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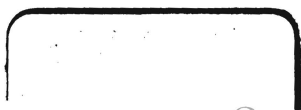
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MEMOIRS.

MEMOIRS
OF
MRS. ANNE HODGSON;

COMPILED FROM MATERIALS FURNISHED BY HER HUSBAND,

THE REV. T. L. HODGSON.

**COMPRISING, ALSO, AN ACCOUNT OF THE COMMENCEMENT AND
PROGRESS OF THE WESLEYAN MISSION AMONGST
THE GRIQUA AND BECHUANA TRIBES OF
SOUTHERN AFRICA.**

BY
WILLIAM SHAW,

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY.

"IN PERILS IN THE WILDERNESS."—2 Cor. xi. 26.

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PREFACE.

THE Wesleyan Mission in Southern Africa, originated in the piety and zeal of a number of Methodist soldiers, who belonged to the army which captured the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, in the year 1806. They were at first but few in number; but having established meetings for prayer, amidst the solitude of the rocks near Table Mountain, or in holes which they dug in the earth, for the purpose of escaping the observation of their officers; their numbers rapidly increased. Some of the superior officers opposed and persecuted them with bitterness. But the pious men, amidst all kinds of opposition, continued to serve God, without neglecting their duty to man; and they experienced the truth of the Saviour's words,—"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake."

The religious society thus formed, at length included a large number of these brave men; and several of them began to exhort and preach. But their peace and union were broken, by the intemper-

ate zeal of some individuals who had joined them, on the subjects connected with the Calvinistic controversy: and a division ensued. It is impossible, at this distance of time, to say which of the two parties were most to blame. And if this point could be determined, it is by no means desirable to enter upon the discussion of so painful and useless a topic. It will be much more gratifying to the reader to learn, that this apparent evil was overruled for good. The seceding party formed a separate church, and became the platform on which the Cape Town Mission of the London Missionary Society was erected, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) Thom.

The members of the Methodist Society continued to assemble as before; and although considerably lessened in number, they frequently communicated with the Wesleyan Ministers in London; and urged that a Methodist Missionary might be sent to that part of the world.

In the year 1814, the Rev. Dr. Coke sailed for Ceylon, taking six missionaries with him. One of these was the Rev. John Mc. Kenny, who was appointed to commence a mission in Cape Town. On his arrival, the Colonial Government refused to grant him permission to preach; alleging the difficulty created by some ambiguous expression in an article of the "Treaty of Capitulation." This treaty very

properly guaranteed the free and undisturbed exercise of their religion, to the original Dutch colonists. But the Colonial Government now chose to interpret the article in such a sense, as to include the persecuting provisions of a law made by the Dutch Government, whereby the performance of the public duties of the ministry, among the colonists, was strictly prohibited to all persons not belonging to the Lutheran or Reformed Churches. The two national churches of England and Scotland, it was deemed, might claim the same privileges as those guaranteed to the Lutheran and Reformed Churches of the colony; but no sectarian could be tolerated! Mr. Thom being a presbyterian, although at that time a missionary of the London Society, was allowed to exercise his ministry; because the Scottish Officers and soldiers regarded him with nearly, if not quite the same respect, as if he had been an ordained Minister of their favourite Kirk,—but the Wesleyan Missionary, having none that would fraternize with him, excepting a few persecuted soldiers, was not allowed to hold any public services.

Thus circumstanced, Mr. Mc. Kenny felt himself obliged to act with caution. He however, occasionally met the little society in private, and strove to “confirm them in the word of God’s grace.” Meantime he represented the case to the Missionary Committee

in London, and as he saw no prospect of usefulness under the existing circumstances at the Cape, he requested to be removed to Ceylon. The Missionary Committee complied with his request, but sent out the Rev. B. Shaw in 1816, to succeed him in the Cape Mission. It was hoped, that the Colonial Government would yet adopt such an interpretation of the Articles of Capitulation, as might be consistent with the principles of religious liberty, in a colony, which, according to the arrangements of the general treaty of peace, recently concluded amongst the European nations, was now become a permanent dependency of the British empire. And, at all events, it was thought, that if the Colonial Government persevered in restricting the Wesleyan Missionary in the performance of his public duties, the courtesy which the Committee of a Missionary Society usually, and very properly displays towards "the powers that be," in the distant colonies, need not prevent an ultimate appeal to the King's Government at home. And whenever it might be deemed expedient to apply to his Majesty's Government on a subject of this nature, and especially with reference to a "Crown Colony," there was every reason to believe that a course would be adopted, in entire accordance with that well known sentiment,—“The Toleration Act travels with the British flag.”

After his arrival in Cape Town, Mr. Shaw found that the injurious restrictions were likely to be continued. But on an application to the governor, he was informed that, although he could not be allowed to exercise his ministry in Cape Town, he was at liberty to go into the interior, and establish a mission amongst any of the native tribes; and that moreover, in an attempt of this kind, he should not only have the permission, but the countenance of the Colonial Government.

In consequence of the changes among the troops stationed at the Cape, arising from the termination of the war, and other circumstances, the Methodist Society in Cape Town, which still consisted principally of soldiers, had been reduced to a very small number of persons; and Mr. Shaw began to think, that possibly Divine Providence, in thus hedging up his way with difficulties and discouragements at the Cape, designed to lead him into the interior. About this time, a missionary of the London Society arrived in Cape Town from great Namaqualand. On his representing the destitute condition of the native tribes in that direction, Mr. Shaw's "spirit was stirred within him;" he felt a strong desire to go and "preach among these Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." He feared, however, to propose so hazardous an enterprise to his excellent wife. But in

this instance, he feared where no fear was. The same statements being made in her presence, as those to which Mr. Shaw had already listened, produced the same feelings in her heart; and Mrs. Shaw herself, proposed that they should proceed to Namaqualand forthwith. They speedily set out on their journey, not however without much fear; for to the Wesleyans this was, at that time, a new kind of enterprise; and Mr. Shaw knew not whether it would receive the sanction of the Missionary Committee at home; but his trust was in God, and he was not forsaken. On the journey, they were met by a chief and some natives. coming to Cape Town in search of a Missionary. Was ever call to a field of usefulness more clearly of God? Of course Mr. Shaw accompanied these people to the residence of their tribe, and thus was commenced the Wesleyan Mission of Kamies Berg, in little Namaqualand.

The progress and success of the mission at Kamies Berg, as strikingly described in the letters and journals of the Rev. B. Shaw, and published in the Missionary Notices, attracted great attention in England; and served, in no small degree, to sustain and still further excite, that extraordinary degree of Missionary zeal which, about this time, had begun to display itself in the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion. Other Missionaries were sent out to assist Mr. Shaw; and, in

1820, the Colonial Government were induced, on another application, to allow the Wesleyan Missionaries to commence their public labours in Cape Town.

In this year also, a large number of persons emigrated from this country, under the sanction of the Government, for the purpose of forming a British Settlement in an unoccupied part of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope. A portion of these emigrants were Wesleyan Methodists, whose attention had been turned towards Africa by reading Mr. Shaw's interesting communications; and they availed themselves of the facilities offered by Government, for transplanting themselves and their families to Southern Africa, where they hoped at once to promote their own temporal interests, and to be instrumental in extending the light of the Gospel amongst the natives of that continent.

In these hopes they have not generally been disappointed. Although neither was realized exactly in the way in which they had expected, yet the greater portion of them have long been placed in very comfortable circumstances; and indirectly they have, as a body, greatly served the interests of Christianity in that part of the world.

The Government having proposed to pay a fixed sum towards the support of a Minister, for parties of

emigrants consisting of one hundred families,—the denomination to be chosen by the settlers themselves,—the writer of these pages was sent out by the Wesleyan Missionary Society, at the request of the Methodist party of settlers, and with the concurrence of Earl Bathurst, at that time his Majesty's principal secretary of state for the colonies. He thus became at once a minister to the settlers, and a missionary to the natives. In this manner was commenced the *second* principal branch of the Wesleyan Mission in South Africa, its field of labour being on the *eastern* coast; whereas, the previous labours of the Society's Missionaries had been devoted to the *western* side of the Continent. Under the divine blessing, the Wesleyan Mission in Albany was established on a firm basis; and it speedily extended itself to the regions beyond in Caffraria, amongst the several nations called Amakosa, Amatembu, and Amapondo.

The *third* distinct branch of this now extended Mission, was commenced in the country of the Bechuanas, beyond the *northern* boundary of the Colony; and respecting its rise and progress much information will be found in the following Memoir. It is not intended to extend this sketch of the history of the Wesleyan Mission in Southern Africa any further; but the writer thought, that to many who may read this volume, this mere outline will not be altogether

uninteresting; while to some readers it will perhaps supply, a needful introduction to the memoir of a person who was so much mixed up with the affairs of this Mission, and so large a sharer in its toils and dangers.

The writer only adds the following summary of the results and present state of these Missions. There are fifteen principal stations at which the Missionaries reside, and around which they extensively itinerate. On these stations eighteen Missionaries are employed, exclusive of several salaried assistants, catechists, interpreters, &c. The total number of members of Society or communicants, by the last returns, is 979; besides a much larger number of regular and occasional attendants on the public ministry of the Missionaries. In the Day and Sunday Schools of the Mission, there are 2477 scholars; and more than twenty Chapels have been erected in various and distant parts of the country. At least four languages are regularly used on these Missions, for the religious instruction of the people; and converts to Christianity have been gathered from amongst a great variety of African tribes and nations. An excellent grammar of the Caffer language, which is spoken by more than half a million people, has been prepared and published by the zeal, talent, and indefatigable industry, of the Rev. W. B. Boyce. Two presses are employed in printing school books and portions of Scripture;

and the Missionaries of the Society are taking a full share in the translation of the sacred volume, into the Caffer and Sichuana languages. "Who hath despised the day of small things?" "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"—To God alone be ascribed all praise and glory. These results are cheering; but the writer wishes not to mislead. Much, very much, remains to be done. The Missions ought to be reinforced and extended; and the pious friends of Africa are entreated to offer special prayer to God, for still larger effusions of his Holy Spirit upon these Missions; that, in a much greater degree, "The wilderness and the solitary place may be glad for them," and that the whole African desert may at length, "rejoice and blossom as the rose."

I had the happiness to become acquainted with the subject of the following memoir during my residence in Africa as a Wesleyan Missionary; her excellent husband, the Rev. Thos. L. Hodgson, being also engaged in the same capacity, at the same time, and in the same field of labour. Southern Africa, however, is an extensive field; and the Missionaries who do not happen to labour in the same district, very rarely

meet with each other; and as Mr. Hodgson always resided either in Cape Town, or in the Griqua and Bechuana countries, all of which Stations were very remote from that occupied by myself, our opportunities of intercourse were necessarily "few and far between." This circumstance may possibly produce in some minds the enquiry,—how, with such limited opportunities for forming a correct opinion of Mrs. Hodgson's character and pursuits, I could venture on the responsibility of becoming her biographer? The following statement, it is hoped, will furnish a satisfactory reply to this question.

Last October, Mr. Hodgson once more sailed to the distant shores of Southern Africa, to resume his labours amongst the natives of that country. Previously to his departure, at the request of many of his friends, he drew up an account of his late wife. It was written in haste, and at the time when he was engaged in taking leave of his relations. But notwithstanding these disadvantages, it was found to contain so much interesting matter, that he was importuned to permit its publication.

To the importunities of his friends on this point he acceded, on condition, that I would take charge of the manuscript and prepare it for publication; at the same time, giving me full permission to make any changes and alterations I might deem desirable;

and, lastly, urging me to undertake this work as an evidence of continued friendship. Under such circumstances, I confess, I was not willing to be the only remaining obstacle to the publication of a narrative which I hope and believe, will interest the reader, and promote the glory of God.

The memoir was originally drawn up in the form of a series of letters, addressed by Mr. Hodgson to his highly and deservedly esteemed friend Mr. J. Otter of Stokeham, near Retford; but for the sake of avoiding that confusion in the narrative which was hereby occasioned, I thought it would be better to give it the form in which it now appears. The extracts from Mrs. Hodgson's diary and letters, have undergone very little alteration, excepting in the abridgement of redundant passages; and, although I have occasionally altered the form of a sentence where perspicuity required it, yet the reader may rest assured, that in no instance has the sentiment been changed. In consequence of the change in the form of the memoir, as already explained, and other circumstances, the narrative part, as written by Mr. Hodgson, has undergone considerable alteration and revision. In the nature and extent of these alterations, the reader can feel no further interest, when he is assured, that nothing of importance has been suppressed; and that every material fact is at least

represented under precisely the same aspect as that which Mr. H. originally gave to it.

I have interspersed observations and remarks in various parts of the volume, where I thought they might be serviceable. In these passages I have endeavoured to connect the narrative, to throw greater light upon some portions of it; and above all, to render it, if possible, still more likely to promote the spiritual profit of the reader. The passages for which I am thus wholly responsible, are included within brackets.

I may perhaps be allowed to express my fervent hope, that whatever defects may be discovered in the preparation of this volume for the press, they will not be such as utterly to prevent its usefulness. And therefore, with unaffected diffidence it is now presented to the candid public; with my most earnest prayer, that it may interest and edify its readers; and that, by its exhibition of the character, privations, and labours, of a devoted female Missionary, it may increase the number of those, who "pity poor Africa;" and also, in other respects, serve the general interests of the great Missionary Cause.

WILLIAM SHAW.

Leeds, March 31st, 1836.

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MEMOIRS,

ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Parentage—Early years—Obedience to Parents.—Remarks.—Early religious impressions.—Wesleyan Ministry.—Revival at Darlington.—Conversion to God.—Joins the Methodist Society.—Advantage of Communion with Saints.—Remarks.—Fruits of Conversion.

MRS. ANNE HODGSON was born at Darlington, in the county of Durham, in the year 1792; and was the daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Forster, a respectable linen and woollen draper, who was greatly esteemed by a large circle of acquaintance, for the propriety of his general deportment, and his strict integrity as a man of business. Her mother, who yet survives, is the daughter of the late William Bland, Esq., of Easingwold; whose wife was for many years a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, suffered much, and died in great peace, much beloved by all who knew her. Mrs. Bland's pious instructions to her own daughter, produced an impression favourable

to religion in general, and also to the system adopted by the Wesleyan societies. Her visits to Darlington, most probably, induced the occasional attendance of my wife's parents, especially her mother, at the Methodist chapel. Mr. and Mrs. Forster were warmly attached to the Establishment, and they strictly enforced a regular attendance on the Church service. But their views of religion were circumscribed; they limited it to mere external morality; and hence her religious training, especially as to the inculcation of the necessity of Divine influence, and spiritual regeneration, was very defective.

I am informed that in her childhood Miss F. was sensible and interesting. She was of a lively temper of mind, and had a strong relish for social amusements. She loved reading; and a book was ever more congenial to her taste than domestic arrangements, to which she only attended from a sense of duty.

She was remarkable for respect to parental authority. Her parents have said to me, that no child could be more dutiful, or give less cause for correction; and I have often noticed her extreme pain of mind arising from any circumstance by which, from conscientious motives, she was led to act contrary to their approbation;—for although she possessed a mind of the tenderest sensibility, yet in matters of conscience her decision of character was very manifest; and she invariably conducted herself so, that no occasion might be found

against her, except "concerning the law of her God."

[All young persons situated as Miss Forster was, ought to be especially careful to preserve the exact balance of respect to parental authority on the one hand, and of modest but firm attention to religious duty on the other. They should remember, that no real or supposed defect in the religious views of their parents, can release them from the obligation to obey the "first commandment with promise,"—"Honour thy father and thy mother." If indeed parental authority is used to hinder or prevent the observance of the commands of God, it may in that instance be regarded as nullified by the superior authority of God,—for "We must serve God rather than man." It will, however, be sometimes difficult for young persons to determine when an occasion of this kind has really arisen; they should therefore be on their guard against hasty decisions, which may place them in unnecessary collision with their parents. It is believed that in ordinary cases, the necessity for such collision will very seldom arise; and no pious young person ought to be too confident as to the path of duty. An anxiety should be manifested to reconcile the dictates of conscience, so far as sincerity of profession and fidelity to God will allow, to the claims of parental authority. With this view, the Scriptures must be carefully consulted for direction; and the counsel of mature Christians, and es-

pecially of experienced Christian ministers should be solicited. Nothing is more delightful in itself, or more honourable to religion, than the conscientious, affectionate, and dutiful deference of religious young persons to their parents; nor can anything be more detrimental to the spiritual interests of parents destitute of true religion, than any manifestation of an undutiful disposition, in such of their children as profess to be under the influence of the converting grace of God.*]

It is a satisfaction to my mind to find in her diary a recurrence to the first serious impressions within her recollection, produced on her mind by the Holy Spirit, in the early awakenings of conscience to the serious contemplation of eternal things, and which I give in her own words.—“I can well remember the God of my life strove with me at an early period, convincing me by his Spirit of the necessity and advantage of real religion, and drawing my mind to seek its peace in Him. Often under the preaching of the word, when the glories of heaven have been spoken of, I have resolved to devote myself to the Lord, that I might become an inhabitant of that city where all is peace and joy. Being then about thirteen years of age and at school, the impressions I received on one Sabbath were frequently gone, before that which ensued. When again seated in the chapel, the resolutions I had previously formed would

* The remarks included within brackets, [] and inserted in various parts of this volume, are written by the Compiler.

return to my mind, and I again made fresh resolutions in my own strength. Having thus often broken my covenant with God, I at length concluded that I could not devote myself fully to the service of God until I had left School: so groundless are sometimes the devil's temptations, and yet they answer his purpose well. After leaving school, my mind became entangled with the delusive pleasures of the world; and when about to enter into the gaieties and amusements of the time, the Lord began again to work upon my heart. I now found my mind yield to divine influence; and after seeking the Lord for some time with earnest desire, although not under deep or distressing conviction, he revealed himself to me as a sin pardoning God, when in the eighteenth year of my age."

[Miss Forster, in common with tens of thousands, owed her early conversion to the instrumentality of the Wesleyan ministry; and thus she was one of the vast multitudes to whom, in every season of reproach and persecution, the Wesleyan ministers can confidently refer; while with gratitude to God they exclaim, These "are our epistles known and read of all men." And perhaps no class of ministers, in any section of the Christian Church, have ever been more signally favoured by the divine blessing on their labours. Miss F. used to refer, with lively emotions of gratitude, to some of the preachers who were the instruments of convincing her of the excellency of

religion, and engaging her to set her affections on heavenly things. The year of her conversion will long be remembered at Darlington; Mr. Hodgson writes concerning it,]—In the year 1809, a considerable revival of religion took place in Darlington, during which several young persons, both male and female, occupying very respectable stations in life, joined the Methodist society; by which the older members, who had borne the burden and heat of the day, were greatly encouraged. Thus a kind of new era in Methodism was commenced in Darlington, by the introduction of religion into several families; and its influence spreading, gave rise to that progressive prosperity of the cause of God, which rendered the lovely society of Christians in that town, for some years afterwards, a praise in the earth;—they being equally distinguished for piety and good sense. Several young persons became useful in the church of God. Many were converted at that period who now occupy posts of honour and usefulness, as leaders, stewards, and local preachers. The fruit of the revival was also apparent, in furnishing help to the band of foreign missionaries, and to those engaged in the regular ministry at home.

Miss Forster joined the Methodist society in that year, by receiving a note on trial, dated in the month of June. This step was taken from mature thought, under a strong conviction of duty and of privilege. She counted the cost; and as her mind was prepared to meet the difficulties of

the Christian warfare, she was not moved by "threatening or reward" from her purpose, but calmly pursued the even tenor of her way. Her withdrawal from the gay circles of the middle class of society in which she had moved, was regretted by some; and her strict attention to that gravity of deportment and simplicity of attire which are becoming godliness, drew forth the pity of others. But in all this she was unmoved; and from the beginning of her Christian course, she manifested a most commendable decision of character, uniformly aiming at eminence in piety and usefulness.

In the commencement of her Christian career she was greatly assisted by the affectionate advice and friendship of many Christian friends in Darlington; their edifying counsels, under the teachings of the Holy Spirit, having led her into a state of clear Christian experience. Her judicious and pious class-leader was especially rendered a great blessing, in the valuable instruction she received while under his care; and I have often heard her speak, in terms of the highest gratitude, of a female friend who, as a mother in Israel, watched over her with the most affectionate solicitude.

[However greatly to be regretted, it is nevertheless a fact that many Christians, so called, strenuously oppose the necessity of conversion; and too frequently charge those who profess to have experienced the change of heart implied in it,—with hypocrisy. Nay there are some, not

destitute of religious reputation, who greatly dislike those occasional seasons of religious excitement, that occur in some Christian congregations, and which are called *revivals*. These are frequently denounced as mere rant and enthusiasm. And it must be admitted that, both as to professions of individual conversion, and the good said to be effected at some revivals,—“all is not gold that glitters.” But the Head of the Church has furnished us with an infallible test, applicable to both these cases,—“By their fruits ye shall know them:” and there have been so many instances of persevering piety in those who referred to the exact period of their conversion, and of lasting results favourable to the general interests of religion, arising from these “seasons of refreshing,” that, to say the least, modesty and candour require greater caution, on the part of the opposers of either. It is evident that the application of this test to the revival at Darlington already referred to, will prove it to have been of God. And with reference to the individual case of Miss F., who professed at that period to be “turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God,” these pages will furnish most satisfactory evidence, from the piety and consistency of her succeeding deportment, that she had “received the truth,” not “in word only,” but “in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.” On this subject Mr. H. remarks,]—

The change in her was thorough and perma-

ment ; and she entered on the duties, and embraced the pleasures of religion, with that cheerful ardour and perseverance for which, through life she was distinguished. Her Bible was now resorted to as a source of the highest delight ; and not only in her closet was the sacred volume attentively and regularly perused, but while at her needle its inspired pages often presented its important truths with which she strove to store her mind. She was also distinguished for habitual devotion ; and as far as the duties of her station would admit, spent a large portion of her leisure hours in intercourse with heaven. In retirement and secret converse with God she took great delight ; and while she loved Christian society in its place, and was often deeply affected when with others in social meetings for prayer and praise, yet she was not destitute of enjoyment, when she had none but God and Christ to converse with. The following stanza by Dr. Watts, well expresses the feelings of her mind, while engaged in secret devotion :—

“ Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone ;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I want a visit, Lord, from thee.”

A clear evidence of adoption, produces a desire for the enlargement of Christ's kingdom ; and a mind deeply sensible of great obligation to God, will engage its powers in efforts to be useful. To do good was her great delight ; and whether at

home or in a foreign land, I always found her ready to every good work. In meeting classes, visiting the sick and the members of the society, and other spiritual duties, she was ever active and useful; and many of her then young friends can call to remembrance the earnest manner in which she sought their spiritual welfare, and her faithfulness in beseeching them to repent of their sins, and seek redemption in the Saviour of sinners,—indicating that zeal for the salvation of mankind, which characterized her future life.

CHAPTER II.

Remarks.—Rev. Thomas Vasey.—Convinced of the need of a deeper work of grace.—Letters containing references to spiritual exercises, and marking her progress in the divine life.—Urges her friends to seek entire sanctification.—Letters to Miss Naylor.—Remarks of a Minister respecting entire sanctification.

[HAVING united herself with the Wesleyan Methodist society, and found the “pearl of great price,”—the pardon of sin, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ,—Miss Forster was not as some who grow “weary in well-doing.” She appears to have understood clearly, that the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, does not include an infallible assurance of *final* salvation. She knew that this sequence to the doctrine of the direct witness of the Spirit, as taught by the Methodists, is unfairly attributed to it, by many of those who have undertaken to prove that the witness of the Spirit, to the fact of a believer’s adoption into the family of God, is not a common privilege of Christian believers. Miss F. often heard the same preachers, who maintained that a believer may “know that he is of God,” by the “Holy Ghost given unto him,”—assert with equal earnestness,—“He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved.”

It is on this principle that the Methodists lay such stress on the necessity of sanctification, or the renewing of the soul after the image of God, in righteousness and true holiness." While they maintain the doctrine that justification,—the pardon of sin,—is by faith only ; that God "justifieth him that believeth in Jesus ;" that "through this man is preached the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses ;"—yet they solemnly and frequently affirm in their addresses to their hearers, "Ye must be born again,"—the whole soul must be "transformed" and "renewed," for "without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

Regeneration is sanctification *commenced*. But the Methodists believe a state of regeneration in its incipient degree, does not necessarily involve an entire destruction of sinful propensities. Sin does not "reign" in the believer, but it may exist as a latent propensity, frequently arising and occasioning temptation and spiritual danger.

There is, however, a more mature state of sanctification, in which by the "blood of Jesus," which "cleanseth from all unrighteousness," and by the "power of the Holy Ghost," which "createth all things new,"—the sinful tendencies of the heart are destroyed, and all the graces of the Spirit are advanced to a state of vigour in which they did not exist before. This is what Mr. Wesley calls,—

“ A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine !”

And it is a state of spiritual attainment to which a greater than Wesley refers, when he writes,—“ Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord ;” and which he earnestly prayed that the members of the church of the Thessalonians might enjoy ;—“ The God of peace sanctify you wholly ; and I pray God, your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless, unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Even on believers of this more exalted degree, the Methodist ministers continue to urge the necessity of watchfulness, and of a careful attention to all the means for securing a growth in grace. They call this state of experience, “ *Entire Sanctification*,” to distinguish it from the lower measure of sanctification or regeneration enjoyed by those whose graces are in a less mature state ; and sometimes they call it “ *Christian Perfection* ;” not because they suppose such persons to be so complete in grace, as to admit of no further increase in the knowledge and love of God, but simply because they find these, or equivalent terms employed in the New Testament, to designate the spiritual state to which they apply them. See *Matt.* v. 48.—*2 Cor.* vii. 1.—*Col.* iv. 12.—*1 Thess.* v. 23.—*James* i. 4.—*1 Pet.* v. 10.—*1 John* iv. 17, 18.

To the reader who happens not to be acquainted with the Methodist school of divinity, these observations will, it is hoped, render more intelligible and useful, the following remarks by Mr. Hodgson, and extracts from Miss Forster's letters written at various periods, from the time of her conversion, to the close of the year 1813, and from which the compiler would otherwise fear he had too long detained his readers.]

The late Rev. Thomas Vasey, jun., who still lives in the affections of all who knew him, was highly instrumental in giving stability to Miss Forster's Christian experience. His labours were especially blessed to her, as refering to the doctrine of Christian perfection; and under his ministry she first realised the "love which casteth out fear," and found that the "blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin."

About two years after her conversion, the Lord revealed to her more deeply the innate depravity of her heart; and she became powerfully convinced that without a further work of divine grace, she was not meet for heaven. She was ready to say—

" 'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone!"

But after three years union with the people of God, the Lord graciously heard her cry for a clean heart; she beheld by faith Jesus pleading her cause at the right hand of God; and her Heavenly Father spoke to her inmost soul,—“I will, be thou clean.” She felt the cleansing power

of Jesu's blood, and sunk in love and wonder at the Saviour's feet.

At a comparatively early period after her conversion, she wrote to a dear friend, as follows:—
“With all the privileges I possess, I make but little progress in the divine life. I am so ungrateful for the blessings I enjoy, so backward to religious duties, dull and wandering when engaged in them, and make prayer so much more a duty than a delight. There is a passage in Mr. Wesley's journal which particularly struck me, where he says, “ whoever is uneasy on any account, (bodily pain excepted,) carries in himself his own conviction, that he is so far an unbeliever. Is he uneasy at the apprehension of death? then he believes not that to die is gain; at any of the events of life? then he hath not a firm belief that all things work together for his good.” I am sometimes surprised at myself to find how much I am attached to the world, and seem so much to fear the approach of death. Did I perfectly love my God, how soon these fears would vanish; and could we but think, that all things work together for our good, we certainly should not feel that painful anxiety we sometimes experience relative to worldly pursuits.”

When on a visit at York, she wrote to me,—
“I enjoyed the privilege of being at a class meeting, and such a meeting as I never was at before; surely we had an earnest of ‘that rest which remains for the people of God.’ But oh!

I see myself very unfaithful and unworthy of the blessings I enjoy, and find it requires great watchfulness and prayer to 'keep myself in the love of God.' I am too apt to forget the great things God hath done for my soul ; yet I trust I do, in a measure, find my heart more drawn from the things of time and sense; but I want to have my affections entirely placed on things above, and enabled with St. Paul to say, 'I am crucified to the world, and the world unto me.' The more I see of the world, the less I see to admire in it; and the more I see of the people of the world, the more I see cause to be thankful that I have a name amongst the people of God. I am not without temptations from the enemy; sometimes assaulted with doubts as to the being of God, and of the atonement made by Jesus Christ; and sometimes, that I have never believed with my heart unto righteousness. But I bless God he gives me to see the devices of Satan, and I ever find that by looking to Jesus, these doubts and fears are all done away."

While at——spending a short time with a near relative, she wrote to the same friend; and after complaining of conformity to the world amongst the people of God in dress,—for she ever mourned over that bondage to the spirit and manners of the world to which many professors of religion are subject,—she says, "there is no judging who are in society by their appearance;" and then remarks, "I have enjoyed much of the presence

of God in private these few days, and never felt my determinations stronger to live to God. I spent a delightful morning in my own room yesterday. How sweet are the moments spent in close communion with God! what has the world to equal it? How mean, how poor, all sublunary things appear, when God is all in all to the soul! But why, my dear friend, do we not more frequently enjoy these precious seasons? Why do we not live nearer to God, and taste the happiness of heaven? Surely at these times we have a foretaste of glory, and feel a little of what angels do when singing Hallelujah to God and the Lamb. I trust, my dear friend, your soul is still prospering, and that you are earnestly seeking a clean heart. It is your privilege, make it your happy experience. What peace the soul enjoys when it has given up all for God—the will being lost in the will of God, when anger no longer grieves the pious mind, but all is peace and joy! Recollect also, that without holiness, no man can see the Lord. With what power did that passage come to my mind when in my late affliction, and I felt as if I durst not die till all my inbred foes were slain. I hope you are endeavouring to get clearer views of the doctrine, and frequently wrestle with God in prayer for the accomplishment of his precept, ‘thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, &c.’ Oh! how I should rejoice, if spared to meet once more, I should find you rejoicing in perfect love! Now

do, my dear friend, seek unwearied till you find ; and if you have any affection for me, prove it by loving Jesus with an undivided heart. Let us endeavour after more inward religion whilst absent from each other ; sink deeper in humility, and loose ourselves in God. I think I can say, I do desire above all things, to have more of the mind that was in Jesus. I see that I have daily need to come to the 'blood of sprinkling,' and wash in the fountain ; for oh ! were we to leave the wounded side of Immanuel, where, where, should we be ? May we cleave closer and still closer to Christ ?”

Her anxiety to promote the spiritual improvement of her friends will appear from the following extract from a letter dated October 1812.—“I am glad you are reading Fletcher on Christian perfection, but do not forget Pipe on sanctification. It was made a great blessing to my soul, therefore would wish you to read it. You say you do not feel your need of the blessing ; I think you do, at least in a measure. Do you not feel the corruptions of your nature drawing your heart and affections to earthly good ? Do you not sometimes feel dispositions contrary to the will of God, and perhaps love God still with a divided heart ? However, if you think you are not yet sufficiently sensible of the remaining corruptions of your heart, beg of the Lord to discover them to you. Let your cry be

‘Show me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin.’

Now do set out in good earnest, and let me find you, if spared to meet again, rejoicing in the full salvation of God. I have felt the value of this blessing lately, more than ever, Jesus has been precious indeed; both in private and public he has been with me, and made my cup run over. Blessed for ever be my God; He crowneth my life with loving kindness and tender mercies.

Her views of Christian doctrine were as clear as her Christian experience was satisfactory; and after attaining a state of sanctification herself, she was most strenuous in urging the duty of having a heart wholly renewed; and hence, shortly afterwards, she again presses the subject upon the same person by writing,—“I am glad you continue to attend to the doctrine of Christian perfection, and hope you will attain it soon. I think I hear you say ‘Not quite so fast; I must feel more the want of it, have clearer views of it, &c., &c.’ I grant it is proper to form clear views of what we are seeking, and necessary to feel our want of the blessings we desire; but it is not necessary that all should feel the same degree of conviction for inbred sin, any more than that all persons seeking justification should have the same degree of conviction of their need of that blessing. When, therefore, you see the doctrine of sanctification to be scriptural, do not waste time in endeavouring to see it still more clearly; but use the grace given, exercise the faith you have, and expect the blessing now, just as you

are, through the merits and intercession of a crucified Redeemer. Fletcher says, 'why should you wait, Christ is ready, he is all you want, all things are ready, come now and feel the cleansing blood applied.'

With the late sensible and pious Miss Anna Naylor of Darlington, my wife formed a strong friendship, which was maintained by a frequent and affectionate correspondence during the occasional absence of either from their native town. On one of these occasions Mrs. Hodgson writes to this excellent female friend.—*July, 1810.* "I know it will be your wish, as well as my own, to dwell chiefly on spiritual subjects when we write; and indeed, how mean and contemptible temporal things appear to an enlightened mind; for as one justly observes, 'what have we to do with the manners, fashions, and customs of a country we are passing through; and being but probationers here, why should we be so anxious for those things that only relate to the body, and too often forget those things that relate to the better part,—the immortal soul?' It gave me real pleasure to hear so pleasing an account of your bodily health; and I hope it is humility that dictates what you have said relative to your soul. I know by experience how apt we are when in the company of the 'lovers of the world,' to drink into their spirit. It requires the exercise of all the grace we are in possession of, to keep the mind from being entangled with their trifling discourse. We

have much to fear from the smiles of the world, more I think than from its frowns. Satan often gains advantage over us when in the character of an angel of light. What need then of that sacred caution, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'"

In the same month she again writes—"Believe me, it gives me real pleasure, to hear so good an account of your health by your mother. I hope the means you are now trying will, by the blessing of God, prove efficacious; and that my dear friend will be restored to perfect health. Health is certainly an invaluable blessing, and we never know its value till we are deprived of it. When sickness seizes this feeble frame, how unfit we then are to discharge the duties of our station; our minds seem to be engrossed with our pain, and almost forget the kind hand that chastises us. I do not know that this is the case with you, but I too often feel it is with me.

"My dear Anna, I feel myself a poor helpless sinner, unworthy of the temporal mercies that I daily enjoy, much more of the spiritual blessings that my Heavenly Father bestows upon me. I do want a clean heart; I long for it, and feel until my soul is renewed in righteousness I never can be happy. How astonishing it is that we do not love God more! how wonderful that we do not serve him better! Surely our hearts must be harder than adamant, that can resist his almighty love, that can remain insensible to his goodness,

and day after day grieve his Spirit. 'Tis not backwardness to religious duties that I complain of, it is the sinfulness mixed with them. Yes, my dear friend, I do feel my best performances are so mixed with sin, that were it not for him who ever lives to make intercession for us, assuredly the Lord had given me up to my own evil heart. Like you, I feel it is my greatest enemy; and have need every moment to look to Jesus for strength to overcome my inbred foes, and for wisdom to direct me in the way in which I ought to walk. I believe that sanctification is our privilege, and I trust, that neither you nor I ever intend to rest short of it.

“Oh that we were but more alive to God, and continually living as for eternity! Do write, my dear friend, and quicken me by your advice, as I cannot have your example at present. Write soon and tell me how you are in body and soul, as I want much to know. Tell me how I may love God more; inform me what means you find profitable to increase your faith; I feel myself

‘Weaker than a bruized reed,
Help I every moment need.’

Let us help each other forward, and strive earnestly who can glorify our God the most, that we may sensibly grow in grace and in the knowledge and love of God, that we may be filled with all the communicable fulness of God.”

The following extract from a letter to the same friend, strikingly marks the faithful manner in

which she was accustomed to examine herself. "Oh my dear Anna! great are our privileges; little, very little, is the fruit that I at least produce. How swiftly is time passing away! Eternity is approaching, and yet how careless and insensible we are about the great work of our salvation! We live as though we were to remain here for ever, and as Elizabeth Smith beautifully observes, 'an hour well spent condemns a life.' I have been again perusing her fragments, and find some beautiful things in them. I have lately been endeavouring to attend more to the important duty of self-examination, and find at the close of every day, something has been left undone that ought to have been performed, something done that I ought to have avoided; and see I ought to be truly humbled under a sense of my unworthiness, and lie low at the feet of Jesus. How condescending is the Lord, to accept of our imperfect service! How merciful! how kind! Well may it be said, 'we love him, because he first loved us.' Yes, my dear friend, how great was that love that brought him from the skies, that caused him to weep for us in the manger, groan in Gethsemane, and bleed on Calvary. Surely our hearts are harder than marble that cannot be penetrated with the remembrance of his sufferings. My dear girl I feel I have a *very hard heart*;—may the Lord soften it by his dying love, and cleanse it from all pollution.

In the year 1813 my wife's religious experi-

ence assumed a much more elevated tone; and the graces of the Spirit shone conspicuously in some circumstances of trial by which her mind was brought into a state of great anxiety, during which she had need of the wisdom of Him who guides the weak in judgment. But her love to Jesus was sufficiently strong to induce a disposition cheerfully to forsake all for his cause. She could say, Though the sacrifice is painful, yet I will make it; though the cross is heavy, yet I will bear it: and she gave herself and all into the hands of her Heavenly Father. This pious spirit of devotedness to the cause of God appears in a letter to a friend, dated Jan. 1813. "Your letter, my much loved friend, afforded me much, very much pleasure; it had been long expected and was gladly received. I rejoice exceedingly, my dear Anna, at your spiritual prosperity, and hope you still find a daily increase of the love of God in your soul; and I am persuaded it will give you pleasure to hear that your unworthy friend feels Jesus very precious, has near access to him in private, and enjoys uninterrupted intercourse and communion with the Three in One. I don't think I ever had such solid enjoyment, as I have felt this week; my soul has rested in God, hanging upon him by faith, and my will is sweetly lost in the will of my Father. I think I have felt *perfect* resignation, and seem as if I could make any sacrifice for God; no cross appeared to heavy for me to take up, and Jesus was all in all. How

good is the God we serve ! I feel thankful that my mind has been kept in this state, as I greatly need it; for in all probability I shall soon have a great sacrifice to make for God.

“Pray for me, my dear Anna, that I may be enabled still to have resignation to what seems to be the will of God. I have lately dwelt on two promises with peculiar pleasure,—‘As thy days so shall thy strength be;’ and ‘My grace is sufficient for thee.’ I embraced them, and feel the Lord will fulfil them even in me. I know the sacrifice will be attended with circumstances very trying; but I leave it to God and say, His will be done. Mr. Vasey met the bands on Sunday afternoon; I found it a profitable season. The private bands almost weekly increase; and a desire for full salvation seems to prevail amongst the people.”

The last letter to which I shall now refer is dated in *October* of the same year; from which it appears she had, for a season, lost her evidence of entire sanctification, at a time when she was engaged in a conflict emphatically styled “spiritual.”—“The day before you left us for— was a most uncomfortable day to me. I was afraid I did not possess the evidences of a sanctified state; but on Tuesday, I found I had not the fruits, for sin had again found an entrance and showed itself by a disposition to anger. This conviction brought me again to Calvary’s cross; and there I lay bemoaning my state, lamenting my loss; and having again plunged

into the crimson flood, I found its cleansing power once more. Oh! how was my soul filled with love to God! I was amazed at the infinite mercy of my Saviour, and could only express my gratitude to my Sanctifier by my flowing tears. I had a precious season at the prayer-meeting in the evening; my eyes were sore with weeping. Delightful tears! Since that time I have retained my confidence, though Satan hurled his hellish darts with great power; but my Lord supported me, and does still proportion strength according to my day.

“I believe I gradually lost the blessing of a clean heart before. Oh! that I may mark the risings of desire, and be ever on my guard; that the least declension in my experience may make me stir up the gift that is in me, and give all diligence to keep myself in the love of God! I trust you and your friend go on comfortably; that she is restored to the joys of God’s salvation, and you happy in the perfect love of God. Oh! for that deep experience! When shall we bear all the image of our Saviour, and be filled with the fulness of God!”

While my late dear wife did not undervalue pardon and its privileges, she possessed a strong conviction that it was her duty to enjoy, always to enjoy, a clean heart; and that believers ought to possess on earth all that Jesu’s blood has purchased, as set before us in God’s word. Hence she fully entered into the sentiments of a minister

of Christ, who was made useful to her in maturing the graces of the Spirit in her heart, and who wrote thus to a friend,—“Many things in ourselves, many things in others,—in their tempers, conduct, manner of speaking on the subject,—may tend to puzzle and perplex ; but what have I or you to do with ten thousand of these trifles. God requires—Christ has purchased—the Gospel offers—my soul wants, perfect love. It is by faith, not by reason. He who said ‘Let there be light, and there was light,’ says to me a sinner, ‘*I will, be thou clean !*’ ”

CHAPTER III.

Remarks.—Marriage.—Character as a Wife.—Loses a measure of religious enjoyment.—Becomes a Mother.—Lines on the birth of her first Child.—Deplores her spiritual loss.—Regains her former state of mind.—Mr. Hodgson becomes a Travelling Preacher.—Appointed by the Conference to the Stockton Circuit.—Residence at Yarm.—Appointed a Class Leader.—Death of her first-born.—Resignation.—Letter to a dying Sister.—Revival at Yarm.—Temptation.—Band-Meeting.—Affliction.—Memoir of Mrs. Newell.—Anticipates a call to the Missionary Work.

[AN apostolical injunction of great importance, “Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,” is too frequently disregarded by professedly religious young persons, in forming matrimonial connexions. This rule is infringed upon in various ways ; but never more seriously, or with more dreadful consequences, than when an engagement of this nature is formed with an irreligious person. “What concord hath Christ with Belial ?” How can a connexion so tender, and confidential as marriage, be formed betwixt a religious person, and a mere “lover of this world,” without placing the piety of the religious party, in the most imminent peril? How frequently have the most lamentable consequences ensued, from not correcting the dictates of a blind

affection, by the wise and benevolent directions of Inspiration! Miss F. avoided this rock, so often fatal to religious young females. She accepted the proposals of an individual respecting whom, it could not only be said, that his age, manners, and station in society were suited to her own; but in marrying him, it might be also confidently affirmed, that she strictly observed the scriptural precept, to "marry only in the Lord." The consequence was, as large a measure of conjugal felicity, as was perhaps ever enjoyed. But on this point it may be better that Mr. Hodgson's own testimony should be adduced. He says,]—

On the 29th of *October*, 1813, after a long acquaintance, much serious consideration, and earnest prayer to the Father of our mercies, the object of my youthful attachment became mine, in the most endearing and closest of bonds. I cannot look back to the day of our union but with the greatest thankfulness to God; and her notices of the annual return of that day, abound in expressions of gratitude for the providential goodness she experienced in this important change. And while I ever found her a most affectionate wife and a wise counsellor, I had cause always to admire her pious solicitude, to discharge the duties of her new relation, by which her religious principles were more fully brought into exercise. Her attentions to me, in promoting my outward comfort, were only exceeded by her assiduity in seeking the advancement of my

spiritual interests. She loved home, and enjoyed the domestic circle; and aimed, as the head of a family, to set a pattern of cheerful piety in walking "as becometh the Gospel." In her I found "a help meet;" and as marriage, "with all its troubles and embarrassments, is a blessing from God," so my personal comfort was greatly promoted by this conjugal relation. She was always ready to multiply my joys by joining in them, and to lighten the load by sharing it; and, I may add, she did me "good and not evil all the days of her life."

Some time after her marriage, it appears from her diary, that she was in a state of religious declension; though her conduct, even at that time, afforded no just ground to suspect it. Hence she complains,—“I have not had that enjoyment from religion I once had; my intercourse with Deity is less frequent, and more interrupted; and though temporal mercies have abounded, I have not properly used them, but too often have rested in creature comfort.” Again, she remarks, “When, O my God! shall I be restored to the enjoyment of that ‘perfect love which casteth out fear!’ Alas! I do not feel that intense desire, that thirsting, agonizing, wrestling spirit, so essential to its attainment.”

On the 16th of *August*, she presented me with a little girl. The following lines found amongst her loose papers, will express her feelings and desires on the occasion. [The compiler gives

them insertion for the reason here assigned, and of course not as a specimen of poetry;—the kind reader will therefore admire the *sentiments*, without criticising the *manner* in which they are expressed.]

“WHAT strange emotions rush upon my soul!
 What hopes, what fears, what expectations!
 Feelings unknown before; feelings to none
 But parents known,—a parent now I am.
 A task the most important, now is mine;
 A soul immortal to my care consigned,
 To fit for glory and for God. O Thou
 Supreme Jehovah! from thy blest abode
 Look down upon thy dust; and by thy grace assist!
 That I may teach the infant Thou hast given
 To fear thy holy name,—to love thy laws,
 And shun the paths of sin! May her young mind
 In early life receive thy grace; may she
 Thy favour seek, which better is than life;
 Thine approbation gain, and unto thee
 Her all resign,—her body, spirit, soul!
 And when the last great day shall come, with joy
 Her parents may she meet at thy right hand,
 And Hallelujahs sing for evermore!”

Aug. 16th, 1814.

No Christian should be satisfied in a state of the least spiritual declension. It is not therefore surprising that my dear wife should deplore the loss of any measure of that great salvation, to which she had attained.

January 29th, 1815, she observed,—“Since the commencement of the present year, I have enjoyed a little more spiritual life. I have felt my

desires for inward holiness strengthened, and the cry of my heart is, 'take full possession.' How wavering has been my mind since I lost this great blessing! how unstable in my experience! how barren in my soul! Christ reigning, and ruling unrivalled in the heart, can alone bring stability and solid enjoyment. God alone is a satisfying portion, and creature comforts are, at best, but broken reeds. How just the words of Dr. Young,—

'Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear,
On whose sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.' "

March 3rd following, she records with grateful feelings her restoration to a state of entire sanctification, observing,—“Whilst engaged in prayer, my soul was drawn out to ask for entire sanctification. I found my want, and knew that Jesus was the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, that he could never want time to accomplish his will; I therefore wrestled with him till I prevailed. My soul once more felt the cleansing blood, and sunk in almost speechless wonder at his feet, and Christ was all in all.”

At the Conference of 1815, I was appointed to labour as a travelling preacher, in the Methodist connexion, in the Stockton circuit. In offering myself for the honour of this service, the openings of divine Providence had been most carefully watched; the claims of two younger sisters upon my attention, who, with myself, had been left

orphans at an early age, were duly considered; and the cost of abandoning worldly prospects of some advantage, was fully counted. But we were enabled to leave the decision of the matter entirely to God, cherishing a sense of dependance on His superintending providence. During the sittings of Conference my dear wife writes,—

“A circumstance has arisen that has rendered abortive many of our plans, and we must exercise the passive graces of the Spirit, in patience and resignation, not knowing where our lot may be cast, or what our condition in human affairs. Blessed be the Lord for that degree of confidence my dear husband and I feel, that all things are working for our good; and that our minds are kept from that painful anxiety, with respect to the future, which might otherwise have distressed us.”

My appointment to the Stockton circuit led to my residing at Yarm, where my wife joined me in the month of October, and was soon appointed to the charge of a class of females. Against this appointment she remonstrated in vain; while she pleaded her unfitness, arising from a conscious deficiency in the grand requisite,—deep experience in religion. At length, however, deeply impressed with a practical knowledge of that truth, “without me ye can do nothing;” and wishing each moment, to act, and speak, and think for God, she ventured upon that important office, with a strong desire to be useful in the

Church of God. She expressed her feelings, on this occasion, in the following words ;—

“I am now placed in a most important situation,—the partner of an itinerant preacher. Many eyes will be upon me ; and what manner of person ought I to be, in all conversation and godliness. I feel fully satisfied, my husband and I are where the Lord would have us be ; and I have enjoyed prosperity of soul since coming to Yarm. I have been led of late to pray, that the Lord would make me useful to my fellow-creatures ; the manner I left to him. To my great surprise, Mr. Armitage informed me that he intended giving me some work ; namely, that of meeting a class. In vain I urged my youth, inexperience, &c. ; he would not take a refusal. And upon reflecting on what I had recently asked of the Lord, I durst not positively refuse, lest I should grieve the Holy Spirit, by not acting in that station my God had called me to fill, but made it a subject of prayer. It is now fixed, and, oh ! I feel my weakness, I feel my insufficiency ; but I know where my strength lieth. Jesus, upon thy strength I would alone depend !”

About this time our hearts were torn by a mysterious and heavy bereavement, in the death of an only child ; a dispensation, however, which was “crowned with mercies ;” for upon being informed by a medical attendant, that the complaint was the water in the brain, my dear wife

was enabled immediately to give her up, and felt nothing contrary to perfect resignation. She indulged no murmuring thoughts, but said "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good." On this occasion she wrote,—“ My beloved child has exchanged this world of sorrow for one of joy and peace. I had the melancholy pleasure of watching her expiring breath; and my God was so gracious that we scarcely perceived when the change took place. She was lovely even in death. I have found that support which true piety alone can give, under this afflicting dispensation; and could always say, ‘Thy will be done.’ I feel assured that it is for some wise end, that Anne is taken; and can rest satisfied that what I know not now, I shall know hereafter.” She did not charge God foolishly in this dispensation; but endeavoured to acquiesce in the bereavement as kind. And having often in word and tongue devoted all to him without reservation, she was enabled resignedly to part with one of the dearest earthly comforts. The breach was indeed distressing, but she endeavoured to get good by it, in being brought nearer to God.

March 1816, she records,—“The Lord has recently required me to exercise the passive grace of resignation, in the removal of several of my friends from this vale of tears. This day fortnight I was called to witness the painful sight of my sister’s interment; but, blessed be

God, there was hope in her death." To this sister the following letter was addressed ;—

"YARM, *Feb. 29th*, 1816.—My dear sister,—I have, for some time, felt very anxious to hear of your health ; and from sister Jane's letter, am sorry to find that it does not improve. Alas ! how very uncertain is the life of man ! We may say with Job, 'man that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of trouble.' Our life may well be said to be 'of few days and full of trouble,' when we compare it with that eternal state to which we are all hastening. How poor, and mean do all terrestrial things appear to the eye that is fixed on eternity !

'ETERNITY ! thou *pleasing, dreadful* thought !'

Pleasing, indeed it is, to them who have placed their affections and laid up their treasure in heaven ; but dreadful to them who have lived in neglect of their soul's salvation. For not only the despisers of religion will be punished, but also those who 'forget God.' Let me persuade you, my dear Priscilla, to give these things a serious consideration. But do not suppose I wish to make you melancholy, by endeavouring to lead your mind from the vain and trifling things with which you suffer yourself to be diverted from the more important concerns of your soul. Suffer me to remind you, that this affliction is sent by that Being who is too wise to err ; and it is sent for some valuable purpose, if you do but rightly improve it. In the first

place you see how empty, how unsatisfactory, the pleasures of the world are, and how incapable of yielding satisfaction to the immortal soul. You also may learn, by the pain you feel, how exceedingly displeasing sin is to the Almighty, to produce such effects; for had Adam never sinned, he never would have suffered; but sin entered into the world, and not only *pain*, but *death*, by sin. This affliction should also remind you, that here we have no continuing city; and that we must die and appear before God in judgment, either to hear him say—‘Come ye blessed of my Father,’ or ‘Depart ye cursed.’ And we should also recollect, that heaven is a state as well as a place; and that without holiness we cannot see God to our comfort; for how should we be happy there, unless we are made holy here? How can we join with all the redeemed around the throne, in giving honour and praise to him that loved us, and *washed us* from *our sins*, in his own blood, when we never came to that Saviour by faith while here, nor washed in his blood? And our Lord expressly declares,—‘Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.’ O my dear sister! I beseech you lay these things to heart; consider your past life, and remember how you have neglected your soul. It is possible this sickness may be unto death; and then how absolutely necessary it will be for you to be arrayed in the righteousness of Jesus Christ, in order that you may stand with humble

boldness in the great day. But should the Lord in mercy, spare you a little longer, you would feel that religion is no gloomy thing, but that it yields a peace that the world knows nothing of; and that God alone can satisfy the immortal spirit of man. I am sure I can testify, by happy experience, that one hour spent in the service of God, is better than a thousand spent in the pleasures of the world. Oh that you would but try! then indeed you would find, that 'Wisdom's ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' What is there comparable with knowing that we are in the favour of God, and feeling his love shed abroad in our hearts; that love which is 'sweeter than life, and stronger than death!' What, then, has the Christian to fear? God is his Father and his Friend; heaven is his home; the Holy Spirit his Guide and Comforter; and angels his attendants. What honour has the world to give equal to this! and what are all the treasures of the world, when compared with the 'true riches,'—the treasures of grace here, and glory hereafter! 'What, then, will it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul!' For the salvation of the soul is precious, and 'there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge in the grave, whither we are all hastening.' And 'as the tree falls so it will lie.' If we do not repent and be converted here, where God is we can never come; if we do not experience a death unto sin here, we shall hereafter taste the bitter pains of eternal

death. Seek the Lord, therefore, while he is near ; and now begin in good earnest to attend to the ‘one thing needful.’ Let my sisters read to, and pray with you ; and that God whose tender mercies are over all his works, will hearken to the voice of your request, and bless your soul with the joys of his salvation. I hope you will pardon me if I have written too plainly to you ; and believe me when I say, my motive is pure. I want you to enjoy what I feel ; to ‘taste and see that the Lord is good ;’ that you may be happy here and hereafter.”

My wife’s desires to do good were unbounded, and often led to an exertion beyond her strength, especially after I became wholly occupied in the work of the itinerant ministry. The pious ardour of her desires for the prosperity of the cause of God at Yarm, appear in the following extract from her Journal.

“*April 25.*—I feel thankful that the Lord is not only carrying on his work in my soul, but also reviving his work amongst us, as a body of professing people. He graciously blesses the labours of his servants ; and our ears are frequently saluted with the cry ‘What must I do to be saved !’ At the prayer-meeting last night, seven or eight were in great distress, on account of their rebellion against God ; and one was set at glorious liberty,—her sorrow was turned into joy, and a song of praise put into her mouth. We have had many refreshing seasons at class. This

day fortnight one of the people, an old professor, was in an agony, by reason of inbred sin; and after wrestling with the Lord on her behalf, he answered to the joy of her soul. I bless God for the situation in which he has placed me, and desire to lay out myself to promote his glory, and am willing to spend and be spent in his cause."

My dear wife was no stranger to the discipline of temptation. In this school she was taught many useful lessons of divine grace, and became better acquainted with her own heart. She ever manifested a fear of deceiving, and of being deceived. Yet she always retained a strong confidence in the sufficiency of the atonement, by which she was sustained in her various spiritual exercises.

She records, *May 24th*,—"I have lately been called to wrestle with the powers of darkness; and have found this a state of warfare, not of rest. I have been much harrassed respecting my unfitness to lead a class. I do feel myself very insufficient for so important a work; but I dare not give it up, unless I see the way more clear. I am sure I desire to do the will of God, and would not run before I am sent, nor enter on any engagement without I was convinced it was my duty. Lord direct thy servant, that both in this and every other affair, I may be guided by thy wisdom; that I may be where, and do what, thou wouldst have me!"

A short time after this, she writes,—“I have

felt a conviction on my mind, the last few days, that my gracious God is preparing for me some painful event, by giving me extraordinary manifestations of his love. When at the public band-meeting, on Wednesday evening, I felt the presence of the Lord in a peculiar manner; my soul was as melted wax, and I felt much of the softening power of divine grace; and since that time, I have had a nearness to God in prayer, that I do not always experience, and have been permitted to hold intercourse with the Father and Son through the Spirit."

In the commencement of the year 1817, she observes,—“For a short time, the afflicting hand of God has been upon me, and I have been exercised with strong pain. Satan also has thrust sore at me; and this day especially has been a day of trial. I have been afflicted in body, and distressed in mind. From these circumstances I have also reasoned about the state of grace which I profess. I would not deceive myself or others, but I dare not cast away my confidence; knowing too well, by painful experience, what it is to cast the ‘shield of faith’ from me, for then the soul is exposed to all the attacks of the enemy. Jesus, I look to thee! come to my rescue, and I shall yet praise thee in the land of the living!”

In *April* of this year, she writes,—“Have this day been reading the life of Harriet Newell, wife to an American Missionary. I have been forcibly

struck with her faith and zeal for the Lord of Hosts. How trying her situation, when called to bid a last adieu to her nearest earthly connexions, and become 'a stranger in a strange land;' separated from the companions and guardians of her youth, exposed to many trying and painful circumstances, far from her country and friends, and at so early an age! How powerful that principle which induced her to make such sacrifices, and supported her under such circumstances! 'Stronger' indeed, 'is the love of God than death or hell.' I feel my faith is weak, when compared with hers; and yet it is *probable*, that at some period of my life, I may have similar trials. Oh! may I have equal graces! Sometimes when reflecting on the duration of eternity, and the brevity of human life, I have felt as though I could give up father and mother, brother and sisters, and go to distant lands, to declare my Saviour's love. But the time is not yet come. Lord, direct thy servants; and guide us in our providential path; and from that path may we never turn!"

CHAPTER IV.

Removal from Yarm to Brigg.—Painful affliction.—Extract from Journal.—Patience under suffering.—Observation on Providence.—Mr. Hodgson feels a desire to become a Missionary.—Mentions this subject to his wife.—Her reply.—Extract from Journal.—Letter to a young friend.—Extracts from Journal.—Death-Bed Scene.—Self-examination.—Removal to Lancaster.—Letter describing the prosperity of the work at Brigg.—Return of painful affliction.—Revival at Lancaster.—Letter to a Friend.—Communion with God.—Concern for spiritual welfare of others.—Extracts from Journal.

AT the Conference of 1817, I received an appointment to Brigg; and we were called, for the first time, to the painful exercise of separation,—unavoidable in the itinerant life,—from many friends to whom we had become strongly attached; from whom we had received marks of the greatest kindness; and who had uniformly borne with our weaknesses, in our early exertions in the cause of God. We left the circuit with feelings of the most grateful esteem and affection for many; and thankful that the evidence of having been useful, without which no minister of the Gospel should be satisfied, had not been denied us; as we left in this circuit some of whom we might say, “Ye are our epistle.” About this time Mrs. H. was threatened with a severe affliction,

which prevented her accompanying me to Brigg ; and the extraction of a cancerated tumour from her breast, caused her to remain in the neighbourhood of Rotherham, till the latter end of October, when she wrote in her journal,—

“By a painful providence I have been prevented accompanying my beloved husband to his circuit. However, I have much cause to be thankful, that the disorder under which I labour was discovered so soon, and I trust a remedy provided ; though it was painful to be left amongst strangers, whilst undergoing the operation. The complaint is not quite removed, and I know not that it ever will ; but this I know, that Infinite Wisdom will order it for the best ; and I have only to submit to His dispensations. How much pleasanter it is to nature to do than to suffer. To do the will of God, in some instances, requires comparatively but little grace ; but to suffer, under all circumstances, requires much.”

In sickness she was the same self-possessed, submissive Christian, as in the days of health ; and she was discontented with nothing so much as her own heart ; for her afflictions were borne not only without murmuring, but with cheerfulness. Resignation was desired more than any earthly good ; and she strove to soften down affliction to those about her, by gentleness, cheerfulness, and humility. Her sharpest trials were sometimes numbered amongst her sweetest moments ; and she could rejoice in the God of her salvation, and sing,—

"Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials lay me at His feet;
Lay me low, and keep me there."

In writing to me at this time she observes,—
"I have been preserved from any disposition to murmur at this painful providence; and have always seen much cause to be thankful; for though the affliction has been more tedious, it has not been so painful as I expected."

Flavel observes,—“He that watches a providence, will never want a providence to watch.” My dear wife,—taught to acknowledge God in all her ways, and satisfied that no incident is too insignificant to direct the events of man, in the hands of Infinite Wisdom,—sought divine direction in small as well as more important matters. In the same letter she writes,—“When reflecting upon the painful circumstances causing our separation, I thought if our little girl had been spared, your Anne might have been removed from her Laidman, for had Anne lived, it is most probable I should not have visited Sheffield, and in that case not have heard of Mr. Hall, and the complaint might have gone beyond the possibility of a cure; so that, perhaps, even here, we see the wise design it was to answer, that she was taken from us. May we not say, ‘shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?’”

My first convictions of duty, as to preaching the Gospel of Christ to sinners, were accompanied

by a desire to offer salvation to the heathen; a desire which only required to be enforced by a clear conviction of duty, from the Spirit of God, and the openings of divine providence, to induce me to devote my life to this service. Having mentioned this subject to her, she replied in the following words,—“Of how little consequence is it where we spend our few days, which in Scripture are said to be ‘full of trouble;’ no matter whether at Brigg or abroad. You would not have much difficulty, my Laidman, to persuade your Anne to cross with you the watery flood: but I think the set time is not yet come. Yet I can heartily unite with you in desire, that the will of God may be known and done in all we undertake. He has hitherto led us by his wisdom, and made our path plain before us; and I trust he will continue to guide us by His Spirit, until He receive us into glory.”

A short time after this she records in her diary,—“*Nov. 6th.* I feel desirous that my dear husband and I may clearly see the will of God; and if he requires us to leave father and mother, and friends, and country, to go to distant lands, that I may be enabled to ‘forsake all, and follow him!’ It is, in some measure, my meat and drink to do the will of my Heavenly Father; and I think that when satisfied it is my husband’s duty to publish the Saviour’s love to the poor heathen, I could willingly forego the comforts which I now enjoy, and live in a heathen country, surrounded by the untutored tribes, endeavouring to be useful

to them, according to my ability. May the Eternal Spirit guide us into our providential path! And if that path be across the wide ocean, and we are called to tread over burning sands, or wintry snows, my soul says, Amen, even so Lord Jesus!"

To a young friend, for whom she felt the greatest respect, and who had become devoted to God during our residence in the Stockton circuit, she addressed herself in the following manner,—
"I trust, my dearest—that you have been enabled to hold fast the beginning of your confidence, and that Jesus is becoming daily more precious unto you. 'Unto them that believe he is precious,'—yea, more valuable than the gold of Ophir; and also, that Jesus is now to your soul 'the fairest among ten thousands, and altogether lovely.' I hope you have not been cast down, when you have not had those rapturous sensations which you felt when you first ventured your soul upon the merits of the Saviour; for recollect, '*peace*' was the legacy that the Redeemer bequeathed to his disciples, not *joy*; and if we always were upon the mount, how could it be said of us, that it is through much tribulation that we enter the kingdom? No, my dear girl, we must be willing to suffer with him in Gethsemane, as well as rejoice with him on Tabor. But I trust you are not such a novice in the things of God, as to give up your confidence when troubles assail, and dangers affright; but you know in whom you have believed; and

although Satan should cast his fiery darts, you are able to use the shield of faith with so much dexterity that they instantly rebound, and you come off 'more than conqueror.' Be careful to keep your armour bright; and be sure to have on the whole panoply, that no part be left unguarded. And, above all, go sword in hand; then shall you withstand in the evil day, and having done and suffered all your Father's righteous will, still stand. Endeavour to begin every day, as you would do if you knew you had but that day to live. Meditate upon some part of the word of God, before you enter into worldly affairs; and if you were to commit a verse or two to memory, it would be profitable to dwell upon when you have nothing particular to engage your mind. You must bear in remembrance, that your adversary is ever watching for the most suitable time and place, to assail you with his temptations. He is also unwearied, and will not give up his pursuit, after being repulsed many times. However, it is no sin to be tempted; and I believe if we are but faithful under temptations, we shall ever feel that they bring an increase of grace."

On the last night of the year, being unable, from bodily indisposition, to share in the privileges of the usual services of the watch-night, she spent the evening in her chamber, and recorded the following in her diary;—"The people of God are now engaged in concluding the old, and

intend to begin the new year, with praise and prayer. Being prevented by affliction from uniting my praises with theirs, for past mercies, I would endeavour to record them here. The year now so nearly concluded has been to me a season of trial. The Lord has chastened me sore, but he has not given me over to death. I am still a monument of his sparing mercy. I fear the afflicting rod has not been so sanctified to me as it might have been; and I doubt I have lost very little dross, whilst passing through the refiner's fire. Upon reviewing the past year, I fear I have not gained much spiritual strength, or more of the mind of my Saviour, than I had at its commencement. I would, to-night, fly to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and wash away all my sins. I come, as at first, having nothing to plead, but 'Jesus died for me.' As I know not what sufferings still await me, and what trials I have still to pass through, I do beseech of thee, Eternal, Triune Deity, to prepare my mind fully for every event!"

In *February*, 1818, she writes,—“Since the commencement of this year, I have prospered in the divine life. In much mercy the Lord hath spared his unprofitable servant, and I am not with those that go down to the pit. My Father has removed the rod from his disobedient child, and restored me again to a tolerable degree of bodily strength. He is also pouring out his Spirit upon our little hill of Zion; and many are

enquiring the way to the kingdom. Several have during the last fortnight, entered into the liberty of the people of God; and others are crying, 'Bless me, even me also, O my Father!' Jesus is becoming more precious to me also; and I desire a deeper baptism of the Spirit. I want to be useful, according to my ability; and invariably feel, while endeavouring to water others, that the Lord waters me."

April 21st, she observes,—“Never did I feel more the value of religion, than whilst standing by the bedside of a woman departing out of time into eternity. Her bodily sufferings, though great, appeared but trifling in comparison of her wounded spirit; and everything seemed lost in the enquiry, ‘What shall I do to be saved?’—She had been seeking the divine favour some months; but when the earthly tabernacle began to fail so fast, her distress increased exceedingly; and after many a struggle, and many a prayer, the Lord manifested himself to her, when she had but just strength to exclaim ‘happy!’ and then the Lord took her into his eternal rest. I felt from the first of my visiting her, a persuasion she would die well; and I had frequently power in prayer on her account. May this event stir me up to greater diligence, and strengthen my confidence in the Lord!”

June 9th, she writes,—“I have this evening been trying my title to the ‘Saint’s Rest;’ and humbly hope I have the marks laid down in that

excellent work of Mr. Baxter's. I trust that 'God is my chief good;' that I do 'prefer him before all the things of the world;' that He is the end of my desires and endeavours; and that my reading, hearing, and praying, is in order that I may serve the Lord, and make sure my rest. I feel I do heartily accept of Christ as my only Saviour and Lord, to bring me to this rest; and no further trust to my duties and works, than as a means appointed in subordination to him. I am content to take him for my only Lord and King; to govern and guide me by his law and Spirit; and would not change my master for all the world. I find his service perfect freedom, his yoke easy, and his burden light."

At the Conference of 1818, I was appointed to labour in the Lancaster circuit; but previous to our leaving Brigg, my wife addressed the following, in a letter to a friend, as expressing her joy and thankfulness at a gracious revival of the work of God in the circuit. "Many young people have been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and are walking 'in wisdom towards those that are without.' They ornament their profession, and show they have not believed in vain. Not a few of the young men promise to be useful in the church; and some of them have extraordinary gifts in prayer. It is a pleasing sight to behold sinners coming to Jesus with the publican's cry, and then praising him who has 'justified them freely by his grace.' Praise the

Lord! this sight has been afforded us; and the work is still going on though in a more gradual way."

My dear wife's mind was happily ever prepared to admit the necessity of painful dispensations, to prevent her sinking into Laodicean ease, and forgetting that this is not our rest; and that while the winds of affliction blow the dust from our branches, they are also designed to teach us that

"He builds too low, who builds beneath the skies."

She therefore met, with her usual fortitude, an announcement of the painful necessity of undergoing a second operation, to secure the entire removal of the cancerated tumour with which she had been before afflicted, and which caused me to repair to Lancaster alone.

Upon joining me in that town, she writes in her diary,—“Mysterious indeed have been the dispensations of my Heavenly Father to me for some months. I have been called to pass through the fire, and through the water; but it is in the way to the wealthy place. My beloved partner, as well as myself, has felt the pruning knife; and I trust we shall, henceforward, bring forth more fruit to the glory of God. For thirteen weeks I have been detained under medical treatment, and am still afflicted in body; but I trust it is made a mean of health to my soul. I have much to praise the Lord for. We are kindly received by the friends in this circuit. The work of the Lord is reviving, and temporal mercies abound.”

Her anxiety for the work of God prospering in the hands of his servants was always great; and hence, both in her letters and diary, frequent mention is made of the spread of divine truth, as a subject for thankfulness to God, and as a call to join with the instruments in saying "Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto thy name give glory."

Lancaster, at this time, was favoured with a revival of religion, respecting which, she remarks in her journal,—*24th, January, 1819.* "Forty have received the knowledge of salvation, by the forgiveness of sins, since the commencement of this year; and a general enquiring, in many parts is, 'What shall I do to be saved?'"

In a letter to a friend in the Brigg circuit, about this time, while remarking on this religious prosperity, and the pleasing prospects of a still greater extension of the work of God she observes,—“Perhaps my friends will enquire if my soul is prospering, whilst the work of God is flourishing around. I bless God, I can answer in the affirmative. And indeed little will it avail us to see the lamps of others burning bright, if our own is going out. I have not, for several years, enjoyed such uninterrupted communion with God, as since Sunday last. I could indeed ‘Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks.’ And this is but a drop from the fountain, a spark from the fire. What a

fulness there is in Emmanuel! what rich provision in his Gospel! and what free invitations to the feast! May we ever have his eternal life abiding in us! I would ask my Kirton friends if Jesus is as precious to them as he ever was? Do you feel that he has bound the strong man armed, and cast him out? Oh the blessedness of this great salvation!

‘To know thou takest me for thine own,
Oh what a happiness is this!’

I could hope that my friends, who have been so long by the side of the pool, when the waters have been troubled, have, before this, made the venture, and plunged therein. If this be the case, keep close to Jesus; live at the fountain, and draw continually living water from the wells of salvation. But if you are still afraid to make the venture, and stand trembling at the brink, I entreat you to stay there no longer. Remember who has said, ‘If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.’ Dare, then, to believe in Christ; lay hold, wrestle with him in fervent prayer, plead his promises, the merits of your dying Lord, and the commands which he has given; and you shall not plead in vain; Jesus will say unto you, ‘I will, be thou clean.’”

In some stages of her Christian experience, when the Deity shone with peculiar brightness upon the work of sanctification in her soul, Mrs. Hodgson was carried out in rapturous delight, by the glorious manifestations made to her by the

Lord, the Spirit; and she appears to have enjoyed distinct intercourse with the Holy Trinity, accompanied with that sacred awe which laid her prostrate at her Saviour's feet. With reference to her high attainments in grace at this period, I quote the following from her journal.

February 1819. "My communion with the Father, and the Son, through the Spirit, has been for the last fortnight, almost uninterrupted; and in my secret addresses to a throne of grace, when none but the eye of Omniscience beheld me, the Lord caused the refreshing dews of his grace to descend upon my thirsty soul. I feel Jesus has full possession of my soul, and reigns without a rival in my affections." A short time after this she adds,—“Yesterday morning, whilst in secret before the Lord, my mind was led to pray for fresh discoveries of the love of God; and I found my request was granted; for when pleading that the Lord would conduct me through the mazes of mortality, and afterwards receive me into glory, such light seemed to shine upon my mind, and such transporting views of dwelling with God for ever, as filled my soul with gratitude and thankfulness, and joy and praise.”

My dear wife's delight was in doing good; and few opportunities were lost of endeavouring to promote the spiritual benefit of those with whom she associated. When on a visit to some kind friends, in the month of *May*, this year, she records in her diary:—"Part of the last two weeks has

been spent by me in a delightful country residence. The inmates of the dwelling, have an earthly paradise without, and heaven within. How pleasing to see those who have much of this world's good, using their talents for God, and making themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. I found the blessing of the Lord was indeed in the 'tabernacle of the righteous,' and the voice of joy and thanksgiving was heard therein. One of the young ladies was deeply distressed on account of inbred sin. On Wednesday evening, I retired with her to wrestle with the Almighty, for the blessing her soul panted after. We had not been long with the Lord, pleading the promises, before the windows of heaven were opened, and such a blessing poured out that there was scarcely room to contain. For near an hour we were in the suburbs of heaven, and were enabled to give ourselves to the Lord in a manner I scarcely ever felt before. Her heart felt the cleansing blood applied; a song of praise was put into our mouths; and the effect of that meeting I yet delightfully feel. My views of the mercy of God, and his willingness to bless, were enlarged to such a degree, that I thought I could have believed for the whole world. Never did I feel more powerfully 'I am nothing, Christ is all in all.'

A short time before leaving Lancaster, she wrote,—“As the Conference is approaching, and the kind friends here are very anxious for our

remaining another year, I have been laying the case before the Lord, entreating His direction. Many circumstances concur to show the desirableness of our continuing another year; and yet very strong reasons conspire to say, depart. I believe my beloved husband is desirous of leaving the matter with the Lord, and has no will to choose. I trust we shall not miss our providential path."

On another occasion she writes,—“Prevented by indisposition of body from worshipping the Lord in the great congregation, I have been reviewing my Christian experience since I came to this circuit, and find, upon the whole, it has been a profitable time to my soul. I have been exercised by afflictions of body, but have had every other comfort I could desire. The time approaches for leaving this place, and what further trials and afflictions await me, are known to God alone. I have however nothing to do with trials and difficulties but to endure them with patience and resignation. My Heavenly Father will order events; I only have to submit to them. It is probable another scene of suffering will be presented to me, for I fear the tumour in my breast is not fully extracted; However I leave myself in His hands, who will do right. What a rebellious stubborn child I must be, to need such frequent chastisement; but these chastisements are all in measure, all in mercy; and I can say, ‘Father, thy only will be done.’”

CHAPTER V.

Removal to Retford.—Letter to Friends at Brigg.—Prosperity at Retford.—Extract from Journal.—Usefulness in the Society.—Extracts from Journal.—Letters to her Sister.—Public engagements.—Remarks.—Attacked with Typhus Fever.—Mr. Hodgson's call to the foreign work becomes louder.—Mrs. Hodgson at first objects,—but at length acquiesces in his resolution.—Extracts from Journal.—Affection for relatives and friends.—Visits Darlington to take leave of them.—Letter to her Husband.—Parting Scene.—Departure from Retford.—Observations —

At the Conference of 1819, we were removed to the Retford circuit; where we were received most kindly by an affectionate people. Soon after our removal, my wife addressed the following letter to two female friends, with whom she had cultivated an intimacy in the Brigg circuit.

“I duly received your united letter, and ought to apologize for my long silence. You would be surprized on seeing the Stations, to find we were appointed to Retford; but it was our wish to be near Mr. Hall, that should I need his assistance, it would be a satisfaction to be in the neighbourhood of his residence. I was glad to hear of your prosperity in the divine life, especially that you are enabled to give the Lord your undivided

hearts. Oh! never, never, retract what you have done, but let your language ever be—

‘Would ought on earth my wishes share,
Though dear as life the idol be,
That idol from my breast I’ll tear,
Resolved to seek my all in thee.’

“Praised be the Lord, he hath slain the man of sin, by the brightness of his appearing, and now reigns the monarch of your willing hearts. But yet, what need of watchfulness! Remember that every one that is perfect, shall be as his Master. Now if your Master was tempted and assaulted to the last,—if to the last he watched and prayed,—if to the last he fought against the world, the flesh, and the devil;—let us go and do likewise. I dare say you have already found many things in your experience, very different from what you expected. I would strongly recommend Mr. Pipe’s Dialogues on Sanctification, which you may procure through the medium of the preachers, and which you will find of great use. Several times I have been on the point of casting away my shield, had it not been for that book. I was tempted to several things which I thought inconsistent with the state I professed; but temptation is not sin; and instead of reasoning with Satan, I found it best to fly to Jesus, and plunge again into the purple fountain; for never are we safe but near our Shepherd’s side. Above all things, I beseech you, do not give up your confidence; but though the witness be

sometimes indistinct, yet hold fast what you have, and wrestle in mighty prayer, until you again have the clear testimony of the Spirit, that you are fully saved. Bear in mind, also, that you have received little, very little, to what you may enjoy. Frequently compare yourselves with such persons as Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. H. A. Rogers, &c.; above all with the word of God, and with Him who 'left us an example, that we should tread in his steps.' A second volume of Mrs. Rogers' experience, or extracts from her Journals, has lately been published, from which I have derived very much profit. Reading the lives of such eminent saints, has a tendency to keep us in the dust, our proper place; and also stimulates us to follow them, as they followed Christ. Why should not we seek for, and expect to receive, those large communications which they realized? Is the Lord's arm shortened, or are our privileges less, than theirs? Ah no! we are straitened in ourselves; we are not faithful to the imparted grace as they were; we do not use what we have; therefore we do not receive more. But let it be so no more. May we henceforth live at the fountain, and drink daily of those living streams! I feel determined, in strength divine, to be more fully given up to his service, and to strive to be more useful to my fellow-creatures. Let us work while it is called to-day, lest the night of death overtake us before our work is accomplished. May we covet earnestly the best gifts, and walk

in the more excellent way! And though our path may be sometimes strewed with thorns, yet it is the royal way that leads to the courts above. Let us make much use of the atonement, and daily come as we came at the first,—feeling our utter helplessness, and vileness, and nothingness, and casting our souls upon the Saviour. I sometimes think I lose much from not more frequently and resolutely taking up my cross, especially in reproving sin; and in self-denial, I fear I am greatly deficient. I want to feel as the poet when he said

‘Whate’er my sinful flesh requires,
For Thee I cheerfully forego.’—

“Tell me what you think the best means for promoting a growth in grace, and what means are the most blessed to you. Oh let us draw each other into God! What are earthly friendships unless sanctified to this great end! I think Christians sometimes lose much, from neglecting the important duty of self-examination. When comparing my experience with the time I last wrote, I feel ashamed before God that I am not farther advanced in the good land. I seem but just past over Jordan. Help me by your prayers, that I may improve the privileges with which I am favoured, that I may not lose my soul through the abuse of the means with which God has blessed me. Oh, to have our vessels full of oil, to be ready for the midnight cry,—‘Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him!’”

To another friend she wrote, in the early part of *October*, thus,—“Retford affords the prospect of much good. A revival has already commenced in some parts of the circuit, and the professors here are much quickened in their souls, and are unitedly seeking purity of heart. I hope, my dear friend, you are urging on your way with strength renewed, and pressing after all that Christ has purchased for you, and all that is promised in his word. Do you feel your love to God and his ways increasing, and is the language of your heart

‘Take my soul and body’s powers,
Take my memory, mind, and will, &c.?’

How delightful when we feel determined that Jesus shall possess all our hearts, and reign unrivalled there! I hope you are frequently found pouring out your soul at the throne of grace, in secret before the Lord; entreating his direction in every step, and his blessing upon every action; so that whatsoever you do, may be done in the name of the Lord Jesus, and to the glory of God the Father. If this be the case, you will be kept as in the hollow of his hand, and preserved as the apple of his eye; the Lord will establish your goings, and your soul shall be as a well watered garden. What precious seasons are these when the believer, retired from the world, holds converse with Deity! When the dew from heaven distills sweetly into his waiting soul! when the heavens pour down fatness!

when Jesus seems to say, 'Ask what thou wilt, and I will give it thee!' This is surely the foretaste of heaven, something of what the spirits before the throne enjoy. At those times, we appear 'to have come to Mount Zion, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant.' Are these times of refreshing frequent with you, my dear friend? or do you sometimes find the throne of grace almost inaccessible; the heavens as brass; the disposition on your part wanting, and the tempter suggesting, surely it is a vain thing to serve the Lord? In this trying hour, stand fast, my dear friend; give the enemy no place, not for a moment, but lie at Jesus' feet, till he shall bid you rise. Go as usual into secret; stay as long as usual, whether you feel the divine presence or not; 'Wait upon the Lord, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, upon the Lord.'"

In another letter she alludes to the state of the society at Retford, and says,—“We have had such a work amongst believers as we never saw before. About thirty persons, in three weeks, could confidently say, that the blood of Christ had cleansed them from all sin; though when we came, it appeared to be a doctrine but little understood. Amongst these, there are three class-leaders, and one local preacher. Several others are by the side of the pool, and will not be long before they

step in. Our prayer-meetings are lively, and the chapel is crowded on Sunday evenings."

The following extracts from her journal, will show her spiritual state at this period. "I feel my soul is prospering, my intercourse with God fully open, my confidence stronger, my resignation to the divine will more perfect. For several days I have proved the truth of that declaration, 'In blessing I will bless thee.' Praise the Lord, that I have opportunity and ability to do something for my Lord in his members. The work of grace has been deepened considerably in my soul of late; but yesterday I found that Satan will dispute every step we take towards Zion. I was very powerfully tempted, in the tenderest part, for several hours yesterday morning, and had occasion for the whole armour of God, especially the sword of the Spirit, in order to resist his fierce attacks. Oh the anguish my soul endured! But as one of old, in the bitterness of his soul exclaimed, 'O Lord, I beseech thee deliver my soul! and he experienced deliverance, so it was with me. Jesus appeared on my behalf, and Satan was bruised under my feet. Surely 'the Lord knows how to deliver the godly out of temptation.' Through grace, I find I come off more than conqueror. My soul is unspeakably happy in God this morning; and I rejoice that I was called to endure the fiery heat, as by that means I have seen how the strong arm of Jehovah was made bare in my behalf. It has

also given me to feel my own weakness; and also more sensibly and fully to understand, 'Without me ye can do nothing.'"

November 30th. "My soul was drawn out this morning after God, in an uncommon manner. I had near access to my heavenly Father in secret; and the dew from heaven descended upon my soul. I have lately had such strong consolation, such communion with God, and such deadness to the world, as leads me to think some bitter cup is preparing for me. But, oh the bliss of perfect resignation to the divine will!"

At a subsequent period she writes,—“I still feel a presentiment that I shall soon be called to suffer the will of my Lord, having reason to fear the cancer is not fully removed from my breast. Whilst musing on the subject this morning, I thought,—have I not again, and again, solemnly given body and soul to the Lord; and has he not a right to do with his own what seemeth him good? I am not my own, I am the property of Jehovah. I have resigned all into his hands, 'tis his to dispose and order, and mine to trust and obey.”

My wife was incessantly anxious for the prosperity of religion; and some still retain a pleasing recollection of her great activity to promote the glory of God in the salvation of man. Not a few can testify the profit derived from her prayers and conversations. She always had a word in season, for those who were seeking the

higher enjoyments of full salvation ; and did not fail to administer affectionate reproof, when she perceived any thing wrong in their spirit or conduct. Her own meditations were often confined to this one thing,—“what can I do for the Lord?” not being satisfied with saving her own soul only. We need not, therefore, be surprised at her frequent reference to the prosperous state of the work of God, since she was herself so powerful an auxiliary in promoting its prosperity in the places where we resided. She endeavoured to retain the comfort of her own mind, in the discharge of the active duties of her station ; and while far from any desire to establish a righteousness of her own, she “had an eye to the recompence of the reward,” and resolved that no one should “take her crown.” On the state of the work at Retford at this time, she remarks,—“The Lord is pouring out his Spirit in a gracious manner in this place. Last Sunday the minister was stopped in his preaching, by the rapturous praise of a new-born soul. At the preaching on Monday, it was with difficulty that many restrained their feelings ; and at the prayer-meeting afterwards, two penitents were enabled to come to him who promises to cast none out. Other two received an assurance that the blood of Christ had cleansed their hearts. The flame is spreading ; very many are almost persuaded, and others altogether so, to give themselves to God.”

January 1820, she writes,—“My soul hath

enjoyed much prosperity last week. In private prayer especially, I have experienced the powerful effusions of the divine Spirit, and my soul has been as a well watered garden. The Lord hath provided a band-mate for me. Public bands are also established; and when we meet together, we have a foretaste of that rest which remaineth for the people of God."

After this she adds,—“‘As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!’ For the fulness of thy grace, the plenitude of thy Spirit, a mind stayed on thee,—for this I thirst, I long, I pant. I have an interest in the new and better covenant; my sins are forgiven, and my heart is cleansed; but, oh for a deeper baptism! such a plunge as shall enable me to have every thought in sweet subjection to my Saviour’s will!”

In writing to her sister she observes,—“My time is fully occupied in visiting the sick, and the members of Society; sewing for the poor; teaching adults to read; making plain bonnets, &c. My life glides pleasantly away, and I would not exchange my situation with the greatest lady in the land. My health has been uncommonly good this winter; and I may truly say with the apostle, ‘I have all and abound,’ and ask with the poet,

‘Whence to me this waste of love!’

Tell my mother if she wishes to know how I am, she must read the 222 hymn on the 215

page; which, with the exception of the third line in the second verse, is my state of mind.

‘How happy, gracious Lord, are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are,
Betwixt the mount and multitude;
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

With us no melancholy void,
No period lingers unemployed,
Or unimproved below.’

and that I cannot wish her a better wish, than to be as happy as I am.”

On the 18th *June* of this year, she observes,—
“Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all my days! It is now eleven years since I united myself in church-fellowship with the Methodists; and through grace I have been preserved from bringing a reproach upon the cause of God to the present time. I have also been enabled to retain my first love, since I was happily brought to possess it. And though very unfaithful to the grace which brought full salvation to my soul, yet at present I feel Jesus is mine, and I am his.”

About this time, she alludes to her state and employments, in a letter to her sister.—“We had a most delightful season at our band-meeting last Saturday. It was surely a foretaste of glory; especially when a young man was enabled to say, ‘Thou hast all my heart.’ I will give you an account of my engagements, and you may judge

how delightfully my days glide away. *Sunday*, seven o'clock I attend the prayer-meeting, also the preaching twice during the day; adult school, and a class of Sunday scholars. *Monday*, teaching writing to Sunday scholars, and in the evening attend preaching; *Tuesday*, prayer-meeting; *Wednesday*, class-meeting; *Thursday*, prayer-meeting; *Friday*, private band; *Saturday*, public band. Besides this, I am a visitor of a benevolent society; and with sewing for the poor, &c., my time is fully occupied. My health is good, and I am very happy; and only want the salvation of my friends, and a more grateful heart."

[It may be proper to observe, that the regular attendance on such a round of public duties, as Mrs. Hodgson enumerates, would not only be inconvenient to some persons, but might prove decidedly injurious to them; because, however desirable a frequent attendance on the public means of grace, there may be cases in which it would interfere with, and perhaps prevent the performance of other important duties. Mrs. H's was not, however, a case of this kind. At this period she had no family; and as the wife of a Methodist minister, she rightly judged it her duty to give herself wholly to the work of the Lord. Having first provided for the domestic comfort of her husband, she appears to have thought that she could not fully discharge the duty of "a help meet" for a minister, without

exhibiting in her example, a pattern of piety and benevolence; and hence she devoted so much of her time to the public services of religion, and to the prosecution of those plans for promoting the temporal and spiritual welfare of the flock, which were adapted to her sex and station in the church. In this manner she imitated the conduct of those holy women, of whom the apostle says, that they "laboured" with him "in the Gospel."]

During this year, Mrs. Hodgson was visited with the typhus fever, which greatly prevailed in Retford. She alludes to this in the following extract from her diary. "Being called to visit a man in the typhus fever a short time ago, I think I have caught the infection. How uncertain is life! how necessary to be quite ready for our change!"

To suffer in the will of God was often spoken of by her as a privilege; and she rejoiced in that declaration of the apostle,—“Unto you it is given, in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake.” And she strove to profit in her Christian experience, and sought the maturing of the passive graces of the Spirit, in being made perfect through suffering; so that being divinely enabled to suffer, “as seeing Him who is invisible,” she might “glory in tribulation also.” She often complained of herself, for not improving by affliction. And when, upon her recovery, she sometimes found that her desires after God were less fervent than she had

expected, she would exclaim,—“ Oh how unfaithful I am ! I feel ashamed before God on this account. Perhaps some more painful event may be permitted by the Almighty to bring his stubborn child nearer to Himself.”

In the month of *September* she observes,—“ Hitherto the sun of prosperity hath gilded our path ; but perhaps the night of adversity is now approaching. A dark cloud still hangs over our worldly prospects. But the Lord reigneth ; and ‘ though clouds and darkness are round about Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.’ I still feel much bodily weakness ; and having just heard of the death of one of our most pious members, and a most useful officer in the church, who is removed by a similar complaint to that under which I now suffer, death and eternity are brought very near. Prepare me fully for thy will, O Lord !”

[From some observations contained in Mrs. Hodgson’s diary, in the month of April, 1817,* it is evident that her mind had been occupied, even at that period, with considerations of the possibility that she and her husband might be called to engage in the missionary work. She then prayed “ Lord guide us in our providential path, and from that path let us never turn !”— The time was now approaching, in which it pleased God, clearly to indicate His will, as to her “ path ” of duty, by laying the case of the

* See page 66.

heathen so heavily on the conscience of her husband, that he could obtain "no quietness in his spirit," until he had offered himself to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee, as a candidate for the foreign work. On this subject the compiler read the following unaffected statement of his friend Mr. Hodgson, with feelings of no common interest. His sympathy with the exercises of mind, so simply, and therefore so naturally described, is probably the deeper, from having, in common with many other esteemed brethren, travelled over the same road;—none but a missionary can know the heart of a missionary. The compiler, however, feels persuaded, that all who pity and pray for the heathen, and who feel it their duty to contribute pecuniary help towards sending them Christian missionaries, will read the following statement with the deepest interest.]

I now come to a period both eventful and important; for my thoughts were at this time, more seriously turned to the field of missionary labour. And so strong a conviction, that it was become my duty to offer myself to the Missionary Committee, pressed upon my mind, that nothing short of some interference of divine Providence in hedging up my way, appeared sufficient to induce me to remain any longer in the work at home. These views and feelings were not the result of any momentary excitement; they had been entertained for some time; and my dear wife had long been aware of my anxiety on her

account, lest a sphere of labour should be assigned us, equally uncongenial with her judgment and disposition. Her aversion to my becoming a missionary was great; and no subject so much endangered that strong affection which had always existed between us, or exposed that pious submissive spirit which had been so prominent in her Christian character, to the danger of losing a part of its lustre. Her objection to listen to the proposal of occupying a foreign station, arose from a settled conviction that I was more adapted to promote the glory of God in the home department; and in this opinion she was confirmed, by the success which had, under the blessing of God, attended our labours in the circuits in which we had travelled; and especially from the thorough knowledge she had of my natural temperament, the ardour of which, she well knew, was only sustained by actual success in the conversion of souls. And she therefore thought, that to this peculiarity of my mind, the slow progress of missionary success, and the discouraging circumstances attached to missionary labour, in the then infant state of the work, were but ill adapted. Had I anticipated half the difficulties, and sacrifices to which I was afterwards called, my views might have been more in unison with her own. But perhaps her opposition to my views at this time, was permitted, and overruled by God, to produce such strong conviction of duty, as to afford support to

my mind, when at a later period, under most trying and discouraging circumstances on the Bechuana Mission, I was tempted to think I had missed my providential way. And hence, while on this mission, though sometimes tempted, I never felt any misgivings of conscience.

The conflict that was going on at this time in Mrs. Hodgson's mind, will be observed in the following extract in her diary of *29th October*.—"My mind has been recently exercised, respecting our providential path. My husband has long felt a disposition to offer himself as a missionary; but circumstances have hitherto prevented. His convictions have recently strengthened; but I almost shudder at the idea. I desire to be resigned to the divine will; but oh! I see it will require great grace to bid the last farewell to affectionate parents, kind relations, and Christian friends; to be tossed on the watery deep for months, &c. But what are all these things, when Jesus says, 'Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world!'"

To satisfy the mind of my wife, it was of great importance that the question of duty should be made clear; and when this point was settled, her decision of character was finely illustrated; and with wonderful energy of mind she proceeded in her course without wavering. Under the influence of this conviction, of duty, which was at length, after much conflict, produced, she tore herself from friends, to whom she was united by

a thousand ties; left her country, which she valued for its exalted privileges; and voluntarily resigned much that was valuable, to "make known among the heathen, the unsearchable riches of Christ." Her sacrifice was that of a devoted Christian, to which she was impelled by the love of Christ, for whose sake she became willing to wander from place to place; and with holy confidence in God she could now say,—

"Should He command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth,—to distant barbarous climes;
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun,
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles;—'Tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the wide waste, as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy."

In her diary, about this time, she expresses herself thus,—“My mind is much exercised to know the will of God, with respect to our future situation. When looking at the trials, difficulties, and privations of a missionary station, I shudder, and think I cannot go; but when I consider the support promised, and the crown that awaits above,—trials sink into insignificance, and God is all in all.”

In another passage she writes,—“I have had, for the last ten days, close intercourse with Deity. I could come as a child to a parent, and tell him my wants, my hopes, my fears; and found him very near. Perhaps the seasons of enjoyment I have been favoured with, are sent to prepare me

for trials; as it is probable I may have soon to bid adieu to England and its exalted privileges; to part with tender relatives, and go to distant lands, that I may tell of the Saviour's love. Well, my all, I have given into the hands of the Lord, and say, Do with me as thou wilt. I feel my confidence is strong in the Lord; I believe he will direct our path."

The ties of natural affection, in my dear wife, were strong. She wished not to forget, and she could not forget, her parents, as the guardians of her youth. Her heart was also closely united to her dear brother and sisters. When a sojourner in a foreign land, where the voice of her parents was never heard, and where she could not enjoy the society of her relatives, her prayers were often wafted to heaven in their behalf.

In *Jan.* 1821, she left me at Retford for Darlington, to spend a short time with her friends previously to our embarking for South Africa; from which place she wrote to me on the 30th of that month.

"My health has been good since I left you; and though my feelings have sometimes not been the most pleasing, yet, upon the whole, they have not been so painful as I anticipated; but the worst is yet to come. My affection for my dear Laidman is unabated. And the idea that you will be more happy on a foreign shore, frequently operates as an antidote to gloomy thoughts, which will sometimes intrude. I am

sorry you sent the letter to my father, as he heard of our intention before it arrived, and the sight of it considerably affected him. He said he guessed its contents, and would not read it. I felt keenly what he said, when accompanied by his tears; but brother kindly interposed, and requested my father would not make me unhappy whilst with them. My father replied, it arose from his affection, and promised to say no more on the subject. I have read Mrs Newell's life; and while perusing it, felt something of missionary zeal to inspire my breast. But I want much more love for souls; much more holiness of heart, to make me fit for the wife of a missionary. I sometimes fear I am not sufficiently alive to my situation, and do not calculate aright the trials that await me. But poring over, and anticipating evils that may never come, has a tendency to damp my spirits and make me uncomfortable; I therefore fall in with the Lord's declaration, 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'"

She has left no record of her feelings on leaving her friends and native place. And on this subject I will only remark, that the Lord wonderfully disposed the minds of many of our friends, to approve of the step; and removed the strong objections of others, who could not be expected to give full force to the motives by which a missionary and his wife are governed. She had anticipated the trying scene; and though her heart bled, the grace of God was found sufficient,

No one, however, who has not been in similar circumstances, can conceive the heart-rending distress experienced by those who are called to leave their relatives and country; the place of the earliest endearments of friendship, and where, as in our case, they were first taught to lisp the praises of the Redeemer, to value a Saviour's blood, and to count all things but loss in comparison of Him. When we took our departure, tears flowed profusely; friends hung upon our breasts; and the only consolation was in God, and in the pleasing consideration of leaving all for Christ's sake, in hope of being instrumental in leading some poor degraded heathen to him, as their Saviour;—and this hope restored tranquillity to the mind.

Mrs. H. wrote in her diary, after our return to Retford, under date of the *18th February*, 1821, being the last entry before our leaving England,—“Since I last recorded my feelings and my mercies, many important transactions have occurred, and many painful scenes have been witnessed. My beloved husband has offered himself as a missionary for South Africa, and is accepted. The parting scene with near and dear relations is over. In a few more weeks we leave our native land, and become strangers in a strange country. O God! we look to thee for all the grace we shall need, when we quit England, cross the stormy sea, and enter on a foreign shore. Thou wilt give grace according to our day. We rely upon thy

promise. Hitherto thou hast been better than all our fears. Oh qualify us for our important work! and may we feel thou art with us to the end of the world!"

On the *5th March*, 1821, I preached my last sermon at Retford, previous to embarking for South Africa; and took leave of many kind friends in that circuit,—friends for whom I have ever retained a strong affection; and which has been greatly increased by the uniform kindness shown to me, during my late residence in that field of labour;* by the respectful attention paid to my ministry; and by the candour exercised towards my many defects. The separation of a minister of the Gospel and his family,—beloved by many for their work's sake,—from a most affectionate people, is deeply painful; but presents a scene of no uncommon occurrence in Methodism, it being a necessary consequence of our itinerant system. But in proportion to our comfort, while in the circuit, was the pain of parting with such kind friends. While in Retford, we had been favoured with harmony in the society, and with a hearty co-operation in measures to promote the prosperity of the cause of God, which were followed by a most gracious and extensive revival

* During his recent residence in England, Mr. Hodgson was appointed, at the Conference of 1833, to labour amongst his old friends, at their request, in the Retford circuit. And it is somewhat remarkable, that he should have removed a *second* time from that circuit, to the distant scene of his labours in Southern Africa.

of religion, and a considerable improvement in the financial affairs of the circuit.

A minister amongst the Wesleyan Methodists, is called to forsake his father and mother, house and land, for the Gospel's sake. In this he gives full proof of his attachment to Christ. But while he evinces the true spirit of Christian sacrifice, he is not called to give up every opportunity for the occasional gratification of natural affection. The Christian missionary, however, sacrifices "*enjoyment* as well as attachment;" and evinces self-denial, and devotedness to the cause of God, in a higher degree. And hence, the wife of a missionary, with a mind most delicately formed, and feeling in full force the tenderness of natural affection, must be regarded as offering a more costly sacrifice, when she voluntarily accompanies her husband to scenes of difficulty and danger in distant countries.

My wife had no romantic view of missionary enterprise; no ambitious, or selfish purposes to answer; she calmly estimated the trials of a missionary life; she counted the cost, and anticipated the issue to which it might lead; she "forsook all," to be a disciple of Christ. While accompanying me to South Africa, she performed in *deed*, what she had often done in *heart* before. And as the reward of her self-denial she received, "an hundred fold, even in this life." In the end, she lost nothing by what she sacrificed on Christ's account; but had "comfort in tribulation." The

lonely desert through which she passed, was witness to her joy; and innumerable "perils by land and by sea," shook not her confidence in God.

CHAPTER VI.

Remarks.—Dr. Clarke on the qualifications of Missionaries' Wives.—Embark for Southern Africa.—Detention at Plymouth.—Letter to Friends.—Last view of England.—Dangers at sea.—Arrive in Table Bay.—Cape Town.—Loss of spiritual privileges.—Immorality and neglect of Religion in Cape Town.—Letter to her Mother.—Extracts from Diary.—Appointed to the Bechuana Mission.—Progress of the Wesleyan Mission in Cape Town, 1821—2.—Late Mr. Beavan.—Mr. Melville.—Affecting Letter from a Missionary, stating his privations and trials.—Late Jacob Links.—Embark for Algoa Bay.—Bethelsdorp.—Salem.—Graham's Town.—Somerset.—Graaf Reinett.—Proceed towards the Bechuana Country.—Bushmen.—A Bushman Chief.—Arrive at Campbell.—Difficulty in procuring an Interpreter.

[WE are now to view Mrs. Hodgson as placed in a most important and influential position. We have already seen her in the character of the affectionate and dutiful child;—the early convert to "Christianity in earnest;"—the humble, but devoted and consistent member of the Methodist society;—the active and useful class-leader;—and the beloved "help meet" of a Methodist minister;—in all which the pious and intelligent reader, will have "glorified God in her;" for of every kind of excellence which may have been exhibited by her in these varied circumstances, she would herself have said, "By the grace of

God, I am what I am." Now, however, the scene again shifts; and we are to behold her as the wife of a Wesleyan missionary, in a foreign land. No female can be called to occupy a station in society of greater importance than this. It is possible that in the opinion of the million, the devoted wife of a Christian missionary may be rather the object of pity, than regarded as occupying a station of great importance, and vast influence. But the pious and thoughtful view this subject differently;—for if to be placed in circumstances which excite general attention; and to take a material share in operating changes,—either in their incipient degrees, or more advanced stages, in the condition of whole tribes and nations, the effects of which are to be felt by succeeding generations of men, and to extend to eternity itself,—if a station in society which is necessarily connected with circumstances such as these, may be regarded as important and influential, then assuredly, the wife of a missionary is placed in a position of larger influence, and greater responsibility, than any to which individuals of the female sex, are usually summoned.

Entertaining these views, the compiler is happy to be able to quote, as an authority on this subject, the recorded opinion of the late Rev. Dr. ADAM CLARKE; who in his introduction to the *Memoirs of the excellent Mrs. Clough*, remarks,—that in examining candidates for the missionary work, it is proper "to enquire whether they be not, or

about to be *unequally yoked* with unbelievers; or with persons *unqualified* to be real *help mates* and true *yoke fellows* in the word and work of the Gospel. Where this is not the case, how heavily do the wheels of the Gospel chariot, on which such missionary is mounted, move on!—*tarda volventia plaustra*. Such a wife is not *respected*, because she is not *useful*; and she is not *useful*, because she is *unqualified* for the station that she rather encumbers than fills.” It will not be deemed irrelevant if the compiler further add, that he feels himself fully warranted, in adopting the language used by Dr. Clarke with reference to Mrs. Clough, as expressive of his own opinion of Mrs. Hodgson. “She was eminently fitted in spirit, in prudence, in economy, in genuine dignity of carriage and conduct, and in deep piety, for the station which, alas for the work! she so short a time, so usefully occupied.”]

On the 6th March we left Retford; and were affectionately received at the Mission House in London, where we tarried for a few days, and on the 18th, we embarked at Gravesend on board the Duke of Marlborough, and sailed for the Downs. While proceeding down the Channel, contrary winds induced the captain to come to anchor in the sound off Plymouth, on the 24th, where we were detained till the 5th of April. From Plymouth my wife wrote to her friends.

“On the 21st, a favourable gale wafted us down the Channel, about eight or ten miles an hour;

but it was soon succeeded by a dead calm, which was followed by a strong contrary wind; so that we were obliged to anchor here. It will be a satisfaction to know that I am quite well, and have got the character of being an excellent sailor; having not yet been sea-sick, and otherwise in good health. Yesterday was the Sabbath, but we were not favoured with the privileges you would enjoy. However, my husband read prayers, and preached in the cabin; and I found that Jehovah is the God on sea as well as on land. I begin to wish for a fair wind, to carry us out to sea; though when the sea is roaring, and the rain pouring down, I feel thankful for a good harbour. My mind is very comfortable and happy; but fear I shall be tired of our company before we see Table Mountain, as none of them are decidedly religious, and it is painful to hear the name of God blasphemed, and see so much trifling among the passengers."

On the *6th April* we passed Lizard Point, and took our last view of our native land, reminding us most forcibly of the kind friends whom we had left behind. The first and last of every thing is always impressive; and by the last view of our country we were reminded of the last time we prayed with Christian friends on our native soil; of the last kiss impressed upon a mother's lips; of the last rending from deeply afflicted relatives; of the last view of home, &c.,—and we could not but weep, even while re-

joining that we were called thus to sacrifice to God.

The dangers of the ocean are sufficient to intimidate any heart, unless fortified by divine grace. And it is surprising that persons so manifestly committing themselves into circumstances of special and entire dependance upon divine Providence for preservation, should think of taking a long voyage, subject to its usual incidents, without being prepared for a better world. At sea, distressing apprehensions of death, are often felt by the irreligious; and here, at least, we are almost compelled to trust in God alone, all other hope being cut off; for what can restrain the powerful element within its prescribed bounds but Omnipotence? And who can preserve in danger and from death, those shut up in a little floating prison, but He whom "the winds and the sea obey?"

While on the ocean, Mrs. Hodgson wrote,—
"After a pleasant day yesterday, we had a heavy squall, which carried away our foretop gallant mast; and the weather was so tempestuous as, for the first time we left Gravesend, to prevent our holding Divine service."

On another occasion she remarks,—
"Last night we had a heavy gale of wind, which blew to atoms one of our sails, but did no further injury. My mind was comfortable and resigned to the Divine will the whole of the time; and I laid down in my birth with composure, and slept well

whilst the ship was rolling, the sea roaring, sailors shouting, and the water washing over us."

At another time she remarks,—“Went on deck this morning, to see one of the grandest sights in nature,—the sea rolling, what is called, mountains high. While reading, a sea, almost mast high, broke over the vessel, and poured into the cabin. I escaped a good drenching, but my husband was covered with the spray.”

On the 19th *June*, we came to anchor in Table Bay; and shortly after, my wife addressed a letter to her mother, giving a brief account of the voyage, from which I extract the following.—“It will give my dear mother pleasure to find that we are safely landed on the shores of Africa, after having had a most favourable passage. I have seen little of Cape Town yet; but what I have seen quite charms me; it certainly is a most beautiful place. But I think it a very proud one, and the inhabitants dress much more than they do in England. I fear you have been many times uneasy since I saw you; but I beg you will not make yourself unhappy on my account; you have no reason to do so. Let me but hear that my dear parents are fully devoted to God, and I shall be happy. Few missionaries have been so highly favoured as ourselves, with respect to the voyage. Our captain and his wife, with the owner of the vessel and other passengers, treated us with the greatest kindness; and now we are safely landed, and comfortable in our

present situation. Mr. B. Shaw is preaching to the slaves in the Dutch language. I was quite delighted the first time I heard them sing in Dutch."

On the *3rd September*, she laments her spiritual state of mind, arising from unwatchfulness, and want of retirement; and contrasting her present privileges with those enjoyed by her in England, writes,—“What a blessing is communion of saints! a privilege I now know how to value. What a change, in leaving a lovely society of Christians, who were stimulating each other to diligence, and helping each other forward, and now to be in a place almost wholly given up to wickedness, and with scarcely any that know the power of godliness! My situation, with respect to Gospel privileges, is very different to what it was. Here are only two or three with whom I am acquainted, who seem to care for their souls. No lively prayer-meetings; no Christian conversation, &c. For those who profess the name of Jesus, have little experience in Divine things; and I find a great want of those invaluable means I enjoyed in my native land, especially public and private band-meetings. On the other hand, vice and immorality awfully prevail. Sabbaths profaned; ordinances neglected; pride and show appearing to influence all classes of society. Yet these things will not excuse my own unfaithfulness. I know the grace of God could preserve a David on the

throne, a Daniel in a court, and it can also keep me from the pollutions that are in the world."

In *October* she wrote to her mother and stated,—"I assure you, I have found things much better than I had any idea of, both on the sea and since we came here. Indeed we have as comfortable a house, &c., as I could wish; and I have never enjoyed my health so well, as since I left England. If it were not so wicked a place, and I had my friends here, I could spend my days very well in Cape Town. But it is a dreadfully wicked place; the soldiers are a most dissipated set; and wine having been so low as threepence per bottle affords the opportunity of getting drunk at small expense. The slaves are most dreadfully sunk in vice. The Sabbath is their holiday, when they assemble near the town, spend several hours in dancing, get drunk, and return home; or otherwise are endeavouring, by merchandise, to procure a little money for themselves. They are chiefly Mahomedans, and will not enter any Christian place of worship. My dear mother, let us be preparing for another world. Then, when the fleeting joys of time and sense are over, we shall meet where there is no parting. No sorrow there shall intervene, for all is happiness above.

'Thither may every wish ascend,
And every sacred passion soar!
Then, when this fleeting life shall end,
Again we'll meet, to part no more.'"

In *December* following, she recurs to the same

painful subject, by stating,—“ Our prospects here are not the most pleasing. Many who professed themselves Christians when in their native land, scarcely attend any of the means of grace here. Others who were lively and zealous in England, appear to have lost their zeal before landing on the shores of Africa. While some are drinking into the spirit which prevails, and are living in sin.”

January 18th, 1822.—She thus solemnly dedicated herself to God.—“ Since the beginning of this year, I have, both publicly and privately, given up myself to God in profession. Oh that it may be in sincerity and truth! This morning, my soul has been drawn out in earnest desire to be entirely devoted to His service; and I have solemnly consecrated my all to the Lord, in the language of the poet,—

‘ Take my soul and body’s powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will :
All my goods, and all my hours;
All I know, and all I feel :
All I think, or speak, or do;—
Take my heart,—but make it new !

‘ Now, my God, thine own I am !
May I give thee back thine own !
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone !
Thine I live,—thrice happy I !
Happier still if thine I die ! ’

May I remember that the vows of the Lord are upon me; and, from this day, live to God

alone. I feel now that Jehovah owns me for his child. My soul is happy in the Rock of my Salvation."

In the month of *February*, she recorded in her diary thus,—“‘Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all his benefits,’ is truly the language of my heart at present. Reading Saurin’s sermon on the sublimity of devotion, has proved a blessing to my soul this morning; and I feel a hungering and thirsting for this ‘perpetual contemplation,—groaning in spirit,—triumph over obstacles,—ardency of desire and sacrifice.’ And whilst pleading with the Lord for this perfection of love, I found power more fully to cast my soul into the Saviour’s blood, and rest on the Rock of Ages. Oh that I may never forget this renewed instance of Divine love! The Lord has lately many times powerfully visited my soul, and I have been ready to think, I can never more unfaithful prove. But, alas! too often has this been succeeded by coldness and indifference.

In *September*, 1822, we were appointed to a Mission amongst the Bechuanas; and set off by way of Graham’s Town, to join Mr. Broadbent, who had left Cape Town some months before, for the same object. During our residence in Cape Town, we had often mourned over the awful situation of its inhabitants, and at the small prospect of the Gospel making much progress, either amongst the European residents, or the heathen population; against which the general

prevalence of pride, extravagance, gaiety, indifference to religion, and gross outward sin, presented a most formidable barrier. Here, however, the Lord's servants were not altogether destitute of comfort. For united in labour with brother Barnabas Shaw, and assisted for a short time by brother S. Broadbent, a little fruit appeared; and some encouraging circumstances arose, to warrant the expectation, that even here, the glories of the cross of Christ shall triumphantly appear. We obtained Mission premises, and occupied them without any expense to the Missionary Committee. A school for the heathen was erected, thirty-nine feet square; at the opening of which thirty-three pounds were collected, on which a day school was commenced. A Sunday school was also opened for the English, by the enrolment of twelve children, in addition to that for the slaves already in operation. A few were awakened and truly converted to God. A small class was formed, both of Dutch, English, and native members; and a measure of religious influence was diffused amongst the civilized and heathen population. We saw sufficient to satisfy us as to the importance of this field of missionary labour, and to justify us in having followed the openings of divine Providence in occupying it.

Here we became acquainted with Mr. Beavan, who came from England at his own expense, and accompanied Mr. Melville into the interior, with the view of devoting his attention to the formation

of the Sichuana language, for which employment he was peculiarly qualified by his talents and habits. This excellent man was cut off by death, at Beaufort, where his remains are interred. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! In Cape Town we also became acquainted with that excellent and truly disinterested man of God, Mr. John Melville; who, to serve the cause of Missions, nobly sacrificed the comforts of a residence in Cape Town, voluntarily exchanging a most respectable and lucrative situation under the Colonial Government, for an appointment of much less value, several hundred miles in the interior, and that with the pious intention of serving the general interests of the great Mission cause. Surely the primitive spirit of Christianity has not yet departed from amongst us, while men are found, who "count not their lives dear unto themselves, so that they may finish their course with joy."

We had the privilege of being introduced to the acquaintance of several others of the excellent of the earth,—men whose labours have been long directed to the evangelizing of the heathen. One of these, in writing from Great Namaqualand, observed,—“Our difficulties are neither few nor slight. The clothes I used to wear whilst with you, hang loose upon me. The natives say I am come to make peace, for the purpose of letting their enemies gain advantage over them. This being the case, they are seeking my life to destroy it. In departing from Bethany for this

place, the people said I was about to ruin my wife and children. We are now without bread, sugar, coffee, salt, rice, milk, and every other comfort we had in Kamies Berg, with the exception of a little tea, which, from being without sugar we seldom use. We have also no slaughter sheep; nor have we anything to purchase with. And since the small hatchets were exchanged, we have lived on the mercy of——the native chief, and kind Providence, in sending us wild animals. It is now no little trial to me, to have my two infants about me crying for milk, rice, or anything else; and to have nothing to give them but dried flesh.”

And here also we met with Jacob Links, the native teacher. He was a Namaqua; and his devotion to the mission cause was unbounded. He had been converted through the agency of the Wesleyan Mission at Kamies Berg; and as a pious, faithful man, he was esteemed by all who knew him. He was afterwards murdered in Great Namaqualand, while travelling in that country with his fellow-sufferer the late Rev. W. Threlfall, to take the Gospel of peace to its barbarous inhabitants. The circumstances of the Bechuana Mission were at this time, so peculiar; and the state of brother Broadbent, who had fallen sick on his way to that country, was so alarming, as to induce the brethren then at Cape Town, to urge my engaging in that department of our work; to which I most cheerfully consented.

On the 20th of September we embarked on board the *Mary*, for Algoa Bay; but after struggling against a south-west wind, and in vain endeavouring to double the Cape, we were obliged to return to Table Bay, where we came to anchor, about nine o'clock P. M. on the following day. On the 24th we were again separated from our kind friends; and after an unpleasant voyage and much sea-sickness, came to anchor on the 1st of October. My family and goods were conveyed to Bethelsdorp the following day, where we were most affectionately received by the residents of that interesting and flourishing station of the London Missionary Society. From Mr. and Mrs. Kitchingman we received the utmost possible kindness and attention; and had many hints given us as African travellers, which proved useful.

Here we hired a wagon, &c., to convey us and our goods to Graham's Town, for which we paid to a Hottentot a hundred rix dollars.* The managers of this institution had lately purchased a farm, for the purpose of cultivating the growth of corn to a larger extent, for the benefit of the station; and I was forcibly struck with the noble generosity of this pious man, who, though he had a wife and three children, and was not in affluent circumstances, presented the money immediately upon its receipt, to Mr. Kitchingman, as his subscription to the new farm.

* Seven pounds, ten shillings sterling.

October 5th. We left Bethelsdorp, and reached the Zwartkops River, about six o'clock P. M., where we unyoked the oxen, and made our first meal in the open air, after the manner of African travellers. We slept in our wagon not only safely, but with more comfort than we had anticipated.

October 9th. We were affectionately received by brother William Shaw at Salem; and on the following day, we visited Theopolis, where my missionary feelings were much gratified, in hearing a converted Caffre expound a chapter in the New Testament, in Dutch to the Hottentots, in their usual evening service.

October 13th. I preached twice at Salem; and was much pleased with the congregation requesting a prayer-meeting after the evening service, to commend us to God. The inhabitants appeared pious; showed marked attention to the religious service; and were very respectable in their personal appearance.

On the following day we left our dear friends at Salem; and after experiencing a few of the usual difficulties in African travelling,—arising from the wickedness of a farmer, the breaking of the traces of the oxen, &c.,—and ascending some almost impassable mountains, we reached Graham's Town, in the evening of the second day.

October 19th. We took our departure from Graham's Town, accompanied by brother William Shaw; who left us the following morning, greatly

impressed in his favour, and thankful for the counsel he had given, and the brotherly kindness he and his family had shown us. We now found ourselves, for the first time, in a strict sense, "strangers in a strange land;" and had to contend alone with the strong prejudices then existing against missionaries, from persons inhabiting the interior of the colony; as well as to surmount the usual dangers and difficulties arising from travelling.

23rd. We reached Somerset, and had the pleasure of meeting with a lady who sailed with us from England on board the Marlborough. She received us with every mark of friendship. I enjoyed the privilege of preaching in English to twenty persons, in Mr. Pringle's house; and we were loaded with kindness by every branch of the family, by whom every thing in their power was done to promote our comfort.

29th. We reached Graaf Reinet, and my mind was greatly relieved by finding brother Broadbent in a state of health, which admitted of our prosecuting the mission entrusted to us; and we were enabled, on the 1st of *November*, to move towards the Bechuana country. The third day of that month, being Sunday, was spent at the house of Mynheer Van Heeren, who received us with the greatest kindness, welcoming us as the messengers of God. His servants and slaves were assembled at the family altar, both morning and evening; and Mr. B. was requested to hold divine

service in the house, when all who could attend were required to be present. Of Mr. Van Heeren we purchased thirty goats, ninety sheep, and two milch cows, with each a calf. We left this family accompanied by their good wishes and prayers; and set off in true patriarchal style; having three wagons, three drivers, and three leaders of the oxen; to which retinue must be added eight souls, comprising the members of brother Broadbent's and my own family.

November 15th. We reached the Cradock, one of the principal branches of the great Orange or Gariep river; and which, as the stream was not swollen by rains, we forded without much difficulty. Here we left the limits of the colony, and entered a heathen land, where men roam about at large, uncontrolled by divine or human laws, doing only what is right in their own eyes.

Nov. 17th. We were in motion before sunrise, with a view to arrive in time to attend divine service at the Institution for the Bushmen, under the management of Jan Goedman, a native teacher. Few natives were on the station at the time; most of them having gone in search of what they term rice, that is the eggs or larvæ of ants, which they procure as food from the large ant hills which are every where scattered over the country; and bulbous roots, which they dig from the earth with a sharp pointed stick, with amazing dexterity. The Bushmen are the most despised of the native

tribes of this land; and they are certainly in a most deplorable condition. Of outward comforts they are entirely destitute; and their highest enjoyment is that of smoking tobacco, of which they are passionately fond. Their huts are miserable habitations, scarcely deserving the name, consisting of a mat or two supported by a few sticks; and their only kind of clothing consists of a few filthy skins, which leave them, after all, nearly in a state of nudity.

A few days after leaving this place, we passed a wandering Bushman tribe, whose king or chieftain presented himself before us with his attendants, in his usual costume, and in all the pomp of Bushman royalty. He had only one shoe, a hat without a brim,—probably given him by some traveller,—no other clothing except a loose skin garment answering the purpose of a mantle. He was ornamented with a plate of brass hung at one ear, another at his breast; and a few bracelets made of twisted leather were fastened on his arms. He held the wand of authority in his hand, and a small bag hung round his neck. Although he was an object of pity, I could not help being amused on seeing this king, with his miserable looking attendants, squatted near the wagons, and receiving as a matter of great favour, the gift of four feet of a goat we had killed. These were at once thrown on the fire, not so much with the intention of broiling them, as with the design of burning off the hair. This purpose

being quickly accomplished, they were then eaten with the greatest avidity.

Dec. 2nd. We reached the Vaal, or Yellow River, which we had to pass on a float formed of the branches of trees, fastened together by a cordage made of the inner bark of trees, and which was effected without any accident, by the assistance of natives kindly sent to our help by Mr. Sass, the missionary of the London Society at Campbell.—This operation occupied three days.

Dec. 6th. We reached the residence of Mr. Sass, who received us with all the kindness of a Christian brother. During our unavoidable detention here, we visited Griqua Town, where we became acquainted with the missionary Mr. Helm, and renewed our friendship with Mr. Melville the Government Agent. Here, also, the utmost affection was shown us. It was, however, with some difficulty that we succeeded in obtaining an interpreter who understood the Sichuana language. The consultations we had with the brethren of the London Society, determined our course to the Bechuana country, up the Vaal, or Yellow River; and after making the necessary preparations, which, in consequence of the conduct of some of the influential natives, we had great difficulty in doing, we left Mr. Sass and his family on the 26th; of whose kindness and affection I cannot say too much.

CHAPTER VII.

Remarks.— Proceed to explore the country in search of a Bechuana tribe.—Deserted by native servants.—Distressing situation,—Servants return, and the missionary party proceeds.—Affecting conduct of a Coranna Chief.—Arrive at a Coranna Village.—Again deserted by the Interpreter.—Sudden alarm among the Corannas.—Unexpected, but providential meeting with a horde of Bechuanas.—Difficulty arising from want of an Interpreter.—A deserted village.—A ride on ox-back.—Return of the Interpreter.—Proceed on the journey.—Receive intelligence of the movement of the invading tribe.—Visit a town, and discover a half famished female child.—Some account of this girl, afterwards called Orphena Retford.—Oxen stolen by the Bushmen.—Perilous circumstances.—Providential escape from Lions.—First interview with the Chief Sifonello.—Troublesome curiosity of the Natives.—A Bechuana repast.—Visit of Sifonello to the Missionary Wagons.—Recovery of the Oxen.—Arrival at Makwasse.—Extract from Mrs. Hodgson's diary.—Letter to a Friend.—Journey to Griqua Town.—Danger from Four Lions.—War amongst the Natives.—Letter to a Female Friend.—Journey to Makwasse to extricate Mr. Broadbent from danger.—Cannibals.—Distressing scene.—Oxen frightened by a Lion.—Arrival at Makwasse.—Second journey to Griqua Town, and return with Mrs. Hodgson to Makwasse.—Directed to proceed to Cape Town.—Journey through the Desert.—Scarcity of Water.—Arrival at Kamies Berg.—Prosperous state of the Wesleyan Mission at that place.

[THE London Missionary Society has long supported a mission amongst the Griquas,—a race of coloured people denominated “Bastards” by the

colonists. The greater part of them are descendants of white men who had cohabited with native women. Many years ago, a large number of persons of this class, established themselves in the thinly peopled Bushman country, beyond the boundaries of the colony. They have also gradually intermingled with some of the Coranna tribes,—a race of Hottentots, who originally occupied a part of that country. Being acquainted with some of the ruder arts of civilized life, and with the use of fire arms, they easily obtained an influence over the nearer native tribes; towards whom, however, they have not always behaved with either kindness or justice. As the greater part of them speak the Dutch language, and as they had acquired from the colonists some general notions of the nature of Christianity, they received with great readiness the missionaries sent amongst them. Many of them have learned to read and write, in the Mission Schools; and not a few have embraced the Christian religion.

The Griquas are rapidly increasing in number. The colonial government has recognized their chiefs, and guaranteed to them an extensive territory,—their claims to which had previously consisted in actual possession, and the right of conquest.

The Griqua mission has therefore become increasingly important; inasmuch as the conversion and civilization of the various clans living within the Griqua territory, cannot fail to have a

great influence amongst the numerous tribes with whom they are maintaining a constant intercourse. As evidence of this, it is only necessary to mention, that an early consequence of the establishment of a mission at Griqua Town, by the agents of the London Missionary Society, was the extension of their mission to the *Bechuanas* at *Leetakoo*.

When the Wesleyan Missionaries arrived in that country, it was not their intention to establish themselves in the district already occupied by the London Society. They wished not to "boast of another man's line of things made ready to their hands,"—but to "preach the Gospel in the regions beyond." Accordingly, after a free and friendly conference with the missionaries of that society, the Wesleyan Missionaries resolved on tracing upwards the Vaal River,—a large, if not the main branch of the Great Orange River,—in search of the Borolong tribe of Bechuanas. Some of the Griquas had formed a very slight acquaintance with this tribe on their hunting excursions, but no missionary or other European had as yet visited them. Leetakoo is nearly *due north* from Griqua Town; while the route which the Wesleyan Missionaries resolved on pursuing was far to the eastward of the latter place,—thus bringing them into an entirely new and distinct field of labour.

The dangers and difficulties encountered in this hazardous enterprize, are very distinctly described

in the following continuation of Mr. Hodgson's narrative.]

Dec. 31st. After a most fatiguing days travelling, we retired to rest, thinking of our Christian friends in England, who were closing the year in God's house, while we were journeying in the wilderness; and, Abraham like, "not knowing whither we went." But we sought those who had never heard the sound of Jesu's name, under the promise of Jehovah, "Lo I am with you always!"

Sunday, 5th Jan. 1823, was spent on the banks of the Vaal River; where, having occasion to reprove one of our men for disobedience, a violent altercation took place, which developed a preconcerted plan among the hirelings we had brought from the colony, to leave us in the wilderness; which they carried into effect, leaving us with only two boys, about twelve years of age, to assist us in managing the wagons, fifty-two oxen, and seventeen sheep; and to protect ourselves from both wild beasts and wild men. In prosecuting the object of our mission, our situation was truly distressing, and called for the exercise of the strongest confidence in the providence of God. Satisfied, however, with the steps we had taken, both as to the reproof given, and the measures adopted to allay the ferment, we retired to rest more composed in our minds than we expected. About one o'clock the following morning, I was awakened by my wife, who had heard the approach of people; and looking out of the wagon,

by the light of the moon I observed ten men mounted on oxen, and two on horseback; one of whom had a gun on his shoulder, and was attended by other natives, clothed merely in their native karosses. The sight was not only novel, but also calculated to excite fear in our defenceless state. However, I immediately arose, and met them as they approached the wagons. They appeared to be friendly; and therefore, after giving them a little tobacco I retired to rest,—the chief having, in the course of conversation, expressed a wish for us to settle with his tribe.

The following morning our servants returned to the wagons; and showing symptoms that conscience had not entirely lost its influence, consented, as a matter of special favour, to conduct us to the first Coranna village. Here they were confirmed in their resolution to leave us, by the reports they heard of the cruelties practised by the native tribes, known by the designation of Mantatees, who had advanced from the remote parts of the interior, and were formidable in number, and most savage in their warfare. The reports of their cruelties were certainly most awful, and sufficient to astound the stoutest heart. Our people were under the influence of one man, a Mulatto, whom we hired after leaving Graaf Reinet; and to him must be ascribed that most unkind, rebellious, and cruel conduct, manifested towards us. Our situation was indeed distressing. Mr. B., from his state of health, was unable to

make much exertion; my wagon was in an unsafe state from the axletree being injured; we were within the range of war, and amongst natives in a savage state, where Europeans had seldom been; and with the disposition, habits, language &c., of the natives we were almost entirely unacquainted. "Our extremity" was, however, "God's opportunity;" and we resolved to proceed even with our two boys, till stopped by Him who thus "tried our faith," and who permitted Satan and his emissaries for a season, to appear likely to succeed in frustrating our design to introduce the Gospel amongst those who were entirely destitute of religious instruction. We had, at length, the satisfaction of seeing a salvation wrought out for us, and the plans of the wicked were defeated. The people remained firm to their purpose of forsaking us; but when the oxen were yoked, we made one final effort, and succeeded in inducing all to accompany us, except the man who had excited the rebellion, and whom we gladly left behind to pursue his course to the colony, where it is probable that the operation of "the law," in a civilized community, may be found sufficient to curb his turbulent and rebellious spirit.

Jan. 9th. We joined a Coranna chief, and remained at his village two days, to gain intelligence respecting the disturbed state of the interior, and to allow of my repairing the wagon tilt, which, from admitting the rain, had become both uncomfortable and dangerous. Here we received

the greatest kindness from the chief; and he expressed a most anxious wish for our remaining with him and his people. In a conversation with Mr. B., he declared his resolution that we should not leave him; that he would take the whip and drive our wagons to the place where he intended to reside, and which was much better than his present residence, and where he said, we could make gardens and sow corn. He added, that he would supply us with animal food and milk; that he had long wished to have teachers; and that if we would not remain, he would "*lie down and breathe his life out.*" Our promise to represent his case to the Missionary Committee in England, was not satisfactory to his mind; and not being able to use the whip, he placed himself as the leader of our oxen, and ordered his people to drive our loose cattle, sheep &c., to the place where he intended to reside. Upon seeing us resolved to tear ourselves from him, and pursue the course necessary for prosecuting our mission to the Bechuanas, he left us; and going to his native hut, obtained his mantle, spears, bows, and arrows, and followed us, as if determined to abide by us. Approaching our train, he appeared agitated; in vain we attempted to reconcile him to our departure; but satisfied as to our determination, the old man returned to his people, with a countenance and manner indicating the deepest sorrow. Indeed our hearts were moved; for instead of having to protect ourselves from

those engaged in war, our chief difficulty, at this time, was to tear ourselves from those who were ready to contend which tribe should possess the messengers of peace; and had not our mission been expressly intended for the Bechuana country, we could not have done violence to our feelings in resisting the urgent claims of this old chief, supported by his people.

An hour's ride brought us to another Coranna village; where, as we drove along, the people viewed us with astonishment; but as soon as a little confidence was gained, they appeared pleased with our visit. Soon after our arrival, the chief, an elderly man,—who assumes more authority among his people than the one we left,—approached our wagons, and accepted a small present of beads, &c., as a token of friendship; in return for which we received some sour and sweet milk, and a fat heifer to be slaughtered, as expressive of his joy at our visit. The following morning, we sent a man to demand our cattle of the chief who had taken them to his residence. But the servant returned in the evening, stating that the captain would not give them up without a present; as he had, in returning from the wagons, fallen and bruised his knee, and demanded from us a compensation for the accident. We smiled at the singularity of the demand, though grieved that such a selfish principle should possess the breast of one who had so lately expressed his desire for missionaries. The absence of the

cattle, and the demand of a present for their restoration, gave us little concern; but we had much greater reason for the indulgence of some anxiety, from our interpreter of the Bechuana language having been induced by some Corannas clandestinely to quit our service. We had reason to suspect treachery again; and felt that Satan was striving hard to hinder us in our purpose.

The following morning about three o'clock, I set off on foot to seek the interpreter, at a Coranna village, where we suspected he was concealed, and which I reached after a long and fatiguing walk. Here I was satisfied a plan had been laid to perplex us, and hinder the establishment of our mission; and though I tried persuasive measures, and offered the chief a considerable present, and even threatened him with the disapprobation of the colonial government, under whose sanction we were travelling, I was obliged, after lurking among the bushes for some time like a tiger for his prey, with a heavy heart, and a wearied body, to travel towards the wagons. Upon my arrival, almost exhausted with fatigue, I was surprised to find all in motion. The houses of the natives,—which consisted merely of a few sticks, covered with mats, and fastened together in the form of a bee hive,—were nearly all taken down; the cattle brought together; and all were preparing for flight, from the invading tribes already referred to, and who were supposed to be at no great distance from us.

Shortly after I received this information, a great number of cattle were seen upon the rising ground before us, approaching our encampment, accompanied by natives armed with their shields, spears, battle axes, &c. ; and as the Corannas fled in great haste, we were left alone, to the peril of meeting the enemy of whom we had heard so much, and who were carrying devastation and ruin through the land. In a short time, the captain of the party, with several of his attendants, approached us with confidence; and we regaled them with bread, and thickened milk, of which they partook with as much astonishment as eagerness. No time was lost in presenting the chief with a present of beads, buttons, knife, tinder-box, handkerchief, &c. ; which, though of trifling value, gratified him much. But, alas! our interpreter was fled; and we felt most painfully his absence, at a time when his services would have been of the greatest importance to us. All we could collect from our very imperfect communication with this chief, was merely that they were not the invading tribe we dreaded, but that he was brother of the chief with whom we wished to settle; and that they were retiring from their enemies; and all that we could make him understand was, that we were seeking his brother the chief of the Borolongs, with whom we wished to remain. While painfully musing over our situation, one of our servants discovered that a *Bushwoman*, who could speak a little *Dutch*, and a *Coranna*

man, who spoke *Sichuana*, were of the party. At this intelligence our hopes revived, but only to sink the lower; for though we might have communicated with the Borolongs through these people, they refused to interpret our wishes, or give the least explanation of our circumstances; an unkindness which arose from the jealousy of the Corannas towards the Bechuana tribes, and their consequent displeasure at our resolution to settle with the latter.

In the hope of either reclaiming our interpreter, or of meeting with some other individual to supply his place, we determined to retrace our steps a short distance towards the colony. This was rendered necessary also, for the purpose of allaying the fear of our servants, who were dreadfully alarmed at the accounts they heard from the timid Corannas, who told them that the Mantatees cut the throats of those they took in war, and drank the blood of children.

Jan. 15th. We passed a Coranna village, bearing evident marks of having been hastily deserted by its inhabitants. Here was seen a Bechuana house left half built; and there, were scattered about part of the sticks and mats of which the Coranna houses were formed, and which they usually convey with them, when they remove from mere love of change. Here lay a dish, and there a spoon, &c., clearly indicating the distress and agitation of mind under which the inhabitants had fled.

Indulging a hope of yet obtaining our interpreter, who was known to be detained among the Corannas, I visited on ox-back a village at a considerable distance. An ox, when used for riding, has a short stick thrust through the cartilagenous part of its nose, to each end of which is fastened a strap to answer the purpose of a bridle; upon the back of the animal one or more sheep skins are placed as a saddle; these are girt round its body with another strap. As an ox is not a most willing steed, the traveller is provided with a *samboc*, or whip, made from the hide of the hippopotamus, or the rhinoceros. Thus mounted, I was thankful, that, though not so easy as upon horse-back, I could make tolerably rapid progress.

Jan. 19th. Our plans to regain our interpreter happily succeeded. He was brought to us by a wicked Coranna man, whom we had influenced by the promise of a reward of beads, &c. On the following day we proceeded on our journey into the interior.

Jan. 24th. In crossing an extensive plain, we saw fourteen native warriors, one of whom approached near the wagons; but upon being spoken to he appeared alarmed,—probably at seeing a white face, and hearing a human voice,—and fled to his companions in the rear. Adjoining this plain, we designed to rest for the night near some trees. But seeing some natives scattered among the bushes, and finding a man in a dying state, in

consequence of a wound he had received from a spear; we were led to this object of pity by an old man, who had approached the wagons, and who we had every reason to believe, had been attached to the natives invading the country. We now became alarmed as to our safety, and deemed it prudent to travel till midnight; when we rested ourselves and oxen on an extensive plain, were we knew we should be less liable to attack, and to have our cattle stolen by the invaders.

Jan. 25th. About three hours travelling brought us to another part of the Vaal river, and to a village lately deserted by its inhabitants, in consequence of the war. Here we met two Bechuanas, who informed us that the invading force, had moved in the direction from whence we had come; that Sifonello the chief of the Borolongs, whom we were seeking, had retired with his cattle from his principal residence near the mountains we had lately seen; and that his enemies were still intent upon his destruction.

Jan. 26th. While remaining here to gain information for the better guidance of our future movements, Mr. and Mrs. Broadbent, my wife, and myself, in the evening, walked to an adjoining deserted town, and again saw evident tokens of the hasty manner in which the people had left their habitations. At a distance we observed three dogs, fat and well-favoured; and upon reaching the centre of the town, Mr. B. saw a little

female child sitting on the ground, peeping, with her worn out visage, through the upper part of a skin mantle, with which she was covered. The child was a mere skeleton. The outer skin was off, leaving unsightly wounds on her arm, and on the ribs of one side of her body. She was unable to stand from weakness, and altogether an object calculated to excite compassion. The sequel warrants my stating that this girl, about five years of age, had been left behind by her parents, with two other children, who having died probably from hunger, had been eaten up by wild beasts; and this girl must have shared the same fate, had not the providence of God cast her upon our care. Our hearts were all moved with pity towards her; and my wife at once offered to take her in charge, and endeavour to heal her wounds, and restore her strength, further designing to train her up in the fear of the Lord. Orphena, for so we named the orphan we had adopted, required much attention and care to afford even the chance of her surviving. For months she required nursing as a sick child; and her natural disposition being most obstinate, her habits indolent and filthy, nothing but a sense of duty to God, and pity for the child, could have induced us to endure the distressing circumstances which frequently occurred with her. She is now, however, healthy; and having come to England with us, she is returning with me to South Africa. And as she has acquired, while in this country,

the useful art of a dress-maker, and a pleasing change having appeared in her spirit and conduct since her mind has yielded to religious influence, I am not without hope of her becoming useful on some of our missionary stations, and thus repaying me for the trouble she occasioned, and the expense I have incurred in her support and education.

Jan. 27th. We were again in motion, directing our course to the Makwasse mountains, the country of Sifonello; in doing which, we had much difficulty in meeting the objections of our attendants, who were once more on the point of rebellion.

Jan. 31st. During the night, our oxen were stolen by Bushmen, whose temporary residence was in the midst of a large wood, and most favourably situated to carry on their predatory warfare. Our men were sent off to recover the cattle, in which they succeeded. But though six in number, and armed with two guns and a pistol, they suffered *three* natives with their spears only, to retake the cattle, and returned to the wagons with this distressing intelligence. For two days, I and the people were in search of the cattle; but the Bushmen having fled, and the oxen being dispersed, we judged it the most effectual way to seek assistance from the chief with whom we wished to reside, there being reason to suppose that he was in the neighbourhood. Our situation at this time was truly distressing;—without oxen

to move our wagons, or cattle to slaughter for food for ourselves and servants;—far from civilized life;—several hundred miles from Cape Town;—not very distant from marauding invaders;—in the midst of plundering Bushmen;—uncertain as to a supply of water;—and attended by a number of dissatisfied people, whom we could scarcely induce to accompany me to seek Sifonello, though promised a considerable reward for this extra service.

Feb. 17th. I left my dear wife and child, with brother Broadbent and his family, in a truly defenceless state, and accompanied by the two wagon drivers, two Bechuānas, and the interpreter, we set off on our journey before sun-rise. In the evening we reached a periodical river, where I slept between two rocks, taking a stone for my pillow.

Feb. 18th. Early in the morning, we proceeded on our journey; and seeing a quantity of springbucks or deer at some distance, I sent one of my attendants to shoot one for food, and passed on towards some reeds growing in the bed of a periodical river. The man who was with me, in proceeding a little up the river to seek water, saw eight lions, six full grown and two cubs; and when I was within sixty yards of the reeds in which the lions were concealed, he apprised me of my danger. I have been “in deaths often;” but I cannot but remember this as *a special* instance of providential interference in my pre-

servation ; for had not the man changed the course in which he was at first going, and thereby, in consequence of a bend in the river, reached a spot which gave him a sight of the lions, we must both have fallen a sacrifice. How good is the Lord ! how watchful over his servants ! and how many circumstances, in themselves trifling, lead, in the order of his providence, to the deliverance of his people !

Feb. 19th. In the evening we arrived, and I was introduced to Sifonello the chief of the Borolong tribe of Bechuanas, in his temporary town ; and found him sitting with several of his people on the ground, under the shade of a tree, and without any pomp or badge of royalty, being like his people, wrapped up in his skin kaross or mantle. Our Bechuana guide approached him with my message, and we were requested to sit down in the open area, where we were soon joined by the chief and his attendants. My first duty was to present the gift I had brought, according to the custom of the country ; and which prepared the way, not only to his friendship, but in that friendship to a willingness for our residing with him ; and also to render us any assistance in his power towards the recovery of our cattle. A large bag of thick milk was brought for our refreshment, of which we partook with spoons from a clean wooden dish. A dried ox skin was brought, upon which I was to sleep near a fire made on the ground. For this I was thankful ;

and after suffering the people to gratify themselves with a sight of my person, and an examination of some parts of my clothing, as also of a few articles in my pockets, being nearly worn out by fatigue, I lay down, to intimate a wish that their troublesome curiosity might cease, till the next day. Soon afterwards, the people departed, and I and the interpreter were left to make the best of our exposed situation. Though my resting place was improved by the acquisition of the ox skin to lie upon, and we had a fire to keep us warm, I was uncomfortable, in consequence of the cold wind that blew; and was therefore glad to see the morning sun break forth to restore my shivering body to an agreeable warmth, though aware that this might be the prelude to oppressive heat.

Feb. 20th. At an early hour the people collected together to view their new visitor, and never did I undergo a stricter scrutiny. My face and hair, coat and shoes, with almost every other part of my person and article of my dress, became in turn the objects of attention; my pockets were ransacked to find articles of curiosity, and my watch, telescope, knife, &c., alternately excited their astonishment. In a few hours my situation was far from agreeable, for in consequence of the hundreds who constantly and *closely* surrounded me, and the increasing power of the sun's rays, I was almost suffocated with the heat, and was more than once constrained to change my situation, to

enjoy a purer air than that in the circle in which I was enclosed.

After arranging what appeared necessary, I intimated a wish to return to my family. To this, however, the chief objected, stating, that he wished me to remain and accompany him, as he intended commencing his journey to-morrow. Three times I presented my petition, and each time he pleasantly sought an excuse to detain me. It appeared in vain that I pleaded the defenceless state of the wagons; and that my friends would feel anxious for my safety;—and I quite expected to be detained out of love as his prisoner at large. Sifonello had given me a sheep, which, being slaughtered, part of it was cooked for our use; and taking him under the shade of a tree, the meat was brought us in a wooden bowl. At once I seized a shoulder, drew out my pocket knife, and having the chief by my side, cut off a little alternately for himself and me. This rough method suited his habits and disposition well; and designing to set off home, I hesitated not to accommodate myself to his humour in laying a good foundation for a long and fatiguing journey. After despatching our flesh, we had a second course consisting of thick milk, of which however I could not partake; though I was amused with the eagerness of some of the party to obtain their portion, by thrusting their hands into the dish in which the milk was brought to us. This meal being ended, I was suffered to depart with one of

the men, and on the evening of the third day, was welcomed by my dear wife and friends with gratitude to our Heavenly Father for our preservation, and for thus giving us access to the tribe with whom we wished to settle.

March 17th. Sifonello joined us with fourteen attendants. He expressed a strong wish for us to reside with him and his people, promising ground upon which we might build our houses and make our gardens, &c.; agreeing to assist in recovering our oxen; and in short, he met our wishes as far as his circumstances would allow. While arranging our future operations, we were overpowered with astonishment on seeing our lost oxen approach us, driven by three of Sifonello's people, who had found them abandoned by the Bushmen through fear as we suppose. They had left them to graze at large without control. How mysterious are the ways of divine Providence, and how necessary is it for a missionary sometimes to "stand still and see the salvation of God!" Had our oxen not been lost, most likely our people, in their then state of mind, would have compelled us to return to the colony. If the oxen had been found before our interview with Sifonello had been effected, we could not have prevailed with our hirelings to have travelled to that part of the country where he was then residing. And it is worthy of remark that some circumstances occurred just at the time, which formed an inducement to our people, not only to

bring us to Sifonello, but also to settle with us at his permanent town. Thus we were now delivered from our chief difficulties, and the door appeared fully open for the commencement of our mission. Our detention was, doubtless, in mercy to ourselves, and to the people to whom we were "bringing the Gospel of peace;" and I trust the remembrance of these circumstances will ever fill our minds with gratitude.

March 20th.—We left the place where we had been so long detained; and it was to us, a most pleasing sight, to be conducted on our path by the Bechuana party, and to be heartily welcomed by the whole tribe at their temporary residence, on the banks of the Rolarally river. Here, and at two other temporary places of abode, we remained with the natives, after experiencing difficulties unavoidable in the commencement of a new mission.

April 8th.—We reached the Makwasse mountains, where we expected to remain as our permanent residence. In consequence of our constant residence, for so great a length of time in our wagons, Mrs. Hodgson had very few opportunities of writing, during this period, and the diary was therefore neglected. Her first entry, however, after a long cessation, contains a brief review of our varied and trying circumstances, which I have thought it right to give in detail. The following extract recommences the diary.—"Two years have elapsed since I recorded the mercies

of God; but what does the retrospect of these two years afford? regret on account of my unfaithfulness, ingratitude, and backslidings; yet gratitude, thankfulness, and praise that I am yet alive. My God was gracious to me in the hour of nature's sorrow, and made me the joyful mother of a lovely girl, on the thirteenth of June, 1822. Afterwards, both mother and child were, in appearance, soon to have done with earthly things, but were again restored. Three months afterwards, we left Cape Town to establish a Mission amongst the Bechuanas. Our trials were not a few; travelling in a wagon for eight months, far from civilized life, in the midst of a formidable irruption of natives from the interior, with unfaithful people as our attendants, who, on one occasion, all left us in the wilderness. At one time all our oxen were stolen, and we were unable to move for three weeks, having at the time very little animal food, and not much water. Yet out of all these things 'the Lord hath delivered us.' He was truly our 'pillar of cloud by day, and our pillar of fire by night.' Though surrounded by danger, and by death, not a hair of our heads was injured; and we had, at length, the desire of our hearts granted us, in seeing a promising mission established among an interesting people."

From Makwasse, my dear wife wrote to a much beloved friend in England, in *June*, 1823.—"I suppose you will have heard from our friends, of

our being in the interior of Africa, endeavouring to establish a mission amongst the Bechuanas; which I hope we shall be successful in doing. I am now seated by a fire made of wood, in a small stone house, built by my husband and the wagon driver, with a little assistance from our native servants. Our apartments are neither spacious nor elegant; but after being in a wagon *eight months*, we think them very comfortable, and enjoy them much. My engagements here are very different to what they were in England. Instead of visiting the beds of the sick, sewing for the poor, or attending the means of grace, I must attend to the oxen slaughtered for food, and also make butter, candles, &c. These poor heathens, amongst whom we live, may truly be said to be, 'without natural affection;' they have brought children to sell for beads;—parents ask you to take their offspring. We took up a child in one of our journeys, who from fatigue, was unable to proceed with his company; and when brought to his parents, they refused to take him; he is now with Mr. Broadbent, and is becoming a useful servant. I shall not enter into the particulars of our journey in the wilderness, as I suppose you will hear from some of our friends. We have been exposed to a few dangers, and have met with some trying circumstances; but we have cause to say, 'goodness and mercy have followed us.' Our chief dangers and difficulties arose from our own people; who, not enjoying

religion, were not willing to expose themselves to what they considered dangers, in endeavouring to introduce Christianity amongst the heathen. On one occasion, they left us in the wilderness, from an apprehension that they would be murdered by a Caffre commando; and in order to remove their fears, we were obliged to travel a circuitous route, in consequence of which our oxen were stolen by the Bushmen. Our situation was, at that time, very trying; being at no great distance from the plundering Mantatees; far from civilized people; by the side of a wood frequented by Bushmen; without oxen for slaughter, or to move our wagons; the water drying up fast, &c.; but we had confidence in Him who says, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be;' deliverance was wrought for us,—our oxen were restored, and our path was made plain.

The Bechuanas amongst whom we are now living, appear to have no form of worship, nor indeed any proper idea of a Supreme Being. Hence when conversing with them respecting the Deity, their chief enquired 'if he had hair, or if he could be seen.' I hope our friends do not forget us at a throne of grace; we need your prayers. Whilst you have the privilege of assembling in the great congregation, or enjoying the more private means of grace, we are far from civilized society; teased by our heathen neighbours on the Lord's day, to buy their skins, &c.—no English preaching,—our servants only speak-

ing Dutch, our religious services must of course be in that language. But what a mercy,

—‘ God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full ;’

And though we have not the privileges that Cape Town affords, we have not its evil maxims and customs to contend against.”

July 9th.—Having occasion to visit Griqua Town, to obtain corn, and some articles left there, when journeying into the interior, we this day took our leave of brother Broadbent and family, and left Makwasse, to perform this necessary journey to Griqua Town.

July 12th.—Lost our oxen, which from a fright by a lion, after being unyoked the preceding evening, had fled into the open country. I accompanied the men a short distance from the wagon, to ascertain the direction in which they had gone. During my absence, there being at the time only two boys about fourteen years of age with my wife and child, some lions made their appearance from the adjoining wood. Four of them approached the wagons; but being alarmed by one of the boys cracking the large African whip, they retired when within about gun shot of my family.

19th.—We reached Campbell, and found that Mr. Sass the Missionary, had left this station for Griqua Town, with his family, and goods, in consequence of the invading enemy, to whom I have already often alluded, having advanced into the neighbourhood of the Kuruman.

21st.—We reached Griqua Town, and met with a most kind reception from Messrs. Helm and Sass, Hamilton and Moffat, who had retired with their families to this place for greater security from the advancing enemy. The invading tribes were truly formidable both as to number and courage. About a hundred men, principally Griquas on horseback, using guns, were only able after three hours conflict, to give them a repulse; and Mr. Melville, the Government Agent, who was present, expressed himself astonished at the resolute ferocity of the foe. He also stated, that the peaceable Bechuanas were but children before them. To the efforts of those Griquas, and other natives, who had been raised into a state of comparative civilization by missionary labours, and to the prudent and spirited measures of Mr. Melville and the Missionaries of the London Society, the colony of the Cape of Good Hope is indebted for its preservation from the consequences of a terrible irruption of these barbarous tribes on the northern frontier of the colony; the half cast tribes thus forming a barrier against the inroads of savage tribes upon the colony.

The retreating enemy having taken the direction of Makwasse, where we had left Mr. Broadbent and his family, ignorant of their danger, and without the means of flight; it appeared at once a clear case of duty, to relieve him from his most distressing situation. As soon, therefore, as arrangements could be made, I hastened to return to

Makwasse, leaving my dear wife and child at Griqua Town. In parting with them, I felt no anxiety as to their safety and comfort, as I was leaving them under the protection of the London Society's missionaries, from whom we always experienced the most brotherly affection. Yet I could not but regard the separation with painful feelings; from the possibility that I might fall a sacrifice to the cruelty of the defeated invaders, while endeavouring to discharge my duty to a missionary brother and his family. It was by no means certain, indeed, that I should not have to return with the distressing intelligence that they were all murdered, and thus my journey prove to be in vain. But I was, nevertheless, bound by duty to God, to the church, and to my colleague, to venture upon the perils obviously connected with it.

While at Griqua Town, my wife wrote the following to a female friend.—“ We have arrived in safety at the Missionary Institution belonging to the London Society, and were most affectionately received by the missionaries and their wives, and by Mr. Melville the government agent, who presented us with a packet of letters from our dear friends in England. A black seal attracting my attention, I hastily opened it, and was affected to find that your dear sister was no more. Be assured, my dear friend, that both my Laidman and I sincerely sympathize with you, the bereaved husband, and other friends, in this deep affliction; and would gladly, were it in our power, pour in

the oil of consolation to heal the painful wound. But what shall I say? Shall I direct you to look at that glorious company which surround the throne, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; and see there your friend, your sister, free from pain, or sorrow, or care, basking in the beams of the Eternal Sun of Righteousness, and ask, Weep you for her? She has won the race; she has reached the goal; she has secured the prize;—and weep you for *her*? She is beyond the possibility of falling; she is free from the power of temptation; she is beyond the reach of affliction;—and weep you for *her*? O my dear friend! weep not; rather think, How would she have me now act, and speak, and think, and work for God? Could she now address me, how would she urge me to work out my salvation with fear and trembling! to be diligent, that I may be found of God ‘in peace, without spot, and blameless!’ How would she tell me not to suffer dangers, or difficulties, or temptations, to discourage me; but, with Paul, to ‘forget the things that are behind,’ and press forward in the Christian course! Do so, my dear friend. Seek for a full conformity to all your Saviour’s righteous will. Then shall you, when done with the scenes of mortality, meet your dear sister in the realms of light; and know why she was thus early taken home; why she was not permitted a longer stay.”

Aug. 3rd.—I set off for Makwasse; and having

travelled till a late hour, to reach a place where were both grass and water, we wandered about in the dark for some time ; and having missed our path, resolved to rest upon the plain adjoining a small bush that afforded us but little fire-wood, and less shelter from the wind, which was extremely cold.

4th. Rose early, and pursuing our journey, we soon reached the spot where we had designed to sleep. On approaching the wood, I was surprised to behold a fire, at which two female natives were occupied in cooking ; while a man was laid, apparently asleep, near them. The two women attempted to conceal themselves under a bush, supposing, I presume, that we should pass them unobserved. Upon going near the fire, however, we found them employed in cooking the leg of a human being ! We were now satisfied of this being part of the retreating enemy, a division of whom had evidently rested in this place, probably on the preceding day. Horror-struck at the scene before me, I was truly thankful that my dear wife was not present to behold it ; and I gratefully acknowledged the kind providence of the Almighty, in suffering us to miss our path the preceding evening, as thereby we escaped the misery of watching the disgusting proceedings of these people, in the shades of the night ; apprehensive as we should then have been, of the danger of being attacked by those who would have rejoiced in our death, as

furnishing them, by eating our flesh, with the means of continued existence. I hastened back to the wagons, to consider how to act; and having determined on leaving the place as soon as possible, the necessary arrangements were made without delay. But before our departure, I returned to the wretched beings near the wood, and now observed the skeleton of a full grown person, part of the body of another,—a leg and an arm having been cut off;—the head was opened, and the bowels having been drawn out, the internal part of the body was exposed to view! One of the women was roasting part of the leg upon the ashes, and the other engaged with the man in eating, with savage greediness, the portion that had just been cooked! I was sick at the sight, and felt what I cannot describe;—especially on seeing the man break the bones of the deceased with a stone, and suck them with apparent delight. My abhorrence of their employment, manifested in the most unequivocal manner, appeared to make no impression upon them. The man scarcely regarded me, and the woman merely looked on the dead body before her, and pronounced the name of the deceased, who I believe had died from hunger or fatigue; and these three persons had probably remained behind their companions to save themselves from a similar fate, by preying upon the dead.

Not knowing but that a division of the enemy might be advancing on the same track, we

hastened from the spot, and were soon joined by four Corannas, who having seen the wagons at a distance, came to inform us, that the enemy was encamped upon the banks of the Vaal river, at no great distance from us, and near the ford which we had to cross. Approaching some trees in the evening, near which we designed to rest for the night, the oxen took fright at a lion, which attempted to seize one of them, in the yoke; the frightened animals overturned and broke one of the wagons, and greatly endangered our personal safety, while galloping into the plain. After having, with much difficulty, succeeded in stopping the oxen, we immediately made a fire; and having burned the dry grass around, to deter the lion from approaching us, made our arrangements for the night, as well as we were able. One of our boys was nearly seized by another lion, while gathering a little dry grass for making a fire;—two oxen were killed, and we were all much disturbed during the night, by the roar of the wild beasts around us.

5th. We succeeded on the afternoon of this day in getting away from the disastrous spot. In the course of our journey we were joined by two of Sifonello's people, who had been watching the movements of the enemy; and who informed us that they were not far distant, but that, in three large divisions, they were retiring up the Vaal river.

6th. We reached Makwasse, and found Mr.

Broadbent as usual, and his family in good health. While I rejoiced at their safety, they were filled with gratitude to the God of providence, for bringing me to their relief; for the chief with his people had left the station, on hearing of the approach of the invading tribes. The hired servants connected with brother Broadbent's establishment left him, without any intimation of their design, or any offer to assist him in his flight. He had no wagon in which to remove his family, and was unable from his weak state of health, to retire on foot from the station, should it be threatened with an attack. The Lord, however, had graciously concealed from them the knowledge of their danger, the greater part of the time I was absent; and brought me to their relief, soon after they had become aware of the extent of their danger. Their faith in God was put to a most painful test; and it was only strong confidence in God, and the sustaining power of Divine consolation, that enabled the whole family to maintain that calm and resigned state of mind in which I found them.

14th. Sifonello returned with his people to the station, and after being satisfied that no danger was to be apprehended from the much feared invaders, who had rapidly retired into their own country, I resolved to return to Griqua Town for my family, without delay.

29th. Arrived at Griqua Town this day,—having left Makwasse on the 18th. I found my dear wife and family in good health.

To her situation during my absence, my wife alludes in a letter to her sister, dated *2nd September*.—"You will find from Laidman's letters, that I have been here six weeks, whilst he has travelled to Makwasse and back again. I have found it a trying time; the illness of my little girl, the absence of my husband, and the addition of knowing that he was exposed to so much danger; but in the opposite scale, the great kindness of the missionaries and their wives, confidence in God, and in a great degree tranquillity of mind."

On the *4th September*, we left our friends at Griqua Town, whose kindness nothing could exceed, as every thing in their power was done to promote my comfort while with them, and that of my family during my absence.

24th. We reached Makwasse, and were glad at the prospect of sitting down to our regular missionary work, which had been interrupted by so many mysterious and distressing circumstances. From this time we proceeded steadily in our mission, both as to the necessary external arrangements, and in endeavours to promote the spiritual benefit of the people. But although many circumstances of great interest occurred in the progress of our work, I refrain from detailing them, my only object in occasionally digressing to transactions in which I am more immediately concerned, being to state such facts as are necessary to give a correct view of the circum-

stances under which the patience and perseverance of my dear wife were put to the test.

February 3rd, 1824. Mr. E. Edwards arrived, having been sent to relieve me from this mission, bringing an express order from proper authority, for me to repair as soon as possible to Cape Town. To this direction I at once submitted, though I felt regret at leaving a mission, when there was the pleasing prospect of comfort and success, after having borne the toils and dangers in its commencement, to so considerable an extent;—and we had to do violence to our feelings, in leaving a people for whose benefit we were still willing to suffer, and with whom we were desirous of spending our missionary life.

Feb. 9th. We set forward on our journey, in which nothing particular occurred, except renewed rumours of war from the west, the breaking of an axletree, much heavy rain, and the usual *et ceteras* of African travelling,—till we left the banks of the Vaal river on the *22nd March*, and entered the Bushman land, directing our course towards the Kamies Berg station in Namaqualand. In this tract of country, travellers often suffer much from the great scarcity of water. We were glad to obtain it from the holes naturally formed in the rocks, where since the last rains it had remained stagnant, or from pools of water in the valleys, and which were offensive to both sight and taste. Sometimes we had to dig for it, for hours together, in the sandy beds of the peri-

odical rivers. One day we were obliged to be thus employed from an early hour in the morning, till four o'clock P. M., before we had obtained a moderate supply for ourselves and cattle. At another resting place, we could only obtain about two gallons of water for the use of our whole party. On this journey, the heat was sometimes exceedingly oppressive during the day, and at night the cold so severe as to require additional clothing.

April 5th. We reached the Kamies mountains, where we were welcomed by brother and sister B. Shaw, with expressions of much pleasure.

6th. We spent this day in viewing the institution; and I was gratified in finding it much superior to what I had expected. The dwelling house is convenient and comfortable; the chapel commodious and suitable; the garden is large and productive; and I was also gratified to see the people occupied in making eight ploughs, preparatory to the seed time, which was fast approaching. Several of the people also cultivate a large piece of ground, which is enclosed by a stone wall; and they were engaged in thatching a building to be used as a granary, in which was placed 184 bushels of corn, which they intended for seed.

11th. Attended the prayer-meeting in the morning; preached in the forenoon; heard brother B. Shaw in the afternoon; and was

much gratified at the lovefeast in the evening, in hearing the Hottentots speak of the work of divine grace on their hearts, as also by the prayer-meetings held in different private houses to close the Sabbath.

21st. We left this interesting station, which reflected great credit on Rev. Messrs. B. Shaw, E. Edwards, and Archbell, by whose successive management, under the divine blessing, it has attained its prosperous state. In descending the Kamies mountains, our wagon was overturned; but providentially none of us were materially hurt, although my wife and I, both received some contusions.

May 12th. We once more took up our residence at the mission house in Cape Town, after an absence of about twenty months; during which time, we travelled more than two thousand miles, were exposed to imminent dangers, and experienced many wonderful deliverances. And above all, we had seen the finger of God, pointing us, by a train of providences, to a chief and native tribe, with whom, in conjunction with our fellow-labourers, Mr. and Mrs. Broadbent, we had succeeded in establishing a missionary station of considerable promise.



CHAPTER VIII.

Remarks.—Illness of Mr. Broadbent.—Extracts from Diary.—Leave Cape Town on a second journey into the Interior.—Dangers of African travelling.—Destruction of Makwasse, by a predatory tribe.—Arrival at Beaufort.—Visit to the grave of the late Mr. Beavan.—Kindness of the Landdrost.—Letter to Sisters.—Arrival at Griqua Town.—Disturbed state of the Country.—Residence at Campbell.—Proceed into the disturbed district. Letter to Sisters.—Arrival at Makwasse.—Discouraging appearances.—Final abandonment of Makwasse.—Letters to Sisters.—Visit to the Batow Tribe, to negotiate peace.—Trying conduct of Sifonello.—Build a temporary dwelling.—Printing in the Sichuana Language.—Extract from Diary.—Journey to find a new site for the Mission.—Form a Settlement at Platt Berg.—Extract from Diary.—Progress of the Mission.—Trials a means of Sanctification.—Extracts from Diary.—Affecting account of the death of an only Child.—Extracts from Diary.—Letter to Sisters.—School for Native Girls commenced.—Letter to Sisters.—Concern for religious welfare of Parents.—Letter to a Father.—Extract from Diary.—Late Rev. William Threlfall.

[THE dangers and difficulties of *commencing* a mission amongst barbarous tribes, have been already well described, in the preceding recital of the circumstances connected with the establishment of the Wesleyan Mission at Makwasse, in the Bechuana country. Other difficulties, however, were experienced, besides those which arose out of the dangerous and all but impracticable nature of the enterprise. The history of this pe-

riod of the Wesleyan Mission in South Africa, exhibits some confusion and vacillation in the arrangements made, as to the appointments of several of the missionaries; and consequently, expenses were incurred, and much valuable time was lost, which under a better arrangement, might have been avoided. This, however, is by no means a frequent fault in the management of the foreign missions of the Wesleyan Society. Perhaps no other missions are conducted with so great,—*certainly none with greater*—regard to *economy* and *system*, than those of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. In the instance now under consideration, the managing committee in London were only in a very slight degree responsible for these injurious changes. The late Rev. Richard Watson, then one of the general secretaries, detected the evil; and in one of his letters to the missionaries, cautioned them against it, saying,—“There is danger of too much rambling in Africa.” On the other hand, a variety of circumstances, the details of which would not interest the general reader, placed the missionaries concerned in these arrangements in the greatest perplexity; and no candid or considerate person will feel disposed to deal in severe censures upon any mistakes, which a calm review of the whole may now enable us to discover. But the compiler has thought it right to preface the following account of Mr. Hodgson’s second journey to the Bechuana country, so soon after his arrival in Cape Town, with this *general*

statement of the causes which led to it; the *details*, so far as they concerned the subject of these memoirs, are well described in the following narrative.]

On the *27th May*, 1824, after a consultation with the brethren present, it was determined that brother James Archbell should repair to the Bechuana Mission, and I remain in Cape Town;—these arrangements were also recommended in letters subsequently received from the missionary committee. I therefore submitted with all deference, and took charge of the Cape station with much fear and trembling, conducting the appointed services both in Dutch and English.

July 2nd. We received letters from brother Edwards, stating the alarming illness of brother Broadbent, by which, as brother E. had formed a station on which he was residing amongst the Corannas, the Bechuana mission was in danger of being abandoned.

August 12th. Brother Archbell and his dear family left us for the Bechuana mission; from whom we parted with much regret, being much attached to them.

25th. My dear wife recorded in her diary,—“This day has been set apart by the small society here, for prayer and fasting, that God may be entreated of us, and pour out his Spirit upon this wicked town, and revive his work amongst us. At the hour appointed for prayer, I felt the softening power of divine grace, and was enabled to rejoice in the Lord.”

A few days after this she observes,—“ I believe much good has resulted from the day of fasting and prayer. Several appear quickened in their souls, and sinners are crying for mercy. We had a private prayer-meeting in one of the leaders' houses, for the express benefit of his wife, who has been under deep convictions above a fortnight; but her distress was such on Friday, as to lead him to determine not to cease praying, until the Lord spoke peace to her troubled mind. A few friends met together with brother Threlfall who conducted the prayer-meeting; and while wrestling with God in fervent prayer, she was enabled to lay hold of Jesus by living faith; her soul was filled with joy, and her mouth with praise. All present were weeping; some for joy, others on account of their sins. It is mysterious, now the work is beginning to revive, that it appears absolutely necessary we should return to Makwasse. The mission is at present left, Mr. Broadbent having been obliged to return to the colony on account of his health; and brother Archbell, though on his journey, is a stranger to the country, the people, &c. I feel at the prospect of leaving Cape Town now, but I trust I am willing to go where the Lord directs. Sometimes I rejoice at the idea of being far from civilized society, and residing amongst poor heathens who have never heard of Jesu's name; but the trials, difficulties, and dangers which I know I must encounter, at other times depress my spirits, and affect my mind.”

For the reasons referred to in the above extract, we left Cape Town a second time, on the 1st of *October*, 1824, and joined brother Archbell and his family on the 9th, at Tulbach, where he had been waiting for us some weeks. The rains having set in, we had a most troublesome and fatiguing journey in passing swollen rivers. Two of our wagons were overturned, one of which contained my wife and family,—earthly treasures more valuable to me than all the world beside. Through the kind providence of God, they sustained no injury. I shall never forget the anxious sensation I felt, while driving the luggage wagon a short distance behind, to see that before me in which the family were seated, overturned from the mere carelessness of the driver.

27th. We met Mr. Melville on his way to Cape Town, from whom we obtained a confirmation of the painful intelligence which we had previously received, of the destruction of Makwasse by a horde of natives; and he furnished us with further particulars respecting the cessation of operations, at the station which I had left, a few months before, under such hopeful circumstances. Mr. M's statement confirmed the judgment of the brethren who had met together at Cape Town, and he requested us to join brother Archbell in this very uncertain and dangerous mission. I felt deeply on considering the difficulties which would probably present themselves, in the re-establishment of the mission; but especially from an over-

whelming view of my responsibility to God and his church.

November 16th. We reached Beaufort, where we were received by J. Baird, Esq., the land-drost, in the most friendly manner. Here we visited the church-yard, to drop the sympathetic tear over the remains of Mr. Beavan;* and while meditating on the mysterious providence of his removal, we could not but admire the disinterested and noble spirit which he showed, in giving his life to promote the eternal interests of the heathen. We ordered a tombstone to be placed over his grave, which will be an object of attention to future travellers interested in the missionary cause.

22nd. We left Beaufort, deeply impressed with obligation for the attentions shown us by the land-drost and his lady; who kindly presented us with many useful articles calculated to increase our comfort on the journey. Mr. Baird kindly offered his services to promote our object; and added to his other presents, eight bushels of wheat. From this place my wife wrote to her sisters, and observed;—

“Our journey has been rather tedious hitherto, on account of the rains; but the weather is now warm and pleasant. We have with us a good supply of tea, coffee, &c., and I hope not to see Cape Town again for three years. My health was not so good upon my return into town, but now in the country I am getting strong and well,

* See page 117.

without almost ever feeling that unpleasant pain in my stomach to which I was subject in England. Our time passes quickly ; and we often exclaim, Is it so late ! We rise with the sun, take our coffee, have our family worship, yoke our oxen, work or read whilst travelling usually six hours, unyoke generally near a tree, under the shade of which we dine, and with a mat on the ground sit Turkey fashion. I fear this letter will give you pain ; and that my mother will be dreaming of wild beasts, wild men, and swollen rivers, broken wagons, &c. But let her remember who has said, ‘ Lo ! I am with you always.’ O my dear sisters ! did we but enjoy as much spiritual consolation as we do temporal comforts, even in a wagon, at least we should not have cause to complain. But Africa is a barren soil ; and I assure you we have great reason to say, Pray more for our spiritual prosperity, than for temporal deliverances. Indeed, as to the latter, I feel no concern. The bare recollection of what has been done for us before, gives me confidence as to the future ; and the roaring of a lion, or the report of a commando, is nothing to—‘ Oh ! my leanness, my leanness !’ In this respect, I would again say, let our friends pray for us. The life of an African missionary is one of sacrifice ; and the sacrifice of his religious privileges is not the least he has to make. But even this is a sacrifice made for God, and it shall in nowise lose its reward. This supports his mind ; this cheers him in the wilder-

ness. It is for God that he endures these privations, undergoes these dangers and difficulties, bears these crosses and disappointments;—he ‘endures as seeing Him who is invisible.’ I had begun to meet a small class of females in Cape Town, of which a Mrs. Thornhill, formerly of Sunderland, has now the charge. I found her a pious Methodist. I hoped to have profited by her society; but this must also be sacrificed. On leaving Cape Town, our trials were not few, in consequence of the torrents of rain which fell, causing the rivers to swell so as to be almost impassable. This increased the difficulty of travelling, and subjected us to frequent breakage of the traces of the oxen, &c. But upon leaving Tulbach, we had a different scene to meet, for the country was parched up with drought. Our oxen had often to browse on the bushes, some of which being most unwholesome, caused several of them to die, and others to be left behind from weakness; and had it not been for the assistance obtained from some farmers in the neighbourhood, we could not possibly have passed through the country with sufficient speed to overcome the effects of long continued drought.”

December 16th. We reached the Great Orange River, thankful that the Lord had brought us through so barren a tract of country, with only the loss of a few oxen.

30th. We met brother Edwards at Griqua Town, he having felt himself obliged to retire

from the station he had formed amongst the Corannas, up the Vaal river, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country. Here also we met the brethren of the London Society, who had likewise been obliged to leave their stations in the interior. And we were distressed by the apprehension, that all the institutions in that part of the country must be abandoned, in consequence of the disturbances occasioned by a party of marauders, calling themselves Bergenaars,—a race of lawless Griquas, Corannas, and others, who had thrown off their allegiance to their proper chiefs. Here we also learned, on the most decisive evidence, that Makwasse was destroyed by a powerful tribe of natives from the interior, who surrounded the town in the night, and overpowering Sifonello and his people, they were obliged to flee with considerable loss. Our situation was most trying, and one that nothing but the grace of God could enable us to meet with composure of mind. The state of the mission, and the uncertainty of its continuance,—the difficulty of determining upon the wisest measures to be pursued, and the courage necessary to endure the privations and contend with the dangers which were likely to arise,—all pressed most heavily upon our minds.

We deemed it prudent to remain some time at Campbell, to await the restoration of peace amongst the tribes; and at least to ascertain more correctly the degree of danger that would be con-

nected with an attempt to re-establish the mission. While at Campbell we were not unemployed ; for having a congregation of natives to the number of eighty to address, we also established a small school ; and having access to a few people belonging to a tribe of Bechuanas, the study of the language was prosecuted as if we had been settled with a larger tribe. Here some of our party connected with the mission, left us, and returned to Cape Town.

After some weeks detension, brother Archbell and I, with our families, set forward on our course ; although by some we were censured for imprudence, and charged with exposing ourselves and families to great danger. Indeed it was predicted that we should all be murdered. On our journey, we soon heard alarming reports of the state of the interior. Our people were terrified, and the interpreter left us through fear. Many other inconveniences arose from the same cause, but we were at length cheered with the intelligence that Sifonello had returned to his own district, and was again settled at Makwasse. On this journey we were detained on the banks of the Modder river a short time, from which place my wife wrote to her sisters as follows.—

“Travelling in Africa, is not congenial with my disposition; it is both unpleasant and unprofitable. But some must prepare the way; though preparing the soil is not so pleasant as either sowing the seed, or reaping the harvest ;

yet it is equally necessary. You are right in saying, that in the public missionary meetings the feelings are so roused, that the difficulties and trials of the missionary life are not always considered. But I am thankful that it was no sudden impulse of the moment, that induced my Laidman to offer himself to the services of the heathen, nor a feeling of this kind that caused me to accompany him; but a deep and painful conviction of duty in the former, and a dread of divine displeasure in the case of the latter. Oh! how often has a reference to this supported our minds, under discouraging circumstances! Our eyes are not gladdened with seeing multitudes flock to the standard of the cross, nor our ears with the interrogatory 'What must I do to be saved?' A very difficult and unformed language is to be acquired, with a poor interpreter, who is of a dreadfully bad temper; sometimes he will answer a question, and sometimes not. We are amongst a people who have never heard the Gospel, and are 'dead in trespasses and sins;' and whose principal requests are 'give me meat,—give me tobacco.' One of the women who is with us, offered to sell her only child, about six months old, for beads; and upon asking if she had no affection for her offspring, she replied,—she had love for her child, but more for beads."

On our journey towards the district of the Borolongs, we met Sifonello himself, who was travelling to visit another tribe of people, for the

purpose of forming an alliance with them against his enemies ; to revenge the death of his brother. Though we could not prevail with him to abandon his purpose, he urged us to repair to Makwasse, promising to join us immediately. A few days after this interview, we arrived at Makwasse with feelings of both pleasure and pain; the former, from the expectation of being joined by Sifonello and his people, and recommencing the station; and the latter, on beholding the ruin which everywhere appeared. Riding through the old town, I was grieved to see the marks of desolation. Most of the houses which I had left occupied with inhabitants, peaceably living together, were burnt down; the cattle-folds, gardens, &c., were destroyed; and there was evidence enough of the haste with which the Borolongs had left their residence. The remembrance of past circumstances was painful; and the natives having set fire to the dried grass, in expectation of rain, the mountains and the valleys near our former residence presented a most dismal appearance. I was grieved to see Mr. Broadbent's dwelling entirely destroyed; the hedge of our gardens burnt. A remnant of Dr. Clarke's Commentary, and detached parts of other valuable publications rendered useless, were scattered about, together with various articles of household furniture, &c. One of the men ridiculed the idea of forming a station here, his wife sarcastically remarking, "we must immediately travel to seek

water ;” and the remainder of the people appeared sunk in silent discouragement and dissatisfaction. Brother Archbell alone had hopes, and joined in checking the conclusions of the people, before they had ascertained the resources of the place. The next day sufficient water was found for the cattle in the neighbouring river ; and the well which had been digged during my former residence here, being cleaned out, afforded water for our families. As onions, beet, carrots, &c., were found spontaneously growing in the garden, and the few trees we had planted were yet alive, we had evidence that the soil was sufficiently productive to meet our expectations ; and hence our murmuring people became satisfied. After six weeks hard labour, we succeeded in building four comfortable rooms, which we were on the point of occupying, when Sifonello received a message from the Bergenaars, to join them in an attack upon the natives who had destroyed Makwasse, and killed his brother, according to an arrangement made before we joined him. It was in vain that we attempted to dissuade him from his purpose.

Sifonello returned with a great loss of men ; and had himself nearly fallen a sacrifice in the conflict. The Batows, having been found both powerful in war, and numerous, he and his people determined to remove to some greater distance from them.

Sept. 29th. We had the mortification of seeing the people, under their respective chiefs, quit their land and habitations ; and in a few hours, we

were constrained with painful feelings, to bend our course in the same direction, leaving comfortable cottages built with considerable exertion, in which we expected to enjoy family comforts, after a whole year had been spent in a wagon as our only habitation; and after the station had, in other respects, just attained a state that warranted the hope of proceeding with the spiritual work of our mission. The only prospect, however, of continuing the mission with this interesting people, was in subjecting ourselves to the great inconvenience of travelling with them from place to place, whether their migrations were occasioned by alarms from their enemies, or by the want of grass or water for their cattle, till they should find a resting place. We left Makwasse with a full heart, though I trust with resignation to the dispensation. When passing through the town, it had so desolate an appearance from being deserted by its inhabitants, that we could not refrain from weeping over the effects of sin.

My wife alludes to our situation at this period in a letter to her sister, dated *October, 1825*. "After Sifonello and his people had built their permanent houses, and ours were nearly ready to inhabit, which cost the missionaries much labour and toil; Sifonello received a message from the Bergenaars, who were waiting at the Great River to accompany him, to revenge the death of his brother and the loss of his cattle, at the time Makwasse was destroyed. It was in

vain to persuade him not to join them. The loss of his brother, to whom he was much attached, was felt severely by him; and as the arrangement was made previously to our going to him, and he dreaded the displeasure of the Bergenaars, a consequence much to be feared, if he neglected to fulfil his engagement, we were obliged to desist from urging him to give it up. At the time he left us, there was little doubt but he would conquer, the Bergenaars having guns and horses. After a week's absence, he returned, but with few men, having been completely defeated with great loss. The enemy had been informed of their approach, and by stratagem, gained the victory. After his return, Sifonello declared his intention of leaving Makwasse, as he expected his enemy would take an early opportunity of revenging the death of many of his chiefs who had fallen in the engagement, and that our remaining would be attended with much danger; so that after having spent *one day* in our new house, we had again to pack our wagons, and commence anew our gipsy life. This was trying work, I assure you; after having built houses, and laid out gardens situated in a fine country, amongst an interesting people, again to leave and wander about in the wilderness. However, we were accompanied by the whole tribe of people, who are still with us; and they are now in search of a suitable place to form a station. We have hopes that Sifonello will be induced to come

nearer the colony, which will be both safer and more convenient. We have all excellent health; and though our situation is at present far from desirable, I think we bear it tolerably; though I sometimes find my temper much tried with the people, and our circumstances."

Jan. 1826. My wife addressed the following to her sisters at Darlington.—"I have felt much cause for humiliation, at the close of the year, at the recollection of so much misspent and misimproved time; and hope I have begun with fresh resolutions of living for eternity. I trust my dear sisters have ended the old, and begun the new year, in the enjoyment of much divine love; that your progress in holiness is considerable, since I saw you; that those precious means of grace, with which you are favoured, are carefully improved by you. Oh! how I sometimes long to be at your chapel, on a Sunday evening, to have my cold heart warmed, my languid desires quickened, my grovelling affections raised, and my soul blessed at one of your lovefeasts!—To be stimulated to greater diligence, by hearing the experience of those who have drunk deep into the spirit of our divine Master; or at one of those class-meetings I was privileged with attending when at D——, the good effects of which I feel even here; for frequently will the observations that were made by my excellent leader, recur to my mind with much power. But although deprived of public means in our own language,

what a mercy that a throne of grace is accessible! And frequently under a tree or behind a bush, we find that Jehovah is no respecter of places; that he is,

‘In the void waste, as in the city full.’

And we prove by drawing near to God in prayer, he draws near to us in mercy, and warms our hearts with his love. It is also a source of comfort to us, to reflect that we willingly forego those privileges and enjoyments which our friends possess, to be instrumental in hastening the kingdom of our Lord, in spreading the knowledge of divine truth, and saving souls from eternal death. Oh! how would you feel for those poor heathen by whom we are surrounded, could you see them as I now do, whilst writing. We are still wandering with Sifonello, and do not expect to be settled for some time. We have heard that the enemy who caused us to leave Makwasse, is intending to settle there himself; on that account we have come a little further down the river. We hear of wars and rumours of wars, but are not troubled. We are engaged in our Master’s work, and he will preserve his own; and perhaps these circumstances are but preparatory to the reign of the Prince of Peace.”

In the month of *February*, Sifonello signified his wish to return to Makwasse, which he thought might now be done without fear of an attack from his enemies. Not deeming it, however, prudent to do so without ascertaining the exact

situation of the Batows, or to expose our families to danger, without some effort to accomplish a peaceable understanding between the opposing chiefs,—my wife was again called to a painful exercise of mind on my account, as I undertook the dangerous task of travelling to Makwasse, and venturing my person in the hands of a most savage and ferocious people; who might possibly regard me as a spy; and would at all events, view me as the friend of a chief whose destruction they sought. I was accompanied on this journey by a Coranna chief, in whose friendship I placed confidence, and who was acquainted with Milit-sana the chief of the Batows; by whom, after three days' travelling on horseback, I was introduced to the tribe, at their temporary residence on the banks of the Vaal river, where they had formed a town of about thirteen hundred houses. Having arrived on the spot, I could not help reflecting upon my situation. Surrounded by a host of savages, accustomed to war and bloodshed; who had laid waste Makwasse, destroyed the mission property, and would probably have murdered Mr. Broadbent and his family, but for the protecting providence of God! The king enquired if I had not felt fear, on entering his town; and upon being answered in the negative appeared surprised. But he knew not that I had confidence in Him, without whose permission they could not touch a hair of my head. Milit-sana accepted the present I brought him; and

the following morning a *Peetsho*, or general council was held, in which the object of my visit was explained; and they expressed a willingness to make peace with Sifonello, and to allow of our return to the station. Policy contributed in no small degree, to produce this arrangement; as the Batows feared an attack from a still more powerful tribe in the interior. I left them the following morning, and the second day, with great exertion reached the encampment, and embraced my family. Although I had, on this occasion, subjected myself to much fatigue, and been exposed to great danger to meet the views of Sifonello; I was grieved to find him upon my return, unwilling to follow up the steps taken, by any overture of reconciliation on his part. Seeing therefore no chance of returning to Makwasse at that time, and fearing that our health would suffer by continuing to remove from place to place, as we had done for months previously,—we resolved upon building ourselves a temporary habitation, in which to reside during the winter months, and thus obtain access to our books, and enjoy some measure of domestic comfort. In this temporary dwelling, Mr. Archbell got to work with the press, striking off a small elementary book in the Sichuana language.

In this small mud-walled cottage, which however we had learnt to value, my wife wrote in her diary,—“This unsettledness of life has not been conducive to a growth in grace; and I have had

much cause of humiliation, and lamentation, on account of want of spirituality, and greater conformity to the divine will. Yet I have had many seasons of refreshing ;—many gracious visits from my Heavenly Father.”

In this hut we remained two months; and being still unable to induce Sifonello to return to Makwasse, we determined to establish ourselves at some permanent resting place, or abandon the mission with this chief, by whose promises we had been so often deceived. Sifonello now expressed a willingness to settle at any suitable place near where we were. I again, therefore, left my family and undertook a journey up the Modder river, to search for a suitable fountain; the result of which journey was, the discovery of a place called Plaat Berg, which appeared eligible at least for our present purpose, and for a permanent town, if an artificial power could be employed to irrigate the extensive valley, at the head of which the spring was found. The journey occupied four days more time than we had calculated on; and as I had travelled into a part of the country where the Bushmen had been robbed of their cattle some time before, by the half-cast tribes, and who were, therefore, under the influence of a spirit of revenge, considerable alarm was felt for my safety; and my dear wife had been unusually distressed on my account.

As Sifonello tried us again, by refusing to settle at Plaat Berg, we now resolved to act indepen-

dently of him, and therefore repaired to that place with a very few people, putting ourselves into a more independent position, than we had hitherto held in the mission, in reference to Sifonello; who in a short time, requested permission to reside with us; by which means we gained an ascendancy we had not before possessed; and which was afterwards used to great advantage. To this circumstance, my dear wife alludes in her diary thus,—

“The Lord has been for some time exercising the grace which He had given, in various ways. For several days the probability was great, that my dear husband had been murdered by Bushmen, whilst seeking a place where a station might be formed. My feelings, on this occasion, were painful indeed; but in this the Lord was better to me than all my fears; for my husband returned in safety, and a suitable situation was discovered.”

From this time, the mission presented a most pleasing aspect; and the temporal affairs of the station being sufficiently advanced, to admit of my being left alone, brother Archbell and his family set off for Graaf Reinet, on the *9th* of *November*, to obtain corn, and other articles necessary to our comfort.

It must be acknowledged, that the situation in which my wife had long been placed, had been most unfavourable for maintaining deep piety; and she certainly lived, at this period of our mission, in a much lower dispensation of grace

than when in England, especially in the Retford circuit; and at this juncture, a dispensation awaited her, more severe than any she had yet experienced, which "trial of her faith, will be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ;" for from this time, her religious experience again assumed a deeper tone, and more elevated character; the "gold" became much more "precious," from being "tried with fire."

She alludes to this trial in her diary thus,—“It was not to leave house, &c., as at Makwasse, but to resign my lovely and only child to the cold hand of death. The day preceding her illness, she was, in appearance, in perfect health; walked with her father and I to visit the chief, who was sick; and played with her companions in great spirits. Awaking in the night, I was alarmed to find her in a high fever; but the following morning it was much abated. In the afternoon, she was seized with a dreadful convulsion, which continued long and violent. Tuesday, her throat was swollen, and her breath offensive; but on Wednesday, she appeared better, and enjoyed the society of her playmates. The two following days, her throat was much better, but her breathing was difficult. On Saturday, she was much worse; and all the means we used seemed rather to increase than abate her afflictions. We walked with her the whole of Saturday night, for when being carried about, she was most easy. Sunday

morning, an alteration took place; and after five hours she was evidently dying. Her sufferings were extreme; but she did not manifest the least sign of impatience; for when asked if she was very sick, she invariably answered, 'Not so very ill, only a little.' For some time before her death, her dear little hands were clasped, as if in prayer. She was quite sensible until a short time before her departure, when being so dreadfully convulsed, both outwardly and inwardly, she ceased to answer any question. After these agonizing struggles were over, she gently ceased to breathe; and her spirit quitted the earthly tenement, without a groan or sigh. Never, surely, did I prove the efficacy of divine grace, so fully as on this occasion. Mr. Archbell's family had only left us a few days before her illness; we had none but natives around us; none to watch her sick-bed, or attend to her wants, but her parents;—her parents closed her eyes, laid her in her coffin, and committed her to the earth. But, Oh! the power of divine grace, how did it support me on this trying occasion! At the commencement of the affliction, I found such power to resign her as surprized me; and I was enabled to say, 'Father, thy will be done.' I trust this painful bereavement will be sanctified to her parents. The world has now lost its charms, and appears an empty void; and I hope we shall daily have our affections more above, whither our two dear children are gone."

Though all the tender feelings of nature were brought into powerful exercise by this bereavement,—for in a few days the work of death went forward, and trampled our dearest hopes in the dust,—yet we were supported by the grace of God. The child had long bound us to her in affection, by her engaging disposition and conduct. She had become an interesting companion in the wilderness; yet we were now enabled to believe she was removed from the evil to come; or perhaps to free us from earthly ties, that we might have less hesitation in remaining in a field of missionary labour presenting peculiar difficulties and dangers.

Nov. 24th. Mrs. H. writes,—“My mind was sweetly composed and drawn out after God this morning. I feel a giving up of myself into his hands; and trust this bereavement will be sanctified. I long for Jesus to take full possession of my poor bleeding heart. Long has it been cold and dead to spiritual delight; but God, in mercy has torn away that which perhaps possessed too great a part of it, to leave Himself no rival. I believe my mind had become so stupid and careless, that it required some painful providence to rouse me fully. Oh! may this affliction answer the end which infinite goodness designs! I feel no murmuring at the dispensation. No; it is well,—it is right; and I rest satisfied in the declaration of my Lord, that ‘what I know not now, I shall know hereafter.’”

Nov. 26th. "This has been a good day to me. The Lord has been gracious in preserving me from dwelling on my recent loss, and has sweetly engaged my mind, and drawn me after spiritual enjoyment. I desire to give myself fully to him; and humbly hope that this trying dispensation will be sanctified, and become the mean whereby my Lord will bring again to himself his wandering child.

‘Back to my God at last I fly;
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast!’

Dec. 3rd. "These two last days my mind has dwelt painfully upon my recent affliction; and during our morning service, I found the enemy busily introducing to the eye of my mind, the form of my lovely child, this day three weeks blooming with health and beauty, this day fortnight placed in her coffin, and this day week enclosed in her lonely grave. But my soul is happy in God; and I feel an ardent desire for that calm, silent, sweet sinking into God, which Lady Maxwell enjoyed."

On the *7th of January, 1827*, she writes,—“I trust I have entered upon this year with resolutions, in the divine strength, to devote myself fully to God. This has been a good Sabbath, especially when engaged in prayer with my dear husband. During the week I have felt the remaining corruptions of my nature; and my recent loss has been painfully presented to me. I trust

I do acquiesce in the mysterious and trying dispensation ; but nature will feel, and a mother's sorrow cannot be conceived but by a mother, especially when she ceases to bear that endearing name. Well, though others may derive enjoyment from their children here, I must rejoice that mine are beyond the reach of temptation, and pain, where they need not a mother's care."

In a letter to her sisters, she alludes to the death of her Mary Anne thus,—“The chief, his wife, and several other of the principal natives, visited us in our affliction ; and this was the consolation heathenism offered, ‘God is not good, to kill your child.’ Poor creatures, I thought, ah ! but I could tell you, ‘tis in mercy that He has dealt the blow.’ This, revelation teaches me to believe, whatever nature may feel. I can sometimes rejoice to think my two girls have got home ; they have done with mortality, sorrow, and pain ; and if faithful I shall soon see them, to part from them no more for ever. But, at times, a recollection of Mary Ann’s dutiful conduct, affectionate disposition, and strong attachment to her parents, rends my heart with anguish ; and yet this is a selfish feeling, ‘tis not for her but for myself I mourn. Could I wish her to leave those blest abodes, and become a sojourner in this vale of tears again ?—Oh, no !

Jan. 20th, she writes,—“The last fortnight has been, I trust, a profitable one. On the 10th instant, I had a peculiar manifestation, and also

on the 15th, which, I trust, were of a sanctifying nature; but I want the direct witness of the Spirit, that my whole heart is given to God.

Feb. 1st. "I commence this month with a fresh dedication of myself, and all I have to my Heavenly Father. I am thankful that since the 10th of last month my enjoyments have been great, my communion with God almost constant; the world, in my esteem, very insignificant; and heaven very desirable. I trust Jesus reigns alone in my soul, and is my all in all."

In the beginning of this month, my wife and Mrs. Archbell began to teach the native girls to sew and read; and they soon had the satisfaction of seeing pleasing progress amongst them. In this school, of course our adopted child Orphena Retford* was one of the scholars; and respecting her, Mrs. Hodgson wrote to a female friend in the month of May,—“Orphena is of use to me; she is at once my servant, companion, and interpreter to the children. I often perceive the silent tear trickling down her sable cheek, while talking to her on the worth and importance of the soul's salvation. She has already repaid me for the trouble I had with her, from her weak state and obstinate disposition. Correction is now seldom necessary; and I anticipate the day when I shall see her converted, and instructing her swarthy sisters how to flee from the wrath to come. She feels much the loss of Mary Ann, who was much attached to her.”

* See page 138.

March 11th, she writes,—“Had the privilege of approaching the Lords’ Table, and found it good to draw near to God. Since I last partook of the symbols of my Saviour’s passion, I trust my soul has been alive to its best interests. I hope I enjoy now a degree of love divine which I did not then, and would devote my little all to God.”

April 25th. “When retired for prayer and meditation this evening, I was suddenly surprised and overpowered. with a peculiar sense of the Divine presence; and I found silence alone could speak Jehovah’s praise. I waited, for some time, in sacred awe and silent love, before the great Three in One; and found a sweet calm upon my mind the remaining part of the evening.”

The following is an instance of that faithful, not to say severe spirit, with which she often examined herself.

Aug. 30th. “My mind is this evening depressed, on account of my unfaithfulness. I am conscious my soul has not been in a prosperous state the last fortnight; I fear I have given way to spiritual slothfulness. Eternal realities have been less in sight, and the trifles of time have occupied my thoughts. O my Father! how disobedient am I! how soon do I forget thy smarting rod, and provoke thee again to chastise thy child!”

On the same day, she wrote to my sister and observed,—“Your brother is at present fully

engaged in building a stone house ; our present habitation being of clay, it is not sufficient to resist the strong winds we have in this part of the country. Yet we have learned to value a mud walled cottage ; and know by experience that happiness does not depend on outward comfort. If in this life only we had hope, we should not remain in Africa. But when we view these immortal beings by whom we are surrounded, and reflect on the object we have in view, and for which we left our native land, we account no sacrifice too great, no inconvenience we may endure too much, in order that they may be brought out of that thick darkness with which they are now enveloped. That they need the Gospel, you will be convinced, when you hear, that two children whom Mrs. Archbell had taken to instruct in sewing, &c., and who also attended the school, returning to their homes every evening, were required by their parents to steal all the knives, pins, beads, &c., which they could take ; and one of them was beaten by her mother because she had not done so ; the other has been dismissed for theft. Their ingenuity in stealing would surprise you ; and it is considered no disgrace when servants are detected."

My dear wife was always greatly concerned for the salvation of her parents, who were a constant subject of her prayers ; and many opportunities were embraced to remind them of their spiritual interests. About this time she addressed the following letter to her father.—

“ Understanding that you are labouring under the infirmities of age, and remembering that your time on earth cannot be long, I feel constrained to address you, my dear father, on the importance of that change which may soon pass upon us all, and in the course of nature must soon take place with my dear parents ; trusting you will excuse the liberty I thus take in addressing you. When I consider the regularity of your life, the morality of your conduct, your care for your family, with your observance of some of the external duties of religion ; I fear lest you should be induced to think that all is right betwixt your soul and God ; forgetting that it is declared in the word of truth, ‘ Except ye repent ye shall perish,’ ‘ Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God ;’ and, ‘ Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.’ Permit me to ask my honoured parent if he has experienced this great change,—this passing from spiritual death to life ? If not, I beseech you, entreat of the Almighty to give you that ‘ repentance which is unto life,’ that ‘ faith which is of the operation of his Holy Spirit,’ and by which you will be enabled to rest your soul on Jesus for salvation, and that purity which will ‘ make you meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.’ However praiseworthy an attention to outward duties,—yet let us remember that religion is a work of the heart. By the sin of our first parents we have lost the Divine favour, and we must seek to regain it ; we have lost the Divine

image, and we must seek also its restoration. If an attention to the outward duties of religion could reconcile us to God, what need was there that Jesus should suffer, and bleed, and die? But we are 'far gone from original righteousness,' we are 'altogether become corrupt,' we can do no good work to merit heaven, or regain the favour of a justly offended God. We must be made sensible that we are sinners; and we ought to remember that 'the wages of sin is death.' We must confess our sins, with an humble and contrite spirit, in order to obtain forgiveness. We must come by faith to the Lord Jesus Christ, and rely on his merits *alone* for acceptance with the Father; not trusting to any thing we have done, or can do; not depending upon our own works, or hoping for heaven because we have been preserved from gross outward sins; but disclaiming hope of salvation in all these, cast our helpless, sinful souls, upon Jesus the Saviour of sinners, and find redemption in his blood. I rejoice to hear you have such excellent ministers in your church, who are careful to lead the flock committed to their care; and I hope their faithful admonitions, exhortations, and fervent prayers, have been, and will be made a blessing to many. If I form a correct opinion of them, they have informed you of the fallen, lost condition of all mankind; of the absolute impossibility of recovering ourselves from that state of misery; that Jesus having undertaken the work of the redemption of

ruined man, has discharged the debt we had contracted, suffered the penalty due to our transgression, and by his death hath reconciled God to man. What is now required on our part, is a true and hearty repentance on account of our past sins, and a reliance on the Saviour for the justification of our persons; with a life consistent to the requirements of the Gospel. Although it pleased the Almighty, at an early age, to convince me of these important truths; and though I had been restrained from gross outward wickedness, yet, even then, I saw without the pardon of my sins and an interest in Jesus, I was not prepared to enter the kingdom of heaven. But coming by prayer and faith to the Saviour, I found that 'peace which passeth all understanding,' and 'rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' I have never regretted yet, that I so soon forsook the pleasures of the world, which are 'but for a season;' but have often found the advantage of early piety, the pleasure it affords in health, the consolation it gives in seasons of pain and sickness, the support it grants in painful dispensations and trying providences, in times of danger, &c. I fear I shall weary my dear father with this long epistle; but be assured my addressing you in this manner, is from an ardent desire that you may seek for this religion that will smoothe the passage to the tomb; will cheer you when you enter the dark valley of the shadow of death, and conduct you to the mansions of eternal day.

Perhaps we shall meet no more in this lower world, but oh! if we meet at the right hand of the Judge,—if we do but hear him say, ‘Come ye blessed,’ our separation will be of little importance now. Do, my dear father, be earnest in seeking for this salvation the Gospel offers, Christ hath purchased, and your soul needs. This is the seed time for eternity. There is no repentance in the grave. Now come to Jesus for the pardon of all your sins,—now cast your soul into his compassionate arms, and you shall find redemption there. May we meet around the throne of God; and, as a family, be saved with an everlasting salvation! Hoping you will excuse the freedom with which I have written, I remain, &c., &c.”

In *November* an event occurred, to which she thus refers in her diary.—“A party of Bechuanas were nearly all murdered this week, by a number of Bushmen, who attacked them on their return from purchasing sheep &c., from the half-casts residing on the banks of the Modder river. The Bechuanas defended their pack oxen and other property, until being overpowered by numbers, they were obliged to flee for their lives. Several of them having received the arrows of the Bushmen, some only penetrated their skin cloaks; but one man received a bad wound in his thigh, and the head of the arrow still remains in his flesh. Two arrows entered the body of another; but they were extracted without difficulty. These

are the same Bushmen that caused me so much anxiety respecting my dear husband, when he had exceeded the time at which we expected his return, when searching for a suitable place for a station. How thankful ought I to be, that he was brought back again in safety; especially when I remember the case of brother Threlfall, who was murdered a short time before with his two companions."

[The Rev. William Threlfall, to whose lamented death a reference is made in the foregoing extract, was a Wesleyan Missionary of great promise. The first year of his missionary career, he was associated with the compiler, in the Albany Mission, and lodged in his house. He was a man of deep piety, and much prayer,—a choice companion, and fellow labourer. Never did any missionary manifest greater love for souls, or more ardent zeal for the propagation of the Gospel of Christ;—and, probably, no missionary was ever so regardless of ease, comfort, health, or life itself, as William Threlfall. This was perhaps his fault;—but if so, his "failing leaned to virtue's side." If the "love of Christ," so "constrained him," that to some he appeared "beside himself," it was "to God." For the welfare of the heathen he was "in labours more abundant." He ever seemed to live in that spirit of self-sacrifice, so beautifully expressed by Wesley; and which is so decided a characteristic of the true missionary feeling:—

"The love of Christ doth me constrain,
To seek the wandering souls of men ;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent ;
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord !
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd !"

His career was short ; but it was full of incident ; and it is greatly to be regretted that no memoir of this excellent man has been given to the public.

After he left the compiler in Albany, he was sent on the very hazardous enterprize of commencing a mission, among the natives near the Portuguese Settlement at De La Goa Bay, on the eastern coast of Africa ; where, after remaining about a year, suffering many privations, and being "in deaths often," his health failed, and he was brought away in an apparently dying state, by a humane master of an English trading vessel, which happened to visit the bay at the time. On his return to Cape Town, he gradually recovered ; and was, in time, sent to Kamies Berg ; where it was hoped that the quiet, and comparative ease, of that peaceful and happy station, together with the salubrity of its climate, would have a beneficial effect on his health. This hope appears to have been fully realized ; and sometime afterwards, at his own request he was sent, in company with the two excellent natives, Jacob Links and Johannes Jager, on an

exploratory journey into the Damara Country, beyond Great Namaqualand, on the western coast of Africa, for the purpose of making arrangements with the chiefs of that country, and selecting a suitable place, for the establishment of a mission. While on this journey, after enduring great fatigue, he and his companions were attacked at midnight, as they were lying asleep on the ground around their fire; and were barbarously murdered, by a treacherous native guide, and a few wretched Bushmen, who lived near the fatal spot; and whom the guide had seduced to assist him in his murderous plans, by the promise that they should have a share in the plunder of the very few articles of property in the possession of the missionary party.

Thus perished William Threlfall and his faithful companions! But the reader will be happy to learn, that a Wesleyan Mission has been established in Great Namaqualand, not very remote from the spot where these excellent men, fell martyrs to their zeal for promoting the salvation of the barbarous natives.]

CHAPTER IX.

Remarks.—Proposed commencement of another Station.—Journey to Graham's Town, and return to Plaat Berg.—Removal from Plaat Berg, and arrival at Buchuaap the new Station.—Missionary accommodations.—Pleasing prospects.—Letter to Mrs. W. Shaw.—Birth of a child.—Buchuaap threatened with an attack from a horde of natives.—Letter to Sisters referring to pleasing evidences of the progress of conversion amongst the natives,—And happy death of a converted Griqua.—Letter to Mrs. W. Shaw.—Reply to a relation, who had urged a return to England.—Converted natives attend a Sacramental Service.—A blessed Sabbath at Buchuaap.—Symptoms of returning affliction.—Letter to Mrs. Parker, containing a reference to the state of the Mission.—Letter to a friend on religious experience.—Extracts from Diary.—Last entry containing an account of a class-meeting of converted natives at Buchuaap.

[At the commencement of chapter vii, the reader has been furnished with a very brief outline of the history of the Griqua people, to which the compiler now wishes to add,—that they are divided into several distinct clans, under their respective chiefs; and as the territory occupied by the whole tribe is very extensive, the various clans, by an arrangement agreed upon amongst themselves, occupy separate portions of it; and consequently, several villages have arisen, at considerable distances from each other, at

each of which one of the principal chiefs resides. The very extraordinary and unexpected changes which had taken place in the location of the Borolongs, arising out of the circumstances already narrated, and by which they were now brought into immediate contact with the Griquas, convinced the Wesleyan Missionaries that it was very desirable to extend their religious care to that portion of the Griqua race who were nearest to their Bechuana charge. And as the people of the Chief Barend Barends, whose residence was at the village of Buchuaap, were at this period wholly without the means of religious instruction, it was resolved, on the application of the chief, and with the concurrence of the Missionaries of the London Society, whose stations were at a considerable distance from Buchuaap, to commence a mission at that place; which, while it extended the blessings of Christianity, would, it was hoped, prove an useful auxiliary to the mission amongst the Bechuanas. To these circumstances Mr. Hodgson refers in the following remarks;—]

About this period, we had it in contemplation to form a second station with Barend Barends, a Griqua chief, whose residence was at that time at Buchuaap; and who had also a small village of Bechuanas attached to him. The situation was favourable for a Missionary Institution. The inhabitants were of a class, with whom it was desirable to unite, and combine the interests of

our Bechuana charge, as affording additional means of protection against incursions from the interior; and to whose religious interests we could devote our attention, without much additional expense to the society. Our minds were not hastily made up as to this new project; but after serious and anxious consideration and prayer, we gave ourselves to this work also, and embraced what we deemed a providential opening for extended usefulness, in forming a new station. Previously to the completion of our arrangements, it was necessary to take a journey to Graham's Town. I therefore set off for that place, distant about four hundred miles, accompanied by many of the half-casts or Griquas from Buchuaap, the intended new station. Some of them embraced the opportunity of conveying to Graham's Town elephants' teeth, skins, &c., for sale; so that we formed a sort of caravan.

On the *29th March* we left *Plaat Berg*, accompanied by ten wagons, with their complement of oxen; also twelve riding oxen. There were sixty adults, and a large number of children of all ages, from three months to fourteen years. Five languages were spoken amongst us; but our religious services were held in the Dutch, as being the most prevalent tongue in this Babel. We arrived at Graham's Town in safety; where we providentially met brother William Shaw. It was agreed that, as brother Archbell and myself would henceforth occupy separate stations, a hired assistant, to act

both as artizan, and render aid generally in the school, and other departments of the mission, should be engaged. This point being settled, and our stock of supplies obtained, I left Graham's Town on my return, on the *10th May*, and was joined on the *12th* by Mr. Sephton, who had been engaged in the capacity just explained.

We reached Plaat Berg on the *16th of June*, where we received the painful intelligence of the death of Sifonello, the chief of the Borolongs; an event which had taken place about three weeks before our arrival.

16th July. We left Plaat Berg, the Bechuana station, in charge of Mr. Archbell; the temporal affairs of the station being in such a state that, with the assistance of Mr. Sephton, he could attend more fully to the spiritual wants of his charge. We left Plaat Berg with peculiar feelings; and could not but review the succession of trials and difficulties we had for some years endured with this people. To proceed alone to a new station was not pleasing. We were leaving a dwelling which had been erected with great exertion; and those personal labours must of course be repeated, in the erection of a dwelling-house, school, &c., at Buchuaap. It was, however, gratifying to reflect, that we left Plaat Berg in the care of those who would attend to the religious services, school, &c.; and who would also zealously promote the improvement of the people in all the arts of civilized life.

July 18th. We reached Buchuaap, and entered amongst a mixed people, consisting of half-casts, Coraunas, Bushmen, Bechuanas, &c., prepared of the Lord to receive the instruction we wished to impart to them. I had engaged a small reed house. It was without window or chimney, and consisted but of one room. It had been put together by a Griqua. We used this apartment as parlour, sleeping-room, kitchen, and store; and for some time, as a school-room and chapel. On our arrival, my wife and I repaired to our intended residence, expecting to find it prepared for our reception. But, lo! the man's numerous family were sitting round a fire,—their filthy karosses were lying scattered about,—and altogether the place and its inmates presented a most wretched appearance. My dear wife wept at the sight; and recurring to what we had passed through, and the comparative comforts of the station we had just left, she wept again! But the feeling was momentary; her pious missionary spirit prevailed in the short struggle; and, checking her feelings, she recovered her wonted firmness, and met the circumstances of the case with the greatest heroism.

August 4th. We opened a school for as many children as our small habitation would accommodate. I was busily engaged in building; but while I devoted a portion of my time every day, in teaching them to read, my wife was assiduously engaged in teaching the girls to sew.

21st. I was joined by an assistant or artizan,

from Graham's Town, sent to my help by the chairman of the district, and whom I found a great acquisition.

30th. A number of natives joined us, as residents of our mission village. Our school was increased to forty scholars; and we now had a congregation of one hundred adults,—besides the children of our school,—at our regular religious services, and a most pleasing prospect of usefulness presented itself.

October 16th. We removed to a cottage which the assistant and I had built. It was small, but comfortable; and in it we enjoyed every necessary accommodation. My wife alluded to this event in her diary.—“I feel thankful that we have entered our new habitation; which, to a person in England, would appear but a poor place; though to us it looked almost like a palace, and will be so indeed if favoured with the presence of Jesus. I hope to enjoy more prosperity of soul from the change in my outward situation, as we shall be able to be more regular in our religious duties,—more retired from the noise of the village; and we shall have a place for retirement and prayer.” A short time after this she adds,—“Our prospects here are very cheering. The attendance of upwards of fifty children in the school surprises me; as it rarely occurs that one is absent. Last week a young woman told me how corrupt and defiled she found her heart. Another woman was so affected last night that

she wept aloud. She called this morning, and says her heart is hard, and all within is darkness."

29th Nov. She again writes,—“A gracious influence was felt this afternoon; one woman wept aloud. The scholars continue to increase in number, and improve in learning. I trust we are in our providential path; and believe the Lord is working amongst us.”

In the month of *December* my wife addressed a letter to her friend Mrs. Wm. Shaw, from which the following is an extract:—“Our prospects here are very pleasing. I hope several females are under a real concern for their souls. Some of the boys belonging to the school, retire to the bushes to pray; and a gracious influence frequently rests upon our meetings, and the cry of the penitent is also heard. We have not yet invited any to join our little class, which consists of but the three inmates of our house; as we know it requires much caution to treat with this people, who are in danger of resting too much in means. I wish I could give you a better account of my own spiritual state; but, alas! there is much cause for lamentation and self-abasement before a holy God, on account of unfaithfulness, backslidings, &c. On reviewing the actions of the day, what need to fly to the fountain, and wash away sins of omission and commission, as well as those of ignorance and infirmity! What reason to repeat my act of repentance, together with those of faith and love! and oh! what cause

to admire, and adore the long-suffering of a gracious and merciful God! Oh! my dear sister! had I been faithful to the grace imparted, what heights of holiness I might now have enjoyed, instead of saying 'my leanness, my leanness!' Sometimes a recollection of my unfaithfulness leads me to think the Lord will no more entrust me with so invaluable a blessing; [entire sanctification;] and Satan urges, 'tis in vain to seek it *now*; perhaps the Lord will impart it upon a *death-bed*, but if now given, I shall again prove unfaithful. What a powerful and subtle adversary we have to contend with! how easily can he adapt his temptations to our circumstances! What need, therefore, to have the heart cleansed, that when Satan comes, he may have nothing in us! I will gladly meet you in spirit at a throne of grace; say eleven in the forenoon; it has generally been the most profitable season for my own soul. We must except Sunday, as that is the hour of public worship; perhaps six in the evening of that day. I shall begin, if spared, as soon as I suppose you will have received this. Blessed be God! I find his presence while now addressing you, and can rejoice in his salvation, Oh! that the Lord may bless our correspondence, and make us useful to each other! the language of my soul at present is,—

'Oh, that the perfect grace were given,
The love diffused abroad!
Oh, that our hearts were all a heaven,
For ever filled with God!'

I hope the Lord is quickening my soul, and increasing my desires to be wholly his. It was gratifying to hear that a number of the school children had retired, after the service in the afternoon, and had spent their time in singing and prayer, until summoned at the hour for the purpose of catechism. A young man, twenty years of age, conducted their service. We have not children only in the school, but parents also, who are not ashamed to be taught with their offspring.

I doubt not but you find the life of Lady Maxwell a great treasure; such I consider it indeed; seldom do I peruse any part without deriving spiritual profit. I was much blessed in reading some of her letters yesterday; and although the perusal of such memoirs is sufficient to roll us in the dust, yet I see no reason why they should discourage us; because what such eminent saints were,—they were by grace; and God is no respecter of persons, but is equally willing to communicate his grace to us, if we are but faithful in improving what he has already imparted. I fear, however, this is the cause why we advance so slowly in the divine life; we do not exercise and improve what we have, therefore we do not receive more. Let us redouble our diligence in reading, prayer, and watchfulness;—and we shall find that ‘the Lord is not slack concerning his promise,’ but that ‘the hand of the diligent maketh rich.’ I long to enjoy that divine tranquillity, that calm, sweet, sinking into God, that

holy recollectedness, which Lady Maxwell experienced so largely. This state I should greatly prefer to that of ecstatic joy. How is it, my dear sister, that our faith is stronger in the *ability* of Jesus, than in his *willingness*? ‘Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.’ Let us look to Gethsemane, to Calvary; and can we doubt if he is willing to save his people from their sins? Was not the end of his sufferings, to redeem us from all iniquity? No longer let us distrust his readiness to save to the uttermost; but coming with our leprous souls, may we be enabled to plunge into his open side, and wash away all our inbred sins, believing in the name of the Lord.”

Jan. 8th, 1829. My wife gave birth to an infant girl, whom she named Isabella Forster. The Lord was peculiarly gracious to her in the hour of nature’s agony;—being “saved in child-bearing,”—though only assisted by a native woman, who, however, was esteemed as a skilful midwife.

Feb. 22nd. I preached in the shell of a new school-room, calculated to accommodate two hundred hearers. The month of *April* was a time of great anxiety, as the station was threatened with an attack from a Bechuana tribe, united with a tribe of Corannas, and who advanced within a day’s journey of us. A message was sent to us from a friendly Coranna chief, to apprise us of our danger. The village was put in the best possible state to admit of defence; and arrangements were also

made to secure our flight as circumstances might render necessary. It was found, that there were twenty-three guns with ammunition, and men to use them in the village. The women and children took refuge in the school-house. Many of the temporary native huts were removed, so as to be near the mission-house. The cattle were brought near, and a watch was set, to secure the opportunity of acting on the defensive, should an attack be made in the night.

To the state of the work of God at this time, as well as the danger to which we were now exposed, allusion is made in the following extract of a letter from my dear wife to her sisters. "I know my dear sisters will rejoice to hear, that the great Head of the Church condescends to bless our labours; and though no regular society is formed, yet several females are met once a week in a kind of preparatory class, who give good reason to believe that a work of grace is upon their minds. The chief's wife was so powerfully affected, a few weeks ago, as to be obliged to be taken out of the meeting. His brother's wife has found peace; and in a severe sickness with which she has been afflicted, had a well grounded hope that 'to die would be gain.' His daughter had long and deep convictions; but she is also brought into Gospel liberty. She came in a little while ago to tell me, she was so happy in the love of God, she knew not how to contain. The person who married the captain's other daughter has

prayer regularly with his family. His nine children all come to school; several of them are under serious impressions, and retire three times a day to the bushes to pray. One woman came, a short time ago, to tell me she felt as if she was fast in a wall, without possibility of escape; but in a few days afterwards, the Lord made a way plain for her, and her joy was truly great. Others have also entered into liberty, and the cry of the penitent is still heard in our assemblies. Whilst the assistant was addressing the children, on Sunday week, three of the great girls were deeply affected, and wept aloud; and although the weather is at present very cold, I understand the bushes are full of the children before sun-rise, making their requests known unto God. You will, of course, conceive that as their houses are made of mats, they consist but of one room; consequently, if they will pray in secret, they must retire to the bushes.

“One might almost suppose Satan possessed of foreknowledge; as a short time before this gracious work began, or rather at its commencement, this place was threatened by a Commando from the interior, in the absence of our chief and most of his principal men; but our God was on our side, and brought to nought all their devices against us. A short distance from this place they rested, for the purpose of catching game for their food; and, as their custom is when hunting, they formed themselves into a circle to enclose the

animals ; when one of the spring-boks, in endeavouring to escape, threw the chief down on the ground. This occurrence the superstitious people construed into a bad omen ; and they concluded,—which most probably would have been the case,—that they should be defeated ; and after quarrelling among themselves, they returned home. During the anxiety the rumour of their approach occasioned, the four first verses of the second Psalm were much upon my mind ; and I felt a confidence that our God would render abortive all their plans against his church in this place ; and that the enemy would not be permitted to injure us. A nephew of our captain is, to all human appearance, about to enter a world of spirits. He was one of our scholars, and not considered one of the most attentive, although I understand he attended to the duty of private prayer. He was married about eight months ago ; and has been in a declining state of health some time, and lost his hearing a few weeks since. The Lord visited him yesterday with strong conviction ; and he was wrestling most of the day for the pardon of his sins. He interceded, also, for the school children, that they might be attentive, and not neglect their souls as he had done, and thus have mercy to seek on a death-bed. This morning my dear husband was roused to visit him, as they thought him dying ; and he was to all appearance, in the agonies of death. He afterwards revived, and told them he had now no

doubt but that the Lord had forgiven his sins; and he saw his way clear to heaven. Whilst Mr. R. was engaged in prayer with him this forenoon, he broke out in rapturous praises; wishing that his voice was strong, that he might bless and praise his gracious Redeemer. He said he knew Jesus was his Saviour, his God; and continued to praise God until his strength was quite exhausted. *Is not this reward sufficient for all we have suffered in Africa?* What are all our deprivations and sufferings, when compared with the salvation of an immortal soul! Had we not been hrought here by the providence of God, most probably this poor youth would never have known the way of life, and never have felt the virtue of a Saviour's blood. I was much pleased with the confidence a young woman who nurses Isabella had in the mercy of God. She said, 'When Mynheer prayed so for Barend on Sunday, I thought the Lord would hear; and he did hear, and also answer; for on the following morning his convictions began, and when, to all appearance, he was dead, and they closed his eyes, &c., and began to weep, I could not,—I said, the Lord does not do so; he will not take him away in this manner;—he revived and told us the Lord had pardoned his sins.' TRAIN, the nurse, is a sensible girl, considering her situation; and frequently pleases me with the pious and judicious remarks she makes.—This morning about five o'clock, Barend,—the above mentioned youth,—

exchanged time for eternity. A short time before he expired, he called his only sister to the side of his couch,—desired her to pray, to seek the Lord, and secure the salvation of her soul. His last words were ‘praise the Lord.’ They are now preparing his coffin. He was the first my husband married; and he will be the first adult interred. I must draw to a conclusion; and hope to be able to send this next week. I think I have nothing more particular to add, except that the Lord has been very gracious to me the last ten days. My intercourse with Deity has been open; my communion increased; Jesus unspeakably precious; and in temporals ‘I have all things and abound.’ Tell my dear mother I am happy in the divine favour, a kind husband, a lovely child, and a useful station.”

In the month of *July* she writes. “I trust the Lord is beginning a great work amongst this people, especially amongst the young men, and elderly women. Whilst praying in my own room, with the native young woman who nurses my little girl, I could hear the praises of God sung in different directions; and little children assemble early in the morning in the bushes, to address the Almighty in prayer. This day has been a day of inward and outward peace to me. Reading the experience of Miss J. Wilson, in an old *Magazine*, was made a blessing to me, and a means of quickening my soul. Oh! had I, like her, been faithful to the sanctifying grace I first

received, how far should I now have been in the narrow path of holiness! But, alas! alas! I have turned aside again and again, and pierced myself through with many sorrows. Oh! for power to build upon that rock! to plunge into that side! to wash in that blood!—Oh! that I could believe through Jesu's power, that I might never wander more."

At this time she wrote to her highly valued friend, Mrs. Wm. Shaw, from which letter the following is an extract.—"It appears, my dear friend, that our Heavenly Father has given you proofs of his love recently, by calling you to *suffer* his will. To nature this is not so *pleasant* as to do it; but perhaps it is more profitable. In affliction we learn many lessons, that we cannot do in health. 'Tis then we see the world in its true light;—how empty, how unsatisfactory, do all its pleasures then appear! 'Tis then we know the value of health, and see the folly of deferring the salvation of the soul until laid upon a sick bed. It is a time to *exercise* grace, and not to *seek* it. That Satan should take advantage of those seasons of trial is no new thing; and I think you will derive encouragement on recollecting, that this was generally the case with Lady Maxwell, at least until she entered 'the land of perfect love.' 'Cast not away, then, your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward;' for 'there hath no temptation taken you, but what is common to man.' The Lord has been very

gracious to your unworthy friend, since we parted, not only with regard to temporal but spiritual good. Though I was not able regularly to meet you at a throne of grace, at the appointed time, for several months after I had fixed to do so,—yet for some weeks I have seldom been prevented; and found, on many occasions the Lord peculiarly near. But on the 5th inst., at that hour I had *nearness of access* to a throne of grace, close communion with God, yea,—

‘The overwhelming power of saving grace,
The sacred awe, the silent heaven of love.’

Since that period my enjoyment has been great; my peace deep; my union with Jesus close; my communion with God almost interrupted. I was, at that time, pleading for purity; endeavouring to give my whole heart to the Lord; and I hope he has taken possession,—full possession. But I wait and pray for a stronger evidence, and also for fruit. I have written thus freely to you, not only that you may praise the Lord on my account, but be encouraged to venture upon Jesus for full redemption; and by faith plunge into the cleansing stream. O, my dear sister! how willing is that Saviour, who wept, and bled for you, just *now* to cleanse your heart, to speak the second time, ‘be clean!’ Come to him, then, *just as you are*; and come *now*. Offer him your all, and he will accept it. While you are reading these lines, may you have power to believe that the blood of Jesus *can now* make you clean!

And may you feel that he *does* take *full* possession of your heart! It will afford you pleasure to hear, that the Lord is still with us. Several have lately given us reason to believe that a work of grace is begun, and some have entered into Gospel liberty. One young man has lately died in the Lord; and many appear to be under serious impressions."

Sept. 27th. We were visited by our kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Moffatt, of the Kuruman Institution, connected with the London Missionary Society. Mr. Moffatt addressed 199 persons in our small chapel, amongst whom were 99 Bechuanas. Mr. Moffatt speaks the Sichuana language with the greatest fluency; and is as well understood as if he were a native, whether on spiritual or on other subjects.

About this time, a letter was received by Mrs. Hodgson from a near relation, who placed the subject of our return to England in such a light, as to make it appear like a *necessary act of duty* to an aged parent. To this she replied as follows. "It was our intention to have remained in this country, a few years longer, and then to return to our native land, to end our days amongst our friends; but if my dear mother's health is so rapidly declining, as I infer it is from your last communication, it becomes a subject of consideration with us, whether it be not our duty to return to England as soon as circumstances will allow, and afterwards return to Africa;—for I am per-

suaded my dear L——would not be comfortable entirely to leave the foreign work, while his health continues so good. He is at present quite fat and well. And though I suppose I have not increased an atom in size, since you saw me, yet I am as great a stranger to sickness in this country as I was to health in my native land;—and I really fear that we both should feel the effects of an English winter very severely. I hope we shall receive letters from you very shortly, that we may be able to judge how to act. Should they contain an account of the improvement of my dear parents' health, I certainly should prefer remaining a little longer in Africa; but if otherwise, shall wish to visit England. In the latter case, we should not be able to see you for nearly two years; as we must have permission from the Missionary Committee, and the application must go through the District Meeting, in the beginning of next year;—time must then be allowed for an answer before we can begin to prepare. I shall feel at leaving Africa,—at least this station. We are now very comfortable; a neat stone house nearly ready; our vines and fig trees yielding fruit; and above all a pleasing work amongst the people. But, however, if we have laboured in digging, sowing, &c., I hope others will enter in and reap the harvest.

“You do not say whether you have been favoured with the perusal of Lady Maxwell's life. I am beginning the third time, and it is ever new.

Why may not my dear sisters be as holy, as happy, and as useful as she was? Though you have trials,—and perhaps many, and great,—yet I must consider your present situation very favourable for entire devotion. Trials and afflictions, with grace proportionate, are amongst heaven's choicest blessings. Receive them as such, and with our sweet poet exclaim—

‘Thankful I take the cup from thee, &c.’

Though my situation has been, and still is different to yours, * * * in a useful, and, as I think, honourable calling,—the wife of a Christian missionary, enjoying all the comforts of life, which thousands around me never enjoyed; and above all, possessing that peace of God which passeth understanding, and a prospect of bliss beyond the grave,—nevertheless, I have had; still have; and expect, while I am in this state, I shall yet have trials, crosses, and afflictions. My sewing school is attended by about forty girls; who are very regular in their attendance, and make considerable improvment. I do not admit very little ones. The work-bags, pincushions, &c., have come in very useful. Some of the scholars are beginning to mark. I suppose you will think I am sometimes dull, having no female companion here; but, I assure you, I am not, but rejoice when I am quite alone, or have no other society than my husband and child. Time appears always too short, not too long; and with my Bible and other religious books to which I have access, and above

all, the throne of grace, 'I have all and abound.'"

Nov. 15th. The solemn ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered to thirteen members of the society. Several were allowed to be present as spectators; and one of the members, from tenderness of conscience, declined partaking of the sacred elements, having a deep sense of her unfitness. This season of grace was peculiarly blessed to my wife, who, a day or two after, records the following in her diary.—"Privileged in the evening to enter my closet, and commune with my Friend, my Father, and my God, it was a powerful season, a time not to be forgotten. My views expanded, my heart enlarged, my eyes overflowed. 'Twas heaven, the foretaste of glory! May my life evince my gratitude and love! Satan suggested 'This is a preparation for suffering; your child will be removed; or perhaps the cancer is not cured, and you must leave her, &c.' But Faith exclaimed, 'Be it so, if that is my Father's will.'

'No cross, no suffering I decline,
Only let all my heart be thine!'

I trust it is, my God; thou hast my heart, seal it eternally thine! amen, and amen!"

In closing this year she records in her diary,—
"Another year has come nearly to an end. I have been examining my spiritual state. I find cause for gratitude; and indeed I do praise God for all the manifested mercy which has been my portion; especially for the delightful intercourse

which I have enjoyed with my best Friend,—the spirituality of mind with which I have been favoured,—and for the resolution I still feel to be a whole sacrifice to the Lord. I trust I enjoy a state of grace, at the close of this year, which I did not the last ; and pray that if spared to commence another, it may be one of still greater prosperity. I believe Jesus reigns unrivalled in my heart.”

Sunday, Feb. 7th, 1830, is alluded to as a day of spiritual profit. A special influence attended the religious ordinances. In the morning prayer-meeting fifty-two persons were present ; about two hundred attended each of the other public services ; and in the evening, I administered the sacrament to eighteen members of the society, and admitted nine as spectators, of whose sincerity I had the most pleasing hopes.

At this period, Mrs. Hodgson remarks ;—“ I have lately had much pain in my breast ; and the hardness which remained after the tumour was extracted twelve years ago, appears to have increased. Probably my God may again exercise me in this way. I sometimes think it will be the means by which I shall be called home. All is well ! My God has the management of my concerns ; into his hand, I have given my all. Nature would say ‘ Let the bitter cup pass, and spare me a little longer to my dear husband and child.’—But grace exclaims,

‘ No cross, no suffering, I decline,
Only let all my heart be thine.’

I do desire *holiness*, more than *exemption* from *suffering*; and can leave myself in the hands of my Father and my God."

To this painful subject, she again alludes on the 21st Feb. "Have suffered much pain in my breast this last week; and was led to conclude my earthly race would not be long; and that a scene of suffering awaits me; I would however say 'Father thy will be done.'"

About this time she wrote to my sister Mrs. Parker, and observed;—"I expect you will have heard through the medium of my sisters, that we are more comfortable in outward circumstances, than we have ever before been since we left our native land; and to outward comfort, I trust we can write, spiritual prosperity, and prosperity in our little society. Last Sabbath, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to eighteen communicants, ten others being spectators, who are upon trial. Whilst your brother was preaching in the forenoon, his voice was nearly drowned by the cries of the penitents; and many are beginning, I trust in good earnest, to seek the Lord; amongst whom is an old backslider, whose convictions appear very strong. His wife has lately found peace; his eldest son is also under a concern for his soul. His wife meets in class, and another of the family came yesterday to enquire 'what she must do to be saved.' The work has hitherto been principally among the young men and elderly females; but several of the middle

aged men were, last Sunday, deeply affected. A Bush-boy, who has been in our service since we came to this country, but, who has been extremely careless and inattentive to spiritual concerns; is beginning to retire regularly into the bushes to pray, and sees himself a sinner before God. The assistant, meets a class of boys, who are not counted members of society; and I read to about twenty girls, in a manner similar to what you did, to the Sunday scholars. Our sewing school goes on well,—one girl has marked a sampler, and is now marking my linen. While things go on this way, we shall have little disposition to visit England, although we had serious thought of doing so some time ago. The change which has taken place within two years, in this village, is very pleasing. We have heard Europeans say, who were here about that time, that the greatest wickedness and immorality prevailed. Amongst other scenes of riot were those called the ‘pot dances,’ which may be termed the bacchanals of the Hottentots; *but now*, the fiddle and the dance have given place to the voice of prayer and praise, and the Sabbath is devoutly observed by old and young. On that day a prayer-meeting is held in our school or chapel at sunrise; after breakfast, the children are addressed by the assistant; at ten, your brother preaches, in general, to a crowded congregation, and again at two in the afternoon; after which, he meets a class, composed principally of those who live at

a distance; in the evening he catechises the children, after which, we frequently hear the voice of praise and thanksgiving ascending from several of their low huts, thus announcing that their family devotion has commenced. Is not this sufficient recompence, for our leaving father and mother, and sisters, and our native land? I am happy to say, though I have not those precious means of grace which you enjoy in happy England, yet I find the Lord is with us in Africa, and crowns our meetings with his presence. He also deigns to converse with a worm in her closet, and often makes it a Bethel. I know not that I had more divine enjoyment, even when at Retford, than I have lately experienced; it has been much of the divine tranquillity,—the sacred peace,—the resigned will,—the wonder ‘why such love to me;’ and not extatic joy; although, on some occasions, it was ‘the overwhelming power of saving grace,’ as well as

‘The sacred awe which dares not move.’

May 19th, she observes in her diary;—“I grieve and mourn before the Lord, that my soul is not more holy, that my mind is not more spiritual, and all my powers more on stretch for everlasting things. Unfavourable symptoms again appear in my breast, which ought to prove a strong excitement to me, to ‘work while it is called to-day.’ But oh, how tardy! how inactive am I in a situation so favourable for a growth in grace! My Father! my God! work more power-

fully on my soul by thy Holy Spirit, and let every thought be hallowed, and all within and without be holiness unto the Lord."

To a friend, about this time, she wrote;—"Since I last observed to you the condescension of Deity to a worm, in giving such foretastes of blessedness, by the sweet communications of his love, I have been called down from the mount, and have had to contend with the powers of darkness; 'the fiery darts of the wicked one,' were chiefly directed against my faith, and I found it hard work to maintain my confidence in the cleansing blood. Yet, though these conflicts damped my joy, I trust they did not remove me from my foundation; but, by them I was more fully taught, how helpless, how weak, how incapable I am of myself, to contend with such an adversary; and I fully proved the truth of my Lord's declaration, 'without me ye can do nothing.'" To the same friend, in the following month, she writes;—"Nothing fills my soul with such amazement as the condescension of the Deity, 'truly he humbles himself to behold the things which are done on the earth.' How is his ear open to the softest sigh, his eye watching over his needy children, his hand supplying all their wants;—his grace supporting, his love cheering, his presence delighting, all that put their trust in him. And this God, my dear sister, has said, 'All things work to together for good to them that love him.' You have a right to that

promise, because you bear the character to whom the promise is made. How safely then may you commit your all into his hands, and confidently trust, that even this painful visitation is working for you, a ‘far more *exceeding and eternal weight of glory*.’ Let the eye of your faith pierce through the shadows of time and anticipate the realities of eternity; and, ‘for the joy that is set before you,’ bear a momentary pain. But I hope, ere this reaches you, the ‘fever has owned his touch and fled;’ and that you are able to resume your domestic employments; also to worship the Lord in his outer courts, and in the great congregation. In what a world of shadows do we live, yet what a comfort that all beyond is reality. What profitable lessons might we daily learn, were we not such dull scholars! But for my own part, I feel ashamed and astonished at my stupidity. Letters from England inform us of the declining health of my widowed parent; she is very urgent for our return, but we do not yet see our way plain to leave Africa. It is one of those events which I can leave with my Father, believing he will cause us to hear his voice, if it is our duty to return.”

July 16th, she records;—“The unfavourable symptoms in my breast increase, and I expect the bitter cup will be put into my hands shortly, but

‘Thankful I’ll take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill.’

My soul has been alive to God during the past

month. I have had some peculiar seasons of enjoyment, both in public and private. I believe the Lord is preparing me to suffer his will. I have reason to think I must again feel the pruning knife; again be put into the furnace; and I have sometimes a presentiment, that this affliction will be unto death."

Sept. 5th. "During the greatest part of last week, I have had much pain in my breast, and have found my general health on the decline. The finger of divine providence seems to point out our return to England."

Oct. 2nd. "Commenced this month under the rod of affliction; my breast gets worse; and I feel a presentiment that this affliction will be unto death. I trust death is disarmed of his terrors; but nature feels at leaving a most affectionate and beloved husband, and an engaging child, who requires a mother's care."

Nov. 7th. "Upon perusing what I have written of my experience, the last twelve months; I find the Lord has been mercifully preparing me for the painful affliction which I now suffer. He healed my backslidings, drew my soul after purity, blest me with a measure of perfect love, and then laid his afflicting hand on me. As a token of my Father's love, I have reason to believe the cancer in my breast is confirmed; and, humanly speaking, before I can procure medical advice, it will be incurable. A suffering scene is before me, a lingering painful death,—perhaps the very means for

my purification, the method which infinite wisdom will adopt, to bring me to a closer communion with himself.—All is well.”

My dear wife, ever felt, the most lively interest in the welfare of the mission, and the prosperity of those amongst whom we were settled; and hence, one of the last records in her diary, expresses her joy at the experience of the members of the week-night class; and she thus expresses herself on the subject. “One seemed laid at the feet of Jesus, from a deep sense of his unmerited love towards her; a second was rejoicing in the Lord, and praying without ceasing; another confessed how vile she had been, but the Lord was drawing her to himself; a fourth acknowledged her warmth of temper, on a late occasion, had closed the intercourse with Christ and her soul; that she had reflected, it was not right for her to expect all things according to her will whilst in a state of probation, and that she ought to prepare for trying circumstances; that her peace was restored, and the intercourse open. *Another said*, she thought she coveted the grace others had, and did not use what the Lord had imparted; that her desire to experience what others possessed, made her undervalue what she had received. *A newly made widow*, observed, the world was to her a wilderness, but Jesus was her rest; that without him she should be undone; and that he did comfort her with the consolations of his Spirit. *Another*, who had been sick, had

been examining herself if she was upon the right foundation. As the axe was laid to the root of the tree, and she knew it must soon fall, she was anxious to prove herself; for she knew as the tree fell so it would lie. She was desirous of being spiritually minded, and to sit loose to the world." We left Buchuaap about three weeks after this period, and here her diary closes, and from this time, I have no written documents of her own, upon which to found any further remarks.

CHAPTER X.

Departure from Buchuaap.—State of the Mission.—Arrival at Plaat Berg.—Method of crossing a flooded river.—Arrival at Graham's Town.—District Meeting sanctions Mr. Hodgson's return to England.—Arrival at Algoa Bay.—Land in England.—Meeting with friends at Darlington.—Religious experience.—Last days.—Temptations.—Deliverance.—Penitence for unfaithfulness.—Triumphant through Him that loved us.—Testimonies by Rev. S. Broadbent.—Rev. W. Shaw.—Concluding remarks by Mr. Hodgson.

ON the 5th of *December*, 1830, I preached twice at Buchuaap; and took leave of those whose salvation, for upwards of two years, had been the burden of our minds, and the subject of our prayers. Though I fully acquiesced in the dispensation of divine Providence, which removed us from Buchuaap, and prepared for my journey without a murmur,—yet we felt keenly on leaving a people to whom we had been made useful, and who had long shown us the strongest marks of affection. Never did we see so clearly, the force of the evidence of discipleship exemplified,—“By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.” While we parted with many with feelings of pity, from leaving them in their sins; yet we felt the yearnings of parents

for others, who had set out for the kingdom of heaven, and were but "babes in Christ," requiring "to be fed with milk, and not strong meat."

Before our departure, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to twenty-five members of the society; and the Lord was graciously present, when we commended each other to God.

My first visit to Buchuaap, presented my future charge to me in a truly pitiable state; for I found them engaged in what is called a pot dance; and most of the people were besotted with honey beer,—a sort of intoxicating mead,—or stupified with gorging a gluttonous feast. Their minds were so completely sensualized, by dancing and its attendant demoralization, that I could not, on my arrival, hold divine service with them. But we now left them in a greatly improved state. Their temporal comforts had increased; the population of the place had received considerable accessions, from natives who wished to enjoy its superior advantages; a society had been formed, which now consisted of twenty-three members, and six on trial; fifteen catechumens were also met in two preparatory classes; and we had established a school of one hundred and nine scholars,—twenty-four of whom read the Bible and Testament,—sixteen wrote on slates, twenty on paper,—and eleven were learning arithmetic. The congregation, on Sundays, averaged from one hundred and fifty to two hundred persons, exclusive of from

forty to sixty Bechuanas, who not understanding the Dutch language, did not attend the same services as the other inhabitants.

December 8th. We reached the Vaal River, and were floated over to Plaat Berg, by the assistance brother Archbell had kindly provided for us.

10th. We set off together to attend the district meeting at Graham's Town.

24th. We reached the Zwaart, or Black River, one of the main branches of the Great, or Orange River. We found it impassable in the ordinary manner with wagons, in consequence of the rains which had fallen nearer its source. We were therefore obliged to resort to the plan usually adopted in such cases, viz.—constructing a float, the cross beams of which were made of dry willow wood, pinned together with wooden pins, and fastened by a cordage made of the inner bark of trees. Upon this float our females, children, and baggage were placed; and the rude pile was pushed across the broad stream, by the assistance of native swimmers. This dangerous and fatiguing mode of crossing the river, being the best substitute we could contrive to supply the place of a bridge or boat, occupied us five days, and almost prostrated the strength of all concerned.

On the *18th January*, we reached Graham's Town in sufficient time to attend the district meeting; in which my case was taken into consideration; and it was unanimously resolved that,

on account of the affliction of my dear wife, I should immediately repair to England.

February 10th. We left Graham's Town. The brethren accompanied us a short distance from the town, and after singing and prayer, affectionately took leave of us.

15th. We arrived at Algoa Bay, after a most distressing journey, arising from my wife and I having been seized by the dysentery. The attack, in Mrs. Hodgson's case, was not violent, nor long continued; but my life was placed in jeopardy, and her mind was kept in suspense for some weeks, as to the termination of the disorder.

March 3rd. We sailed from Port Elizabeth, Algoa Bay; *24th*, came to anchor at St. Helena; and, after a most tedious and uncomfortable passage, landed at the St. Catherine Docks on the *25th May*.

A few days after reaching England, we proceeded to Darlington, our native town, where we were most affectionately welcomed by a number of the dearest relatives, and kindest friends. To this circuit I was kindly appointed by the ensuing Wesleyan Methodist Conference; and it was here, in the midst of our friends, that my dear wife, soon after my appointment, terminated her earthly career.

Previously to our leaving Buchuaap, the consolations of the Holy Spirit, enjoyed by my late dear wife, were many and deep. This high state of religious enjoyment, combined with the nature

of the malady which led to our return to England, no doubt contributed greatly to induce a persuasion of mind, which never seemed, under any mitigated symptoms of the disorder, to be removed,—that her affliction would be unto death.

From the time of our leaving Buchuaap, to within about fourteen days of her death, my dear wife's religious experience appeared to undergo but little variation. At that period, her constitution began rapidly to yield, under the dire influence of disease. Then, also, it became abundantly evident, to all who were favoured to witness her passage to the grave, that, with but one painful interruption, as her afflictions abounded, her consolations did so much the more abound.

But however honoured in death, by the peculiar tokens of the divine favour, those generally are, who have in life been called, by the special providence of God, to endure privations and sufferings, in promoting the great object for which the dear Redeemer suffered and died,—yet it has fallen to the lot of some most eminently distinguished by marks of the divine favour and love, as the closing scene has drawn near, to sustain, for some valuable end, a severe conflict with the enemy of souls. Such was the painful experience of my dear Anne, as the following detail of circumstances will clearly show.

On the 21st of *September*,—only nine days previous to her death,—she was most painfully assaulted by the adversary of souls. The conflict

was indeed severe and protracted. I well remember her calling me to the bed side and saying, with tears in her eyes,—“I have been dreadfully tempted by Satan to doubt the safety of my state. I have been tempted to believe that I have been crying ‘Peace, peace, when God hath not spoken peace.’” Alluding to the same struggle to a friend, she said,—“Oh! the agony of mind I endured! It was indeed, ‘the hour and power of darkness!’ I could better have sustained all the pain and agony I ever endured, than this one conflict. Not a promise could I lay hold of; my thoughts I could not command, or fix on spiritual things; my peace seemed gone, and all lost.” The mere recital of the language she used, in describing the agony and dismay of mind she felt, can give but a faint idea of her mental sufferings, without the aid of the deeply affecting manner in which she made known the circumstances attending this severe conflict. But that God who hath said,—“As thy days so shall thy strength be,” and “who knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation,” sustained her sinking soul for a season; and then, to use her own language, “Bruised Satan under her feet.”

On the morning of the 22nd, my dear Anne remarked,—“Oh! what a sweet manifestation I have had! I felt power to give my soul and body, all I have, and all I am, to God. I was enabled to cast myself by faith, on the great atoning sacrifice, and found Jesus accepted me.”

Then breaking out in rapturous strains of admiration, gratitude, and praise, she extolled the goodness and love of God, in the many manifestations of his power and faithfulness, which she had experienced through life. The goodness and loving-kindness of God were themes on which, during her affliction, she delighted to dwell. In every circumstance, whether trivial or important, painful or pleasing, she recognized the goodness and mercy of God. No language can adequately describe how deeply she was impressed with the conviction of the abundant mercy of God; nor will some who had opportunity of conversing with her on the bed of death, ever forget the overflowing of her thankfulness, gratitude, and praise, under sufferings the most acute. Her Heavenly Father saw it meet to bring her through the fire. Indeed, during the last few months, she suffered from a train of circumstances the most painful to humanity;—whether we regard the hasty removal from that field of labour in which we mutually delighted,—the very recent arrival in our native land,—the endearing kindness and affection manifested by numerous relatives and friends;—the the approach of death in the summer of life and usefulness,—and the anticipated separation from those, who were bound to her by the tenderest ties of social and natural affection; some of whom had become exceedingly endeared to her by having sustained, in the great cause of the Redeemer, similar trials, anxieties, privations, and distresses.

But great as were, occasionally, her bodily sufferings, and affecting as these circumstances in the retrospect appear, they were all completely lost in the contemplation of that boundless mercy, on which she had entirely fixed the eye of her happy and adoring soul.

The sayings which fell from her lips, lead me to notice another trait in her character, which was fully developed during her affliction, and which, with that just adverted to, produced, on the minds of some, a deep and salutary impression, viz.—the deep sense which she entertained of her unfaithfulness ;—thus presenting another instance in proof, that the nearer we approach the heaven of purity, the God of holiness,—the more sensibly we feel our own imperfections, and are constrained to acknowledge, that our best performances need washing in the precious blood of Jesus. It is no uncommon thing, for eminent Christians, to complain of short comings, at seasons, when to others there appear no reasons for complaint. And although, as she approached the gates of the New Jerusalem, my dear wife expressed herself in strong language on the subject of her unfaithfulness ; yet her deportment during the whole period of her Christian career, was that of one, whose only object was to save her own soul, and the souls of others. She was often, however, melted into penitence and shame before God, when comparing her attainments with those of more eminent Christians. Clouds oc-

asionally obscured the bright beams of righteousness in her soul; and the exercises of her heart were painful, when viewing the purity of the divine law. But I never knew her brought under condemnation, for a wilful and positive departure from God. Her complainings referred chiefly to a loss of that eminence in grace, and rich enjoyment of spiritual blessings, which at one period she had secured by watchfulness and prayer. She was not distressed by any want of confidence in the mercy and favour of God, which as far as I remember, remained unchanged; but she sometimes experienced seasons of depression and discouragement, arising from a conviction, that she did not, at all times, enjoy that fulness of blessings purchased for her by the blood of Christ; for she ever appeared to feel the force of the sentiment so well expressed by Dr. Watts,—

“Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.”

Notwithstanding that to myself and to my missionary brethren, there was no perceptible variation in her deportment, I think, from the references she made to her Christian experience at the time when we were wanderers, and had no certain dwelling place in Africa, and the strong language she used, that her religious enjoyments had been lower at that particular period. Adverting to her state of mind at that time, she exclaimed, “I feel so humbled on account of it; the ghosts of my unfaithfulness and ingratitude

stare me in the face!" Adding, "but oh! the condescending love of God! He healed all my backslidings, and restored my soul. Glory, Glory, Glory be to God!"

During this day, (22nd) she appeared much weaker. But she conversed on the subject of dissolution with a freedom amounting to cheerfulness; and adverted with pleasure to the prospect she had of so soon meeting in glory her two dear children, and many Christian friends whose names she mentioned, as likely to welcome her to the realms of bliss. She was surprisingly delivered from all anxiety as to future events, that might occur in the order of Providence; and appeared to leave all to God; without even the expression of a wish. Asking her advice on one occasion, respecting some domestic arrangements, she merely referred me to the Lord, saying,—“He has always directed, and He will still guide you right.” Indeed, she appeared so raised above all anxiety, and so free from all earthly ties, as sometimes to express a fear lest she had not proper concern on such subjects. On one occasion I enquired, “Do you love me, Anne?” “Oh yes!” was her affectionate reply. But, she added, “I am astonished at the deliverance, in being able so freely to give up you and our dear little girl.—It must be salvation.”

23rd. Her mind was in a most delightful state; her joy appeared to rise higher and higher, as she approached the “heaven of joy and love;”

frequently exclaiming, "Jesus is precious! he is precious! I do feel religion to support me, and that it is a reality!" She adverted to the happiness she had experienced during the last six months' residence at Buchuaap; and expressed her gratitude to God, as she had on other occasions also, that she had ever become the wife of a methodist preacher and missionary. Again she intermingled her offerings of thanksgivings with regrets on account of unfaithfulness; charging me to preach the doctrine of holiness; observing, "the Lord hath made me meet for the kingdom of heaven."

24th. She was attacked by spasmodic affections, and suffered greatly at intervals. She was, however, blessed with much of the divine presence; her cup running over with joy and love. The language of praise was almost constantly on her lips. A friend called, who was affected to tears; to whom she said, with an air of cheerfulness,—“You must not come here to weep; you must rejoice and praise God with me;”—sentiments which show how completely she was enabled to triumph over the last enemy. She regretted being unable to speak more largely the praises of God, and frequently exclaimed “precious Jesus!—glory, glory!” The words of the apostle she used with holy exultation “O death! where is thy sting!” and often repeated those favourite lines,—

“With him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word.”

But the words which appeared to be the sweetest to her soul, and which she often repeated with ecstatic rapture, were—

“ And when on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see ;
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in Thee ! ”

25th. The symptoms of her disease had so greatly altered, as to lead us to expect speedy dissolution;—her rapturous state of mind continued. Being visited by several of her friends, she greatly exerted herself in addressing them suitably to their state. To do good in death, as in life, was the reigning principle of her mind. On being reminded that such exertion was injurious, she replied,—“ It can only make a day or two difference ; and if I can but do good on the bed of death, how thankful shall I be ! ”—Adding, “ Oh ! I wish to glorify God by telling of his goodness ! ” Her cheerfulness, rejoicing, and entire triumph over death, filled the minds of her Christian friends with wonder and admiration ; while the hallowing influence with which she spoke, deeply affected their minds. The room seemed as if filled with the divine presence. One who had visited her, wrote the following day,—“ Dear Anne’s state of mind, will go far towards reconciling you and her relatives and friends to a separation from her. Indeed my mind was so raised by divine influence, whilst with her, that I almost forgot were I was, and felt the greatest

difficulty in leaving the place, where God so bountifully dispensed his blessings. I felt it to be "just on the verge of heaven."

In the course of this day, her nephew visiting her, enquired how she was ; to whom she replied,—"Poorly in body, but happy in soul." He said,—“Are you no better?” when she replied,—“No ; I am sinking ; but the soul is rising, and it will rise. Oh ! you must get religion, true religion.” One of her sisters remarked to him, “You have frequently read in Magazines accounts of the happy death of Christians, which you generally believed to be exaggerated ;” to which he replied,—“I always did till now.” My dear wife hearing the conversation, observed—“Ah ! but religion is not a cunningly devised fable ; it is a reality ; it *can* comfort ; it *can* support.” She further remarked,—“Before I was your age, I gave my heart to God ; and I do not regret having done so. No ! Jesus is precious, very precious ; he is my Saviour, and my all. Glory, glory be to God, for what I now experience of his mercy !”

26th. Her spirit of gratitude continued. In adverting to the trials we had passed through together, she said,—“All has been mercy.” In the evening she was exceedingly weak, but observed,—“Nothing is wanting ; I have all in Jesus ; temporal good, spiritual good ;—nothing wanting but more thankfulness ;” adding, she could scarcely imagine she was on the bed of death,

from the calm, cheerful, happy state in which she felt her mind. Noticing that I observed her weeping, she said,—“My tears are not those of sorrow, but of joy; arising from the blessings which God pours into my soul.”

27th. She had a restless night; and the convulsions gained strength. During the intervals of pain, however, she gave abundant evidence of her happy state of mind; her cheerfulness and holy triumphing being unchecked.

28th. Was a day of much pain and suffering. She said,—“I suffer much;” but added, “heaven opens to my view; I want to be gone.” Experiencing dimness of sight, she said to me,—All is quietness and assurance; Jesus is precious; death hath come; glory, glory! Jesus is precious! I am going,” “Yes,” I observed, “to Jesus.” She replied,—“O yes! to Jesus, precious Jesus!” A friend said—“You are ready to say

“Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife.”

She added immediately, with great energy,—

“And let *me* languish into life.”

Pausing a few moments, as if to gather strength, she said with still greater earnestness,—

“Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly.”

Intermixed with her feelings of rapture and delight, were repeated acknowledgments of her unprofitableness and unworthiness; and, astonished at the great goodness of God, she said,—“I did not think that God would have been so

gracious, as to have allowed me thus triumphantly to bear testimony to his grace."

29th. In the afternoon, she said,—“Every promise with which I am familiar, has been sweetly applied to my mind.” I observed,—“you can smile at death.” “Yes,” she answered, “and triumph in death;” adding,—“precious Jesus! precious Jesus! I did not think that the Lord would have blessed me as he does; glory, glory!”

Sep. 30th, 1831. About four o'clock in the morning, my dear wife appeared near death, and about seven o'clock, expressing a wish to sit up in bed;—without a struggle or a groan, with a calm resigned countenance, she bowed her head, in obedience to the divine summons, and entered into the joy of her Lord; sweetly falling asleep in Jesus.

The sufferings of my dear wife, from the painful spreading of a cancer in her breast, always distressed me, in calculating the probabilities of her protracted existence; and this tended to mitigate the sorrow I felt at her dissolution. But now her pain is over for ever.

“ Her languishing head is at rest ;
Its thinking and aching are o'er :
Her quiet immoveable breast,
Is heav'd by affliction no more.
Her heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain :
It ceases to flutter and beat ;
It never shall flutter again.”

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Much she saw and suffered, in this evil world; and now that she is removed to that pure and holy rest, into which she has entered, faith decides that all is right. The strength of natural affection, sometimes makes me yet feel under the bereavement; but my judgment is quiet, and tells me that my Heavenly Father "hath done all things well."

I gladly avail myself in this place, of the voluntary testimonies of two brethren, with whom we were associated in the South African Mission; and I am more especially induced to quote them, because they were acquainted with Mrs. Hodgson's "manner of life," during the period to which she gave prominence, on her *death-bed review of her Christian* course.

In the first letter, Mr. Broadbent states;—"Ever since my first acquaintance with her, I have felt the most tender and affectionate regard for her. God had merciful designs towards poor Africa in sending you there; and in the future history of the South African Mission her name, and the grace of God in her carriage, meekness, long-suffering, and persevering labours, will be recorded. Perhaps one part of our employment in heaven will be, to trace out that mysterious and gracious Providence, which led and protected us through innumerable dangers, many of which were mercifully overruled for our good."

The second letter is from Mr. Wm. Shaw, dated Graham's Town, 1832; who states,—

“Your two letters, dated in October last, arrived together about a month ago, while we were sitting in the district meeting. When I read a few passages of your letters to the brethren assembled in our meeting, their real regard for you, and your late excellent partner, was made very apparent in the tears of sympathy which poured down their cheeks. I read the brief account of the last days of sister H., to the congregation, at the close of a sermon preached in the evening of the day on which your letters arrived. It evidently produced much feeling; I hope not from sympathy for you only, but also from a desire to live as she lived, and die as she died. It may be gratifying to your mind to be informed, that most of the brethren and their wives immediately showed their respect for the deceased, by putting on mourning. Mrs. Shaw, as you will readily conceive, from the intimacy which subsisted betwixt her and Mrs. H., was painfully affected by the intelligence. However, let the ‘Lord do as seemeth him good.’ That our late dear friend lived a life of faith in Christ; that she was an instrument of good to the heathen; that she died in peace, in the midst of her friends; and is now ascended to her God and our God,—are all reasons why the name of the Lord should be praised.”

[Mr. Hodgson concludes his interesting and affecting narrative, comprised in a series of letters to his friend Mr. J. Otter, with the following remarks ;—]

Having thus endeavoured to perform the duty, which you and other friends laid upon me, as well as my time will admit,—I close this very imperfect sketch of my late ever dear wife's life and death with assuring you, that no one can imagine the glorious state of mind in which she died, who did not see her during the last eight days of her life, and hear the many precious words that fell from her lips. It is a consolation to my mind, to think of having been united, in the dearest of all relations, to a person of so amiable a temper,—so sound an understanding,—and who was so entirely devoted to the best of causes. But, I conclude with my earnest prayers, that while I am again unfurling the banners of the Cross in a foreign land,—you, and I, and those of her relations for whose particular benefit this memoir is written, may be found followers of her, as she followed Christ.

[The compiler does not think that any observations of his own, would be likely to deepen the impression, which he trusts, Mr. Hodgson's account of the few last days of his beloved and devoted wife, will make upon the mind of the reader. What reader can be so unconcerned for his own spiritual interests, as not to discover, in the preceding narrative, much that is instructive in the highest degree? To refer to only one practical lesson which it teaches;—who does not perceive throughout every part of it, a fine illus-

tration of that great principle, by which the Almighty is pleased to regulate his moral government,—“Them that honour me I will honour?” Mrs. Hodgson devoted herself to the service of God in early life; she remained steadfast to her religious profession amidst no small opposition; and following the guidance of Providence, she braved the dangers arising from a residence amongst the wild beasts and barbarous natives of the African desert, with the view of assisting her husband to plant the Gospel “far off among the Gentiles.” All this was done with Christian simplicity, and in that unostentatious manner, which gives so sweet a charm to the acts of female piety and benevolence. Let the men of this world sneer; let the frigid philosophers of the age add another instance to their accumulated induction of facts, illustrative of what they may choose to call the *folly of religious enthusiasm*. It is enough, that God was well pleased with the “work of faith and labour of love” of his handmaid. He greatly “honoured” her, and her husband, and their excellent associates, by employing them as the instruments in commencing a most important Mission; and although he suffered them to be tried by a series of discouragements and dangers, which would have exhausted the patience of less devoted missionaries;—yet he has abundantly testified by “signs following,” that the work is of God; and many hearts now say, “destroy it not, for a blessing is in it.”

The compiler, however, refrains from pursuing a train of reflections, which although pleasing and profitable to himself, will be only such as will spontaneously arise in the mind of every pious reader. But as this volume contains much information, respecting the early history of the Wesleyan Mission among the Griquas and Bechuanas, to the close of the year 1830, he is anxious to secure space for the insertion of a condensed account of its progress, from that period, to as recent a date as the documents in his possession will allow. This is the more necessary, as a very important change has taken place in these missions since 1830; in consequence of the removal of the tribes, under the influence of the missionaries, to a tract of country, about two hundred miles to the eastward of their former locations. This movement is likely to be attended with very important and beneficial results, provided the warlike tribe of Caffers called Amazulu or Zoolas, do not disturb them. But against this contingency the missionaries have wisely provided, by locating the Griquas, (formerly of Buchuaap and Plaat Berg,) in the same neighbourhood; who will thus constitute a powerful defence of the Bechuana tribes. The Griquas possessing fire arms, could not be easily conquered by any of the tribes, who only possess the native instruments of war; and probably, this may deter the Zoolas from making any attempts upon the *new* inhabitants of a country, which

they, and the tribe under Motselakatsi have already once depopulated. But, the establishment of a Christian mission amongst the Zoolas, is the most likely means, for inducing that ferocious people to suffer the neighbouring tribes to live in peace; and it is hoped that missionaries will very shortly establish themselves in their country.

The principal reasons for the removal of the tribes to the country now occupied by them, together with the consequences already resulting, and likely to result from that measure, are explained in the following extracts from communications addressed to the Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, by the Rev. James Archbell, the excellent and laborious companion of Mr. Hodgson, in the second attempt made by the latter to establish this mission, as already narrated in these pages.]

“At the close of 1830, the resources of the station, [Plaat Berg] were found inadequate to support the number of people who were collected; and both the cattle and people, during the summer months, suffered much from the scarcity of pasturage and provision. It was therefore proposed, to move the people to a more eligible situation, which offered itself to the East, in a country depopulated by the atrocities of Motselakatsi, Militsana, and the Corannas. To this removal, however, were raised serious objections; and though the people were unanimous in the proposition, and their ultimate removal more than probable, amounting nearly to certainty, the risk of their meeting with unanticipated difficulties in the new country, and the possibility of their becoming scattered, were thought sufficiently weighty reasons for prohibiting its encouragement. The probability of its speedy occurrence, however, prevented the prosperity of our temporal

concerns; and in every respect, through want of room, and suitable buildings, our efforts were greatly paralysed, whilst the daily increasing population brought proportionate distress.

“Relief was no way to be had, while the Corannas were in every direction ready to seize any cattle which might be placed without the precincts of the station; and the people were reduced to the necessity of remaining, during five or six months in every year, in a state of destitution bordering upon famine.

“For the last two years, 1831 and 1832, nearly half the people left the station, some for the colony, and others to different Mission stations, and to people unconnected with any Mission, but who could render them protection; yet such was their dread of the effects of another dry summer, which had already set in, that, in September, 1833, in one combined body, followed by their Missionary, Mr. Archbell, they left *Plaat Berg*, and, proceeding eastward about six or eight days’ journey, settled at *Thaba Unchu*, in the depopulated country of the *Bashutas*, which is ceded to them by *Mosheshui*, Chief of the *Bashuta* tribe.”

“Before the people arrived at *Thaba Unchu*, a large body of *Borolongs*, under the Chief *Twani*, joined them; and, since their establishment there, the increase has been great.

“At this place, [*Thaba Unchu*,] the Mission has now been established fourteen months, and its general affairs have been prosperous; and, while the requisite buildings for carrying on the different departments of the Mission were in course of erection, attention was paid to the preparation of suitable publications for the immediate use of the schools, and public services of the church; so that there is now (Dec., 1834) ready, and will, in a short time it is hoped, be put to the press,—The Wesleyan two Conference Catechisms, with Scripture proofs; and the Liturgy, both in Dutch and *Sichuana*; a new Edition of Hymns used in the public Service; Portions of Scripture for the use of the Schools; and Lessons; together with a Grammar of the *Sichuana* language, in which are noted the differences of the *Sichuana* dialect, and composed upon the plan of the Rev. W. B. Boyce’s *Kafir Grammar*.

“From this Mission, about twelve months ago, proceeded the *Coranna* Mission, situated about sixty miles to the North-East, where a Missionary is now labouring. Some fruits have already

begun to appear among this unstable race of people; and here, as well as at the Caledon, which also branched out from this Mission in 1828, and where are now labouring a Missionary and an Assistant, we have tangible proof that our labour has not been in vain in the Lord.

“Among the Mantatees, (a nation, the extent of whose population cannot yet be ascertained, but that part of it which has been seen has been estimated at twenty-five thousand,) has recently been sent the Assistant of the Caledon station. The people pay great attention to his word and respect his residence among them.”

“The country we occupy was nearly depopulated, having at present but a few scattered inhabitants; about two thousand of whom, however, reside on the mountain. They are not collected; but we, notwithstanding, endeavour as often as we can, to offer them the bread of life. Since our arrival, the country has been bought for the Society, and paid for by public subscription, except the small charge which, the Committee will perceive in the account, has been expended for this purpose.”

“Our coming here has doubtless proved the temporal salvation of thousands of the Bashutas and Mantatees, as the commandos of the Corannas have been discontinued ever since it was known we were on the way. By the blessing of God upon our efforts, we are looking for equal improvement in the spiritual condition of the people, who are very attentive to the word preached, and manifest a great desire to be taught the *news* of God.”

The eligibility of the country selected, and the indefinitely extending prospects of usefulness connected with it, will appear from the following extracts. Under date of December, 1834, Mr. Archbell writes.—“The whole country is furnished with vast and numerous streams of water; it teems with vegetation adequate to the support of an extraordinarily dense population; both native and foreign plants attain perfection without laborious tillage; moderate industry secures plenty; whilst the elevation of the land, being five or six thousand feet above the level of the sea, renders the climate moderately cool, and never subject to the intense parching heat of the countries to the west. It is also free from epidemic diseases. In fact we have exchanged the desert of Arabia for the well-watered land of Goshen.

"From pretty correct observations, we are but one hundred and ten miles from the eastern coast of Africa, in south latitude 28 deg. 50 min. and East longitude 28 deg. 30 min. We have FORTY-FOUR THOUSAND people who are ready to receive the Gospel, and even anxious to have Missionaries.

"The following table will show the amount of means in operation, and the present state of the Mission in connexion with Thaba Unchu :

General Schedule of the WESLEYAN Mission among the Griqua, Bechuana, and Coranna Tribes :—

	Population	Missionaries & Assistants	Chapels	Regular Hearers	In Society	Schools	Scholars
Thaba Unchu	10,000	2	2	800	36	1	120
Caledon	2,000	1	1	250	77	1	127
Corannas	2,500	1	1	350	8	1	65
New Plaat Berg	2,500		1	400	100	2	89
Mantatees....	25,000	1		800	3		
Total	44,000	5	5	2,600	224	5	401

"In a later letter, Mr. Archbell adds :—Since our arrival here, much encouragement has been given us. The people, being in a great measure relieved from their adverse circumstances, have shown some gratitude by an unusual attendance upon the means of grace. At the close of the year we were enabled to testify of the peculiar presence of our adorable Redeemer. At the watch-night, our souls were graciously visited in the services conducted by my Assistant, two Local Preachers of the tribe of Bastards, and myself. Some backsliders were restored, and some lukewarm members were quickened. Two Bechuanas became very earnest about their souls, who have been received among us. Six sermons are preached by my Assistant, my local brethren, and myself, every Sabbath day; and these, with the various services of the week, are gradually effecting a manifest permanent good. Most of the public superstitions are abolished, or rather dead, for want of support. Rain-making has become the ridicule of the populace; and the various Chiefs seem now to vie with each other in the reception of our spiritual attentions. My Assistant, the other Sunday, being ill, was unable to attend his appointment, which greatly affected some. On the Monday, one came to me, and said, his heart was sorry that it had been left to die yesterday for want of food. Every other place, said he, had enough and to spare,

but they had been left to hunger. Another said, "Morokos Kotla* had no attractions yesterday; we went and sat down in it, but we could not bear to remain, so we went into the bushes to pray." Now this is the general feeling of our people; and though our work is but in the bud, with here and there an opened blossom, and more opening; we are rejoicing in the prospect of an abundant gathering, perhaps not far distant.

"Shortly after our arrival here, died one of our members. I visited him during his illness, and invariably received assurances of his happy state of mind. A short time previous to his death he said to me,—‘My beloved teacher, I wish, as I may not live till morning, to leave this testimony behind me, that I die in the Lord.’ ‘Here,’ continued he, ‘death is disarmed of his terrors.’ As he had made this statement, I told him I should be glad if he would also mention the ground of his assurance; when he emphatically replied,—‘Jesus died for me; Oh yes! Jesus died for me; thanksgiving to his name!’ He died December 7th, 1833."

[The reader will remember that the Mantatees are the people, who so frequently occasioned the missionaries and the natives connected with them great alarm, in their earliest attempts to establish the Bechuana mission. What a holy revenge has the Society taken of them, by appointing a missionary to preach to them "the word of this salvation."—May they hear and live! This very brief view of the present state of these missions, shall be concluded in the words of the Annual Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society for 1835. And it is hoped that the appeal to the liberality of the public in their behalf will not be disregarded.]

"Since the removal of the Plaat Berg and

* The place where we hold service. It is their Council chamber.

Buchuaap people to their new situation, the work of religion has considerably prospered among them. Several instances of the power of the Gospel to change the heart and reform the life have occurred, while some have experienced in death its cheering consolations. Among the number of converts during the past year, the missionaries reckon the chief Moroko. He has long been the steady friend of the mission, but has not till lately fully embraced Christianity. The Committee have recently sent another missionary to this important field of labour; and happy will they be, if the liberality of the friends of the Society, enable them to embrace all the openings for usefulness which are offered in that part of Africa."

FINIS.

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