowing very coldly—so far gone as to be entirely insensible of what was passing around them, and as if patiently waiting for death to relieve them from their sufferings. Others were walking as mere skeletons on earth, crying with piteous moans for "bread," but whose stomachs, when supplied, were grown too weak to derive any nourishment from it. Mothers, with nothing but skin and bones themselves, were

bowing and courtesying for a copper to buy something for their children, with an importunity that might move a stone. Such a sight I had never before witnessed, and it has left an impression which cannot be forgotten. But God is just and good. Sin, sin, hath done it all. Mercy has cried to heaven for the rod of correction, and mercy and love, though unseen to us, are directing and measuring its stripes. The misery of these poor little children is only preparatory for a bliss where death and want are unknown, or designed impressively to teach them, and a guilty world, that this is not the home of man.

The weather was not so intensely hot while we were on the island as has generally been represented. Most of the time it was pleasantly cool; sometimes too much so for comfort; and no day, I believe, was the thermometer above summer heat at noon.

BATHURST.

Bathurst is a beautiful little village on the south side of the river Gambia, about ten miles from its mouth, and in between 13 and 14° north latitude. It is situated on a little island called the St. Mary's, which is separated from the main land only by a very narrow creek. The soil is evidently alluvial; the island rather barren, from four to five miles in length, and perhaps two in breadth. The town receives its name, I believe, from an English lord, who possibly

rendered it some assistance in the early history of the place.

Like English settlements in general, it is well fortified with a fort on the island, and protected by another about three miles below, which might easily be made strong enough to command the whole mouth of the river. The appearance of the village is almost enchanting to one who has seen little else than a wide waste of waters for more than two months. The European houses, though few, are well built, handsomely finished and furnished, and some of them tastefully ornamented in front with a row of trees. The huts of the natives are apparently new, and neatly and conveniently constructed, though built of bamboo.

The population is variously estimated, but generally at a little more than two thousand, chiefly Jaloofs,* and "liberated Africans." Now and then you meet with a Mandingo—rarely with a Moor. These, with eighteen or twenty Europeans and two white ladies, make up what I suppose is the prettiest little village on the whole coast of Africa.

It is a place of considerable trade, and must ultimately become one of great commercial interest. Vessels are constantly entering and clearing from England, France, and America. They supply not only the settlement itself, but, through the merchants, the whole valley of the Gambia, with European

* Sometimes written Walloofs, Jalofs, or Jolloofs; but properly, Jol-ufs, giving the u its second sound.

goods, and receive in return, hides, ivory, gold, bees' wax, and oil, which are brought from the interior by the natives, and some of the merchants who have occasionally ascended the river.

Religion.—The cause of the blessed Redeemer here is yet in its infancy; but a good foundation, I trust, is laying. The confidence of the natives in its excellency is every day increasing, and christianity evidently holds an ascendency in the place, that will justify the hope of great ultimate success. No churches have yet been built, but the town has for several years past engaged the constant labors of a Wesleyan Methodist missionary, and the chaplain of the island from the English National Church. The lower part of the mission-house, for the present, is occupied as a church and as a school room: the chaplain officiates in the court-house. The number of communicants in the English Church I did not learn, but from frequent conversations with the chaplain, I am under an impression that, though very small, it is not less prosperous than usual.

The Wesleyan Mission is doing well. The station is now in charge of the Rev. William Moister, an amiable and devoted servant of Christ. He has endured his two years' toil with far better health than he expected, and is now daily looking for one to supply his place, when he will return to his friends. Several have been added to his charge the last year, and he now has about eighty native communicants. Five I believe have preceded him in

this labor of love, two of whom perished in their toils. The tomb of one was pointed out to me. It was mouldering in ruin amid the sprouts of mangroves, which almost screen it from human observation. I could not repress the thought, as I lifted the green foliage from the bricks that covered his remains, that I too might find a bed in African soil. The spot of the other could not be found. But though dead, and the place where one of the good men lay is lost in the recollection of those for whom he nobly toiled, "they still speak," and their works follow them. Their labor has not been in vain, and their names at least are still as "ointment poured forth" among those who are yet their living epistles, known and read of all men.

At M'Carthy's Island, three hundred miles up the Gambia, this mission has another station, now under the charge of a native preacher, who promises great usefulness to the church. As yet, only fifteen have joined themselves in communion with him, but it is expected to exert, and indeed it must of necessity, with the blessing of God, soon exert a mighty influence on the wildernesses of Africa. Light and truth, when thrown from such a beacon, must be seen, and their influence must be felt.

The School at Bathurst far exceeded my expectations. Under the fostering care of both Mr. and Mrs. Moister, who have taken a deep interest in instructing the scholars, it refutes the pitiful slander, that the black man, under similar circumstances, is

inferior in intellect to the white. Many of them read with propriety and ease the English and Jaloof, and speak the one almost as well as the other. There are in the school fifty boys and twenty girls: most of them are from four to fifteen; one or two were perhaps eighteen or twenty. They write well, read well, and commit admirably. I was forcibly struck, on a visit to the school, with the improvement of one little fellow about nine or ten years of age; he repeated his whole catechism, both in English and Jaloof, without scarcely a word of prompting. After this he repeated with the same fluency and accuracy a long chapter from the New Testament. He speaks three languages with great readiness, and on all occasions seems as a little interpreter in the purchase of domestic articles for the family, or in private conversations with the Mandingoes and Jaloofs upon the subject of religion. I might say much of his piety; though so young, he evidently knows the power of the gospel. I cannot but think, from the spirit he breathes, and the mental capacity which he exhibits, that Providence is preparing him for the sacred services of the sanctuary. He frequently prays with his little associates, and speaks in class meeting more like a man than a young boy. And these are the natives who have no intellect—who have been classed with the brutes of the field, and treated in a manner perfectly corresponding with such exalted sentiments!

But our missionary has not confined his labors to children only. Every Sabbath afternoon he devotes an hour to the instruction of a large class of adults. These are laboring men; and such is their anxiety to learn, that for the want of other opportunities, they assemble between the intervals of the Sunday service to learn the Book of God. It was really affecting to see them. Each one had his Bible, and, with finger pointing to every word, they would wait with the deepest interest until their turn came, then read as if each letter were a syllable, and each syllable a word written by the immediate finger of the great I AM. Oh, had these poor creatures *our* advantages, would they not shame us in the improvement they would make of them? Once I had the pleasure of preaching a few minutes to them through an interpreter. Seldom have I spoken with more pleasure—never with feelings so peculiar. All seemed deeply serious, and at the close of the services, one wept aloud.

Our Wesleyan brethren have shown their usual wisdom in selecting this as a point of moral effort for western Africa. I rejoice that so powerful a lever is found here. The Gambia is a noble river, and must ultimately become the Mississippi of Africa. It is about eleven miles wide at its mouth, and about four opposite Bathurst. How far it extends into the interior is yet unknown. My map sets it down at seven hundred and fifty miles, but some assured me

from actual observation, that it is much longer. One gentleman, with whom I conversed, stated that he had himself ascended it from twelve to fifteen hundred miles. It is navigable three hundred miles for ships of almost any size; and I saw a vessel with eight feet draught of water, which had ascended it between seven and eight hundred.

What renders this river of still greater importance for moral effort is, that throughout its vast valley the Mandingo language is spoken;—an advantage which can seldom be found, where languages are multiplied like the tongues of a Mohammedan paradise. Here too may be found every comfort of man. It has cattle in great abundance, horses, sheep, swine, rice, cotton, corn, and fowl, and fruit of almost every description, and in great profusion. It has too its mines of pure gold, as well as soil of the best quality; and the farther you go into the interior, report says, the healthier is the climate and the more intelligent the people. Indeed the Mandingoes, wherever found, are noted for their shrewdness, their strong propensity to traffic, and their intelligence. In appearance, compared with others, they are men of lofty bearing, some of high intellectual foreheads, a quick, sagacious eye, and national attachments which nothing can overcome. They are tall and well made, and remind me more of an American Indian than anything I have seen in the African character. I doubt, however, if, as a general thing, they have the Indian's *strength* of intellect.

THE NATIVES OF BATHURST.—The natives settled at Bathurst still retain many of their ancient manners and customs, though they have mingled much with the Europeans. The breasts and arms of females of the first rank, except when they have intermarried with the whites, are generally exposed, and the *pang* or skirt, which is drawn around the waist, falls but a little below the knee. A scarf, called also a *pang*, of the same size and form with the other, is sometimes thrown over one shoulder, but with no apparent motives whatever, or any delicacy of feeling. Beneath the lower pang, *mothers* have another piece of cloth in which they carry their little ones, precisely in the style of an American squaw. They have beads in abundance round the neck, the wrist, the ancles and waist; and with all these I have seen a gold necklace, worth from twenty to thirty dollars in its weight of gold. These, with a cap or hat on the head, wooden or leather sandals for the feet, rings in the ears, and perhaps on the fingers, constitute the dress of an African lady. The wealthier ones frequently have manillas, made of large bars of pure gold or silver, round the waist. I am quite sure that I have seen from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of pure native gold on many of them. The ear ring, though of gold, is so enormously heavy, that an African ear is obliged to have it supported by a string attached to the hair.

Nearly all that are not christians, wear charms or gree-grees,* as they are called. These are of various forms, sometimes made very beautifully of leather, at others of a plain piece of cloth. Their virtue is found in a small scrap of paper, with a few Arabic sentences written on it by a Mohammedan priest, for which he charges from five to ten dollars. The amount of the inscription is—"If this be worn, the bullet shall not harm thee," or "the pestilence shall not come nigh thy dwelling." I suppose that the charm is always suited to the various fears and dangers of those who purchase them.

Inferiority of Females.—As in all barbarous countries, the female here is always considered much inferior to the male. I think, however, that there is *less* difference than among the American Indians, though this difference arises, probably, more from the natural indolence and indulgence of the African character, than from any proper estimate of female worth. One trait in the Indian character is self-denial and self-severity. There is no passion but that he has learned to conceal—no propensity but at his pleasure is controlled. The African is the very antipodes of this. He loves pleasure, but

* "Gree-gree, pronounced greg-o-ry, is a word of European origin, though adopted by the natives. The Soosoos call them seb'-bay. Some derive the word fetish from the Portuguese fides, from feiticeira, a witch, or from feiticana, witchcraft."—In its use among the natives it has great latitude of meaning. Anything that is supposed by them to possess a superhuman power, if either good or evil, is called fetish. Thus the tiger, the snake, the alligator, the lizard, and the hyena, are the fetishes of the different parts of the coast.

has not energy enough to make many sacrifices to obtain it. His only object seems to be *present enjoyments;* at whose expense they are had, is of little consequence, so that he is not tasked to gain them. But to return. The following little circumstance struck me as illustrating very forcibly how much the "polished lady" is indebted to the gospel of Christ for the stand she holds in society, while perhaps she is trampling his precious blood beneath her feet. On a visit to one of their most genteel huts, I begged leave to look into the bed-room. It was well furnished, though small; had a high posted *single* bedstead, curtained in European style. Aware that the person of the house had a wife and family, I asked if both slept in so narrow a bed? "No, *one* sleep dare." Your wife not sleep with you? said I. "No; she have *one baby*, she no sleep wid me." On further inquiry, I learned that the poor mother and her little one lodged on a mat on the floor, while her lord enjoyed the comfort of a good bedstead.

The native hut is very simple, but quite comfortable. I know of nothing that looks so much like those at Bathurst, at a distance, as the New England hay-stacks. They are made of split cane, woven or "wattled" as you would weave a basket. The body of the house is generally circular, though sometimes an oblong square, from five to eight feet high, and from ten to twenty or twenty-five in diameter. The roof is conical, built also of cane or

small poles, and thatched with long grass or the leaves of the bamboo. Many of them are well plastered with lime inside, and occasionally outside, but either affords a shelter that would be very desirable to almost any one when wet or weary. The country villages, I presume, of course, are much inferior to that of Bathurst.

Labor-saving machines are here unknown. There is no ploughing or drawing with horses, or turning with water or steam. Barrels, stone for building—in a word, everything portable—are carried on the head or shoulders. What cannot be raised, is rolled or dragged—but all done by manual labor; and yet they have fine spirited horses, and bullocks in great abundance. I saw in one herd not less than a hundred and fifty, or two hundred.

Arts.—I saw a few, but fine specimens of native art at Bathurst, such as I had never dreamed of seeing with my own eye in Africa. The best was in an ear-ring, woven throughout with gold wire. The gold is first beaten, then drawn through small holes, (perhaps drilled through an old iron hoop,) until it is drawn down to the size wished. The ring, or drop, as the American ladies would call it, is woven round a wooden mould, made to any pattern desired, and when finished, the mould is burned to ashes within the ring. The wire of which it was wrought, was about the size of fine cotton thread. Its beauty, when burnished, is equal to anything of the kind in an European jeweller's shop. The bellows with

which this smith of Africa blew his fire, was made of a couple of goat skins, sewed up as you would sew a leathern bag, attached to two short pieces of an old gun-barrel as nozzles for the bellows, with small apertures at the other end of the skins in place of valves. The skins were then raised up and pressed down, alternately, by the hands of a little boy. His forge, anvil and bellows, were all on the ground, and might all, with every tool he had, have been put into a half-bushel measure.

They also spin and weave; but destitute as they are of proper wheels and looms, it is done with great labor; though when done, their cloth is much more durable than ours. A beautiful specimen of it was shown me from Sego, on the far-famed Niger, which, but for the best of evidence, I could not have believed ever came from the interior of Africa. I have a sword, made in the kingdom of Bondoo, that would do credit to a regular artist. I have also the head-stall of a war-bridle, that exhibits considerable taste as well as ingenuity; the bit is made of *native iron.* They tan leather very handsomely, and I am told do it in a few hours. Baskets, mats, reticules, and money-purses, are made in a great variety of forms, and some of them very handsomely, from the cane, and shreds of the bamboo.

Literature.—The literature of course is very limited. I have seen nothing myself except Alcorans, gree-grees, and a few Mohammedan prayers, written in Arabic on loose sheets of paper, but care-

fully enveloped in the form of a book, some larger and some smaller, and encased in a handsome leather covering. Some of the priests can write modern Arabic with great facility, and now and then you meet with those who can read an Arabic Bible or Testament. I was forcibly struck with the readiness with which one wrote for me the Lord's prayer, with Arabic characters, but in Jaloof orthography. There are those, I am told, in the interior, who form a regular code of laws written in Arabic. Of this I have some doubt, except so far as it may have reference to the Alcoran, or the tradition of the Mussulman priests. These have almost unlimited control. I have had a few interesting conversations with some of them upon the claims of Mohammed to the character of a prophet. One in particular, with whom I had rather a long argument, seemed deeply interested in hearing anything about the gospel. His faith in the Alcoran had evidently been shaken. Before he left me, he confessed that he had found Mohammed was no prophet, and finally begged me to tell him *how* or *what* he must *do* to obtain the blessing of God. I pointed him to Christ, bid him *pray* to Christ, and assured him that he would hear him—would talk "with him"—would quiet all his fears, and fill his heart with peace. "Will he hear," said he anxiously, "if I pray to him in Jaloof?" "Yes—Arabic, Jaloof, Mandingo, and English are the same to him." With this we parted, and he really seemed to tread more lightly on the earth—to walk as if he had heard "glad tidings of great joy."

Climate.—The weather here is much more temperate than I had expected. I have found no "frying of fish on the quarter-deck, nor roasting of eggs in the sand." Though in the "dry season," we have occasionally a light shower of rain, the sky has been more or less hazy, and we have generally had either a land or sea breeze, that has made even the noon-day heat comfortable. Indeed I have felt oppressed with the heat but one day since we left America, and that was on the ocean. I still wear a winter's dress, except occasionally a thin pair of pantaloons and a roundabout. The thermometer has generally ranged from 68 to 78°, seldom above summer heat. Once, and once only, it rose to 84° at noon. I of course cannot judge as those who have had several years' residence here, but with all the light which I have been able to gain, I should sooner by far hope for health at Bathurst than at New Orleans. In March it will no doubt be warmer;—in the rainy season fevers will probably be frequent; but I am confident that a civilized population, and a well cultivated and drained soil, will make an African climate a healthy one.

It is now about half a century since colonization in Africa, with reference to civilization, was first contemplated in England. Shortly after, a society was formed among the Quakers,* as they were then called, for the abolition of the slave trade; and the great and good Mr. Wilberforce was the first, I

* Goldsmith's History of England, p. 526.

believe, who introduced the subject into the British Parliament. Public sympathy thus enlisted, neither plans nor means were long wanted for its active exercise. Sierra Leone was fixed upon as a point well suited to the objects in view, and some were readily collected for the purpose; but, like too many of the foreign British settlements, this, the most important English colony in Africa, was first settled by materials fitted only for a poor-house or penitentiary.

Some of the slaves, who, during our revolution served under the British standard, were, after the peace of 1783, sent to Nova Scotia. Not contented with their situation there, many of them repaired to London, where, it is said, they "became subject to every misery, and familiar with every vice." A committee was soon formed for their relief, in which Mr. Granville Sharpe took a distinguished part; and in 1787, about four hundred blacks and sixty whites were embarked for Sierra Leone. The whites were chiefly woman, of the most *abandoned character*.— This hopeful colony of American refugee slaves and London prostitutes, was the first that were sent out by English philanthropy to enlighten and civilize Africa! But God seeth not as man seeth. In kindness to the name of christianity, soon after their arrival, death commenced his ravages among them, and in a few months nearly half of the whole had either died or made their escape from the colony. Desertions continued, and in less than a year, the

whole were dispersed, and the town burned by an African chief.

In 1791, an association was formed by some of the friends of Africa, called the "St. George's Bay Company."* By the efforts of this society, some of the dispersed colonists were collected again, and about twelve hundred more free negroes were transported from Nova Scotia. In 1794, the town was again destroyed by a French squadron; and in 1808, disappointed and discouraged, the company transferred the whole establishment to the British government. Under the banner of Zion and the Cross, the colony has found security from enemies within and without, and since its transfer, till within the last year or two, has been rapidly increasing in its commercial interests and in the number of its inhabitants. The population now amounts to thirty thousand, about one hundred of whom are whites. Perhaps such a motley mixture were never before collected on the same amount of territory. It is more than Africa in miniature. They are almost literally of "all nations, tongues, and people;" English, Scotch, American, Irish, West Indian; and to these must be added those from an endless list of tribes from the interior of Africa; and their complexions have all the variety of shades from a beautiful white to an African jet. But to speak without a hyperbole, there are between thirty and forty of the African languages spoken in the colony.

* Missionary Gazetteer.

The burden of the whole are "liberated Africans," —those whom the humanity of England has wrested from that curse of the human species, the slave stealer. It is a proud thought to the African, that, come from where he may, whether from Christian, Pagan, or Mohammedan servitude, or from the floating hell that is unworthy of the name of either, the moment he treads on the soil of Sierra Leone, that moment *he is free.* Oh, it must be a proud thought too, to the monarch who has bequeathed this high privilege, however humble and degraded the objects of his mercy. England has no slaves! May the same soon be said of all the colonies where her flag waves its authority.

The government of Sierra Leone extends its jurisdiction over all the British settlements on the western coast of Africa, between 20° north and 20° south; but Sierra Leone proper, is only 80 or 90 miles in its greatest length, and about 40 or 50 wide. Over this territory there are scattered some ten or a dozen villages, all of which are more or less under christian tuition, and the civil jurisprudence of the colony.

FREE TOWN.

The principal place in the colony is in lat. 8° 30′ north, on the south bank of the river Sierra Leone, and about six miles from the western extremity of the cape. It is built at the foot of

a range of mountains, which, in nearly the form of a semi-circle, shelters the whole village, and which, when the breeze happens to be southerly, in very hot weather, must render the heat of a noon-day sun almost insupportable. The town opens handsomely as you approach it up the river, and enlivened as it was the evening of our arrival by the sound of a keyed bugle and an occasional gun from the fort, we felt ouselves nearer something more like home than anything we had seen since we left America. The morning light made the scenery still more beautiful. Everything on which he eye could rest was rich with luxuriance; the hills and ravines were covered with verdure, the forest was green with foliage, trees were loaded with fruit, and the town seemed alive with human beings—such as might have been naturally expected—neither wholly civilized, nor entirely barbarous. Mixed, as the population now is, and receiving, as it constantly does, new accessions from the captured slave ship, it must be a long while before European manners and customs will be wholly adopted by the natives. Instead, however, of expressing surprise at seeing a part of the population half naked, and some of the little boys and girls entirely so, perhaps we ought rather to thank God and rejoice for the hundreds, who, with a change of residence, have left their paganism and rudeness in "the bush," and are becoming pious christians and good citizens. Quite a proportion of the native population have already

adopted the European dress, and the congregations, in general, appear quite christian in their Sunday costume, if we except the strange custom which almost all the ladies have adopted, in substituting the *hat* for the bonnet.

The town is rather handsomely laid out,—most of its streets running at right angles, and, with its barracks, its ordnance, churches and other public buildings, has an air of finish about it that really gladdens the heart in this vast wilderness. Most of the public buildings are of a coarse kind of free-stone; perhaps half of the private dwellings are of the same, or of wood, the others of "wattle"—a kind of coarse basket stuff—with grass or bamboo-leaved roofs.

The number of the inhabitants I did not learn, but suppose, including the suburbs of the town, there are some six or eight thousand, about eighty of whom are whites.

Morals of the Place.—The morals of Free Town are fearfully, *fearfully* bad. As in colonies too generally, where the restraints of home, of friends, of those we love and those we fear, are broken off, licentiousness prevails to a most lamentable degree. Judging from much that occurs, one might suppose the seventh commandment had never been heard of; or if heard of, that the eternity and weight of wrath connected with its disobedience had been entirely forgotten. The marriage tie is not unfrequently disregarded; and where this solemn

obligation has never been entered into, there appears to be neither shame nor restraint. The abomination is not committed under the cover of midnight; nor am I speaking of the natives whose early habits might plead some apology for them;—it is done at noon-day, and, to use a figure, the throne as well as the foot-stool, has participated in the evil. And the evil, I am told, is increasing. Sanctioned as it is, by those who take the lead in society, and who ought to form the morals of the colony, avarice has been added to lust, and those who otherwise might have been virtuous, have "sold themselves" to work wickedness. Already mothers begin to barter their daughters, as soon as they are fourteen or fifteen, to the white man, for this horrid purpose, and strange to tell, both the mother and the daughter seem proud of the infamous distinction. Christianity weeps at facts like these;—humanity and philanthropy, which have struggled so hard and so long to help this degraded country, must weep and cover themselves with sackcloth, to see their best interests so wickedly perverted. Time only can tell the destructive influence of such excesses on the interests of the colony; but, if no standard be lifted up to check the tide that is now setting in like a flood, half a century hence we need not be surprised if female virtue is unknown at Sierra Leone. If it has not been done already, without a great change, Europeans, it will be found, instead of *raising* the morals of the people up to the standard of christian communities in general, will

have lamentably *lowered* them. How fearful the account of such men in the day of eternity! God forbid that I should do the place injustice; but such vile iniquity, such open and abandoned prostitution as is practised here, ought to be held up to public scorn, and the aggressors made ashamed, if indeed shame they have. The love of many has already waxed cold from its influence. Some it has already turned back like the dog to his vomit; the progress of the gospel it has greatly retarded, and it has given a strength to infidelity and paganism, that years of hard toil from the pious missionary will scarcely overcome. Vice literally has a premium, and he who will pay most, is sure to have virtue sacrificed at his feet. Horse-racing and gambling prevail here, too, in a degree not to have been expected in a colony planted for the special purpose of civilizing and evangelizing Africa. Duels are sometimes fought, but, like those of England, they are seldom fatal to either of the parties. Seven, I am told, occurred in one week, but neither blood nor lives were lost in either of them. Bullets, I believe, are generally scarce on such occasions. Equally fastidious, but with less hardihood than a Kentuckian, the parties return from the field of combat quite as well as they entered it, with the grateful assurance of having vindicated insulted honor by firing a good charge of *powder* at their antagonist! If this be not ridiculous, what is? Worse than this, a recent publication in England charges some of them with

aiding and abetting in the accursed practice of *slave stealing*. What is man!

To these abominations fidelity will oblige me to add one more—that of intemperance. I have not seen, however, a great many instances of vulgar drunkenness. The great evil, I suspect, lies in what the lover of spirit calls a "moderate," or "necessary" use of it. With this plea, and each one being the judge of the moderation or necessity, one drinks his gill, another his two, a third his pint, and a fourth his quart of brandy per day. This is no hyperbole. From what I saw and heard on the best of evidence, the drunkard himself would be astounded to know the quantity of fermented and distilled liquors imported in one year into Free Town. So it is. Even in benighted Africa, on the spot selected by religion and philanthropy, where they might scatter their mutual blessings, erect the temples of science and of art, and churches of a holy God, this abomination that maketh desolate—this vicegerent of the devil—stalks abroad at midnight and at noon, making man worse than barbarous here, and treasuring up for him wrath against the day of wrath hereafter. God have mercy! God have mercy on the abettors of this soul-murdering traffic!

Religion.—But in the midst of all the wickedness among the Europeans, the ignorance and superstition of the surrounding natives, and the constant influx of "liberated Africans," religion holds a most gracious influence in the colony. It was planted here

with the earliest *permanent* history of the place; and though there has been much to oppose its progress, and mighty obstacles to be overcome, there have always been a "little few" who loved God, and "held on their way." By these, prayer was offered and the prayer was heard; and now there are hundreds, who have been gathered from the wilds of this waste wilderness, that can bear testimony to the truth of the gospel and to its power over sin. In the midst of the iniquity of those who were nursed under the institutions of christianity, but who have thrown off its restraints, as the shackles of superstition, the christian stranger cannot be long in the place without feeling that God is here. The Sabbath is here, churches are here, ministers of Christ are here, and, in a word, here are all the essentials of a community of true christians. But as in the "city full," so at Sierra Leone, it is seen less under the gilded spire than in the little thatched hut or grass-roofed church.

Church Missionary Society.—If we pass by the unsuccessful mission of Dr. Coke, for the Foulah country, in 1796,* the first of anything like *foreign* religious effort for this place, was made by the Church Missionary Society of London. In 1804, two clergymen and a lady were sent out under its direction. From that time till now, their efforts in support of the mission have been as constant as they

* Drew's Life of Dr. Coke, p. 268.

are christian and benevolent. Nearly one hundred, including clergymen, catechists, their wives, &c. have been provided and sent out at their expense, half of whom, to say the least, have here found a grave. But with these frequent inroads on their number by death, and with some other embarassments too painful to be mentioned, the Society still continues its exertions for this portion of the outcasts of Ham, with a patience and perseverance of labor worthy the cause in which it has engaged. It has now, under its charge in the colony, six churches and eight congregations. Religion with them is said to be rather prosperous than otherwise, though when compared with former reports, there appears to be some diminution in number, and a little declension of zeal. It was remarked, however, by one of its friends, that there was as much *real* piety among them now as at any time since the commencement of the mission. Including the colonial church, which I believe is supported by the national establishment, I may set down between three and four thousand as waiting more or less on their ministry.

Wesleyan Methodists.—The emigration from Nova Scotia, in 1791, brought with it some Methodists. They soon formed themselves into a society, and two or three of the most intelligent among the brethren were appointed to watch over its spiritual interests. Though poor, they contrived after a while to build them a church, and continued to preach in it with considerable success until 1811, when, in an-

swer to many pressing letters from the colonists, Dr. Coke * sent to their aid Warren, Hayley, Reyner, and Hurst, who had nobly volunteered themselves for this service. Warren died, and for a while a cloud seemed to rest on the prospects of the mission; but his place was soon supplied by another; and since the death of Dr. Coke, the mission has been sustained by the untiring hand of the Wesleyan Missionary Society of London. Eight have perished in this glorious work, but love for souls and zeal for God can conquer death. There are still those who say of even Sierra Leone—"Here am I, send me."

The station is now supplied with two young men, who, in the spirit of their Master, have taken their lives in their hands and come forth to this land of darkness, to point sinners to Christ. Owing to affliction, one, the Rev. Mr. Maer, arrived here only a few weeks since; the other, Rev. Mr. Ritchie, with almost indescribable toil and fatigue, has supplied the place of two for the last nine months. Nor has his labor been in vain. More than one hundred have been added to the church the last year, and the work is still progressing. Several have given evidence of conversion within the few days I have been in the colony, and others are seeking for it with great earnestness and deep contrition of spirit. I may say with safety, that God is at work among the people; and I trust that the day is not far

* Coke's Life, pp. 343, 344.

distant when the iniquity that now stalks abroad at noon-day will at last be ashamed and hide itself.

Among those gathered in, in the late revival, are some of the most respectable and intelligent in the colony. A line or two from my private journal, will give to the reader my own impressions of the worth of one :—

" Yesterday evening I dined in company with Mr. and Mrs. ——. A more intelligent lady than Mrs. —— I have seldom met with *anywhere*. She is a native of Africa, and of the family of a distinguished chief of the Soosoo kingdom. But for her complexion, no one could believe for a moment that she was from the wilds of this dark wilderness. She has visited England and Ireland, was educated in America, and will now entertain with as much gentility and intelligence as ladies of the first rank in general. Recently she has been born again. She is deeply pious, well educated, and promises great usefulness to the church, and if faithful, cannot but exert the most happy influence on those around her. Her husband has followed her example, and they are both now members of our church. They have one son at school in England, and several interesting children at home. God bless them; may they be kept by his power through faith unto eternal life."

This mission has now seven churches; three of stone, the others of cane or basket bodies, with grass or bamboo-leaf roofs. There are four hundred and nineteen members in full fellowship, sixty-three on

trial, and ten colored* local preachers, who very much aid in the duties of the sanctuary. The average attendance on our ministry is estimated at fourteen hundred; but I should think this estimate below what it really is.

This little sketch, however, does not give a just view of the fruits of Methodism at Sierra Leone. As in America, so here, some have found peace through the labors of our zealous ministry, who now walk no more with us. Others, who had been nursed a few years as official members, thinking themselves too wise to endure the checks of a Wesleyan discipline, have taken leave and "set up for themselves."

In 1823, a separation took place which nearly ruined the society. The separatists still hold our largest chapel, but it is expected that justice will soon open its doors to those to whom it belongs.—But the spirit of radicalism still continues, and I fear has exerted a most destructive influence on the interests of vital godliness. There are not less than six or eight churches, or chapels, as they are called, in the colony, which are offsprings of this spirit of religious faction. Some of them, no doubt, may be truly good. Others, who are of but yesterday and know nothing, and of whose piety moralists might be ashamed, have assumed the direction of the

* I use the word colored for blacks, as well as those that are yellow or mixed.

church with but little more ceremony than would be made by the clerk of a counting-house in entering upon the duties of his office. Such men, with a self-sufficiency and confidence an angel would tremble to feel, seem well fitted to impose on the ignorant nations around them. And it is to be feared that the latitudinarian policy of the government has a most tempting tendency to encourage men of this character, in this—shall I say, mockery of gospel discipline? Almost any man, whether duly authorized or not, can obtain license of the government to baptize; nay, the Executive himself, without any particular pretensions to piety, has occasionally administered the ordinance. Thus has the sacredness* of the ministerial office been lightly esteemed, and its interests committed to the direction of unhallowed hands.

An African Female Class Meeting.—A few days after my arrival in the colony, we were visited by some of our poor liberated Africans, who are members of our† church. They came by special invitation, and were desired to relate some of the most interesting incidents in their christian expe-

* Daniel Baker is here, has assumed Episcopal powers, and a few months since, ordained two to the office of deacon. Since then he has been placed in charge of a congregation in one of the back villages, with a salary of £150 per year.

† I say our, because Wesleyan Methodists are one throughout the world.

rience. They all spoke in broken English,* and I believe converse in it generally. To an American ear, it is a strange tongue; but by their suiting action so much to their words, and uttering them under a corresponding expression of feeling, with the aid of a little interpretation from one of our missionaries, I understood them quite well.

It was an impressive scene. It was a lovely morning. I was in Africa—in the Wesleyan mission-house—surrounded by fifteen or twenty native females, who a few years since had been cruelly torn from home by the slave-stealer, immured in a slave ship, with the hope of nothing before them but the horrors of a life of servitude under a Portuguese task-master; but who, by a gracious Providence, had been "liberated," and kindly returned to their own country, under circumstances far more favorable than those in which they had been born. They had been pagans—were now christians.

More of the simplicity, power, and efficacy of the gospel of Jesus Christ, I have seldom seen, than

* Bad English is now assuming an importance among the evils of the colony, which those who have been the occasion of it once could not have believed. An American can now scarcely understand the colonists. Those that did speak good English among the blacks—and I may say it of Europeans in general—instead of preserving it, have accommodated themselves to a kind of broken English, more barbarous, if possible, than the most barbarous among the Africans. It is a mere jargon. I know no more what half of them say than if they were talking gibberish. And yet they talk English! But for the schools, it would be but a few years hence, before another language would be added to this already polyglot colony, for which there is now no name.

was manifested in this little African class meeting. If they were ignorant of the philosophy of religion, or of even some of the simplest terms by which its first principles are expressed, they certainly were not strangers to the *nature* of *what I call religion.* They know the power of God on the human heart. They know that they were once blind—that now they see. Agreeably to a well known law in the human mind, intellect can know perfectly and distinctly what it cannot express intelligibly to another. So of these poor children of the forest—they know the enkindlings of God's love, and the divine influence of the Holy Spirit, as certainly as the best taught christian in America. How God "reveals himself" to minds so untutored, and to Hottentots who know comparatively nothing, is not for me now to show. I only speak of the fact. He does it, and leaves Nicodemuses to "wonder and perish," or learn to receive the kingdom of heaven as little children. But to return to our class meeting. Experience has well taught them what means the "wormwood and the gall." Deeper convictions of sin, or a more lively sense of God's abhorrence of it, I have rarely heard from a christian congregation. When under conviction, to use their own language, they "no eat, no drink;" their "heart trouble them too much." A christian needs no farther proof of their real brokenness of heart, than to listen to one of their prayers. There is in it a sincerity and fervor, a real outpouring of heart, and a spirit of supplication,

blended with humble confidence, so that the conviction is irresistible, that they are communing with God. Their expressions of the sufferings of Christ are uttered with so much simplicity, that they are still more affecting. "He hang on de cross—he bleed—he crucified, to save my poor *one* soul." "Oh, I never can do enough for Jesus."—"What can I do—what can I tell him, to please him dis morning!"

Infidels condemn all this as delusion;—the wicked have been heard to say, that "there was not a good colored man in the colony;" but I can only say, if I ever knew anything about experimental religion, the members of this class know what it is. They feel the same love—the same power—the same contrition of heart and sorrow for having offended a holy God—and the same confidence in his protection and mercy. They trust in the same Saviour, and feel the same solicitude for the salvation of others.

A few more expressions which I penned down at the moment, perhaps may not be uninteresting. They may faintly illustrate their confidence in the divine mercy, and the "purpose of heart" with which they intend to follow Christ. "He be with me in trouble; when Satan come, he with me. He with me in sickness—he with me *all de time*." "Me hold fast that which Christ give me—me no let it go. Me *creep* to follow my Jesus." "I feel a little heaven in my heart all de time; for me to live is Christ, to die is gain." But it should be remembered that these expressions did not fall from their

lips as they do from my pen;—they were uttered with tears—with a deep sense of their utter unworthiness of the least of God's mercies, and in full hope of immortality and eternal life. I should do them injustice, and their instructors too, were I not to say, they have no confidence in the flesh, whatever. They trust emphatically in Christ; and nothing short of a change of a heart and its attestation by the blessed Spirit can satisfy them. With this "certain hope," death has to them no terror, and, as christians ever should, they look forward to heaven with all the simplicity that a child looks to his father's home.

Our class meeting ended in a prayer meeting, and was closed by a farewell hymn, which, judging from its poetry, might have been composed in Africa. It was sung, however, with great sincerity, with much christian affection, and with that depth of feeling which in every climate characterizes the African character. To some the meeting might have been unworthy of note or record; but it was accompanied with so much of divine influence, and awakened within me such commingled feelings of joy and hope, of fear and trembling, that I shall long, long remember the African female class meeting at Sierra Leone.

A few days after, I attended a love-feast; but I have dwelt so long on the class meeting, that a few lines on this will be sufficient. It was held in the Maroon chapel—a neat stone building, which will

seat comfortably four or five hundred. It was well filled. The services were introduced, as usual with us, by the preacher in charge. A prayer was offered, hymns were sung, the bread and water were handed, and the members desired to speak. From this moment till the end of the meeting, which lasted over two hours, there was not at one time, perhaps, two minutes' silence—nay, not one. Occasionally in their anxiety to "speak that they might be refreshed," two would rise at the same moment, but the first who heard the other immediately sat down. Though they are in a warm climate, and during a part of the meeting they were under great excitement of feeling, there was much less of extravagance either in language or action than I have frequently met with in the colored congregations in America. Most of them "spoke tremblingly," but I do not recollect to have seen any one fall on the floor, or remove from his place. One *father*, in particular, whose son and daughter had recently found peace, shouted aloud, and, as was very natural, sometimes he did it very lustily, but he did it "decently and in order;" and so far from condemning him, when I heard his children testifying what God had done for them, my heart responded a hearty and quite as loud an Amen!

The assembly was composed of all ages, from eighty down to the mere child. There were among them a poor "blind man," and a sergeant in uniform

from the military establishment; and the *mother of the queen of a neighboring kingdom was there*, and spoke with great feeling and considerable intelligence.

Their experiences were very similar. To borrow the language of the sergeant, they "had worshipped the *devly* god *—had been very wicked —had been in darkness—saw no light." But Christ through his ministry, and by the agency of the Holy Spirit, came to them " and *say*, Dis be de way, walk in it. Me say no. He come again—my heart trouble me—me very sick—me go and pray," &c. The end of it was, they followed Christ, and found peace in believing, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Schools.—Learning, as well as religion, has been a leading object among the friends of the colony, ever since its commencement; and much has been done for its support. The *school-master*, as well as the clergyman, was in the first mission of the Wesleyan Methodists, in 1811 and 1813. The Church Missionary Society engaged in it with a strong hand. From that period till now, the efforts of the societies have been unceasing in the promotion of this great work. During the past year, the Church

* The description which one gave in speaking of her convictions of everlasting punishment, struck me rather forcibly, though it showed an ignorance of the true nature of the immateriality of the soul. "Minister say," said she, "if wicked man die, he burn and burn till he burn all up; then he be made up again, and burn forever."

Missionary Society, of itself, has expended in the colony £3,712; and though death in years past has made great havoc among its teachers, it still continues its undiminished exertions. They have now about three thousand in the different villages under tuition, with an average attendance of about two thousand. This includes, however, adults, Sunday school, evening, and day scholars; all of whom, while they are taught more or less the elementary branches of English education, are carefully instructed in the doctrines of the gospel. Such labors of love cannot be in vain. Its fruit may not as yet have been as evidently seen as was expected by some of its friends; but the fires it has enkindled cannot be concealed long. As soon as the mustard seed shall have taken *deep root*, it will spring up with a luxuriance and strength proportionate to the labor with which it was planted. Then, with the blessing of God, may we hope that these Africans, gathered by the slave ship from almost every tribe in Africa, "liberated" by the hand of humanity, and placed under the tuition of the church of Christ, will soon be penetrating the forests to their long lost homes, richly laden, with the Book of God in one hand, that of man in the other. Light and truth cannot be inert, nor can the work of faith be in vain. It must be that the END will be glorious.

I have not had an opportunity of visiting either of the schools under their charge, but from a short in-

terview with the Rev. Mr. Raban, of Fourah Bay, I learn that they are, in general, prosperous.

The Wesleyan Mission has two schools of about eighty-five each under its care, but under the immediate tuition of two native instructors. Once a week they visit the mission-house for examination, when each receives the reward of a little book. One of these examinations I had the pleasure of attending. The children * were from about four to fourteen years of age, and, for Africa, were all decently clad. *All* that attended could read in the Testament, and some of them admirably. And they seemed to understand what they read. I asked a little fellow what a "nobleman" meant. "A rich and a *good* man," said he—a definition which, though we may wish it were just, he certainly could never have heard of before. I asked another, equally small, what "two days" meant. "To-day and to-morrow," said he. "Forty-eight hours" might have been more scholastic, but certainly not more accurate. Of another I inquired who a "prophet" was. "One man sent to preach de word of God," said he, with scarce a moment's reflection. Of another, still more intelligent, I inquired the meaning of "*sin*." "If a man steal, dat be sin, sir; if a man curse, dat be sin, sir; if a man break the Sabbath, dat be sin, sir; if a man swear, dat be sin, sir;

* The ages of the native children are here unknown.

if a man do dat which be not right, dat be sin, sir." The definition I thought worthy of preservation, and have given it word for word as uttered by the boy.

They spell, in general, quite well, and a few of them had made a considerable progress in arithmetic. Several of them, not more than seven or eight, write a hand far more legible than my own. One or two read as fluently, and with as much propriety, as Americans of the same size; but then it should be remembered that my specimens are selected from the *better sort of them.* But the more I see of the African character, the more I am assured that, under similar circumstances, they are not inferior in intellect to the rest of the human species. Indeed I can scarcely realize that I am in dark and degraded Africa—the country of Hottentots and cannibals.

These schools are principally supported by a few ladies of the Society of Friends, in Peckham, England.

Labor.—Labor is extremely low in the colony. Indeed I cannot conceive how an American or English settler, unless he is a mechanic, can possibly compete with the natives of the place. Hale, hearty, and athletic Kroomen sometimes work for an English sixpence per day, and "find themselves;" and the worth of one day's labor will support them for a week. They live on fruit, and the vegetable productions of the country; and these cost but little more

than white sorrel on an American beach.* Oranges sell at a shilling and one and sixpence per bushel, and the most delicious pine-apples that I ever tasted can be purchased three for a penny. Cassada is but sixpence per bushel, and other productions of the country are proportionably cheap.

One pound per month is considered high wages for domestic men-servants; and out of this they find their own provision and clothes.

Health.—The climate here *now* is much warmer than at the Gambia. The thermometer has generally ranged from 80 to 84; occasionally it has fallen as low as summer heat, and once or twice, two degrees below it. What renders the heat here more sensible, is the mountains with which Free Town is half surrounded. These break off all the moderate breezes from the south, and leave the town sometimes with scarcely a breath of air at noon-day. Then we feel how grateful is the "shadow of a great rock," and then we know the power of a noon-day African sun.

* Though the fruit and vegetables, which are the production of Africa, are so remarkably cheap, the foreigner, whether white or black, is but very little benefited by them. On these he does not, cannot live. Rice sells at a dollar a "tub,"—a measure that is perhaps a little more than a bushel. Flour, nine and ten dollars per barrel. Salt meats, and indeed everything from an American or English market, pays nearly a hundred, even two hundred per cent., and many things much more. On this the colonists are obliged to live. This is an evil, I presume, all along the coast, which cannot be remedied until Africa is so far civilized as to rely on her own resources.

I have mentioned elsewhere, I believe, that more than half a hundred Church missionaries, including catechists, &c. &c. have here found a grave. Eight Wesleyan missionaries have died also. But these days of peril have in a great measure passed away. The colony is now much, much healthier than it has been, but the exact per-centage of deaths for the past year I found it impossible to learn. Grave-diggers either cannot, or do not count; physicians are not required to make returns; and many die, like the felons in England, without the "benefit of the clergy," or the attentions of a regular physician. From common remark, however, I should think Sierra Leone, the mountains in particular, quite as healthy as the Southern States in general.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letters, and portions of letters, are selected from a considerable quantity which were put into the Editor's hands with that view. They furnish perhaps the best illustrations of the real character of Mr. Cox which can be had in any of his papers, next to his private journals; and upon some subjects, much better than even those. "Written in haste" they were, of course, as he mentions in one of the number inserted here; but what they lose from that circumstance in the value of their style, as literary specimens, is more than made up by the greater insight they give us, for the same reason, into the habits and spirit of the man. The first, it will be seen, is without date; but the tenor of it points with sufficient plainness to the period of its composition.

The few miscellanies which close the volume are also, it is believed, of a character to require neither apology nor explanation, as to the purpose or propriety of their admission.

LETTERS.

My dear Sister :—I have but a moment to write, and that I will improve in directing a line to my only sister, in this the hour of my deepest gloom. Your consoling letter—the dictate, I am sure, of the best of feelings, from the best of sisters—has just been read. But oh! my sister, what recollections, what feelings, it awaked from a momentary slumber, I cannot tell. I have buried two sisters—little cherubs of innocence ; I have listened to the melancholy knell which tolled for two dear brothers, the hope of an afflicted family ; I heard with agonized feelings of the death of a father ; but I never knew the loss of the partner of all my joys and sorrows, till now. I have met, my dear Emily, many ills in life ; I have tasted many sorrows, owing, perhaps, to the peculiar temperament of a mind naturally sensitive ; many hopes, big with promise, have withered, in the progress of time, like the blasted rose, or been shattered as with the lightning's scathing blast ; but I never felt the severing of that untold tie which mutual confidence and mutual love form between husband and wife. It was a scene, my dear sister, at which common humanity would have wept, to have witnessed the painful sufferings of my dear wife, and one on which a *husband* could not look with any command of feeling. At times, especially during her sickness, I mourned without

restraint; but through the grace of God, I was prepared to meet the last tale of mortality—"she 's gone"—with more fort'tude than I had expected. But oh! the daily and hourly recollections which each little incident—each endearing memento, with which her memory is associated—brings to the hours of silence and solitude. 'T is when *alone* that each kind look, and those *little* attentions for which she was distinguished, rise up before me, and tell me I did not appreciate her worth. And well I may feel the loss of one so lovely.

I shall write my dear mother as soon as possible The sympathies of all I am sure to have. Add to these your fervent prayers that this affliction may fit me for a better world.

The following, (partly on the same subject with one or two others we have selected,) which appears never to have been sent, as addressed, to his sister, bears at the commencement of the second division of it, in the manuscript, the date of Baltimore, June 28, 1830.

It is with mingled feelings of hope and fear that I am now looking on our dear little Martha, who, for six days, has been very ill indeed, with a catarrhal fever. The doctor insists that there is neither danger nor cause of alarm; but I know him of old.

The fearful side of the picture, however, I cannot look at. My heart bitterly yearns at the thought that my last solace on earth shall be taken from me. And yet, sister, I know that God is good—that all his ways, though to us unaccountable, are in wisdom and in love.

The moment it was said to me that Martha was ill, I felt that it was the *voice of death;* but it may have been owing to the cutting recollections which her sickness awakened. I feel, I assure you, but ill prepared to bear the shock which present appearances, notwithstanding all the doctor's hopes, warn me to apprehend will be mine to endure.

Martha is a bud, which to me has promised much. She is not pretty, though she has a fair forehead and a most speaking eye. But how vain is hope! She is a flower that I have carefully watched and watered with tears. The dear little thing I believe *must die!* She cannot endure the tempest's blast.* *

Thus far, my dear sister, had I written, before the event of which you ere this have heard. She died this day week, and was buried by the side of her dear mother, the day following. I should have forwarded the above, that you might have been prepared, but for the opinion of the doctor and friends, and some flattering change in the disease. But they saw not with the solicitude of a father. To them, probably, the death of *my* child was no darkening cloud. They could not feel the breaking of ties where they had no existence, nor the yearn-

ings of a parent for his first-born. But she is gone! She retained the most perfect recollection, till the last moment of her existence. Not two minutes before she died, she raised her little hands to her nurse, and asked her to *walk* her. She took her up, walked across the room, sat down in a chair, and the dear little thing fell asleep.

Under this event, I *had* feared that I should be overwhelmed. But my feelings are subdued, and calmer than could be expected. When it was first said to me that she was sick, they were unutterable. I went to my room, and wept, and prayed for the life of my child—my only child. But in wisdom God has taken her to himself; and though my heart feels the bitterness of sorrow, though I longed and struggled for the life of the child, I murmur not. Though he "slay me," yet will I trust in him.

Yet at times, sister, my cup does seem to have been a bitter one. What vicissitudes have I passed, in a short life of thirty years! Still I know, and what is better, *feel*, that God has been infinitely better to me than I have deserved. All that I have experienced within the last eight months, I am sure, has been designed for my special benefit. The child, I am sure too, is safe. Thought I, when I heard of its death—"Well, there is a happy meeting in heaven." The mother and child will both join and together praise God that they have escaped the storms. If anxiety could be felt in heaven, I am sure Ellen felt it for Martha. But they are now

safe, and beckon me on to a holier life, and for aught I know, may be to me the guardian angels of my life.

It seems as if there was no sacrifice which I would not make, could I see you all, and partake of your sympathy. But circumstances will not permit it—it *must* be deferred. And perhaps, sister, we may never meet again here; but oh! may we, may we meet in heaven!

Nothing was wanting in Mrs. W——, the lady who took care of Martha. Speaking of Martha's intellect, she remarked that she had "seen many children in her life, but that she never had seen, and never expected to see her equal." * *

I am now sitting in my office alone—a stranger comparatively, still, in a strange land. Like a tree that has been riven by the tempest, until root and branch have felt the shock, I still live but a *memento* of the past. My wife has gone—my child is no more. How soon I shall follow them I know not. The oak that has braved the storm must fall at last.

To a Friend in Affliction.

SEPT. 15, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR:—I sincerely sympathize with you in the loss of your truly amiable and lamented father. To the few members that still remain of your

family, his memory must be cherished with a fondness, I have often thought, which the "many" could never feel. I have but a few relatives; and to this circumstance I have attributed that severity of grief which the loss of but one never fails to awaken. But our loss, I sincerely believe, is your father's infinite gain. Never, probably, since he arrived at the years of responsibility, was he so well prepared for an exchange of worlds, as at the day of his death. To a christian, there is something calculated to excite the liveliest gratitude, and the most profound adoration, toward that infinitely wise Providence which has *so lately* called him from darkness to light. God had foreseen the event which we now deplore, and in mercy had prepared him for himself. Thus are "his paths in the great deep, and his footsteps unknown."

To you, as an only son, the cup must be a bitter one. When the trunk falls beneath the pressure of the storm, the branches cannot but feel the shock. But yours is the privilege to find from a "bitter bud" a flower that is sweet. Only improve it as we are directed to in the gospel, and you will yet say—"Good is the hand of the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." Then this "chastening," though afflicting, shall "yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

I cannot but hope, sir, that this bereavement will exert a happy and a lasting influence upon your religious feelings. You have already seen too many

of the vicissitudes of this life, to hope for any permanent enjoyment in this state of being. The death of a father speaks, with a force irresistible, that this is not the home of the *son*. Look, then, to that world which is as endless as duration. "Lay up treasure in heaven," and, in due season, you will reap its ineffable enjoyments. Christ yet waits to be gracious to *you*, and all heaven beckons you on, to secure an interest in his blood. But soon the scene will be over, the curtain drop, and a day of the most gracious probation exchanged for the light of eternity and the inexorable rewards of justice. Then *mercy* can plead no longer, for friend or foe. He that is unrighteous, must be unrighteous still. Then shall be written on all impenitents—"Loruhamah," and "Lo-ammi."

Tender to your sisters my kindest regards, and assure your mother of my prayers, that hers may be the widow's God in this hour of trial.

To a Friend in Persecution.

GEORGETOWN, D. C. DEC. 17, 1830.

DEAR BROTHER :—I am truly pained to hear that you still are suffering under the odium of a calumny too cruel to be named, and unequalled in the history of modern reform. Censure, when made against a

whole community of christians, is of but little consequence; because the identity of the offender is lost in the multitude criminated, and the charge divides itself among so many, that its force is unfelt by each. But when one is singled out, and made the victim of the smothered malignity of disappointed partizans, and the accumulated wrath of a long and anxiously cherished hostility, he must be more than mortal not to feel; and unfeeling must that heart be, which will not tender the sympathies of its nature, or offer any relief in its power, to him who is made the subject of such merciless persecution. Be assured, dear brother, that we feel for you. You are yet remembered in the prayers of thousands. Bear that reproach—which has always been the portion of good men—with firmness, but subdued feeling, only a "little while" longer, and He from whom no secret is hidden, will read your innocence by the light of eternity, before an assembled universe. This world cannot do justice to virtue. "God manifest in the flesh" was persecuted, spit upon, mocked, falsely accused, and cruelly put to death. And if his disciples were more careful to imitate his example, doubtless they would share more largely in those trials peculiar to a holy life. The "world to come" will make all right; and it is only a moment before we shall enter it. Say to your enemies, as a Roman chieftain did to a spirit, "I'll meet thee there."

If a want of responsibility in your shameless persecutors, prevent you from seeking that redress in a

court of justice which an independent judiciary would not fail to award you, it is well; more certain and "greater will be your reward" hereafter. Commit it all to God. And this little storm may be the precursor of the brightest day that you have ever witnessed. The strength of the tree can only be tested by the violence of the storm. And virtue never commands more admiration than when struggling with the infirmities of human nature, to meet, unmoved, the unmerited obloquy of outlaws and unprincipled hypocrites. 'T is then its real worth and fortitude are seen.

I really wish I could say one word that might be comforting, well-timed, and "fitly spoken." I should then feel that I had caught something of the spirit of our divine Master, and of those holy angels who ministered to him after his agony in the garden. It is the spirit of our holy religion to participate in each other's sorrows, and to "bear one another's burdens." Christ never forsook his disciples. When toiling amid the darkness and the tempest, they heard his voice upon the waters, saying—"Be not afraid; it is I." Let me repeat it to you, brother—Greater is He that is for you than all that are against you. Trust in him, and you, your reputation and cause, are all safe. And all your afflictions, of whatever character they may be, will hereafter "yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness," if "exercised thereby."

When I commenced this letter, I intended only to say, that if I could assist you in any way, by pen or otherwise, my services were at your command. Would that I could assist a suffering servant of Christ! Do let me know more of this anomalous affair.

RALEIGH, MARCH 20, 1831.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER:—I have just returned from the labors of the Sabbath; am alone in my room; had a little refreshment brought to me; and now sit by my table, too much exhausted to speak *one word.* I preached by special appointment to the young, from—"Wilt thou not, from this time, cry unto me, my Father, thou art the guide of my youth." The close was affecting—deeply so, at least to myself—nor less so, I hope, to some who are strangers to religion. I have strong hopes of *one* from this day's labor. And unless I shall see the work of God revive, I have but little hope of life. Mental solicitude has become, with me, a kind of *virtue;* and in all my pulpit labors, and preparations for it, I cherish it as indispensably associated with my calling to the ministry of God's word. Others may philosophize about heaven and hell,—may freeze their own lips and the hearts of their hearers, with cold moral tales,—but *I cannot*, if I have constant

communion with God. Nor do I think myself called to it. There was no stoical feeling in the tears of Christ over devoted Jerusalem; none in the mental agony and sweated blood in the garden. The memorable "My God! my God!" is the language of unuttered feeling. The apostles warned from house to house with *tears*. And shall I fold *my* arms in ease? No, brother, I could not if I would, with the feelings I have now. Stones would cry out. I must speak to be refreshed. I do not condemn those who point a different course. They stand or fall to their own master. But if a soul is to be eternally damned or saved, it is the blindness of a stupidity colder than death, not to be in earnest about its salvation. I believe, as much as I believe I hold this pen in my hand, that the want of zeal, ardor, deep feeling, in speaking of the momentous truths of revelation, in ministers of the gospel, has sent thousands and thousands of precious souls to eternal wo.

But, brother, perhaps I never had such feelings as I now have. I cannot tell them to you. But I feel as if I were drawing nearer and nearer to the seat of God. Eternal interest seems overpowering. When I bow before God, he seems all around me and within me. When I look beyond this world, the other seems exceedingly near to me. A few evenings since, alone in my room, in secret prayer, it seemed as if the last idol was gone. I have since found many reasons to doubt it. But this one

thing I 'll do,—I will press on, nor rest, till I am a holy man. I cry out for it within me, and I am sure it will come, by and by. I want to *know all of God that man can know, and live.*

A part of the five years past seems a melancholy vacuum in the history of my poor life. But by the grace of God, *this* "shall suffice," be my days many or few. This is well; but oh! would to God it had been always so.

You need have no anxiety about me. I am among friends—friends who love me. I have a comfortable room to myself, and all I need; though not in sister's style, or that which I have been accustomed to in Baltimore. But I have enough—much better than had my gracious Master. I am with Mr. S——, a merchant of this place. Mrs. S—— is just such a lady as a Methodist travelling preacher delights to meet with, particularly if in delicate health.

We shall no doubt meet, should we live, at the "General Conference" of 1836. But this is too far ahead for me. I may see it, but I doubt. And yet I have no presentiment that I shall die immediately. I may live as long with preaching as without it, for aught I know. But I intend to be prepared for it, come when it may.

Your letter gave me real pleasure. Its kind cautions I will do the best I can to observe. I have, however, seldom tried to preach a "great" sermon in my life, and never since my sickness. I once

tried to make a "great" prayer. "O Lord," and "Amen," commenced and ended it; this is all or nearly every word of it. Not one sentence could I utter. I now number it among the most profitable I ever offered. It was then deeply humiliating.

I read your interesting letter last evening, and was much affected in reading it. But you see how I have answered it—scarcely alluded to it. Well, you want to know of me, not of yourself. I think I am in a better state now than for years. But all is not yet right. There is something I cannot define yet, which must be *crucified*. But my pride, which has so long been a curse to me, is nearly broken. My ambitious hopes are buried. And I hope soon to be, if I live, a plain, humble, holy minister of God. Pray, my dear brother, that that blessed anticipated hour may be near at hand.

To a Female Friend.

RALEIGH, MARCH 23, 1831.

MY DEAR SISTER S.:—I was truly pleased with what I beg leave to call your "pious note." Confidence, whether reposed by a friend or an *enemy*, should be held sacred as our honor and virtue. It is immaterial whether it be a trivial or a momentous concern; to betray it, is treachery. Whoever confides in me, does it with the pre-

sumption that *there* it will remain forever, silent as death; if exposure be necessary, and the tale need be told, why, he could do that *himself*.

In your case, however, my dear sister, there was little or no fault. You felt under obligations, with your views of *my intentions*, to mention it to the one you did. To have made it perfectly correct, you ought to have suggested the necessity of *my* consulting with him; though, as time proved, I had this in view from the beginning.

But it is all well. I know, now, your views upon the subject, and can confide hereafter, with less solicitude. The acute sensibility manifested at this little unintentional error, gives but higher proofs that your heart is indeed under divine influence. I can only say, *cherish* this heavenly, this holy tenderness of conscience, as among the best boons of God to man. Neither moral sensibility nor moral obligation can *ever* be trifled with, in the smallest concerns of life, with impunity; the first is soon blunted, and the last soon forgotten. Sin, in all its forms, is more dangerous than the "upas;" it is spiritual death to come within the circle of its atmosphere. And would we, my sister, be "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," we must do right in all things. Human life is made up of "trifles;" and correctness in these, is the essence of true religion. He that is faithful in "little," will be faithful in "much."

I have dwelt on this a moment, not because I think you faulty in the past, but that it may be a guide for the future. I sincerely love the spirit you manifest; and your kind attentions, and solicitude for my health, comfort, and happiness, have awakened feelings of friendship, that I trust will only die with my existence.

I have "prayed" for you. Will my sister return the favor, and believe me, most affectionately, her sincere but unworthy Pastor in Christ.

To another Female Friend.

RALEIGH, MARCH 26, 1831.

MY DEAR SISTER H.:—Let me beg of your sister, Miss M., through you, for Christ's sake, for her own soul's sake, to let nothing divert her from those means which she has already felt particularly beneficial to her spiritual interest. This, possibly, is the most eventful moment that she has ever experienced. A trivial thing, now, may produce consequences of the deepest interest. A little neglect, or a little violence to the suggestions of the Holy Spirit, may, at last, leave her in darkness and mourning for months. Would she *soon* find Christ, she must press through the crowd, overcome obstacles, deny herself and take up the cross, and cherish *every*

kind emotion of the Spirit of God. She must act *conscientiously*, where, and when she goes; and in everything act according to the best light God has given her.

I say not these things, because I wish her to be a *Methodist;* no! this is of the least consequence. I want her to be a *christian.* I want that her soul shall know the love of God shed abroad in the heart by experience.

I am sure, however, from my own observation, that for this the Methodist church has more helps than the Protestant Episcopal. But let her obtain religion; there will be quite time enough to think of the comparative merits of churches.

You will excuse my apparent concern. If I can estimate my own feelings, it is the eternal worth of her soul that makes me solicitous. And I have known so many to perish in the way, before they found Christ, that I am *fearful.* Injudicious advice of officious friends, light and trifling company or conversation, if joined in, are as fatal to such a one as poison.

To another, on a False Report.

RALEIGH, OCT. 31, 1831.

MY DEAR SISTER:—Your last was duly received. I am just as much of an "Episcopalian" as you are—just as much of one as I was while with you—

and that is, a *firm* "*Episcopal*" *Methodist.* Should I never meet with anything more powerful or convincing than the "book" alluded to, I presume I shall be quite satisfied with either the "ordination" or "burial service" of the Methodist discipline. I don't think either of them will condemn me.

No tale, however marvellous or improbable, if reported in North Carolina, will ever again surprise me; and, should Providence make this my residence long, it will need more than a "story" well and confidently told, to command my confidence in anything true or false. I think I have never known guess-work, or a "hope so," so soon to become a plain matter-of-fact, as in this state. It is only necessary for some one to suggest his wishes, suspicions or hopes, and to-morrow they are well told rumors, and the next day, facts of unquestionable authenticity. This is making "street-yarn" and broadcloth also, by the wholesale, and that too, without wheel, spindle, loom or shuttle.

Sometimes I have thought, sister, that people forget the distinction between *thought* and *action;* the one, by some loquacious individuals, whose tongues never rest long enough to catch a long breath, is mistaken for the other; and what was just now only a floating idea in the brain, in an hour or two is detailed with as much assurance as if this wayward thought had been real *action.* How else can we account for such monstrous absurdities, such gross inconsistencies, among those who would

think themselves highly insulted, if their integrity was in the least suspected? *Christians* certainly will not *lie*. And yet some who profess to be such, tell tales, for which, upon investigation, you can find neither foundation, superstructure, nor top-stone—for which there is not even the shadow of an apology. Perhaps phrenology may palliate their crime, but I need not tell *you*, that the Book of God will write on all such "Mene Tekel" in the day of eternity.

To the Reverend Bishop Hedding.

NORFOLK, FEB. 22, 1832.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—You may propose me if you please to the Episcopacy, as a missionary to Liberia. If you and they, after advising with each other, should think me fitted for the work, *I will go*, trusting in the God of missions for protection and success. It *may* cure me—it *may* bury me. In either case, I think I can say from the heart—"The will of the Lord be done." I shall go without any "fear which hath torment;" with a cheerful, nay, a *glad* heart.

In weighing the subject, the following reflections have suggested themselves:

1. It is my duty, sick or well, to live and die in the service of the church.

2. There is a loud call in Providence, at this eventful moment, for some one to go to Liberia, which ought and *must* be heard.

3. There are some indications that this voice addresses itself to me.

4. A man in high health would run a far greater hazard of life, humanly speaking, than I should.

5. Though perhaps my health does not warrant much in expectation, yet, by the blessing of God, I may do great good. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." There is much, very much to be done in a mission of the kind, which would not tax my voice at all.

Praying that God would direct and give success to the enterprise, I am, affectionately, your son in the gospel.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 7, 1832.

MY DEAR MOTHER :—Possibly this letter will surprise you. If Providence permit, between this and next fall, your son will be treading on African soil. The Episcopacy have just unanimously agreed to send me, as soon as may be, as a missionary to Liberia. I can truly say it is the most welcome appointment I have ever received from them. I shall go with a cheerful, nay, a glad heart. Already I thirst to be on my way—to know that the winds of

heaven are wafting me as the messenger of heaven to those outcasts of the world. Though counted as the white man's cemetery, to me it has nothing to awaken a lingering fear. Even a *grave* there looks pleasant to me. If God be with me, it *shall* be sweet to my soul, to be comforted in my last hours by *redeemed slaves.*

But before I leave, I intend to visit my beloved mother and endeared sister. Since my last, my health has not at all improved. You must not expect to see anything like *health* in me. I have lost both youth and health; but,

"Thought still burns within."

If the Lord will, I hope to be with you in June. In August, I must be ready to sail from Baltimore or Norfolk, for Africa. Let me hear from you in New York.

New York, June 13, 1832.

My dear Brother:—So far as an appointment from others, and the fixed intention of myself, can make it so, there is now no longer any uncertainty about my mission to Liberia. If God will, I shall go to Africa. And I assure you, my dear brother, if I can estimate my own feelings upon this subject, that I had rather be an humble missionary of the

cross there, begging my bread from kraal to kraal, traversing its interminable deserts on a camel, or sleeping in the tent of an Arab, than to be the emperor of its millions. I perhaps even glory in the honor of such an enterprise. Yes, I love its name. Paris and London have not half its charms. Palaces sink into insignificance before it, and the gay and giddy court which throngs them, have now far less interest to me than the aproned Bassas. Liberia, I do truly believe, is to be the "Land of Promise," as well as that of the "liberated;" not indeed to myself, but to thousands of my fellow beings now groaning under the cursed bonds of slavery; and to thousands more, sitting in heathenish darkness, it must be as the rising sun of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I see, or think I see, shed upon its burning sands, the dew of heaven and the light of God. Clouds from Europe and America, fraught with the benevolence of thousands, are gathering over it, and heaven itself, with the mercy of a God, is bending to do it good. This, brother, is not ideal; it is not ardor's feverish view; it is literal and plain truth. In my coolest moments upon this subject, I believe all that is beautiful or cheering in hope, rational in reason, or sustaining in faith, is blended in the godlike enterprise of *evangelizing Africa to God.* In comparison with it, the conquests of kingdoms or worlds of wealth, (with a *christian,* of course,) are but as vanity. Indeed, it has something too sacred in its designs, and too lofty in its promise, to be

compared with the pageantry of show or glitter of gold. It has for its object the salvation of *spirits*—of souls undying and immortal as our own; and heaven for its eternal reward.

I know, brother, that it hath its darker side. I know that he who engages in the mission must not expect beds of down, sofas of ease, or tables of luxury. He must be content to bear the scalding rays of a vertical sun; to feed on only an African potato, if need be; to breathe the miasma of its low lands; to meet a Nubian blast; and, perhaps, to lay him down and die. But God's word hath taught me that all of these *can* be made the ministers of mercy, and even joy. If God be in the mission, a den of lions shall be a quiet home, or a burning furnace a paradise. In his hands pain is pleasure; and privation, plenty; yes, and Africa as America.

And if I be the humble individual designated in the providence of God as a missionary to this land of darkness, my soul says, whether it be the path of suffering or enjoyment, of life or death, it shall be the joy of my heart to go. Yes, I 'll go—go to its burning sands,—its luxuriant vales,—its moon mountains,—its clayey cottages,—and *palaces*, if such they may be called; and I 'll tell them the story of the cross. I will tell them how God hath loved them; that even *they* were not forgotten in the history of redemption; that Christ died for them, that he has risen; and that for *them* he now intercedes.

And shall I *fear*, my dear brother, to do this? Shall I hesitate, or go with a reluctant step? God forbid. And dear as we are to each other, will you not say, God forbid it, too? I think I love you; love her who gave us birth, and her who has so often cheered our path through life;—but tender as are these associations, *I thirst to feel that the winds of heaven are wafting me to* THAT *shore.* I long to breathe air never inhaled by the *christian*,—to be within some of their little mud walls, telling for once to heathens, properly such, the tragedy of Calvary. The thought, brother, is *sweet* to my soul. I think God will be with me. I think that Christ will give a power to his own name and truth there that I have never before witnessed—a power that devils cannot resist. And should I be the instrument of the conversion of one, and should that one become a herald of the cross to gather in his thousands, it will be enough. I can then lay me down and die, with feelings sweeter far "than on softer bed," in healthier clime.

Please to commend the interests of the mission to the people of your charge. Enlist all the prayers for it that you can, especially the "prayers of the poor;"—prayers are better to the missionary than gold, though both are necessary; but if the one be secured, the other will follow as naturally as the effect follows its cause.

Boston, July 22, 1832.

My Dear Mother:—I have just received your very kind letter by Mr. Robinson. It has given me both pleasure and pain;—pleasure, that once more I have heard from my dear mother, and for the deep interest she feels in a son's welfare;—*pain*, that she should so often *seem* to doubt his love for her. Perhaps I have given you reason to doubt it. If I ever did, I merit for it the severest reproof. Never did a mother sacrifice more willingly her own happiness for that of her children, than have you. To *love* you for it, is the *least* we can do. But we are all imperfect creatures. Our hearts are frequently wayward in their love to each other, as well as in love to Him to whom we are indebted for all. But of this I am sure—if I have erred towards you, never was one more willing than you to forgive.

I have been as comfortable since I left you as I could expect. My mind is quite at rest and in peace.

If Providence permit, I shall probably leave here for New York on Tuesday. Give yourself no further anxiety about me, than affectionately and fervently to commend me and my mission to God. He reigns. Amid sword, pestilence or famine, all that is entrusted to him is safe. Make prayer, my dear mother, your only comfort in your anxiety for me or others. Quietude that is obtained here will be both substantial and abiding. If ever your heart should

be troubled about me, go to God; tell him a mother's feelings, and renewedly consecrate me to his service, and commend me to his care. He is always near, and can at any time feed me by a raven, or make the lion my friend.

One word more, mother. Suffer from a son a word of exhortation. As you go down the hill of life, see how holy you can live. Get your heart all moulded into the spirit and temper of Christ. Do nothing but in his fear. Try to be a mother in Israel, and to persuade sinners to seek Christ. Then stars will gem your crown hereafter.

Thank Cousin Sarah for her postscript. It is truly grateful to my feelings to be assured of so much kindness from friends. The Lord help me to feel that to him I am indebted for all.

I wrote sister this morning. I do pray that the God of all comfort will comfort her. I fear that she is indulging in too much feeling at my absence. Oh that Christ would comfort her heart, and fill it with his own presence. Her feeling upon this subject I think would be joy, a holy joy, that I have been counted worthy of the sufferings and pleasures attending such an enterprise. I would not exclude *tears* from the scene, but they should be shed with unfeigned submission to God, and the fullest assurance that all things shall work together for the good of those who sincerely and truly love God.

My love to all. This, as all my letters must be, is written in great haste. A kiss to the children, and affectionate remembrance to all.

RICHMOND, SEPT. 10, 1832.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Liberia is still the burthen of my thoughts, and the more I contemplate the mission, the more sensibly do I feel a shrinking from the responsibility of the undertaking. There is a GREAT WORK before me. I see a country stretching itself from latitude 35 north to 35 south, and from longitude 50 east to 15 west. It is covered with a population perhaps five or six times larger than the whole of the United States. Degraded and oppressed as they are, they are all human beings, and have souls. This were well; but these *souls*, many of them, seem elevated but little above brutes. They are enveloped in a darkness that may be felt, and sunken in a depravity that knows no bounds but unrestrained indulgence, sottish ease, or studied crime. With the exception of a few insulated spots, which skirt the continent, they are "*all* gone out of the way;" they know not God, nor Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. Some are bowing down to "stocks and stones," others to the grave of a false prophet; while others are offering the sacrifice of human blood. Added to a heart "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," and to an ignorance that never saw pure light, they have felt the influence of all the superstitions which human nature has been capable of inventing for more than a thousand years. From what I can glean from its history, in many places, Satan hath literally

taken his seat among them, and I doubt not he will hold it with the grasp of death.

But Satan, brother, must be dethroned, and these millions must feel the force of gospel truth, and the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit. They *must*, ultimately, "*all* be taught of God," or prophecy must fail. The Arab path from Timbuctoo to Morocco, Tripoli and Cairo, must be traced by the missionary of the cross, and a new one cut from Liberia. The Senegal and the Gambia, the Kamaranka and the St. Paul's, must be studded with christian stations; ay, and churches too, in which must be taught and sung the high praises of God. The Niger must be followed from the mountains of Kong to its little inland sea; and its path traced back to the Atlantic. The Caffrarian missionaries, with their Madagascar and Good Hope brethren, and the missionaries at Sierra Leone, must meet each other at Monrovia; and these, with their associates at Morocco, Tripoli, and Cairo, must ultimately meet at some common centre of the whole, and together sing the triumphant song, that "Africa is evangelized to God!" This, brother, is the work before us. *The whole of Africa must be redeemed.* "Who is sufficient for these things?"

But *great* as is this work, the grace of God, with or without means, will soon accomplish it. Happy, happy indeed is he whose contributions aid in it; thrice happier he who is immediately engaged in the work. I do not speak in the dark. *I know* the

work will be accomplished. Prophetic influence has pledged us the word of him who wills, and it is done. "Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands to God," and when she crieth, he will hear. We have only to begin the work in his name, and by the spirit of his grace, and such a flame will be kindled from it, as to light all Africa with its fires. Yes, I repeat it, the *whole* of Africa must be redeemed.

I know this is strong language. It may startle cold-hearted moralists. Their faith may not penetrate the dense forests of Africa, may not scan its deserts, may not reach even to its shores; but ours, with "The Book" of prophecy in our hands, and Christ in our hearts, can take up mountains—could compass worlds.

Pray for me, my dear brother; not that I may have a long life or days of ease; but that I may be truly *holy*—a "man of God"—a representative of Christ to a heathen world. Then, if I am hungry, Elijah's God will feed me; if I die—*alone*—the God of Moses will take care of my body till the resurrection, and take my soul to himself.

FREE TOWN, FEB. 20, 1833.

MY DEAR MOTHER AND SISTER:—I am now at Sierra Leone. An opportunity offers by which I may drop you a line; and I should do as much in-

justice to you, as violence to my own feelings, did I not improve it.

We have had a long and tedious voyage of almost four months, since we left the Capes of Virginia. But I cannot now give any of its incidents. The earliest opportunity after my arrival, they will probably be made public. This, however, I must not omit;—I have never been happier since I first drew breath, for the same length of time, than since I left America. In storms or in calms, in sickness or in comparative health, my heart has been greatly, *greatly* comforted. God has been with me. Never, no, *never* was I supported with such heavenly and kind suggestions, as while tumbling and tossing on a world of waters. I am *sure*, my dear mother and sister, be the consequences what they may, that I am in the path of duty. With this *I* am content, and with this I pray that you may be.

For twenty days, I was dreadfully sea sick:—indeed, during the whole voyage thus far, anything like rough weather would nauseate me. I have just sent on board of a Bath ship, whose name I have not learned, a couple of very handsome native mats. I have other curiosities which I should be glad to send, but I must reserve them for the mission in whose service I am engaged. When you hear from me through them, Africa will not seem that gloomy and savage place which you have been accustomed to associate with its name.

For a few days past I have been quite indis-

posed ;—have some fears that I may have my "seasoning" before I arrive at Liberia, but I pray constantly that I may be kept from it till then. If all had been as we *expected*, we should have been there long since. *Others* I suppose will now take the ground before me. It is well. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

I am now far, far away from you. I *hope* to see you again here, but have a thousand doubts whether the hope will ever be realized. But doubt not, if I hold fast whereunto I have attained, that it will be well with me. There remaineth a rest for me. I have an earnest of it within me, that is sweeter than life, and stronger than death.

We visited the Cape de Verd islands, and touched at Goree,—the mouth of the Gambia,—and have been at Sierra Leone for three weeks. As yet, not one of our company has been lost. Sometimes my faith has been such, that I have thought we were all immortal till we arrived at Liberia. The Lord knoweth. Still remember me in your prayers—still strive for a holy life and constant communion with God.

You will excuse me that I have said nothing of what my eye hath seen. I have it all carefully written down, but a *part* of it would spoil the beauty of the picture.

My clothes, during so long a voyage, have become much damaged. My thermometer was broken in a storm. This, however, is the only thing that

has been entirely spoiled. The mainspring of my watch was broken too, and here it has cost me a pound to have it repaired.

My love to the friends in general.

Hope by next arrival to hear what is doing in America.

Kiss the sweet little children for me, and remember me with much love to Mr. L.

MONROVIA, (LIBERIA,) APRIL 5, 1833.

MY DEAR MOTHER :—I have one moment which I can steal from duties pressing beyond measure, just to say to you from this far-off land, that though far off, I cannot forget a kind and affectionate mother. I have purchased a mission-house at Monrovia, in which I am now comfortably seated. It is a small two story house, the lower one of stone, the upper of wood. I am to pay for it five hundred dollars, or rather I am to draw on the missionary society for this amount. There is connected with it about a thousand dollars' worth of land, the income of which, by the purchase I have made, will be secured to the society, so that in fact the house will cost them nothing.

I have bought a table, a candlestick, a few cups and saucers, a pound of tea, a *kroo* of rice, a few mackerel, borrowed *one tea spoon*, a cot to sleep on, and am living on rice, morning, noon and night.

But I assure you it eats sweetly. We have beef, mutton, goat, and some pork here, but they are so exorbitantly high, I do n't choose to indulge myself with them.

I will only say of Liberia, that its promise will justify any effort that philanthropy or religion can make.

My health at present is quite feeble, but I have more cause of gratitude than of complaint. Most of the emigrants who were with me have had the fever, which thus far I have escaped.

I can scarcely realize, my dear mother, that I am five or six thousand miles from you. But we shall meet by and by. Neither of us can be here a long while. God grant that we may meet in heaven. I have a most pleasant assurance that I am on my way there. Indeed, I have never in my life felt such divine support from grace as since I left home. My cup has been full, never empty. Give yourself no care for me, except to pray for success in my mission, and the perfection of my nature in the spirit and practice of the gospel.

I wrote sister from Sierra Leone, and forwarded a couple of mats, two ostrich eggs, &c. One egg is for brother, the largest mat for sister, the other for you. The little money purses are to be given to Ann, Charles, Melville, and Ellen Margaret.

Write me on the reception of this, and direct to the care of Mr. Gurley at Washington. I shall send this in the Jupiter, by Mr. Williams, a colored gen-

tleman, the vice agent, as he is popularly called, the acting governor of the colony. He will spend some two or three months in the vicinity of Washington, and will be pleased to take any letters for me forwarded to his or Mr. Gurley's care. I have written this in great haste—*business* allows me no more time. With much love, I am, dear mother, your affectionate son.

COMMISSION.

Among the other papers of Mr. Cox we find his Commission, of which the following is a copy.

NEW YORK, JUNE 22, 1832.

DEAR BROTHER :—As you have been appointed a Superintendent of the Mission at Liberia, it is your duty to enter upon said mission with all convenient and possible despatch, to take the oversight of the people within the bounds of your mission, to do your utmost to promote the cause of God, by preaching, visiting from house to house, establishing schools, instructing the children, and doing all the duties peculiar to a Methodist preacher, as the Discipline directs. It is your duty also to make quarterly reports to the managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Wishing you the blessing of God on your labors, we remain affectionately yours,

R. R. ROBERTS.
ELIJAH HEDDING.

MISSIONARY NOTICE.

THE following Plea for Africa was addressed to the public in behalf of the Young Men's Missionary Society of New York, by whom Mr. Cox was engaged, and was prefixed to the Letter from him, which we have here also concluded to preserve entire, although it comprises a few repetitions, in details, of statements already communicated, partially, in the other Letters, or in the Memoir. It is not only characteristic of him, and will therefore be read with interest, but both the Plea and the Letter contain many valuable suggestions, which may prove of essential service to any that shall yet be destined to follow in his path.

A PLEA FOR AFRICA.

THE Young Men's Missionary Society of New York, auxiliary to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having for several years directed their sole efforts toward introducing the gospel into Africa, and having happily succeeded in obtaining the appointment of the Rev. MELVILLE B. COX, as the superintendent of that mission, respectfully and affectionately present to

the public the accompanying Missionary Report, containing the latest and most encouraging information from our missionary, from the colony at Liberia, and the adjacent country. It will serve to show the opening prospects of usefulness before the friends of Christ, and the strong claim with which we approach the benevolent, to plead for their liberality in behalf of the support of our missionary, in his labors and expenditures for the literary and religious improvement of the colonists now settled at Liberia, and the native inhabitants of the coast as well as the interior of Africa.

For the entire support of Brother Cox and this interesting mission, the Board of Managers of the Young Men's Missionary Society of New York have pledged themselves to the superintendents and the parent board; relying on the blessing of God upon their exertions, and confidently expecting to share in the liberality of the christian public. They have already paid the expenses of his embarkation, passage, and a part of his salary; and they are now notified of a draft on its way for five hundred dollars for a mission-house, which has been purchased by our missionary as his place of residence at Monrovia. The purchase is an eligible and economical one, and is approved by the board as one highly important and necessary. This, with other expenses incidental to the formation of mission schools in the several settlements, and the extension of the work, will call for other and additional funds, far beyond the present available resources of the board.

We believe, however, that "the silver and gold are the Lord's," and so are "the cattle upon a thousand hills." And we have full confidence, that among the friends of Christ to whom our appeal will come, there is a sufficiency of zeal and liberality in the blessed cause of missions, to induce them promptly to come forward to our help; and surely the cry of Ethiopia now, through this mission, emphatically "stretching forth her hands unto God," will be heard; and the plea for hapless, degraded, forgotten Africa, will not now be made in vain.

Whatever contrariety of views may exist among christians, as respects the claims and policy of the Colonization scheme, all must agree that there is now opened, through the colony at Liberia, a "great and effectual door" for the introduction of the gospel into that dark and populous quarter of our earth. None can object to the policy we pursue, in sending teachers and missionaries, first to the colony, then to the surrounding country; and thus finding our way into the interior of the continent, with the Bible and the gospel of Jesus Christ. Surely no christian, who acknowledges the obligation to send this gospel to every creature, can be an idle spectator of so holy an enterprise as that of evangelizing the millions who now sit in darkness and the shadow of death. And however long the christian world has slumbered over the wrongs, the oppressions, and the butcheries which have cursed the whole coast of that hapless country,—and however long the friends

of the Redeemer have forgotten or neglected the pagan tribes and nations, whose millions of deluded victims throng the cities of central Africa, yet the time has now fully come, when we can no longer be innocent if we come not up to the "help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty;" but should fear, lest the "bitter curse" which fell on Meroz be our portion and our desert.

In the name of hapless, benighted, and bleeding Africa; in the name of the millions of our wretched fellow beings who inhabit those deserts of superstition and idolatry; in the name of that God who made of one blood all the nations of the earth; and in the name of Jesus Christ, who "by the grace of God tasted death for every man;" we now make our appeal to our fellow christians of every name, and solicit their prompt and enlarged liberality. Friends of Christ! Friends of Africa! now is the time for united and vigorous exertion. If, with the blessing of the great Head of the Church, we shall succeed in sustaining this mission, we may confidently anticipate that the gospel, almighty as it is, when once introduced, will win its widening way from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, from the Cape of Good Hope to the Mediterranean. Yes, the proud crescent of the arch deceiver will quail before the standard of the cross; heathen temples and pagan deities will crumble before the armies of the Prince of Peace; the accursed crime of man-stealing, with all its enormities, will be annihilated

forever, and Africa, redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled, shall yet be "the praise of the whole earth."

Come, then, ye who love the gospel, and long for its promulgation to the ends of the earth; let the love of Christ constrain you to aid us by your contributions and your prayers in this great work. Brother Cox is already in the field, harnessed for the battle; two other missionaries, with their wives, are now almost ready to embark as his fellow laborers, and God has men for missionaries, and women for teachers, among his people in America, sufficient, with his blessing, to plant the standard and unfurl the banner of the cross, at all the points of the coast and of the interior, to which our Brother Cox's enlarged soul looks with so much hope. And when the work of God is thus begun by his people, he will raise up native heralds of the cross, who, in their own tongue, shall proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. Thus the "gift of tongues," as in ancient times, will follow the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and thus "a nation may be born in a day."

Finally, we would say to all who delight in doing good, and wish to share with us in sustaining this African mission, that they may forward their donations or subscriptions to either of the undersigned, or, if more convenient, to the Rev. Dr. Bangs, treasurer of the parent society at New York, when they will be faithfully appropriated to this noble object. Surely our brethren in the ministry and membership

of our own church will not disregard our plea; and the *young men* we especially invite to enrol their names among our members, by the payment of one dollar annually, or ten dollars for a life-subscription. Perhaps in no way can they more readily and usefully serve our cause, than by making their *ministers*, or others, *life-members*.

Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.

On behalf of the Managers of the Young Men's Missionary Society of New York,

DAVID M. REESE, M. D., *President.*
GABRIEL P. DISOSWAY, *Cor. Secretary.*
LOUIS KING, *Treasurer.*

LETTER FROM MR. COX.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I am sure you will join me in grateful acknowledgments to a gracious God for my safe arrival at Liberia. It is of his mercy I am here. To him be all the praise.

Of my voyage I will here only say it was a stormy and a long one. We were more than two months from coast to coast, and more than four to Cape Montserado. But, thank God, we are here—here safely. Though more than two months on the coast before our arrival, not one of our number was lost until we were safely set on shore at Monrovia.

Since then death has taken one from our company; one that was too far gone, however, with the pulmonary consumption, to have survived long in any climate. With this exception, we are all as well as "new comers" in general. Some have had slight attacks of the fever, which, it is said, all must have; the remainder are waiting, some patiently, others anxiously, their seasoning. For my own part, I have no painful fears on the subject. God, I know, has both life and health in his keeping;—what is good, that will he do. I have had too many instances of his goodness in my rather lonely enterprise, to be at all afraid to trust in him now.

In view of much friendly advice that has been given me by those better acquainted with the climate than myself, I have as yet *done* but little. Thought, however, has not been idle. I have been planning and watching the openings of Providence, and praying for the direction of Almighty God, without whose aid the best concerted plans and utmost vigor of strength I know are but as ropes of sand. His light, and his only, I intend to follow. And as Methodism has hitherto been the child of Providence, wherever established, so here I trust it will be planted with his own hand. With these convictions, and by a train of circumstances which I think singularly and clearly providential, I have been led to purchase a mission-house at Monrovia, for which I am to pay five hundred dollars. Though I have done it on my own responsibility, I have

great confidence to believe that you will not only approve, but commend the courage which sustained me in doing it.

The house was built by the lamented Ashmun, and three lots, beside the one on which the house stands, were by him assigned for missionary purposes. At his death he gave the house in fee simple to the Basle mission, and by consequence, on some mutual agreement between them and him, they became possessed of the land also. One of these missionaries is now at Sierra Leone; and hearing that the house was for sale, and presuming, what I have found to be true, that houses would be rented with much difficulty, I sought an interview with him, and, after some conversation, proposed purchasing it, provided, on seeing it, it should suit the interests of our mission, with the understanding, however, that we should become possessed of the land also.

Presuming that our Missionary Society has never been legally incorporated, I shall take good care that the house and premises are properly secured to individual members of the board for the benefit of the mission. For its payment I shall draw, payable at thirty days after sight, on the *Young Men's Missionary Society*, with the hope that it may be made the occasion of a special meeting; at which perhaps a collection may be lifted that will more than cover its amount. Sure I am, could they see our colony as it is; could they have but one bird's eye view of the magnitude of our mission, as seen from Cape

Montserado, of Africa, and the millions that are perishing for the lack of knowledge in its vast wildernesses, they might take up as many thousands as they now do hundreds, in New York alone. There is not in the wide world such a field for Missionary enterprises. There is not in the wide world a field that promises to the sincere efforts of a christian community a richer harvest. There is not in the wide world a spot to which Americans owe so much to human beings, as to this same degraded Africa. She has toiled for our comfort; she has borne a galling yoke for our ease and indulgence; she has driven our plough, has tilled our soil, and gathered our harvests, while our children have lived in ease, and been educated with the fruits thereof. Shall we make her no returns? If she has given to us "carnal things," can we do less than return her intellectual and spiritual things? God help us to do it, nor to think we have done enough until Africa is redeemed.

What I want to do.—I want to establish a mission at Grand Bassa, a very promising settlement, about seventy miles to the eastward of Monrovia. Our church has children already there who have emigrated from America. *They* need our care—our instruction. Religion in our colored friends from home has not been sufficiently fortified with principle, to withstand the temptations and to meet the difficulties, which will necessarily occur in a land of pagan idolatry and heathen superstition. I have thought, too, that *through them* perhaps the gospel

might be the more readily communicated to the natives around them. Added to this, the place is very easy of access, is better suited to the interests of agriculture than perhaps any settlement yet made in the colony; and the natives are said to have a strong desire to learn, and to be possessed of much more than ordinary innocency and docility of character.

I have already engaged a person to build a small house and a cane or log church near the centre of the settlement; the whole of which will cost perhaps one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars, over thirty of which I have already advanced. The governor has kindly offered an acre of land to build them on, which, of itself, in the course of a few years, will cover the expense.

A mission of still greater importance I propose to establish at or near to Grand Cape Mount, about fifty miles to the windward. As you will perceive, we intend to line the coast. And I do pray that it may be with such a moral power as shall effectually put a stop to the cursed practice of slave-stealing, which I regret to say is still carried on between this and Sierra Leone, and between that and the Gambia. As yet no colonists have settled there, but the king is exceedingly anxious for a missionary who will teach his children "Book," and the natives are represented as being far more intelligent than at any place under the protection of the colony. The spot, from appearances as I passed it, and from representation, I should think healthier than this; and, as a

mission for the instruction of natives, offers, in my view, greater advantages than any place south of Sierra Leone.

I shall employ my own time for the present in visiting the different stations, learning and arranging some one of the native languages, establishing and visiting the schools, and preaching as my health will permit.

The "Myrick Mission" must be established at Sego, on the Niger. And there is no place to which I shall look for happier results than from this far-famed river. I had fixed on Sego as a place for missionary exertion before I received brother Hall's letter, mentioning your intentions. It is in the very heart of Africa.

To get there we must ascend the Gambia as far as Tenda, whence it is but about ten days' walk. There is a factory at Tenda, and before we arrive, there will be another at Sego, owned by Mr. Grant, an English merchant at Bathurst. He is very friendly to Methodism. I am personally acquainted with him, and, if the board desire it, I will meet the missionary selected for this spot, at the Gambia or here, and accompany him to Sego, see him well settled, and return. I am also personally acquainted with the governor at Gambia, with several of the merchants, and trust that my visit there left a favorable impression on the community in general. Either or all, I am sure, will afford every facility in their power to promote the interests of both learning

and religion in the benighted region with which they are surrounded.

In selecting a man for this station, in particular, great care will be necessary. Do not send a boy, nor one whose character is unformed or unsettled. He will be exposed to many privations, hardships, and temptations; and beside, Africans pay almost as much deference to age as did the Jews anciently. Send one well acquainted with Methodism, and one well acquainted with theology in general. Added to these and to all those tempers, self-sacrifice and deep devotion, which should characterize all missionaries, it would be well if, before he leaves, he would devote a few months, at least, to the study of the Arabic language. He will be there constantly coming in contact with Mohammedans, and a knowledge of Arabic would very much exalt him in their estimation. And though others seem to think the conversion of these next to an impossibility, I know of no other class to which I would sooner go with the story of the cross for success, than to these same sons of the prophet. They have now some knowledge of God, and their absurdities would soon yield to truth. Difficulties would no doubt occur at first; but once gain access, and you have the whole mass —a mighty host—at command—and more intellect than perhaps can be found in the same number of souls in all uncivilized Africa.

Schools.—I wish to connect with each of the missions named, a small school, at first to be under

the immediate tuition of the missionary; afterward, as the labors of the station may increase, to be under a regular teacher. I scarcely need say, that in all uncivilized countries but little progress can be made in religion or learning, unless they go hand in hand; as soon as we can *speak to them*, appeal to the heart, but let it be sustained by another to the head.

A school of greater importance than all these I wish to establish somewhere near Monrovia, Caldwell, or Millsburg—a school that shall be properly *academical* as well as "primary." For my model I have selected the *Maine Wesleyan Seminary*. The object will be to unite, under one roof, religion, art, science, and industry. This is just what Africa needs. It struck me with great force on my passage here, and observation on the coast has but strengthened the conviction. Nothing, I am sure, short of something of this kind can meet wants such as are here found. The natives, of course, have no habits of well directed industry; they know but little of agriculture, and everything like art is done at immense labor,—and these all come within the purview of our mission. If we christianize them,—if the one could be done without the other,—and have them mingle with the common herd, we shall spend our strength for nought. They must be both christianized and civilized before our work will be well done.

The great difficulty in instructing the natives here has been to keep them entirely from native influence. For the want of this much labor has been, if possible, worse than lost. For this evil the seminary proposed will be a sovereign remedy. It is intended that all the natives who may attend it shall be bound to the society until they are eighteen and twenty-one that they in particular shall become properly "institution scholars." Half of their time will be devoted to manual labor, the remainder to study. With a seven or ten years' course like this, *habit*, to say nothing of religion, will become nature, and the mind too well enlightened and disciplined, and the taste and feelings too much refined, not to revolt at the thought of retrograding to its former barbarism. But, should God in mercy, as we doubt not he will, bless the scholars with a saving knowledge of Christ, they might then be trusted anywhere, and many among them would no doubt be raised up as able ministers of the New Testament, who would go forth into the wildernesses, whence they had been gathered, weeping, bearing precious seed.

Moreover, the interests of the colony, in the most emphatic manner, require such an institution. It is not enough that one, two, or a dozen well-educated colored men are sent from America, though we have not now one-third of that number. Parents want something *here* to which they can look for an education for their children, that will fit them for everything useful in business, and, if desired, all that

is necessary as preparatory to a regular collegiate course. The wants of Africa, as a whole, call for it. The safety of gospel doctrines and gospel institutions calls for it. At present, the *intellectual* are more pressing, if possible, than even the moral wants of the colony.

There is too, I am glad to say, among the colonists in general, especially in the late Charleston expedition, an ardent thirst for knowledge, and a strong desire for an institution of the kind named. In conversing a few days since with a pious mechanic upon this subject—"I would," said he, "willingly give a year's labor for a year's instruction."

Schools and colleges to educate them in America will not answer our wants. We need to breathe and to feel the atmosphere of such instructions here. It would awaken a still deeper thirst for learning. It would arouse much in intellect that is now as dormant as inert matter, excite a laudable emulation, and secure the education of many a promising youth here, whose genius and talents might otherwise be unknown.

The teachers of this institution should be *white* men, at least the principal. There are now no white teachers here, nor any white preachers, except Mr. Pinney and myself. Whether or not he will locate in the interior, I cannot tell.

To establish a seminary of this kind, I know will cost *money*. But at this moment, ten thousand dollars might very easily be raised for such a purpose.

Let an agent be appointed for the work, whose sole duty shall be to travel and take up collections for it for one year, and I should be almost willing to become responsible for the balance that might be necessary.

The religious state of the colony I must defer for a future communication. My mind is too much burdened with the care of properly organizing the church, of regulating the Sabbath school, and of settling some difficulties which occurred before my arrival; and perhaps I have not sufficiently caught the spirit of the times to do it accurately.

I cannot close this without mentioning that I am much indebted to the Wesleyan missionary at the Gambia; also those at Sierra Leone; nor would it be just to omit the names of the Rev. Messrs. West, Raban, Metzger, Graham and Kissling, of the Church of England. From them I derived many of the facts in the few "sketches" I have made. Mr. West, the chaplain of St. Mary's, in particular, in addition to his christian courtesy to myself, just before I left him, handed me a purse of about twenty dollars, to be distributed among our emigrants.

I will only add, that I believe our mission to be admirably timed. Earlier might have been fatal—later, the ascendency lost. The field is wide, and I believe ripe for the sickle. Should our lives and health be preserved, you may calculate on a success that will justify any effort in sustaining the mission, which religion or humanity can make.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE SACRED OFFICE.

A SERMON, BY MR. COX.

Wo is unto me if I preach not the gospel.—1 Cor. ix. 16.

A consciousness of what is our duty, and an assurance that we are following its dictates, are necessary to the efficient and proper discharge of any office of a moral nature, but above all things, that of the gospel ministry. To enter upon anything with the fearful uncertainty that we *may* be wrong, is always painful—painful in proportion to the strength of our doubts, and the importance of the enterprize in which we are engaged. And whoever undertakes anything involving interests of an eternal nature, with feelings of this character, will suffer an anxiety, a fearfulness, that must embarrass every effort, and paralyze all the energies of the soul; or what is worse, perhaps, induce a stupidity which is less alive to a delicate sense of moral obligation than the stoicism of a heathen philosopher.

Confidence, right or wrong, never fails to arm the soul with an energy and fortitude which doubt never feels. But when this confidence is humble and

well founded; when it is the result of internal conviction, and the evidence of divine truth; when suggested by sacred and holy impressions, of clearly a divine character, opposition is in vain. Vain are the bugbears of a morbid sensibility, the solicitude of friends, the threats of persecution, and even the strong ties of endeared love. The soul, under the deep sense of a "thus saith the Lord," rises superior to them all. As duty is paramount to indulgence, it follows its paths at any and every hazard, with the manly fortitude which belongs to virtue. The funeral pile startles it not. It fears not a premature grave. The only inquiry is—"Is it duty?"

On this subject the apostle Paul felt no hesitancy. He *knew* what *his* calling was; and he knew the fearful woes that rested on a desecration of it, by an unfaithful steward. A "necessity" had been laid upon him; yea, wo was unto him, if he preached not the gospel.

From this touching expression of the great, the holy and untiring apostle of the Gentiles, we may gather the following sentiments:

1. The call of the true minister of God is an imperative one. It cannot be dispensed with. It is not for man to lay it down or take it up at his pleasure. It is an obligation imposed wholly and solely by the Master. His call is not of that convenient character which could be put behind a counter, or hidden in a corn-field, at the pleasure of the steward. It is the

plain, positive command of God, made applicable by the Holy Ghost to a particular individual. And who dares reject it, does it at the peril of his soul. On this subject the call of Moses furnishes an instructive piece of history. The mere murmurs of his heart were followed by the fearful displeasure of a God. The case of Jonah stands out in still stronger relief. And with these before us, who will dare, in this respect, to imitate their example? When our equals command, it is ours to obey or disobey; but when God speaks—to a worm—it must be done, or our account must be associated with "wo is unto me if I preach not the gospel." Nay, my brethren, when God calls a man into the ministry, he will curse him if he obeys not the call. Through life, he will mourn over a cold heart, a barren soul, if not a useless life; and possibly, in misery at last, will look up and remember the fearful sentence—"I called, but ye have refused." It is a fearful thing to trifle with a known, special, and positive command of God.

2. The second, and perhaps the most important suggestion seems to be, that motives of a higher character than anything earthly always influence the minister of God.

This, probably, in part, is the true import of the text. The apostle had proved, by an appeal to the usages of men in the different vocations of life, to the law of Moses, and to reason, that if he had sowed unto the Corinthians "spiritual things," he

was entitled to a reward of their "carnal things." He had shown from experience that the soldier bared not his bosom to the storm at his own charge, that he that planted ate of the fruit, that the faithful ox, who threshed the corn, should not be muzzled, and that the priests "who ministered about holy things, lived of the things of the temple." But all this, whether believed or disbelieved, practised or neglected, lessened not his obligation to preach the gospel. Both the duty and responsibility of others belonged to themselves; and whether faithful or unfaithful in the discharge of it, it could have no possible connection with his commission to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. A necessity had been laid upon *him*, and whether done at the stake or in prison—in perils by land or sea—in sickness or in health—whether he starved in poverty or waded in wealth—it *must be accomplished.* Wo was unto him if he preached not the gospel. God had commissioned him; and it was not his duty to wait and inquire what would be the reward of his services. He pointed out *their* duty clearly; but was careful to show them that it interfered not with the discharge of his own. No, my brethren, earth, with all its wealth and its pleasures, had no part in those motives which moved the apostle to take upon him this most fearful of responsibilities. A divine impress had written it on his heart, and interwoven it in his very nature; and the "record of the Lord" had become as "fire in his bones." He could not

forbear; he must speak to be refreshed;—speak—or perish himself. His was "to do, or die." When sacrifices were called for, they must be made, or an apology found in the absolute weakness of human infirmity, or an insufficiency of grace to sustain him in the effort. He felt all that unspeakable weight of responsibility which the sincere minister of God feels, when, standing as it were, in the immediate presence of a holy God, he sees a hell opened, and myriads of his fellow beings hurrying themselves into it, while heaven yearns with compassion at their madness and folly. The sword of justice was unsheathed before him. An angry God, just ready to cut the brittle thread, stood arrayed in a purity at which iniquity or guilt could not look; the time of probation almost out, and he bidden to hasten the sinner to Christ, before the storm burst in its terrible wrath upon them! And do you think he would stop to weigh wealth—to count dollars? No, my brethren! Nothing short of the things of an *eternal* nature, for a moment, tempted the apostle to take upon himself this high and holy calling.

3. Thirdly, my brethren, this may suggest to us the soundness and importance of a call to the ministry. Anything which has such consequences as are uttered in this touching expression, could be of no trivial character; and wo must be indeed to that man who trifles with it. We are assured of a hearty response from all whom we address, when we say, there is nothing this side of heaven and

hell, in which man can engage, of such deep interest in its labors, such fearfulness in its accountability. The professions of law and literature, however great and good, sink into insignificance when compared with it. What is the labor of science, to that of saving souls? What the responsibility of him who pleads for the life of a criminal, to that of him who is the advocate of immortal spirits? You, my brethren, are physicians of undying exertions—watchmen of God! Contemplate it in whatever light we may, *eternity*, with which all its duties are associated, gives an eternity of consequences to all its obligations. The apostle felt it so, when, with all his greatness to perform, willingness to suffer, and fortitude to endure, he tremblingly inquired—"Who is sufficient for these things?" My God! if such were the feelings of Paul, what should be those of worms like us!

But to dwell on this part of our subject a moment longer:—It is important in its *labor*. All that is acute in intellect, strong and comprehensive in grasp of thought, bold in conception, or touching in expression, may here find calls for the exertion of every power. Though in its essentials it is comprehended by an ordinary capacity, it has depths that human intellect can never fathom, and heights that, but for an infinitely wise economy in our natures, would make giddy the strongest thought. Here, nothing that is worthy in science, in experience, or in observation, need pall upon the mind

for the want of use. The good man will find ample field for the exercise of soul, body and spirit. Here the strongest constitution may tire itself. A Summerfield, with all his taste, eloquence, and touching sensibility, may make himself a martyr. Though fashioned of brass or steel, I need not tell Methodist preachers, that our lungs may wear out.

And it is not for us to mark the ground of our labors. Sodoms must be preached to, as well as Jerusalems; Rome as well as her "meaner cities." Felix must be reasoned with until he trembles, and his humble valet by his side made to embrace the religion of Jesus. Your commission embraces a *world;* and a world of human beings; and to all must the gospel be preached. If our field of labor be poor, we must make it rich. It is for the minister to make fruitful fields of wildernesses. It is for him to pluck up the thorn, and plant the rose in its stead—to turn prisons to chapels—hells to heavens. Following our Master at an humble distance, we must *go out* "into the highways and hedges"—into the abodes of wretchedness and poverty; for the poor must have the gospel preached to them.

When I hear inquiries for the better stations and circuits, I cannot but fear that a measure of the spirit of the Master is lost. Thus did not Christ; and the servant should not be above his Lord. Wherever poverty, sickness and death were to be found, there was Christ. He did not *neglect* the rich; but he did not feast upon their luxuries, while he should

have been administering consolation to the afflicted, bereaved and desolate.

And this, my brethren, is the spirit of our holy religion. Oh! what fearful searchings will be awakened by that stern appeal to fact by the Judge of the world—"I was an hungry, and ye gave me no meat, thirsty, and ye gave me no drink, sick and in prison, and ye visited me not." And how think ye, my brethren? Will the consciences of *all* who have stood in the high and holy place feel no inquietude in that day? O God! if in indulgence we have forgotten the distressed, forgive us.

But if the preaching of the gospel is thus important in its labor, it is more so in its responsibility. Whatever is precious is committed to your care. You are bearers of life or death. Yours is the salvation or damnation of immortal spirits. Souls, undying as eternity, are committed to your charge; and their blood will be required at your hands. *Eternity*—an eternity of consequences—associates itself with all you say or do. An influence you must exert—your words and actions will kill or make alive. Ah, my God! "who is sufficient for these things?" What wonder at the complainings of the prophet—"I am a child, and cannot speak."

Hear what the Lord of all says—"Son of man, I have made thee a watchman; if thou *cease* to warn the wicked, *his* blood will I require at thy hand." O sinner, hear me now. I may never address thee

again. Be this as it may, in the name of God, I charge thee to escape for thy life.

If this, then, be our fearful responsibility, should not the minister of God *feel* the weight of his mission?

We may talk of a mere school-boy's being a minister; but I need other evidence to believe it. A college-hall never made one so yet; and wo will be unto him who has dared to presume it. A man who *feels* not upon this subject, is either ignorant—totally ignorant of the guilt or consequences of sin—or more stoical than adamant. In either case, he has nothing to do with the pulpit. Christ *wept* over Jerusalem. "Oh! that my head were waters, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people," said Jeremiah. "Rivers of water," saith the Psalmist, "run down mine eyes, because men make void thy law." Nor was Paul less sensitive upon this subject. Heaven witnessed that he warned from house to house with tears.

But it is not the condition of man and the nature of sin only, that awaken his feelings. He knows who has commissioned him. He feels that he is a moral and accountable being. He is tremblingly alive in the acute moral sensibility which observes the most delicate shade of obligation. He cannot, he *dare* not, *trifle*—with heaven—with hell. What! shall we mock God with jests, and jokes, in the pulpit? with the tinsel show and drapery of man?

Other things than these, my brethren, actuate the true minister of God. His object is to *save souls.* And whether in the desk or drawing-room, by the cottage fireside or in the palace, he remembers his calling. It is written too deeply on the heart to be forgotten or neglected. A "necessity is laid upon him;" wo is unto him if he preaches not the gospel.

And it was this "wo," and this "necessity," that urged a Wesley from place to place, until three kingdoms trembled beneath his moral influence; that led an Asbury through the wilds of America, and a Coke across the pathless deep; that armed a Whitefield with that power and pathos before which thousands fell. And it was this acute sense of responsibility that urged on the apostles, while suffering in sheep-skins and caves—in perils by land and sea—and worse than all, in perils among false brethren.

And to this I verily believe we may attribute much of the success which has so eminently attended our ministry. A poor ploughman, with a trembling sense of his accountability to God, will accomplish more, in building up Christ's kingdom, than a Demosthenes could if destitute of it.

But further—This subject may show the importance of a sacred regard for divine truth—for the doctrines once delivered to the saints. Wo is unto me if I preach not the gospel. He who goes with a "burthen of his own," or a "vision of his own

heart," or amuses his hearers with the idle speculations of philosophy, with uncertainty and conjecture, instead of sober truth, has greatly mistaken the nature of his calling. These he should leave to dreamers and moralists. His business is—*to preach the gospel;* to give himself "wholly to the work;" to show himself a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

It is cruel to train up, educate, and press a child into a service to which God has never called him, and for which he has neither capacity nor inclination. A sacrifice like this God will not accept at our hands. And for such a one, preaching is a burthen to himself, and a curse to his congregation.

A few inferences will close our subject.

1. It is the prerogative of God only to call to this great and important work. In the formularies of most of the christian churches, this is recognized as necessary in *record;* but we fear, too often,

"The spirit 's in the letter lost;"

and though all *profess* to have been moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon them his work, have we not reason to fear that some even know not its meaning? that they know not that strong internal light which proves itself of divine origin—those deep impressions which leave an irresistible conviction that they were made by the Holy Ghost? On this subject we believe there can be no mistake, if the Scriptures be our guide. The work requires a

commission that none can give but God, and none make applicable to individuals but the Holy Ghost. And no man must take this honor to himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron. We know not who is best suited to this work. God's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor his ways our ways. Who would have gone to a fishing-boat to obtain a pillar on which was to rest such a mighty edifice as that of christianity? Yet these were the very men best calculated to build up and sustain the work. They had a Paul to combat infidels; they had sons of thunder and of consolation. They had all that God saw was necessary. And when we want more, we should feel a jealousy of our own wants.

2. No man should enter this duty unadvisedly. Go not "*uncertainly*." If the divine word and impress say—Go up; if his providence says—Go up; if your brethren say—Go up;—go, fearless of consequences.

But before this can be properly determined, the soul must commune with its God. It must learn an intercourse with heaven which no language can tell, and which the soul itself can only know while under those deep emotions which are inspired by an overpowering sense of the divine presence. To a cold formalist, probably, this language is foolishness. But there are those here who know its import. So *we* believe, and so we preach.

A word to my brethren:—Holiness must associate itself with all you think, speak or do. Bells, pots,

and everything must have the inscription—"HOLINESS TO THE LORD." Nothing can atone for the want of this. The eloquence of art, forced or selfish zeal, the physical exertion and mechanical strains of a monotonous vociferation, the almost dying efforts and ingenuity of an accursed thirst for popular applause,—all cannot be a substitute for *holiness*. The heads and hearts of ministers must be clean, else all is vain. Take this away, and they are weak as other men. In this, and this only, can modern Samsons find strength to move the pillars of darkness. By it, you will exert an influence which will be felt in heaven—in the dark abodes of the miserable—through infinite duration. Like the flaming sword which guarded the gate of Paradise, you will turn every way, and, as you turn, cut with convictions irresistible.

Finally—You have commenced duties which can end only with your earthly existence. Other professions can be laid down at will; your commission can only die with your death. In health, in the pulpit, in the social circle, you must *always* preach. If on the bed of death, you must preach there; and like your divine Master, let your last moments bear a more convincing testimony that "this was the Son of God," than did the most eloquent sermon you ever delivered.

THE GRAVE OF COX.

BY REV. MR. MAFFITT.

From Niger's dubious billow,
  From Gambia's silver wave,
Where rests, on death's cold pillow,
  The tenant of the grave,
We hear a voice of weeping,
  Like low-toned lutes at night,
In plaintive echoes sweeping
  Up Mesurado's height.

The palm-tree o'er him waving,
  The grass above his head,
The stream his clay-couch laving,
  All—all proclaim him dead:
Dead! but alive in glory,—
  A conqueror at rest;—
Embalmed in sacred story,
  And crowned amidst the blest.

A martyr's grave encloses
  His wearied frame at last,
Perfumed with heaven's sweet roses,
  On his dear bosom cast;
And Afric's sons deploring
  Their champion laid low,
Like many waters roaring,
  Unbosom all their wo.

The moon's lone chain of mountains,
  The plain where Carthage stood,
Jugurtha's ancient fountains,
  And Teembo's palmy wood,
Are wild with notes of sorrow,
  Above their sainted friend,
To whom there comes no morrow,
  But glory without end.