THE HOMES OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

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BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

FROM

KETTERING TO CASTLE STREET.

With Brief Memoirs of the Officers and Missionaries whose Busts and Portraits are preserved in the Mission House.

CHARLES KIRTLAND.

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After the following sheets had gone to press, permission was given to place in the Mission House likenesses of the following honoured Brethren:—S. BRAWN, T. BURCHELL, J. CHAMBERLAIN, J. LAWRENCE, *and* W. YATES.

PREFACE.

THE following Manual has been written with a view of reviving the memories of some honoured servants of God whose labours have helped to raise our Mission to the high position which it occupies among kindred institutions. The lives of several have already been ably written, and their biographies are replete with interest to those who have time to read them; but nowadays most people shrink from big books, unless they are three-volume novels by popular writers. I have tried to compress into a small space the chief points of interest in the characters and labours of our brethren in the East and West, in the hope that they may encourage the growth of a missionary spirit among our young people. The sketches are confined to those who are represented by their likenesses in Castle Street, and are limited to such as have entered into rest. The living will find able biographers hereafter. It only remains for me

to acknowledge the help which I have received from Cox's "History of the Baptist Mission"; Marshman's "Lives of Carey, Marshman, and Ward;" Hinton's "Memoir of Knibb;" Underhill's "Life of Phillippo," "Missions in the East and West," and "Biography of Alfred Saker;" Clarke's "Voice of Jubilee;" Hoby's "Memoir of Yates;" Yates's "Memoirs of W. H. Pearce" and "Life of Chamberlain;" also C. B. Lewis's Memoirs of the latter; and from Dr. Trestrail, and the "Periodical accounts of the Baptist Missionary Society."

C. K.

NEW WANDSWORTH,

June, 1885.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.—HISTORICAL

PAGE

COUNTRY HOUSES—KETTERING—BIRMINGHAM—BRISTOL —CAMBRIDGE—NORTHAMPTON—OXFORD—READING 1— 3

THE JUBILEE—TWO KETTERINGS ... ... 4— 7

LONDON HOMES—WOOD STREET—WARDROBE PLACE—FEN COURT—MOORGATE STREET—JOHN STREET—CASTLE STREET ... ... 3— 9

CHAPTER II.—DESCRIPTIVE.

PRESENT HOME—SITE—COST—GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF BUILDING AND ROOMS—LIBRARIES OF MISSION AND BAPTIST UNION—PORTRAITS—RELICS—CURIOSITIES... ... ... 10—15

CHAPTER III.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

Treasurers—

WILLIAM BRODIE GURNEY ... ... 16—19

JOSEPH GUTTERIDGE ... . 19—21

Secretaries—

ANDREW FULLER .. .. 21—24

JOHN RYLAND .. .. 25—28

CLEMENT BAILHACHE ... . 28—30

M ies—

	PAGE
THE NOBLE TRIUMVIRATE: CAREY, MARSHMAN, AND WARD, WITH THE STORY OF SERAMPORE	30—42
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN	42—47
WILLIAM WATKIN EVANS	47—48
JOHN LAWRENCE	48—51
JOHN MACK	51—54
WILLIAM HOPKINS PEARCE	54—57
JAMES PENNEY	57—60
WILLIAM YATES	60—63
WILLIAM KNIBB	63—71
THOMAS BURCHELL	71—76
JAMES MURSELL PHILLIPPO	76—85
JOSHUA TINSON	85—87
JOHN CLARKE	88—89
ALFRED SAKER	90—94

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CHAPTER I.—HISTORICAL.

"Death reigned in every land,
And British Christians slept,
Till, touch'd by Heaven, a lowly band
For heathen misery wept."

IN the room numbered seven on the second floor of the present Mission House, there is an ancient two-leaved mahogany table, five feet two inches long, by three feet ten broad. It is plain and solid, but not so strong on its legs as formerly. If tradition may be relied on, this table has a history. Between ninety and a hundred years ago it is said to have stood in a back parlour in the house of Mrs. Beeby Wallis, of Kettering; and that, on the 2nd of October, 1792, a few men sat round it, and formed "The Particular Baptist Society for propagating the Gospel among the Heathen." So runs the tradition. It may be apocryphal; if so, this homely piece of furniture has every appearance of a duplicate, since in size, form, and general appearance the resemblance to that which stood in the back parlour at Kettering in 1842 is almost as exact as two coins cast in the same mould. But the question of tables is quite insignificant compared with the great work which was

initiated by our brave fathers on the one at Kettering. Like that, they were plain and solid, caring little for ornament and nothing for veneer. Thus Kettering was the birthplace, and for many years afterwards, the chief, though not the only seat of our Mission. What Bethlehem was to Jerusalem, Kettering—then a small town—was to London. In neither case did God put honour on the Metropolis. From 1792 till 1820 the Society had no settled home. Like the Jewish Tabernacle, it was migratory. Committee meetings were held at Kettering, Guilsborough, Arnsby, Long Buckby, Northampton, Clipstone, Salisbury, and other places. In like manner, the general meetings circulated through several counties, being held in Birmingham, Bristol, Cambridge, Oxford, Reading, and Northampton. It was not till 1820 that a general meeting was held in London. A conference was convened at Devonshire Square Chapel to consider the desirableness of forming an auxiliary to the Society, but it met with little or no encouragement. Dr. Underhill, in his "Christian Missions to the East and West," says: "Of all the London ministers only one was bold enough to leave the ranks of his brethren and approve the step." By the majority, it was considered a Utopian scheme. Mr. Fuller indulged in a little good-humoured banter at the expense of his London brethren:—"When we began in 1792, there was little or no respectability among us; not so much as a squire to sit in the chair, or an orator to make speeches to him; hence Dr. Stennett advised the London ministers to stand aloof, and not commit themselves." Until 1812 the only Londoner on the Committee was Mr. Wm. Burls, afterwards joint-treasurer with Mr. Thomas King, of Birmingham. The same year, at a general meeting held at Kettering the names of three London ministers were added to the Committee. So great was the preponderance of the country element in the councils of the Mission, that for three decades neither treasurers nor secretaries were resident in London. It is no secret that Mr. Fuller, who was the soul of the Mission, had no faith in London management, and opposed it to the last. Dr. Ryland shared his predecessor's feeling; he

said: "I tremble for the ark of the Mission when it shall be transported to London, and fall into the hands of mere counting-house men." Mr. Fuller's death removed the chief obstacle to the removal of the seat of the Mission to London. The last general meeting held in the country was at Cambridge. This was in 1819. Twelve months later the head-quarters were removed to the Metropolis. Now, with regard to the London homes—temporary lodgings is a more suitable word for some of them—Dr. Underhill, in a note with which he has favoured me, says: "I have an impression that the Committee met a few times at the 'King's Head,' Cheapside, which was a common resort for all societies." Premises were afterwards taken at 15, Wood Street, at the yearly rent of £60. Part of the house was sublet to other institutions—the Baptist Irish Society, and the Baptist Fund, paid £10 each; the Baptist Magazine, Baptist Itinerant Society, and Stepney College, £5 each; thus reducing the rent paid by the Mission to the moderate figure of £25. A notice to increase the rent to £80 led the Committee to quit the premises, and take others in Wardrobe Place, Doctors' Commons. Here the Society dwelt the next three years, when it became the tenant of the Particular Baptist Fund, at Fen Court, Fenchurch Street, at £70 a-year. In this partially sunless and depressing dwelling, the home work of the Society was conducted during the next twenty years—a period that witnessed momentous changes in connection with evangelical work in heathen lands. The press had been extending its domain, the staff of missionaries was largely increased, and the income of the Mission nearly doubled, having risen from about £12,000 in 1822, to £22,000 in 1842. Pleasant and painful memories are connected with Fen Court. Busy and anxious work was done in this gloomy abode. A severe strain was put on the faith and patience of secretaries and committees. As the years sped on, and the Home work of the Society increased, larger premises became a necessity; but before going into bricks and mortar, let me invite the reader's attention to a memorable event which was closely connected with THE NEXT HOME OF OUR MISSION.

VISIT TO THE FIRST HOME OF THE MISSION.

Two Ketterings.

"Hail to the work of fifty years!
They reap in joy that sowed in tears;
And bending from their thrones of light,
Heavenly, with earthly strains unite."

The first Jubilee of the Mission was celebrated at Kettering, Northamptonshire, on the 31st of May, 1842, and two following days. From early morning, every approach to the town was thronged with excited visitors, all converging on one point. Stage-coaches—hired for the journey—private carriages, sociables, gigs, spring-vans, and vans without springs, tax-carts, and other nondescript vechicles, rattled along the dusty roads, in almost unbroken streams. The sedate old town was *en fête*. Such an invasion was a new thing in its history; but from the least to the greatest, the strangers received, from all classes and denominations, a hearty welcome, and a generous and unstinted hospitality. The glorious weather, and pleasant country surroundings, added to the enjoyment of the festival. Spring was melting into summer, and the landscape was clad in its richly embroidered robes. The groves were vocal with song, and the hedgerows bright and fragrant with flowers.

"Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy:
And thick around the woodland hymns arise."

Among the attractions of Kettering, mention may be made of four. First, the house in which the Mission was formed—a cosy, comfortable, country mansion, with iron railings in front. In the historic back-parlour stood the mahogany two-leaved table on which the famous resolutions were written and signed. Second, the tent, in the lawn behind the house, in which the principal meetings were held, enclosing an area 150 feet by 120. Third, the old meeting-house in which Mr. Fuller spent thirty-two years of his ministry; and, fourth, the tomb beneath which his ashes repose. The

greater and lesser lights of the denomination were well represented at that great Baptist Convocation; but, as in the firmament, so in all large public gatherings, stars of the first and second magnitudes attracted special attention. Those two gentlemen who are crossing the street are Mr. W. B. Gurney, Treasurer of the Mission, and Mr. Joseph Angus, Secretary. On the opposite side they fall in with Mr. Steane, and Mr. Russell, the Secretary of the Jubilee Fund. A little further on we recognise the manly form of Mr. Kelsall, of Rochdale. That erect, slender figure, standing nearly a head and shoulders above the moving throng, is Mr. Tritton, the present Treasurer of the Society. In front of the mansion our attention is directed to a very aged man, with long white hair flowing over his shoulders. Time has ploughed deep furrows in every part of his face; the eye has lost its brightness, the hand its cunning, and the foot its elasticity and nimbleness; and when he essays to speak—which he does once during the meetings,

> "his big, manly voice,
> Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
> And whistles in his sound."

The patriarch before us is Mr. Hogg, the first Treasurer of the Mission, now bending under the weight of ninety years.

Under the sycamore that shades the tomb of Mr. Beeby Wallis we notice a cluster of men apparently engaged in animated conversation. The central figure in this group is Dr. Cox, and near him are brethren bearing the honoured names of Hinton, Stovel, Godwin, Mursell, Carey (Eustace), Brock, Robinson, Aldis, Acworth, Leslie (Monghyr), Knibb and Tinson, of Jamaica—men whose praise is in all the churches. So great is the havoc which death has made in forty-three years, that only two of this circle remain—Mursell and Aldis.

The preachers on the occasion were Mr. Godwin and Mr. Steane. The former occupied Mr. Fuller's pulpit in the old meeting-house, and preached from Ps. cxxvi. 3: "The Lord hath done great things," &c. Mr. Steane's discourse in the tent was founded on Isa. xl. 31: "They that wait on the

Lord," &c. The public meeting was one of the grandest spectacles ever witnessed in the history of the denomination. The numbers present were estimated at from five to six thousand. The chair was taken by the Treasurer, Mr. Gurney, and when the first line of the hymn, "Jesus shall reign," &c., was read, Mr. Knibb led the singing with the Old Hundredth. Knibb had a pure tenor voice of great clearness, compass, and power—a voice which, if it had been trained, might have brought him a fortune. The speakers were Dr. Cox, A. G. Fuller, J. P. Mursell, W. Brock, J. Tinson, W. Knibb, and J. Tritton, who is described in a printed report as "a young gentleman of interesting appearance and high respectability," and who delivered "a neat and eloquent speech." The crowding was so great, both at the sermons and the public meeting, that overflow meetings were held in different chapels in the town. The presence of nearly ten thousand people testified to the magnitude of the change that had come over the churches in reference to missions within the space of half a century. Let my readers contrast the twelve men in the quiet back-parlour in 1792, with the magnificent assemblages that met on that very spot in 1842, and the first offering to the Lord of thirteen pounds odd, with the twenty-two thousand pounds and upwards that were poured into the treasury fifty years later (exclusive of the Jubilee Fund), and they will see what a vivid and truthful picture of the development of the Kingdom of Christ is given in the parable of the grain of mustard seed. In connection with the Jubilee meetings, it may not be out of place to say a few words about the Jubilee Fund. As the fiftieth anniversary drew nigh, it was resolved to raise a special fund to commemorate the event. A moiety was to be applied to the purchase or erection of suitable mission premises, and the remainder to the enlargement of the missionary staff in the East and West. The late Mr. Russell, of Melksham, undertook the office of honorary secretary. With exemplary diligence and untiring zeal he traversed the length and breadth of the land in furtherance of the object which he had at heart. The Fund amounted to £33,700 os. 7d.

Of this sum, £850 was raised by the sale of commemoration medals, specimens of which I have carefully preserved.

THE JUBILEE IN JAMAICA.

Five thousand miles distant from England there is another Kettering, at which the Jubilee of the Baptist Mission was celebrated. In point of numbers and enthusiasm it equalled, if it did not surpass, the festival in England. A monster tent was erected, 200 feet by 150—longer by 50 feet and broader by 30 than that which has been described in the preceding pages. In a letter to Mr. Angus, Mr. Knibb says :—"About five hundred people belonging to the Refuge Church gave a day, cutting down more than one hundred trees, and sawing them into logs for seats, or poles for the roof." The managers, attorneys, and overseers on the neighbouring estates, without fee or reward, cheerfully brought up all the lumber—full 10,000 feet—and cocoa-nut leaves sufficient to cover the roof. "I owe also to their kindness," says Mr. Knibb, "the water we have to drink, and the use of cattle-pens, five miles round, for our horses." At an early hour on the 5th of October, 1842, fifteen hundred persons met for prayer, and at eleven o'clock, between eight and nine thousand people crowded into the vast enclosure. The chair was occupied by the senior missionary, Mr. Burchell, and appropriate speeches were delivered by the missionaries present. A picture near the gallery entrance to the library, represents Knibb addressing an excited but orderly assembly. The meetings closed on the 6th with the Lord's Supper, of which about four thousand persons partook. "This meeting," says Mr. Knibb, "would have been larger, but the supply of food in the village failed, and many were thus obliged to return home." It was truly a Christian "Feast of Tabernacles." In his letter to Mr. Angus, to which reference has already been made, Mr. Knibb bears a fine testimony to the marvellous change which the Gospel had made in the character and conduct of the negroes. "We needed not a single policeman. We lost not a single fork or spoon, though the house was like an open tavern for four days; and, though the

meeting was full four hours long, not more than three of the immense mass assembled left their seats."

OUR MOORGATE STREET HOME.

"Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them
Stretch forth the curtains of thy habitation."

On a site, leading from Lothbury to Finsbury Pavement, a new thoroughfare, called Moorgate Street, was laid out, and towards the north end, the Committee of the Mission purchased a plot of freehold land, on which an elegant classic building was erected at the cost of £10,300. It was opened in 1843. The trust deed declares the premises to be the absolute property of the Baptist Missionary Society. Fifteen trustees were appointed, but of these only four are living—Dr. Angus, Dr. Gotch, Mr. J. J. Smith, and Mr. Tritton. Thus, after waiting for many years, and shifting from place to place, the Mission had, at last, a home of its own; and, as compared with Fen Court, it was so large and convenient that many thought it would afford ample accommodation till the Centenary of the Mission, if not for a longer time. All of us were proud of the new home, and at the yearly meetings it was one of the attractions of London, especially to the country brethren. The two and twenty years which the Society spent here were not so exciting and eventful as the previous twenty had been, but the work was gradually extending, new fields were occupied, labourers were augmented, and the income went up more than thirty-five per cent.—from £21,198 in 1843, to £28,744 in 1865. The complaint of the sons of the Prophets to Elisha expressed a growing feeling of the officers of the Mission—"Behold now, the place where we dwell is too strait for us." But, cramped as we were for room, the Society would probably have remained in Moorgate Street a generation longer had there not been an opportunity of selling the premises at a large profit. City property was then fetching fabulous sums, and after the Mission House had been in the market a considerable time, it was disposed of for £19,500. The purchase money was invested in Consols, which yielded a profit of nearly £1,500.

Between quitting Moorgate Street and taking possession of the present house there was an interval of nearly five years. During this period the Society occupied premises in

JOHN STREET, BEDFORD ROW.

These were far more contracted and inconvenient than those we had left. It was a case of overcrowding; books, pictures, and part of the furniture had to be warehoused. For quarterly committees the space was much too limited, while the annual members' meetings had to be held in Mr. Noel's chapel on the opposite side of the street. The reminiscences of John Street, so far as the house is concerned, are not of the pleasantest kind; but the looming of a better and more commodious home in the near future made the temporary domicile endurable. At length, after long and unavoidable delay in fixing on a site, leasehold premises were purchased in Castle Street, Holborn, at a cost of £4,500. The builder's estimate for the structure was £8,347. The Committee expressed the hope "that the entire cost, including fittings, warming apparatus (hot water), book-cases for the library, and general furnishing, will not exceed £14,000, or £14,500." On this spot the present stately edifice was erected, and on the 21st and 22nd of April, 1870, it was solemnly dedicated to God by special services, in which the brethren Hinton, Steane, J. P. Mursell, Birrell, Webb (Tiverton), Tucker, Scott, Moncrief, and the Treasurer and Secretaries of the Mission took part. During the fifteen years that have elapsed since those memorable gatherings, more than half of those devoted men have entered into their rest. Thus, after many changes, the Mission found a settled abode, which has become a common centre for our Denominational Institutions. Two years later, the Report of the Mission made the important announcement "that the freehold (including expenses of transfer), had been purchased for the sum of £2,608 7s. 8d.;" and that the rent of the houses belonging to the premises would "cover all the cost of the repairs of the entire estate."

CHAPTER II.—DESCRIPTIVE.

THE CASTLE STREET HOME.

THE house was built from designs by Messrs. Searle and Son. "The style of the elevation is classic in its detail, but freely treated, pointed arches being introduced over the window heads, giving a lightness and elegance to the composition not attainable by adhering too closely to the severe classic form." The *Missionary Herald* for April, 1870, contains the following description of the new house:—"The building is large and commodious, and has been erected with the most sedulous attention to the increasing wants of the denomination. A large, airy basement affords abundance of space for package and storage. It also contains fireproof rooms for deeds, and should the denomination at any future time resolve on a general registry of deeds, chapels, school-houses, and manses, there is ample space for their safe custody and ready access. The ground floor is entered by a somewhat enriched doorway. On entering and passing through the vestibule, the main office is to the right; its dimensions are about thirty feet square, and it contains, besides accommodation for the clerks, a separated space for the accountant. To the left of the lobby are the rooms of the secretaries, and a private staircase for the housekeeper. Opposite to this is a large and comfortable waiting or reading room."* With the reader's permission, we will now make a hasty circuit of the principal rooms, beginning with

THE LIBRARY.

This handsome apartment is about 48 feet long and 30

* Now the General Secretary's room.

wide. It is surrounded by a gallery, and lit from the roof, and will accommodate about 300 persons. On the floor are busts of men, some of whom have left their mark on the Mission. There is Robert Hall and his great antagonist on the Communion question, Joseph Kinghorn, brought face to face, but the pen of controversy has long been laid aside. Then we have John Foster, Joseph Gutteridge, Wm. Brock, D.D., and W. W. Evans. The bays between the piers on three sides of the room are filled with bookcases, which contain about 5,400 volumes, including a large collection of Bibles, grammars, and lexicons in foreign languages, chiefly Oriental. In the recess at the end of the room there is a cabinet containing a large number of Indian and Chinese curiosities, including Lucknow figures of different castes and trades, specimens of natural productions, Hindoo shastres, finger-rings, amulets, native pipes, sandals, slippers, &c., all carefully labelled. Here are several interesting relics of Dr. Carey, such as the Communion cup used by the Church at Moulton during his pastorate—a small pewter vessel with one handle, holding two wineglasses of liquid. The late Mr. Wheeler, of Moulton, received it from a Mr. Dove, who for some time had used it as an inkstand. There is a small Bible enclosed in a box lined with velvet. The box was made from oak taken out of Carey's workshop at Hackleton, and has an inscription on a silver plate. There is also a small Greek Testament which was presented by Samuel Pearce, with the autograph of the donor. Among the relics are Carey's knife and fork, a stitch-bone and shoulder-stick—tools which he used in his business. Over the cabinet is a large proof engraving of Lewis's picture of our Lord's Baptism,* and on each side are about thirty prints of celebrated preachers of different denominations. Near the clock are portraits of John Clarke, missionary to Western Africa, and his wife. Facing these is an enlarged photograph of the late William Sampson, Secretary of the

* The original painting is in the possession of Mr. Joseph Brooke, of Rein Wood, near Huddersfield.

Baptist Union. The portraits of Dr. Carey and Lady Lush have recently been added to the collection. The former was once in the possession of Mr. Sutcliff, of Olney, and was presented to the Mission by Mr. Longland, of Northampton; the latter was the gift of the ladies of the Zenana Mission.

The sides of the gallery are occupied with the library of the Baptist Union, which contains upwards of four thousand volumes. In the roof of the hall there is a handsome memorial window, presented by Dr. Underhill in memory of his lamented wife, who died on the West Coast of Africa while on a visit to that land with her husband. The reader is requested to notice a pair of eighteen-inch globes which stand at one end of the room. These were Alfred Saker's gift to the Mission.

On leaving the Library we ascend three or four steps, and enter a doorway to the left, which leads to

The General Secretary's Room.

Over the fire-place is a portrait of John Mack, missionary at Serampore, given by the late Mr. J. C. Marshman, C.S.I. As we turn to leave the room we meet the pleasant face of Captain Wickes on the wall to our left. The Captain was an American, and a member of a Presbyterian church at Providence, U.S. It was in his vessel that Marshman and Ward sailed to India in 1799. In 1806 he commanded the *Benjamin Franklin*, which carried out Chater and Robinson. The likeness was presented by the late Mr. Burls, a former Treasurer of the Mission.

The front room on the opposite side is occupied by

The Association Secretary.

Here are engravings of Dr. Carey and his Pundit, and the baptism of the first Hindoo convert by Mr. Ward. There is also a fine oil painting of the late Samuel Pearce, M.A., of Birmingham, by Medley.

We will now ascend the stone staircase. On the wall near the door which opens to the gallery of the Library is the large historical painting representing the celebration of the

Jubilee of the Mission in Jamaica, to which reference has been made. It was the work of a native artist. A little higher up are large portraits of Joshua and Mrs. Tinson, presented by Miss Tinson, of Hobart Town; and on the landing is a picture of the Baptism of Christ, the gift of the artist, Mr. James Waylin. Before us is the

COMMITTEE ROOM, No. I.,

which contains portraits of honoured fathers and brethren, some of whom still live to serve the Mission. Over the fire-place is a likeness, in oil, of W. B. Gurney, sixth Treasurer of the Mission, presented by his son, Mr. Joseph Gurney. To Mr. Gurney's right and left are Frederick, the sixth King of Denmark, and his Queen. Both pictures were given by Mr. J. C. Marshman. On the mantel-piece are photographs of J. M. Phillippo and C. J. Middleditch. The recesses contain life-size portraits of F. Trestrail, D.D., and E. B. Underhill, LL.D. These were "presented by subscription in pursuance of a vote at an annual meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society, in commemoration of distinguished services as Secretaries—Dr. Trestrail from 1849 to 1870, and Dr. Underhill from 1849 to 1876." On the dwarf cupboard, near the window, are ten fine photographs of Serampore, brought from India by the General Secretary, Mr. Baynes, by whom they were presented to the Mission. Near these is an engraving of Alderman Flint, twice Mayor of Margate. The wall, facing the street, is adorned with several portraits of distinguished men. The two largest are those of J. Howard Hinton, M.A., and Edward Steane, D.D. The former was Secretary to the Baptist Union twenty-two years, and the latter twenty-eight years—"Presented by Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., M.P., on behalf of the subscribers, April 26, 1863." The painting in the centre is a capital likeness of Charles Stovel—"Presented on the forty-seventh year of his ministry, and the forty-first of his pastorate of the Church in Commercial Street, Whitechapel, formerly in Little Prescott Street, by members of the Church and other friends, May, 1872." On each side of Mr. Stovel is an enlarged photo-

graph—one of Clement Bailhache, the gift of his nephew, Mr. J. Cowdy; the other, of Alfred Saker, presented by Mr. S. Bligh. Near the door, to the right of Dr. Steane, hangs a fine steel engraving of Sir S. M. Peto. Sir Morton was joint Treasurer of the Mission with Mr. Gurney from 1846 till 1855, the year of that gentleman's death; and for the next twelve years he was sole Treasurer. At the end of the room, on the left of Mr. Hinton, Dr. Angus is faithfully represented by an excellent chromo-lithograph. The Doctor was co-Secretary with Mr. Dyer from 1840 till the melancholy death of the latter, in July of the following year, after which he undertook the entire duties of the office, which he discharged till 1849, when he became President of Stepney—now Regent's Park—College. On the wall, opposite the fireplace, are three portraits. The one in the middle is Baptist W. Noel, presented by Mrs. Romaine Callender. To the left and right of Mr. Noel are Andrew Fuller and William Ward, while, on the quoin, between the windows, hangs Joshua Marshman, D.D. The three last were the gift of Mr. A. H. Baynes. This room contains a fine terrestrial globe, about three feet in diameter, the gift of Mr. E. S. Robinson, of Bristol.

A few steps brings the visitor to

COMMITTEE ROOM, NO. II.,

where the "art that can immortalize" perpetuates the likenesses of a small group of representative men "whose praise is in the Gospel throughout all the Churches." William Knibb faces William Brock. For the latter, the Mission is indebted to the late Mr. James Harvey. On the mantelpiece is an elegant little marble bust, in Parian marble, of F. A. Cox, LL.D. Photographs of Drs. Steane and Trestrail have a place near the venerable Hackney pastor. In the recess next the window is Lady Lucy *Hutchenson.**

* I have made many inquiries about this lady, but can get no clue to her identity, nor can I ascertain who was the donor of the picture. One thing is certain, that she was not—as some have suggested—the wife of Col. *Hutchinson.*

The corresponding recess contains the brave and saintly William Kiffin, one of many sufferers under the two last of the Stuarts. On the wall facing the window are Isaiah Birt and Abraham Booth, and between them, Sampson Occum—a converted North American Indian, who joined the Presbyterians, and preached to the Indians in their own language. He was a man of great natural eloquence, and the first preacher of his race that visited England. To the right and left of Dr. Brock are James Penney, of the Calcutta Benevolent Institution, and W. Hopkins Pearce, Superintendent of the Calcutta Press.

Opposite No. 2 on this floor is the Ladies' Committee-room. The offices at the end of the passage are occupied by the Baptist Union. In the Secretary's room there is a likeness of* Joseph Ivimey, pastor of the Church in Eagle Street for twenty-nine years, and first Secretary of the Baptist Irish Society. On the second floor, are two committee-rooms; No. 5 is used by the Baptist Union, and contains the museum of the Young Men's Missionary Society. This collection of idols, with other Indian curiosities, would be more attractive if it was properly arranged. No. 6 is occupied by the Mission, and in addition to a likeness of the late Dr. Evans, author of "The Early English Baptists," it has Dr. Carey's unpretending study table. At this point we close a somewhat hasty survey of the present home of our Mission.

* This is the property of the Secretary.

CHAPTER III.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

WILLIAM BRODIE GURNEY.*

Born at Stamford Hill, 1777.
Died at Denmark Hill, 1855.

Treasurer of the Baptist Missionary Society from 1835 to 1855 (the last nine years conjointly with Sir S. M. Peto Bart.)

"They"—the forefathers of the following sketch—"were men whose uncommon genius was counterpoised with humility, sweetened by benevolence, and crowned with grace."—*Toplady's inscription on the tomb of Mr. Gurney's grandfather.*

"When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, call'd life, which us from life doth sever.
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever."—*Milton.*

MR. GURNEY was the sixth Treasurer of the Mission in succession from Mr. Hogg, and in view of the large place which he filled in the Society for twenty years, and the great services he rendered to it by the consecration of time, wealth, and personal effort, a brief notice of this estimable gentleman may be acceptable to many who never saw that "human face divine," so faithfully preserved in the oil-painting over the fire-place in No. 1 Committee-room.

* The extracts in this sketch are copied from Dr. Angus's Memoir of Mr. Gurney in the *Baptist Magazine* for 1855.

In the then rural retreat at Stamford Hill, W. B. Gurney was early instructed in the truths of the Bible, and practically trained in that large-hearted benevolence which was such a marked feature in his character through life. In his autobiography he relates the following incident:—"In the course of the last two or three years that my father resided at Stamford Hill, I was occasionally sent by my mother to inquire after the health of Mr. Henshaw, a superannuated Independent minister, who resided at Kingsland, in the house of Mr. Wm. Fox; and frequently, while I trundled my hoop, I took on my left arm a little basket with some jelly or a little cake, refreshments which he had not the means of purchasing, his income being very small, and he having refused assistance which was generously offered him from Mr. Whitbread and from Mr. Howard, both of whom felt a great esteem for him. On one of these occasions I found an elderly gentleman, whose figure I still bear in my mind, as well as his dress—a pepper-and-salt coat and a scarlet waistcoat, and lying by him a cocked hat. This was John Howard, the philanthropist. This visit must have occurred in the year 1787."

In the month of August, 1796, a new page is opened in the life of Mr. Gurney. He took the solemn step of publicly professing his faith in Christ, and was united to the Church then under the pastoral care of the Rev. John Dore. By a very happy coincidence, Miss Benham—who became his wife seven years after—was baptized at the same time.

Mr. Gurney's long connection with Sunday-school work began before he became a member of the Church. During the residence of his parents at Walworth, his mother formed a school. The Committee of Management promised the master a penny per head for each child whose attendance he secured till the number reached thirty. This was the limit of the Committee's offer, and, as we shall see, the vanishing point of the master's zeal. If the thirty did not attend, his son "was sent out to fetch in the requisite number, with instructions to tell them that they would not be detained." Young Mr. Gurney and three other Christian workers took the school into their own hands; the neighbourhood was

canvassed, and in a short time there was a voluntary attendance of a hundred and twenty children. It was by Mr. Gurney's suggestion that a Sunday-school was formed at Maze Pond. This was in 1801. Two years later he was the moving spirit in the establishment of the Sunday School Union, of which he was successively Secretary, Treasurer, and President. But our departed friend did much more than originate and "float" schemes of usefulness. Practicalness was a conspicuous feature in his character. He not only planned the edifice, but helped—with his own hands—to build it. There were few benevolent movements in his day in which he did not bear his full share of responsibility. During thirty-five years he was an active member of the Sunday School Society. In 1805 he took the lead in a new experiment. Periodical literature of a religious character was then in its infancy. For the young, the existing magazines made little or no provision. Mr. Gurney and his friends saw the want, and met it by starting the *Youth's Magazine*. The undertaking proved successful beyond the most sanguine expectations of its promoters. The style of the new periodical was attractive, and its tone healthy and stimulating. It found a place in many Christian homes, where it was always a welcome visitor. The magazine not only paid its way, but, during the forty years of its existence, it contributed "some four thousand pounds to various educational and missionary institutions." There was hardly a philanthropic or religious movement in Mr. Gurney's day with which he was not identified. But broad and catholic as were his sympathies, his time and energies were devoted mainly to the interests of his own denomination. "The two societies," writes Dr. Angus, "which received most of Mr. Gurney's attention, were the Foreign Mission and Stepney College." He was no mere ornamental president. For him to take office in connection with any institution meant a full share of the work which had to be done. His Sunday afternoon lectures to the young on Idolatry, for the benefit of the Mission, attracted large audiencies, and yielded considerable pecuniary results. In the affairs of the Church of which he was a member and a deacon, Mr. Gurney took an

active part. For many years he conducted a prayer-meeting from seven to eight on a Sunday morning, giving a short address; and he used to take the week-night service in Dr. Steane's absence. In all religious and benevolent movements with which this excellent man was connected, his name was a tower of strength; and his transparent, Nathanael-like character, and untiring labours, added a new lustre, even to the honoured name of Gurney. His deepest afflictions were borne with exemplary patience and submission to the Divine will. In the dark hour of bereavement, when the ornament and charm of his home was removed at a painfully short notice, and in his own sharpest bodily sufferings, he could say without a murmur, "It is the Lord." His last words were a fitting close to the life he had lived. About day-break on Lord's-day morning, March 25, 1855, he took a silent leave of the mourners who had gathered around his bed; and then—as though some heavenly vision had opened on his spirit—he said, "Now, Lord, now, Lord, come!" With these words on his lips, this saintly man was gathered to his fathers at the ripe age of seventy-seven years.

"His spirit with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent at sunrise on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay."

JOSEPH GUTTERIDGE.

Born at Leighton Buzzard, 1752.
Treasurer of Baptist Fund, 1798–1844.
Treasurer of Stepney College, 1810.
Died at Camberwell, 1844.

Sixty years ago few men belonging to the Baptist body in London were better known, or exercised a greater influence in denominational matters, than Mr. Gutteridge. His wife was the daughter of Mr. James Smith, of Islington, a personal friend of Dr. Stennett, and a deacon of the church

under his care. Mr. Gutteridge, with his wife, was baptized in 1778 by Abraham Booth, and received into the church at Little Prescott Street. They retained their connection with this Society till they joined the communion of saints above. He had a strong desire to study for the Bar, but the death of his father produced a change in his plans, and before he was twenty-one he undertook the responsibility of a large London business, which he conducted with credit and success. The superior abilities and public spirit of Mr. Gutteridge qualified him to take a foremost place in the institutions of the day. For some years he was Deputy-chairman of the Deputies of the Three Denominations of Protestant Dissenters; he was also one of the founders of the Sunday School Society, and took an active part in the formation of Mill Hill Grammar School. In the societies belonging to his own denomination Mr. Gutteridge was always to the front. His connection with the Baptist Fund extended over a period of fifty years, during forty-six of which he was the Treasurer. In the establishment of Stepney College Mr. Gutteridge was the most active of its founders; he became its first Treasurer, an office which he filled with consummate tact and great efficiency till his growing infirmities compelled him to resign it into younger hands. When the headquarters of the Mission were removed to London, Mr. Gutteridge became a member of the Committee. He was then in his sixty-seventh year, but he took an active part in the management of the Society. Mr. J. C. Marshman, who, by the way, did not agree with every part of Mr. Gutteridge's policy, says, "He possessed a clear and vigorous intellect, and that strength of character which always gives influence in every connection. No other member of the Committee was so well fitted to subdue the anarchy which had reigned in the Society for four years, and to give a definite policy and a unity of action to its movements." When Mr. Shaw retired from the Treasurership of the Mission, Mr. Gutteridge expressed his willingness to discharge the duties of the office till the appointment of a successor.

The longest day declines, and lives of patriarchal length decay and return to their dust. Mr. Gutteridge was forty

years old when the Mission was formed; he survived the Jubilee two years, and came to his grave "like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." The closing scene is appropriately described by Dr. Steane: "It was on a Sabbath morning, and in harmony with the sanctity of the day. Not a pain was felt, not a struggle was experienced, not a groan was uttered. Those who stood around him as he breathed his last could not but say to one another, 'MARK THE PERFECT MAN, AND BEHOLD THE UPRIGHT, FOR THE END OF THAT MAN IS PEACE.'"

ANDREW FULLER.

Born at Wicken, Cambridgeshire, 1754.
Minister at Soham, 1775–1782.
Minister at Kettering, 1782*–1815.
Secretary to the Baptist Missionary Society, 1792–1815.
Died at Kettering, 1815.

"A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire."

Andrew Fuller served his generation in a three-fold capacity—as Preacher, Author, and Secretary. It is to the last of these that the reader's attention is respectfully invited. Mr. Fuller had been settled at Kettering nine or ten years before the Baptist Mission was formed. At the beginning of a new era in Christian Missions, a man of Mr. Fuller's calibre was a necessity. As in the case of Carey, the hour had come, and with it came the man. He was a born Secretary, and combined, in a pre-eminent degree, the qualities required to undertake the responsibilities and do the work which the office imposed on its holder. It was no sinecure that he accepted, but a position which taxed his

* Although Mr. Fuller removed to Kettering in October, 1782, he was not settled as pastor till twelve months afterwards.

mental and physical capabilities to the utmost. In addition to the care of a church and congregation, and his great literary labours, he spent no inconsiderable portion of every year in preaching and addressing public meetings in behalf of the Mission, corresponding with churches at home and missionaries abroad, and collecting funds for the Society. Year after year we find him traversing Great Britain by the tedious and exhausting modes of locomotion in vogue at the end of the last and the early part of the present century, and not unfrequently in a feeble state of health. In one of his letters he thus refers to a journey: "The first eight days the fever hung upon me. I had four sleepless nights, and was meditating a return home." A slight improvement, however, revived the old energy, and he resolved to proceed. He says: "I preached twenty-two sermons in the month, travelled upwards of six hundred miles, and collected £645." Then we find him in the North for eight successive weeks, making a tour of thirteen hundred miles, preaching fifty sermons, and collecting hard upon thirteen hundred pounds. These efforts were repeated during the three-and-thirty years of Mr. Fuller's official life; and they testify to his prodigious working power and untiring industry. In Scotland, a warm welcome was always given to Mr. Fuller. His writings had attracted the attention and excited the admiration of the argumentative and logical Scottish mind, and during his visits he held intercourse with such men as Drs. Stuart, Erskine, and Chalmers, and with the celebrated brothers Haldane. So popular had the Mission and its Secretary become across the border, that four or five thousand persons sometimes assembled to hear him. His first journey to Scotland produced £900 for the Mission. On another occasion he preached to between four and five thousand persons, and collected £200. But besides the direct work of Mr. Fuller's office, other and far less congenial matters were forced upon him. The magnates of Leadenhall Street entered into a league to crush the Mission in India. In their unwisdom they made it a criminal offence for anyone to settle in the Company's territories without its license. In Parliament, the India House was represented by an influential party, led by the eloquent

and mendacious Major Scott Waring. The *Edinburgh Review* soiled its pages with the brilliant, but envenomed diatribes of Sydney Smith ; * but in the redoubtable Andrew Fuller, the modern Samballats, Tobiahs, and Geshems found a foeman worthy of their steel, whose heavy artillery silenced the enemy's guns. His "Apology for Missions," which was issued in two parts, exposed the fallacies and refuted the arguments of all opponents, and won for the Mission a much higher place in public esteem than it had hitherto enjoyed. Years came and went, but there was no abatement of Mr. Fuller's zeal for the work, which was more to him than life. But the strain upon mind and body was too great for even his massive frame, and he paid the inevitable penalty. The candle was lit at both ends, and it burnt out at an age when many men are scarcely past their prime. Twelve months before his death there were unmistakable indications of failing health. Anxious friends urged him to spare himself, but his reply was, "We must work while it is day." He felt that the night was closing round him, and as long as the light lingered he was resolved to make the most of the fleeting hours. Not very long before his death, he undertook a journey for the Mission which extended over three months. Soon afterwards he travelled to London to preach for the British and Foreign School Society. Friends were alarmed at his altered appearance. It was remarked that, "although Mr. Fuller had with him all his soul, he had brought only half his body." They parted with him in sadness, and with many forebodings, "sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more." The last service but one in which he took part was the ordination of Mr. Mack, of Clipstone, March 29, 1815. The settlement of a minister over his flock was a season of gladness and rejoicing, but Mr. Fuller's wan face and wasted form threw a shadow over the festivities of the day. When he retired to the vestry he said, "I am very ill—a dying

* Mr. Smith lived to repent of his folly, and to express to Lord Macaulay his regret at having written the offensive articles.

man." The next Lord's-day he preached and administered the Lord's Supper in his own chapel. This was his last service on earth. Then came weeks of weariness and painfulness, and with them the solemn retrospect of the past. In the near prospect of eternity he could say, "I am not dismayed, God is my soul's Eternal Rock." "My mind is calm—no raptures, no despondency!" "My hope is such that I am not afraid to plunge into eternity!" It is the morning of Lord's Day, May 7th. The stillness and hush of the death chamber are broken by sounds of praise from subdued and faltering voices in the adjoining chapel. By his desire the window is opened. Like a breath of wind passing over the strings of an Æolian harp, the hymn touches chords which awake the melody of his soul. He is raised up in bed, and expresses a wish that he had strength to worship. Surely the very wish is worship. It is the last effort of exhausted nature. He sinks down, and in a few minutes he is worshipping before THE THRONE OF GOD AND THE LAMB.

To Mr. Fuller's mighty pen, and his potent voice, the churches owe much of the missionary spirit that now pervades them. With others, he held one end of the rope by which Carey and Thomas descended the shaft to work the gold mine that had been opened in the distant East. For such a man at such a time we are devoutly thankful, and glorify God in him.

"Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill!"

JOHN RYLAND, D.D.

Born at Warwick, 1753.
Co-pastor with his father at Northampton, 1781–1786.
Sole Pastor, 1786–1793.
Pastor at Broadmead, Bristol; and President of the College, 1793–1825.
Secretary of Baptist Mission, 1815–1825.*

John Ryland was the son of John Collett Ryland, pastor of College Lane, Northampton, and the head of an academy which he conducted with great ability and success. A most remarkable man was the elder Ryland, "celebrated," as Dr. Cox remarks, "for genius and ministerial energy." Soon after the younger Ryland entered the ministry as co-pastor with his father the subject of missions to the heathen began to stir the minds of a few men who were in advance of their generation. Northamptonshire was the centre of the movement, and a special providence brought within easy reach of each other, at such a time, four such men as Carey, Fuller, Sutcliff, and Ryland. They were devout men who were mighty in prayer as well as great in preaching. And the secret of their pulpit power was their importunity at the throne of grace. Ryland's diary contains the following entry:—"Jan. 21, 1788. Brethren Fuller, Sutcliff, Carey, and I kept this day as a private fast in my study, and read the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, and Booth's charge to Hopkins, and each prayed twice—Carey with singular enlargement and pungency. Our chief design was to implore a revival of the power of godliness in our own souls, in our churches, and in the Church at large." Such were the men whom God raised up to take the lead in the great missionary revival at the close of the eighteenth century. The Baptist Mission was born of prayer. It was Jehovah's answer to the earnest pleadings of a few righteous men. This gave inherent vitality to the movement, and preserved

* Mr. Hinton, of Oxford, was associated with Mr. Ryland about two years.

unbroken the concord which prevailed in the councils of those who were charged with the grave responsibility of conducting the affairs of the Mission. Dr. Ryland, in his life of Fuller, bears testimony to the fine spirit which pervaded the meetings of the Committee: "Our concerns were managed without debate or contention, and this not because others had not full liberty to state their opinions, but because we all felt as brethren." Dr. Cox gives an illustration of the power of prayer in connection with the labours of Dr. Ryland: "The latter was preaching for the Mission in the Dutch Church, Austin Friars, London, and in his discourse he adverted to the happiness of Dr. Carey in having two of his sons devoted to the Mission; 'but,' said he, 'there is a third who gives him pain; he is not yet turned to the Lord.' Then, making a solemn and lengthened pause, during which tears flowed abundantly from his eyes, he exclaimed in a shrill and vociferous voice, which seemed to exhaust a whole soul of feeling, 'Brethren, let us send up a united, universal prayer to God, in solemn silence, for the conversion of Jabez Carey!' The appeal was like a sudden clap of thunder. Two minutes at least of the most profound devotional feeling pervaded an assembly of perhaps two thousand persons. The result was striking. Among the first letters afterwards received was the announcement of that conversion which had been so earnestly sought, nearly or quite synchronous with the season of fervent supplication."* Jabez Carey had adopted the legal profession, and had been promised the patronage of the second judge of the Supreme Court; but on his conversion he gave up the fine prospects which opened to him, and devoted himself to the work of the Mission.

Mr. Ryland's removal to Bristol, while a great loss to the select circle of which he had been a member and an ornament, opened a wider sphere of usefulness, and gave him better opportunities of serving the Mission than he had enjoyed in Northamptonshire. Bristol College was resorted to by a goodly number of young men who had strong missionary aspirations; and the inti-

* Cox's "History of Baptist Mission," Vol. I., p. 241.

mate connection of the President with the Society, and his well-known sympathy with its work, did much to intensify their zeal, and fit them for the sphere which they were anxious to occupy. Among those who claim Bristol as their *Alma Mater*, during the presidency of Dr. Ryland, honourable mention may be made of the following names, which have been kindly furnished me by Dr. Culross:—Chamberlain, Chater, E. Carey, Daniel, Evans, Leslie, Leechman, Mack, Marshman, Phillips, Robinson, Trowt, Burton, and Yates, in the East; and in the West, Rowe, Coultart, Kitching, Kingdon, Phillips, Shoveller, Tinson, Burchell, and Phillippo—in all twenty-three. When Dr. Ryland succeeded Mr. Fuller in the secretariat he was sixty years of age, but he was a hale man; moreover, he was familiar with all the details of the Mission, and probably had greater influence with the denomination than any other man of his time. It is said by his biographer that, "during Mr. Fuller's lifetime, there was no other individual who received so large a proportion of the contributions to the Mission." But as the Doctor continued his pastoral and presidential connection with Bristol, he was unable to bear the strain which the increasing work of the Mission made on him, hence a colleague was elected in the person of Mr. Dyer, of Reading, on whom the principal share of the correspondence and travelling henceforth devolved; still, the senior secretary continued to render valuable service to the Society. When he was in his seventieth year he delivered a charge to Thomas Knibb, missionary designate to Jamaica. In the following year he took a journey to Liverpool for the Mission. Two years later he was taken to his rest in heaven. How unspeakably joyful must have been the greeting which he received from such of his old associates in the work and the students who had gone before! His feelings in the prospect of death were those of calm, unshaken trust, but there was no ecstasy. He frequently repeated, in Hebrew, the words—"My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." His last audible words showed how acute had been his sufferings, and how joyfully he anticipated the great

physical change which would succeed death—"*No more pain.*" Last words are sacred treasures laid up in the casket of memory—echoes that repeat themselves till recollection fails. But the life is a more reliable witness; and in the highest sense John Ryland was *an epistle of Christ, known and read of all men.*

Dr. Ryland wrote several of our favourite missionary hymns—"Let us sing the King Messiah," "Rejoice, the Saviour reigns," "Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!" It may not be generally known that he composed that beautiful hymn—"Lord, teach a little child to pray," for Mr. Fuller's little daughter in her last sickness.

CLEMENT BAILHACHE.

Born at St. Helier, Jersey, 1830.
Pastor at South Parade, Leeds, 1855–1859.
Pastor at Watford, 1859–1864.
Pastor at Cross Street, Islington, 1864–1870.
Association Secretary to the Baptist Missionary Society, 1870–1878.
Died 1878.

It is about thirty years ago since I met Mr. Bailhache for the first time. He was then supplying a pulpit in the South of England. It required but a few minutes' talk with our friend to see that he was superior to the bulk of young ministers. I tried to interest him in the people whom he was temporarily serving, but he was too cautious to commit himself to any expression of feeling, either one way or the other. Without the least appearance of egotism, or any parade of superior abilities, it was evident that he was conscious of possessing powers that fitted him for a larger sphere than he would have had at ——. And a door was shortly opened to him. The church at South Parade, Leeds, invited him to the pastorate, and in that populous and enterprising centre he found a sufficient stimulus to his ambition, and ample scope for laborious Christian work. His stay in Leeds was brief, but it was a time of intellectual discipline;

his views of Divine truth expanded, and his character acquired greater force. His thoughtful ministry commended itself to the hard-headed men of the North, while his loving spirit and holy life won the esteem of all classes of his hearers. Mr. Bailhache's removal, in 1859, to a comparatively small town like Watford, after a pastorate of only four years, was to many a surprise, but the congregation at the latter place has long been a large and influential one, and has been served by some of our ablest ministers. During a ministry of five years Mr. Bailhache certainly maintained the reputation of the place. Here, as at Leeds, and afterwards at Cross Street, Islington, he made full proof of his ministry. Our friend remained at Watford from 1859 to 1864, when he removed to London, where, with a rare combination of wisdom and zeal, he devoted himself to the work of feeding the flock of God and winning souls to Christ. But while Cross Street had the primary claim on his time and energies, he identified himself with some of our Denominational Institutions, and took his full share in public work. For several years Mr. Bailhache was an active member of the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, and when a vacancy occurred in the secretariat, through the retirement of Dr. Trestrail in 1870, he was elected Association Secretary, a position which he filled during six years. At the end of this period Dr. Underhill's resignation opened the way for a new arrangement, by which Mr. Baynes and Mr. Bailhache became joint-secretaries. Being at that time an habitué of the Mission House, I had ample opportunities of seeing how complete was the consecration of Mr. Bailhache to the work he had undertaken. It permeated his whole nature, and awoke in him a zeal which had the force of a passion. Very pleasant and refreshing are my recollections of his unfailing courtesy, his sedate deportment—enlivened by occasional sallies of quiet humour—his practical wisdom, and uncompromising firmness.

"His words were bonds,
His Love sincere, his Thoughts immaculate;
His Tears pure Messengers sent from his Heart;
His Heart as far from fraud, as Heaven from Earth."

His removal by death at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, before the intellect and character had been fully developed, was a severe loss to the Mission he loved so well, and served so faithfully. During the months of acute suffering which preceded his death, the deep, child-like trust which had always characterised him remained unshaken. In the deepest waters his head was kept above the surface. He knew whom he had believed, and was persuaded that He was able to keep that which he had committed unto Him against that Day.

THE NOBLE TRIUMVIRATE—CAREY, MARSHMAN, AND WARD, AND THE STORY OF SERAMPORE.

WILLIAM CAREY.

Born at Paulerspury, Northamptonshire, 1761.
Pastor at Moulton, 1787–1789.
Pastor at Leicester, 1791–1793.
Missionary in India, 1793–1834.
Died at Serampore, 1834.

JOSHUA MARSHMAN.

Born at Westbury, Wilts, 1768.
Missionary in India, 1799–1837.
Died at Serampore, 1837.

WILLIAM WARD.

Born at Derby, 1769.
Missionary in India, 1799–1823.
Died at Serampore, 1823.

"The smallest thing rises into consequence when regarded as the commencement of what has advanced, or is advancing, into magnificence."—JOHN FOSTER.

In the history of modern Missions Serampore occupies

an acknowledged pre-eminence. It is holy ground. The mention of its name revives memories which all who are in sympathy with the great work which was initiated there delight to cherish. That a Danish settlement of limited area, and with a population not exceeding that of many large Indian villages, should acquire a renown that is denied to many capitals of the world, shows the importance which is attached to the labours and character of the great men whose names stand at the head of this chapter. The India of to-day is what they and their fellow-labourers helped to make it. I have included the three men in one sketch, partly for the sake of brevity, but chiefly because that, from a given point, the currents of their lives are so intermingled as to form one history. Those who have but a slight acquaintance with the early annals of our Mission know that William Carey was originally a shoemaker,* Ward, a printer, and Marshman, a weaver. It is also a matter of notoriety that the first of these received no college training; the second, while conducting a school in connection with the church at Broadmead, Bristol, attended for five years the classes at the Baptist College, and laid the foundation of that prodigious learning for which he was afterwards distinguished; the third went through a course of study at Ewood Hall, near Hebden Bridge, under Dr. Fawcett. Carey has always attracted the largest share of public attention. Several things contributed to the pre-eminence which he has occupied. In the great enterprise of evangelizing India and translating the Scriptures he took the lead. Marshman and Ward rendered excellent service, but Carey occupied the unique position of translator of the Word of God into some forty languages and dialects of India. Ward's skill as a printer, combined with his editorial experience, and Marshman's ability as an Oriental scholar and teacher, fitted them to be able coadjutors with their forerunner. In the life of Dr. Carey there are some facts

* The story that he once shortened a pair of shoes by cutting off the toes and sewing them up again is a pure invention. He was considered a good workman.

which seem stranger than fiction. His early struggles with apparently hopeless poverty seemed to impose an effectual barrier to his intellectual progress, and to the realisation of his hopes in reference to missionary work. After he became pastor of the church at Moulton, at a yearly stipend of £36, he tried to eke out a scanty subsistence by opening a school. He taught his pupils the outlines of geography by the aid of a globe which he had made of leather. But he found to his sorrow that though he kept the school it was not able to keep him; so as a means of supplementing his wretched salary he had to resume his old trade. He took some Government contracts, the pay for which was miserably small, and once a fortnight he walked to Northampton to deliver the shoes to his employer. When the Association was held at Olney in 1782, Mr. Carey went to one of the meetings without any money in his pocket, and did not taste food till night. But grim penury never "froze the genial current of the soul." While pegging away with the last on his knees his eyes often glanced at a rude map of the world of his own making that was pasted to the wall, on which he had marked the religions of the world. He thought with sorrow on four hundred millions of pagans; and as he was musing the fire burned, and it was fed with such knowledge of their condition as came to his hand. The desire to preach Christ to those lost myriads grew till it acquired the force of a passion. For a man in his lowly position, without learning or patronage, to think of such a work, appeared to the last degree visionary. But his way was opened. He had a great natural aptitude for learning different languages, and he set himself to the study of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and even Dutch. For his knowledge of Dutch he was indebted to an old book which had been lent him by some one in the neighbourhood. From Moulton Mr. Carey removed to Leicester, where he took charge of the church in Harvey-lane. Shortly after his settlement he preached his celebrated sermon on the "Obligation of Christians to use means for the conversion of the Heathen." The impression produced by this famous discourse doubtless hastened the formation of the Missionary

Society. Carey and Thomas were afterwards accepted for work in India. There are circumstances connected with the early missionary career of the former which give it an air of romance. The two missionaries embarked on one of the East India Company's fleet, but the captain having been informed that he had on board an unlicensed person, they were ordered to leave the vessel. Mrs. Carey had hitherto persistently refused to accompany her husband. Mr. Thomas paid her a visit, and persuaded her to yield; and on the 13th of June, 1793, the party sailed from England in a Danish East Indiaman, bound for Serampore. Thus our first missionaries were smuggled into India, as though they had been contraband articles. Carey had to enter Calcutta by stealth, where for a time he took shelter in a small garden-house that was lent by a wealthy native. Without money or friends, with sickness in his family, and worried day by day by the upbraidings of his poor wife, he left Calcutta with his household, not knowing in what direction to bend his weary steps. While they were wandering on the banks of the Jubona, an Englishman* met them, and having heard the stranger's story, he opened his house to them and offered hospitality as long as they might think it proper to remain. After a time Mr. Carey procured land on the opposite bank of the river, and began to erect huts after the Indian pattern. While here a door in Providence was opened to him. He accepted from Mr. Udney an appointment as superintendent of an indigo factory at Mudnabatty. With the new situation came a favourable change in his circumstances. In the region round about the ardent missionary preached Christ, and continued unremittingly the work of translation. A wooden press was purchased by Mr. Udney for the sum of £40, types were cast, and preparations made to print the New Testament in Bengali. In 1796 Mr. Carey was agreeably surprised by the arrival of a new missionary in the person of Mr. Fountain.† A church was formed at Mudnabatty, and Carey

* Mr. Short, who afterwards married Carey's sister.
† Died 1800.

resolved to make that village the future seat of the Mission, but new circumstances afterwards led to a change in his plans. In the early part of January, 1800, four additional missionaries arrived in India—Joshua Marshman, William Ward, Daniel Brunsdon, and William Grant.* They had come out in the American ship *Criterion*, commanded by the excellent Captain Wickes, an Elder in a Presbyterian church at Philadelphia. Knowing the bitter and unrelenting hostility of the Indian Government, the good captain entered them as "Christian missionaries proceeding to Serampore." The authorities at Calcutta regarded this as an evasion, and ordered them to return forthwith to England, telling Mr. Wickes that unless the order was obeyed his ship would be detained in port. Marshman and Ward went over to Colonel Bie, then Danish Governor at Serampore. The good Colonel received them graciously, offered them all the privileges of Danish citizenship, and passports under the official seal to any part of the interior. He told them they might establish schools, print the Scriptures and other books, and as an additional inducement promised to make over to them a Church for which he was receiving subscriptions. Mr. Carey fell in with the proposal, and henceforth Serampore became the seat of the Mission. There was a good deal of vapouring by the officials at Calcutta, but Lord Wellesley, seeing that he had no jurisdiction in a Danish settlement, let the matter drop. Captain Wickes got his letters of clearance, and was allowed to depart in peace. Very pleasant must have been the good man's reflections on his return to America. The offer of an asylum in this little Danish settlement at a most critical period, when the deportation of our missionaries was demanded by the British authorities, was a marvellous instance of the vast foresight and infinite power of God in so adjusting and controlling events as to provide a refuge for his persecuted servants. Eighteen months later the town was captured by the

* Grant died three months after landing, and Brunsdon within twelve months.

English troops,* but all danger was at an end, and the missionaries were suffered to remain. With the practicalness and energy that characterized the Serampore men, they soon settled down to their work. Their sublime disinterestedness soon became apparent. They resolved that "No one shall engage in any private trade, but all shall be done for the benefit of the Mission." And the resolution was sacredly observed. Carey's salary as teacher at the College of Fort William was £600 a-year, and afterwards as professor, £1,500. Mr. and Mrs. Marshman's school brought in £1,000 a-year, and the earnings of Mr. Ward at the press were from £1,000 to £1,500 per annum. But how much yearly does the reader suppose these men took for their private expenses? Marshman drew £34, Ward £20, Carey, with his large family, £40, and an additional £20 to enable him to appear "in decent apparel at Fort William and Government House." The missionaries were paragons of industry. They rose at six in the morning, and with short intervals for meals and rest, continued their exhausting labours until seven in the evening. These men were rigid economists of time, and by their self-exacting labours they raised monuments of learning and usefulness that will endure for ages. Without neglecting the claims of the printing department, Ward found time to write an elaborate and scholarly book, in two volumes, on "The History, Literature, and Religion of the Hindoos," which went through several editions. Marshman, while busily occupied with his seminary, acquired sufficient knowledge of Chinese to translate the Bible into that difficult and complicated language. This herculean work occupied fifteen years; and Carey employed the intervals between his translation work and college duties to cultivate a large botanic garden of five acres, and to write and edit several scientific works on botany. Above all, they were preachers of the Gospel, and in conjunction with a number of younger

* Restored to Denmark, 1802. Second capture by the English 1808. Restored again to Denmark, 1815. Finally ceded to England, 1845, on payment of £125,000 to Denmark.

brethren, they "sounded out the Word of the Lord" in Calcutta, Jessore, Rangoon, Dinagepore, Cuttack, Patna, and other regions beyond. In the midst of their labours and successes a dire calamity fell upon the Mission by the memorable and destructive fire at Serampore in 1812. The printing office, a hundred feet in length by forty-five in breadth; vast quantities of paper, thousands of pounds weight of type in various languages, a portion of the presses, together with many copies of Scripture and valuable manuscripts, were destroyed. Dr. Cox estimated the loss at £10,000, but Mr. J. C. Marshman put it £3,000 less. When the news of the catastrophe reached England it excited universal sympathy. The Churches were roused, and in fifty days sufficient money was raised to cover the entire loss. On the part of the missionaries it involved immense additional labour. Much of their work had to be done over again, but it was done better; and thus the disaster was turned into a blessing. While the direct work of the missionaries was to preach Christ and translate the Bible, the far-seeing men of Serampore beheld another want. Under Carey's inspiration they founded a college for the reception and education of "converted natives, to qualify them for Mission work." Lord Hastings, Governor-General, became the first patron; Colonel Keating, then Danish Governor of Serampore, was the first Governor of the College; the King of Denmark sent his royal license, and presented the College with a large house and grounds valued at a thousand pounds sterling. The work was promptly taken in hand, and during the first year, thirty-seven students were entered on the books. The College buildings were not completed till 1824, and the total estimated value, including house property, was £24,000, while a further sum of £8,269 was invested for its support in perpetuity.* Thus arose the stately and venerable pile overlooking the Hooghly, which stands as a noble and enduring

* Of this sum Mr. Ward collected in England and America, upwards of £5,000.

monument to the genius and devotion of its illustrious founders. As time went on heathen teachers were employed in the work of secular instruction; but on the recommendation of Mr. Baynes, after his return from India in 1882, these were dispensed with, and the Committee resolved, "*That* for the future the College be conducted mainly and avowedly" as a "Native Christian Institution, to be presided over by an experienced vernacular speaking missionary."* It may be stated that while the College is maintained and carried on to promote the objects of the Mission, the Society has no property in the Institution, nor can it legally exercise any control in its management, this being vested by the Charter of Incorporation—which was granted by the King of Denmark in 1829—in the College Council, which now consists of the master and four members. About the year 1817 commenced those unhappy differences between the Serampore men and the London Committee, which, twenty years later, led to a separation, and the formation of "The Serampore Mission." There were two points on which the senior brethren and the Committee disagreed. One related to the Mission premises at Serampore, with the exception of the College buildings. They were valued at £3,000, which had all been defrayed from the private resources of the elder missionaries. They held this property in trust for the Mission, but the trusteeship was hereditary. The Committee felt that changes might occur by which the property would be alienated from the Society, and get into private hands. The three brethren were indignant at the suspicion which appeared to be cast on their integrity, but the Committee refused to yield, and drafted a new trust deed, which provided that eight trustees, all resident in Great Britain, should be added to the three in Serampore; and that the eight should be nominated by the Committee. This precipitate action increased the friction between the two parties, and the negotiations were broken off. Long afterwards, Carey

* Resolution of Committee on Mr. Baynes's Report on the College.

and Marshman transferred the premises to the Mission, but the Society's tenure was short. The devastations committed by the Hooghly made such havoc with the property, that what was left uninjured was sold to Mr. J. C. Marshman for £1,650. The management of the Serampore Mission was the other subject of contention. The senior brethren had long been in the habit of sending out missionaries to various parts of India—chiefly Asiatics, or others raised up in the country—without the sanction of the Society at home; and as they provided from their own means for the support of these brethren, the right was not disputed till some time after the death of Mr. Fuller. But a new order of things had arisen. It was contended that all the money earned by the missionaries should be considered as belonging to the Society, and expended at their discretion. This proposal was rejected. It was too much to expect that the brave men who had stood at the helm in storm and calm so many years, and safely piloted the ship across treacherous shallows and angry breakers, should surrender it to other and untried hands. The Committee and the representatives of Serampore met like icebergs, only to be driven further asunder by the collision. All hope of reconciliation vanished, and a formal separation took place. This was in 1827. A distinct organization called "The Serampore Mission," was then formed. Ten more years elapsed. Carey and Ward were in their graves, and Marshman was sinking under his last illness. Samuel Hope, of Liverpool, the munificent supporter of the Serampore Mission—had gone to his rest. Time and reflection had softened the asperities of former years, so that the day seemed to have come when, without any surrender of principle, Fen Court and Serampore might shake hands over the tombs of departed brethren. During the visit of Mr. Mack and Mr. Leechman as the representatives of Serampore, negotiations with a view to reunion were entered into, and crowned with success. The Committee agreed to take over the stations belonging to Serampore, while Mack and Leechman undertook the liabilities on the establishment, an engagement which they honourably fulfilled. "Thus,"

says Mr. Marshman, "fell the Serampore Mission after a bright and useful career of thirty-eight years."

During the long period of twenty-three years the Serampore triumvirate remained unbroken by death. The youngest was the first to fall. The feeble health of Mr. Ward rendered a visit to England desirable. During the tedious voyage he wrote a book to be used in family devotions. The presence of a missionary from the far East was a novelty. He was the first who had returned from India, and his reception is described as "enthusiastic." Large congregations flocked to hear him, and his appeals were responded to by most liberal collections for the College. But his heart was far away. In one of his letters his yearning soul found expression in the following words—"Oh, how I long to mount my horse for Serampore!" He returned by way of America. His journey through that country is described as a continuous ovation. Before reaching home his facile pen produced the "Farewell letters," which passed through three editions. At length, the "dear old spot;" the "long lost, long longed-for Serampore" was reached, and joyous greetings were exchanged with those who flocked to welcome him home. But the reunion was of short duration. Eighteen months later he was struck down by cholera, and after thirty-six hours of excruciating agony he put off "the earthly house of this tabernacle and entered the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "At the time of his death" says Dr. Cox, "he had advanced to the printing of the twentieth version of the New Testament in the languages of India, under his own immediate inspection." That a man of Mr. Ward's force of character, large experience, business aptitudes, practical wisdom and knowledge of the native races should be removed at the early age of fifty-four, was a crushing blow to the two elder brethren, and an all but irreparable loss to the Mission. There was hardly a rift in the cloud; but from the darkness there issued a voice—"Be still, and know that I am God."

Eleven years after the death of Ward, Carey was taken to his rest. The steps by which this extraordinary man was

raised from obscurity to the lofty pedestal which he occupied and adorned for so many years form an interesting and instructive study. He was not what is called a brilliant man, but he was a plodder. He was endowed with great natural gifts, which he diligently cultivated; and *plodding—keeping* on, made him the most accomplished Oriental scholar of his day. He had a born love of flowers and plants, and by *plodding*, the amateur florist developed into a scientific botanist, and was an acknowledged authority on matters connected with vegetable physiology. In religious and literary as well as scientific circles he was for many years the most commanding figure. By his simplicity, benignity, and kindness he threw a spell over all who came into contact with him. Into every good work he put his whole heart; and, in common with his companions in labour, he gave a lofty tone to missionary work, which it has maintained ever since. Judged by the average duration of life in India, Dr. Carey lived to be an old man. In his last illness Lady Bentinck often called to see him; and Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, went to ask his benediction. The end came gradually. Instead of the current of life being suddenly arrested, it ebbed away slowly and almost imperceptibly. In Charles Wesley's hymn the feelings of the dying saint are faithfully expressed—

> "In age and feebleness extreme
> Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
> Jesus! my only hope thou art!
> Strength of my failing flesh and heart."

No gorgeous mausoleum received the remains of this illustrious man. He sleeps near the entrance to the native Christian burial ground; and on a plain, square block is the following inscription:—

WILLIAM CAREY.

Born Aug. 17, 1761.
Died June 9, 1834.

"A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall."

Dr. Marshman survived Dr. Carey about three and a half years. During his long period of service, he paid one visit to England, and this was undertaken chiefly in the hope of healing the breach between the Society and Serampore. The effort ended in failure. As some compensation for his disappointment, he spent pleasant hours with a number of distinguished persons, including Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Chalmers, Hannah More, Robert Hall, John Foster, and other eminent individuals. Dr. Marshman also paid a visit to the King of Denmark, and obtained from His Majesty a charter of incorporation for the Serampore College. He returned to India in 1829, and resumed work with his accustomed vigour. Eight years afterwards the summons came, but long before this the house had been set in order. At evening time it was light. Such ejaculations as the following vividly reflect the peaceful state of his mind—"The precious Saviour!" "He never leaves nor forsakes!" The Doctor died on the 7th of December, 1837, at the age of seventy, full of years and honours; and was laid in the burial ground where the ashes of Carey, Ward, and others repose. Thus fell the last of the illustrious triumvirate. In intellectual power and practical wisdom, in high conscientiousness and undeviating rectitude, in pure disinterestedness and untiring zeal, the Serampore brethren are bright examples to all Christian missionaries. An unfading halo of glory surrounds the names of these honoured men. The fact that they contributed from their own earnings a sum of nearly £80,000 to the Mission is a witness to their deep and undying love to Christ and the work to which he called them. In the annals of Christian missions scarcely a parallel can be found to this princely beneficence. It was well said by the Archdeacon of Calcutta—"There have been but few men at Serampore, but they have been all giants."

"Nobly, as followers of the Nazarene,
Did CAREY, MARSHMAN, WARD perform their part:
And by degrees the blessed fruits were seen
In many a contrite and converted heart—

Fruits which might cause unbidden tears to start
From eyes unused to weep ; because they told
Faith was their pole-star ; and God's word their chart ;
Even that faith, more precious far than gold,
That word of promise sure, whose truths are manifold.

"Amply were these fulfilled ! the chains of caste
Were broken ; languages and tongues made one :
That mighty power, THE PRESS, its influence vast
Lent to the cause, that 'they who read, might run ;'
And more to spread the Kingdom of His Son,
God raised up native preachers, men untaught
By wordly wisdom, yet surpassed by none
In simple zeal for Him whose praise they sought,
Because His sinless blood their sinful souls had bought."*

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

Born at Welton, Northamptonshire, 1777.
Missionary in India, 1803–1821.
Died at Sea, 1821.

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness."

Nearly a hundred years ago a godly man named Haddon had a farm at Naseby, the scene of the memorable battle between the Royalist and Parliamentary forces. In Haddon's service there was a young man who had been trained from boyhood to follow the plough. He lacked the hardy physical qualities of the race to which he belonged, and was scarcely able to meet the exactions of farm work. But he had other qualities that commended him to his master. He took delight in prayer-meetings and Sunday-school work. The name of this youth was John Chamberlain. At that time the new Mission to the East was much talked about, and especially in the Midland Counties. Some of the periodical accounts fell into the young man's hands, and gave him a new inspiration. While he was musing on Carey's letters the fire burned. He longed to preach Christ to the heathen. His master encouraged the feeling, and

after sundry conferences with neighbouring ministers steps were taken to bring the young man's name before the committee. Those grave and reverend men were gratified with the interview, and accepted him as a probationer for missionary work. He studied first under Mr. Sutcliff, and afterwards at Bristol. The voyage to India was protracted and perilous, lasting from May, 1802, till the end of January in the following year. Serampore was then the rendezvous of all missionaries to the East, and to this hospitable home Chamberlain and his young wife immediately repaired. From that centre "sounded out the word of the Lord" to the regions beyond. He spent the first year in assisting Mr. Marshman in his school, and then settled at Cutwa, a large place on the right bank of the Hooghly, about seventy miles above Calcutta. The town was peopled chiefly by natives. Here he found an immense population utterly "without God," seeking in vain for that rest which heathenism cannot give. The "abominable idolatries" by which he was surrounded, the revolting and ghastly spectacles which met his eyes, the cruel and demoralizing rites that he witnessed, roused his latent energies, and he began a career of self-denying enterprise which has not many parallels in the history of Christian Missions. At Cutwa, or rather outside the town, he built his bungalow, and soon gathered many natives to hear the glad tidings of salvation. He describes the people as "avaricious, proud, cruel, plunged in the depths of iniquity, delighting and wallowing in the vilest sins." But notwithstanding these depressing surroundings, he had great joy in his labours. In one of his letters he speaks of his position as a missionary with enthusiasm. "I am fully satisfied with my situation, nor would I change it for that of the greatest emperor in the world; nay, I sometimes think, not even for that of an angel in heaven." The work grew on his hands. In the villages and towns around Cutwa he was "instant in season, out of season" proclaiming the Word. With the help of a horse he rode over wide tracts of country on the errand of mercy. The cool Brahmin was silenced by his logical reasoning, and multitudes of "the common people

heard him gladly." At Cutwa the Mission was conducted on a principle of the most rigid economy. During a considerable part of 1806 the whole of his expenses did not exceed £5 a month. The early years of Chamberlain's missionary life were clouded by bereavements. In the death of his first and second wives he had wave upon wave. When the first died not a native servant would touch the body. Mr. Marshman reached the house a few days before her decease, and on him and the broken-hearted husband devolved the melancholy office of bearing her remains to a grave which had been hastily prepared in the garden. The second wife died in the boat which was conveying her (at a critical time) to Serampore. But notwithstanding the drying up of these springs of domestic happiness, Chamberlain's zeal never slackened. He often began his work at daybreak, and continued reading the Scriptures, preaching, giving away tracts and portions of Scripture till the going down of the sun. In one of his letters he says—"During all this time I was incessantly surrounded by multitudes of people, and, taking a little refreshment excepted, I was constantly engaged till my legs could scarcely stand straight under my body." From Cutwa Mr. Chamberlain removed to Berhampore, a large cantonment forty miles to the north of Calcutta. A considerable number of Englishmen resided there, but many of them "indulge," says the missionary, "in every vice, and are more irreligious than the heathen." It was in Berhampore that he began those successful labours among the English soldiers with which his name is so intimately associated. He was singularly fitted for this work. Many years ago I heard Mr. Eustace Carey relate a remarkable instance of Chamberlain's direct and homely style of address. He was preaching to a number of soldiers, when he suddenly paused, and looking a young man full in the face, exclaimed—"Tom, you villain, you 'listed for a soldier and broke your mother's heart; you know you did! The last thing she did was to put a Bible into your knapsack; and, you villain, you have sold it for grog—you know you have!" There stood the culprit in front of the preacher. When Chamberlain went

to Berhampore he obtained permission of the colonel to preach to his men, but after two corporals had applied for baptism the order was revoked, and the colonel declared "he would have no anabaptist societies in his regiment;" and further "that any missionary who baptized any of his men should be turned out of the station with ignominy." But big, swelling words were powerless to arrest the Lord's work. Sixteen men who wore the king's uniform were baptized, then twenty, and by the time the regiment left Berhampore the number was increased to fifty-three. The converts were characterized by great zeal and liberality. From Mr. C. B. Lewis we learn that in "two years these poor men expended nearly one hundred pounds in Bibles, hymn-books, and other useful works for themselves and their comrades." The marvellous energy of the missionary also found ample scope among the natives. In one of his letters he states that he was from home thirty-three days, during which he "journeyed on horseback 332 miles, and about forty more in a boat." Many other instances of this unquenchable zeal might be related. In a letter to Dr. Carey he observes—"Preaching and riding about are what suit me, hence I conclude that it is my work to itinerate and publish abroad the Holy Scriptures." At the suggestion of the Serampore brethren he removed in 1811 to Agra in the North-West Provinces. His route lay up the Ganges and the Jumna, and the journey which can now be accomplished by rail in twenty-four hours, occupied between three and four months. In his literary labours at Agra, Chamberlain showed that his ability as a translator was almost equal to his power as a preacher. He perfected himself in Hindi, and translated the Gospels into a dialect that is spoken in the region about Agra. Here the missionary had to suffer from military intolerance. Without any just cause he incurred the displeasure of a Colonel Bowie, by whom he was put under arrest, and sent to Calcutta. The extreme rigour of this proceeding was somewhat softened by the humane conduct of the judge, who gave him two servants instead of soldiers. Chamberlain improved the opportunity by preaching during the voyage. The authorities at Calcutta

had no charge to make against him, and he was set at liberty. After his return to the North-West he accepted an engagement from the Begum Somber, to superintend the education of her great-grandson. This opened a new field of labour, both in preaching and in the translation of the Scriptures. His connection with this native princess excited the jealousy of the authorities at Calcutta, and she was required to discharge the missionary. Remonstrance was useless, and he had to resign his charge. New fields opened to the sleepless toiler in the vast regions where Christ had not been named. A door was opened to him at Monghyr. He removed thither at the end of 1815, and, excepting intervals of sickness, occupied the station during the next six years. Failing health frequently and seriously interfered with the regularity of Mr. Chamberlain's labours. With a view to his restoration he took a voyage to Calcutta. During the journey the old passion for work asserted its supremacy. He preached on the banks of the river, and employed much of his time while in the boat in composing hymns in Hindi, and in the translation of the Psalms. After returning to Monghyr his health improved. He resumed his beloved work of translation, and engaged in chapel building. But the hopes which his friends cherished were not realised. The disease returned with aggravated symptoms. Calcutta was resorted to again and again, but there was no permanent improvement. By degrees it became apparent that nothing but a visit to England would afford a chance of recovery. He bade adieu to Monghyr, went to Calcutta, and embarked for England, alas! never to reach it. There was the terrible parting with wife and child, and then the vessel plunged into the vast ocean solitudes beyond. Twenty days and nights were passed in weariness and painfulness, and the next morning he was found dead in his bed. No hand was there to wipe the cold sweat from his brow, or moisten his parched lips; no ear to catch his parting benediction; no human voice to repeat "exceeding great and precious promises;" but angels were present to minister to the saint and to transport his spirit to the Land where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. No monumental

stone marks the resting place and records the triumphs of the missionary.

"The crisped pale weeds are thy shroud ;
The sea stars thy escutcheon proud.
Salt mosses weave their matted thread
To wrap the holy dead."

"He being dead yet speaketh."

W. W. EVANS.

Born at Oswestry, 1802.
Laboured in India, 1840–1846.
Secretary of the Bible Translation Society, 1856–1867.
Died at Waterloo, Liverpool, 1877.

The name of William Watkin Evans, though rarely mentioned now, was once somewhat prominent in connection with Missionary work. In early life he began a course of study with a view of entering the ministry of the Established Church, but having changed his views on the subject of Baptism, he joined the Church under the pastoral care of Mr. S. Saunders, of Liverpool. After his removal to Hackney he became—for a short time—assistant to Mr. Dyer, then Secretary to the Baptist Missionary Society. About this time William Hopkins Pearce was in England, endeavouring to raise funds towards the support of ten additional missionaries for India. Mr. Evans was one of the men whose hearts the Lord had touched with pity for the degraded millions of that country. He offered himself to the Committee and was accepted. Mr. and Mrs. Evans* reached their destination in November, 1840. He succeeded the lamented James Penney as Superintendent of the Calcutta Benevolent Institution, which he managed with rare tact and great energy for about six

* Mrs. Evans was a sister of Mr. Baynes, who for forty-eight years was the beloved and useful pastor of the Baptist Church at Wellington. She was also aunt to Mr. A. H. Baynes.

years. In addition to his scholastic engagements he took charge of the church in the Lal Bazaar. Our brother was verging on forty years when he settled in India. It was too late in life for his constitution to adapt itself to such an enervating climate, and in 1846 failing health compelled him to retire from the work and return home. The two following years were divided between a short pastorate in Devonshire and the secretariat of the Birmingham Town Mission. But a more congenial sphere opened to him. His residence in India qualified him for the office of Secretary to the Bible Translation Society, which he filled with tact and ability for eleven years, when increasing bodily infirmities compelled him to retire from official life.

The remaining nine years were passed in calm and pleasant retirement at Waterloo, near Liverpool, where he closed a long, laborious, and useful life in his seventy-fourth year. If Mr. Evans did not occupy a prominent place in those "enterprises of pith and moment" that belonged to the age in which he lived, any deficiency in intellectual power and public spirit was more than compensated for by "kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness." He was not eloquent, but his character shone with the warm and softened glow of one who was penetrated with the love of Christ. His path was "as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

JOHN LAWRENCE.

Born at Woodford, near Thrapstone, 1807.
Missionary in India, 1831–1872.
Died at Loughton, Essex, 1874.

Mr. Lawrence was brought up under the care of his half-brother, Mr. Brawn, who for fifty-two years was pastor of the Baptist church at Loughton, Essex. After his conversion he expressed a strong desire to engage in Missionary work, and having passed through a course of preparatory

training in Stepney College went out to India in 1831. The voyage occupied from the 25th of June to the 9th of November, when the weary voyager and his wife were welcomed to Calcutta by Mr. and Mrs. Pearce and Mr. and Mrs. Penney. Mr. Lawrence's first station was at Digah, in the province of Behar, on the banks of the Ganges. The wonderful change which has taken place in the mode of travelling in India within half a century is one of many evidences of the beneficent influence of British rule. In 1831 it took Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence two months to make the journey from Calcutta to Digah, up the Ganges—including a week's sojourn with Mr. Leslie at Monghyr—to-day the entire distance can be traversed in twenty hours. The reader must not expect in the career of Mr. Lawrence those startling adventures or hair-breadth escapes from peril which saddened the lives of some of his predecessors in the work. The noble pioneers of our Mission had borne the brunt of the battle with the Indian authorities, and by their fearless assertion of liberty to teach, and patient continuance in well-doing, had won for themselves and their successors freedom from the irritating interference and obstructive policy of meddlesome officials; hence Mr. Lawrence had not to encounter the leaden intolerance which closed the door against Marshman and Ward, or the military despotism that threatened John Chamberlain with ignominious expulsion from the station and sent him down to Calcutta under military escort. The times had changed. The Kings of the East still ruled at Leadenhall-street, but their power for mischief had been weakened. From Cape Comorin to the Himalayas the whole land was open to the ministers of Christ. At Digah the zealous missionary and his wife established native schools, and laboured with marked success among the military at Dinapore. In one year he baptized no less than fifty soldiers. When Mr. Leslie, on his return from England, accepted the pastorate of the church in Circular-road, Calcutta, Mr. Lawrence succeeded him at Monghyr. Here his quiet but indomitable energy soon made itself felt. Eight weekly services were held, four in English, and the same number in Hindu-

stani, besides Bible classes, mothers' meetings, and daily bazaar preaching. His sermons were prepared with great care, and were listened to by intelligent and appreciative congregations. But other work engaged his attention. For weeks together he itinerated through wide regions, preaching the Gospel to the natives at fairs and markets, and distributing tracts and portions of the Holy Scriptures. My friend, Mr. J. C. Parry—formerly of Delhi—has favoured me with a few lines on Mr. Lawrence's preaching, which I gladly transcribe:—"I have not to this day forgotten a sermon he preached from the words—'As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you: continue ye in My love.' The Father's love for His Son, and the intense love of the Saviour for His disciples, were so simply, and yet so touchingly delineated, that ere he took up his third part—the reciprocity of that love—my heart was melted, and I resolved to love and serve that Saviour who so loved me. I was then but twelve years old, and was considered too young to be baptized, or I should have become a member with my dear mother, who was baptized about the same time by Mr. Lawrence." It has been said of this servant of God that "he was not brilliant." What is brilliance? The meteor is brilliant, but soon burns itself out. The star is inferior in splendour, but its light is steady and enduring. Some men, like gems of the first water, unite shining with solid qualities; but the combination is comparatively rare. John Lawrence was a missionary of an approved type—laborious, painstaking, courteous, tender-hearted, and firm. Like Demetrius, he had "good report of all men, and of the truth itself." Year after year he trod the round of patient toil, plodding, preaching, praying, and the lamp of his zeal was fed with "fresh oil" from the fulness of God. The record of his work is written in the grateful hearts and renewed lives of those whom he led to Christ. During forty-one years of chivalrous work for the Lord he was often urged to visit his native land, but nothing—not even severe domestic trials—could induce him to quit the field, till glaucoma had so far impaired his vision that he was reluctantly compelled to make a voyage to England to con-

sult the most eminent oculists in London. This he did by the urgent advice of professional men in India who declined to undertake the case. He folded his banner, hoping after a season of rest to unfurl it again on the field where he had achieved so many victories. But the Lord had determined otherwise. Our brother left India in September, 1872, and spent the winter at Messina. The next summer was passed at Torquay. In the spring of 1874 he was again at Loughton, and fully anticipated going to India the next cool season. The cool season returned, but he had found a home in the Land where the inhabitants are not affected by climatic changes. "Neither shall the sun strike on them, nor any heat." His death took place on the 10th of September, 1874, and his remains were laid by the side of his half-brother, Mr. Brawn, in the graveyard adjoining Loughton Chapel. A noble marble monument was erected over his resting-place by Mr. Dear, of Monghyr, in the name of the Church in that city. Mr. Lawrence was forty-one years in India without returning to his native land—a fact which is without a parallel in the annals of our Mission.

JOHN MACK.*

Born in Edinburgh, 1797.
Missionary at Serampore, 1821–1846.
Died at Serampore, 1846.

The subject of the following brief sketch was the son of a solicitor in Edinburgh, who was also sheriff of the county. After passing through a course of instruction in the High School the youthful aspirant after learning entered the university of his native city, where he acquitted himself

* It has been stated that Mr. Mack was closely related to a well-known minister of the same name at Clipstone, in Northamptonshire. There was no family connection. The Serampore missionary belonged to a family of Macks long settled in Berwickshire.

with such credit as to gain certificates of proficiency from men no less renowned than Dunbar, Ritchie, Brown, Leslie, Playfair, and Hope. He afterwards attended a course of chemical lectures at Guy's, and Abernethy's surgical lectures. The eccentric professor expressed his surprise at the odd taste of a student who had no intention of taking up surgery as a profession. Mr. Mack would have prospered in any profession, but his thoughts ran in another direction. He chose the Christian ministry, and intended exercising his remarkable gifts in the Church of Scotland; but his views on the subject of Baptism having undergone an entire change, he entered Bristol College for the purpose of going through a theological course, preparatory to taking charge of a church in our denomination. During Mr. Ward's visit to England from 1818 to 1821, he was introduced to Mr. Mack, who then decided to devote himself to missionary work in the East, and he accompanied the veteran Ward on his return to India. At Serampore he joined the college staff, and took charge of the secular departments. His scientific attainments and oratorical power soon attracted the notice of many beyond his own immediate circle. A course of lectures which Mr. Mack delivered before select audiences in Calcutta made him popular among the thoughtful and intelligent classes in that city, while his public addresses from the pulpit and the platform kindled enthusiasm in his hearers. Mr. Marshman relates that at a meeting of the Bible Society in Calcutta "he electrified his audience to such a degree that the Bishop, who presided, involuntarily exclaimed, 'Why was that man a Dissenter?'* But Mack had the soul of a true missionary, and he used his great learning to promote objects far higher than that of holding spell-bound large and cultivated audiences. In Eastern Bengal, in Assam, and the Sunderbuns of Anundpore "the common people heard him gladly." Shortly after his return from Assam he was laid prostrate by fever, and such was the severity of the attack

* "Carey, Marshman and Ward," vol. II. p. 244.

that for a time his recovery seemed almost hopeless. Wenham Lake ice had been introduced into Calcutta about two years before; a supply was sent from the Governor-General's palace, and the application of it to the patient saved his life. In connection with the ice-cure, Mr. James Mack, of Edinburgh, nephew of the missionary, in a letter which I have received, relates the following incident:—"When Mr. Mack was so ill his wife was from home. On hearing of his illness she was most anxious about him, and tried to get some passage from the Bible that would comfort her. Do what she could, the verse, 'God is known in her palaces for a refuge,' came before her again and again, even though she tried to put it from her as quite inapplicable. But when she heard of the ice coming from the Government House (an old palace), she then saw the meaning of the words." While in Serampore Mr. Mack had the honour of baptizing Captain, afterwards General, Sir H. Havelock. When Mr. Mack arrived in India, the two elder missionaries were falling into the "sere and yellow leaf." The Serampore controversy had reached a stage which seemed to threaten the existence of the Serampore Mission. Former friends and helpers were falling away. The wise master-builders who had reared the noble edifice saw with dismay the work brought to a stand. The troubles of their heart were enlarged. But John Mack was faithful to his first love, and remained loyal to the Grand Old Man under whom he had served. When Carey died he was invited to preach the funeral sermon. In 1836 he visited England, and in company with Mr. Leechman made strenuous efforts to revive in the churches the interest which was once felt in Serampore. The negotiations that were held with a view to reconciliation hastened a crisis, and resulted in a separation. When Mr. Mack returned to India he found that Marshman had followed Ward and Carey to the better country. He reopened Dr. Marshman's seminary as a means of support, and in addition to scholastic engagements took the oversight of the Church, and aided in promoting the spread of the Gospel. Six years after his return he was removed by cholera, and buried at Serampore by the side

of his sister, Helen Mack, who laboured four years with her brother. One who fully appreciated Mr. Mack's many-sided character remarks :—"His intellectual genius was of the first order. His judgment was so sound and judicious that his suffrage on any question was considered a tower of strength. He was a powerful and elegant writer, but was pre-eminently distinguished for his eloquence, which has seldom been equalled, but never surpassed.* John Mack was the last of the giants."

WILLIAM HOPKINS PEARCE.

Born 1794.
In India from 1817 till 1840.
Died 1840.

One morning, nearly fifty years ago, I had occasion to call on the Rev. W. Brock, who was then living in Norwich. On entering the drawing-room I unexpectedly met a stranger, whose appearance at once fixed my attention. His frame was wasted and his step was feeble. Exposure to a tropical sun had changed an originally pale complexion to a dark brown, with a yellowish tinge which clearly indicated the presence of disease. His voice was reduced almost to a whisper. The eyes beamed with tenderness and intelligence, but there was an unnatural lustre in them that awoke unpleasant forebodings. The stranger's look fascinated me: his very presence was contagious. Although separated from that morning by almost half a century, my recollection of that gentle and benignant face and attenuated form is almost as vivid as it was the day following the brief and accidental interview. When Mr. Brock said—"This is the Rev. W. H. Pearce from India, son of the late Rev. S. Pearce:" my interest in him was immediately excited. If the father was "seraphic," the son was angelic—I leave the reader to determine the difference. Although

* "Carey, Marshman, and Ward," vol. II., p. 244.

Samuel Pearce did not go to India, he was represented there for nearly 23 years, by his eldest son, William Hopkins Pearce. He entered Bristol College as a lay-student, and while there, an unexpected and trifling incident opened a new path for him. Mr. Collingwood, the superintendent of the Oxford University Press, was on a visit to Dr. Ryland, and while they were sitting in the study, "a youth came singing into the room with a book in his hand, and having placed it on the shelf, and taken another, went out blithe and gay as he had entered."* Mr. Collingwood was at once drawn towards the youth, and, as the result of sundry enquiries and interviews, he accepted him as an apprentice at the famous Clarendon Press; and at the age of sixteen Mr. Pearce was transferred from Bristol to Oxford. During his residence in the latter city he attended the ministry of Mr. James Hinton by whom he was baptized. Here also he formed the acquaintance of Mr., afterwards Dr., Steane; who, he remarks in one of his letters, "has behaved with truly Christian affection." Before the apprentice was out of his time his thoughts were occupied with the condition of the heathen world. The mantle of his father's missionary zeal fell on him, and he wrote to Mr. Ward of Serampore on the subject. Mr. Ward's answer was delayed. and as Mr. Pearce's engagement at Oxford had terminated, he commenced business at Birmingham on his own account. His prospects were cheering, but Mr. Ward's answer changed the current of his life. The Committee of the Baptist Mission Society accepted him to "serve the Mission in the capacity of a printer," and with characteristic promptitude he sold his business, and, accompanied by his young wife, left for India. For the space of a year he was connected with the Mission Press at Serampore, at the end of which he went over to the "Junior Brethren" at Calcutta, and with their co-operation set up what afterwards became famous as the "Calcutta Press." The beginning was small. "Great things" were neither expected, nor attempted.

* Dr. Yates' Memoir of W. H. Pearce, p. 25.

According to Mr. Eustace Carey, the brethren "anticipated no more than the printing of the tracts they might compose or translate to assist them in their work among the heathen."* The stock in trade consisted of a wooden press, with two founts of second-hand types; and the work was carried on in a hut made of bamboo and covered with mats. Such was the origin of the imposing pile which now adorns the Circular Road, Calcutta. Business increased so rapidly that a second press was set up, and a type foundry and binding department were added. From this perennial fountain tracts, hymns, biography, school-books, and portions of the New Testament in tens of thousands, flowed out in life-giving streams to gladden and fertilise the vast moral desert All this was done without any help from the Society in England. But the Press was not only self-supporting; during the twenty-one years that it remained the property of Pearce and his brethen, it contributed several thousand pounds to help the work of God in India. These disinterested men were swayed by the same spirit as that which governed their senior brethren on the other bank of the Hooghly. In the year 1839 the Press was transferred to the Mission, which now controls its expenditure and receives its profits. It was out of these that the "Widows and Orphans' Fund" was established, the dividends of which are quite insufficient to meet the requirements of those who are dependent on it. Mr. Pearce was too large-hearted to confine his energies to the work of the Press. His sympathies took a far wider range. He assisted Dr. Yates in his translations, and accompanied him in his preaching tours; for ten years he had charge of the Native Church in Calcutta; he promoted the work of female education, was secretary to the School-book Society, and joint editor of the *Calcutta Christian Observer*. These exhausting labours necessitated a journey to England in 1837. During the two years that he remained in his native land he succeeded in raising five thousand pounds, towards sending ten additional

* Cox's "History of Baptist Mission." Vol. I., p. 330.

missionaries to India and Ceylon. In the month of June he returned to India, and resumed his work. Eighteen months later a fatal attack of cholera brought his labours and sufferings to a sudden termination. He went up higher, leaving a devoted wife to mourn her irreparable loss. His dying counsel to those who stood near him expressed the gentle and loving spirit of the man—"Love one another; live near to God; win souls for Christ." When conversing with some of the members of the native Church, only an hour before the attack, he little thought how near he was to his Father's House.

"Surely yon Heaven where Angels see God's face,
Is not so distant as we deem
From this low earth! 'Tis but a little space,
The narrow crossing of a slender stream;
'Tis but a vail which winds might blow aside:
Yes, these are all that us of earth divide
From the bright dwelling of the glorified,
The land of which I dream!"

JAMES PENNEY.

Born about 1792.
Superintendent of the Calcutta Benevolent Institution, from 1817 to 1839.
Died 1839.

The name of Penney—husband and wife—was long identified with a school in Calcutta, called "The Benevolent Institution for instructing the children of indigent Christians." They were the remote descendants of European parents and native mothers, chiefly of Portuguese extraction, and are described by Mr. J. C. Marshman, as in "the lowest stage of social depression and poverty;" and "growing up in vice and ignorance." "They were regarded by Europeans with disdain, and by the natives with contempt." The destitute condition of these "waifs and strays" excited the compassion of the early missionaries—

Carey and Marshman; and with the practicalness which distinguished them, they formed the institution. This was near the end of the year 1809. Like many who have risen to eminence, James Penney was left fatherless in early life, and, with his widowed mother, had to struggle hard with adversity. He had the advantage of being trained under the famous Joseph Lancaster, who was a godly man; and under his influence, young Penney began to feel those strong spiritual yearnings which subsequently ripened into decision for God. His first situation, as a teacher, was at Bath; where he was baptized by Mr. Porter, then minister of the Baptist Church in that city. Before he had been long in his situation, his faith had to pass through a fiery ordeal. As a Baptist, Penney could not, with a clear conscience, tell his pupils that they were regenerated by baptism. When he mentioned his objections to the managers of the school, they unhesitatingly told him that he must conform, or resign his appointment. He promptly did the latter. The outlook was dark. He not only lost his situation, but incurred the displeasure of Mr. Lancaster, without whose help he could scarcely hope to get another school. His means of living were suddenly cut off. Nothing was left but a good conscience. He must leave Bath, but with an empty purse. The young man's necessity was God's opportunity. It is a new reading of the old, old story of Elijah and the ravens. He was invited to supper by a member of the Committee, who put a letter into his hand which contained a ten-pound note. That night he slept in the chamber of peace; it was as though angels came and ministered unto him. Through an approving conscience, God said to his young servant, "Well done." Light was sown for the righteous. A situation in which he was not required to teach the obnoxious doctrine was offered and accepted. Penney's triumph was complete.

Into the details of his school-life during the twenty-two years he had charge of the Calcutta Institution, I shall not enter. It was conducted on the plan of Lancaster, and at one period there were, under the superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. Penney, about two hundred children (boys and girls),

of various nations and colours—Portuguese, country-born children, Hindoos, Mussulmans, Chinese, Malays, Africans, &c. The course of secular instruction included the usual subjects; and in addition to this, the pupils were taught the Holy Scriptures daily—not as a matter of school routine, but with a view to the personal reception of Jesus Christ. And in both departments the devoted teachers were eminently successful. Many became Christians, and some devoted themselves to the ministry of the Gospel. But Mr. and Mrs. Penney did not confine themselves to daily scholastic work. They formed the first Sunday-school in India. Mr. Penney supplied the Chapel at Bethel on Sabbath-days, was a deacon of the Church in Circular Road, Secretary to the Baptist Auxiliary Missionary Society, and President of the Ladies' Society for Female Education.

In these and other works of mercy, this devoted man served his generation in India, and left behind him a name that is still revered, and memories which are yet fragrant in Calcutta. Like many of his companions in labour, Mr. Penney was called away at a few hours' notice. A select circle of friends met at his house to celebrate his birthday, and, also, the anniversary of his arrival in India. During the dinner, he complained of indisposition, and retired to his room. He was seized with cholera, and, after a night of intense suffering, died at eight o'clock the next morning. In that dread and solemn hour, when the body was racked with pain, he could say with unfaltering trust, "*All is well. All is well.*"

Mr. Penney was related by marriage to the Carey family, his second wife being the eldest child of Mr. Felix Carey, and therefore grand-daughter of the venerable Doctor.

Since the above sketch was written, the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society have taken steps to ascertain whether legal authority can be obtained "to sell the property, and devote the annual interest of the proceeds to the objects contemplated by the original Trust by the payment of fees in some Christian School or Schools in Calcutta for such children as are specified in the original Trust." This course has been taken by the fact "that through altered and

unavoidable circumstances, the original Trust of the Benevolent Institution can no longer be carried out exactly on the lines of the Deed."

WILLIAM YATES, D. D.

Born at Loughborough, 1792.
Missionary in India, 1815.
Died at sea, 1845.

In early life two of our greatest Indian missionaries and translators were shoemakers. William Carey followed his trade for some time after he had entered the ministry; William Yates left it with a view to that holy calling. He entered Bristol College in 1812. The great Mr. Hall, who was then at Leicester, was acquainted with the young student, and, in a letter to the elder Mr. Yates, gives the following testimony to his son's talents and character:—"I have great news to tell you, sir. Your son, sir, will be a great scholar and a good preacher, and he is a holy young man." The subsequent career of the son proved the correctness of Mr. Hall's estimate. Mr. Yates was accepted as a missionary student in 1814, and after completing his college course spent a short time at Olney, where he supplied the pulpit of Mr. Sutcliffe, who had been called to his rest a short time before. The church would gladly have retained him as their departed pastor's successor, but his heart was too much set on missionary work to allow him to entertain the proposal. He arrived in India in the early part of the year 1815, and proceeded at once to Serampore. His quiet, unassuming deportment, and great literary abilities, at once commended him to the brethren. Dr. Carey saw that he had in him the making of an Oriental scholar, and employed him as his assistant in the work of translation. Such was his progress in the study of Bengalee that the year following his arrival in India he was able to preach to the natives in their own language.

For a time, things went on smoothly, but the Serampore controversy* disturbed the pleasant relations between the venerable Doctor and himself, and he joined the junior brethren, and became a member of the Calcutta Union. In that city he opened a school for boys, which was fairly successful. It is pleasing to learn that although he had left Serampore, the friendly intercourse between him and Dr. Carey was continued. Dr. Hoby, in his "Life of Yates," mentions a noble trait in Carey's character. While the former was preparing his Sanscrit Grammar, the latter "was in the constant habit of visiting him during the progress of his adventurous undertaking, and, moreover, '*engaged to read over all the proofs as they issued from the press.*'" † Calcutta soon became the centre of a noble and devoted band of men who have left their mark on the intellectual and spiritual life of that capital and the regions beyond. E. Carey, J. Lawson, W. H. Pearce, J. Penney, and W. Yates formed a nucleus of Christian workers who have built up churches and established schools in the Bengal Presidency, and flooded the land with a pure literature. It was a remarkable Providence that brought together men of such varied accomplishments as the brethren who formed the Calcutta Union. There was Yates at the translations, Pearce in the printing-office, Penney in the school, Lawson in the type-foundry; and all of them, with Eustace Carey, engaged in preaching Christ in chapels, bazaars, and fairs, working on parallel lines with the great men on the opposite bank of the Hooghly. In company with Pearce and Penney, Yates made missionary excursions into Jessore and other parts of the country, sowing the good seed beside all waters. "The missionary labours of Mr. Yates," observes Dr. Hoby, "might alone suffice to fill up that period (ten years) of an ordinary life." ‡ His proper vocation, however, was literature. During the period to which reference has just been made, he prepared five books in Sanscrit, four in Bengalee, one in Arabic, four in Hindostanee, and four in English. But it

* See "The Story of Serampore."
† "Life of Yates," p. 135. ‡ Ibid., p. 209.

is on his translations of the Word of God that the fame of Yates chiefly rests. As a translator he confined himself to a more limited field than Carey. From the large number of versions which the translations of the latter embraced, completeness could not be expected. It was admitted by the Serampore brethren that they could "only open the way by a first and incorrect translation." Yates entered into their labours, and had the advantage of them; and by attempting less, and bestowing more time and pains on his work, brought it nearer perfection. In 1827 broken health compelled him to visit his native land. His reception was everywhere most gratifying. His presence at various public meetings helped to deepen the interest of the denomination in the Mission, and quicken the liberality of its supporters. At Broadmead, Bristol, the congregation was so wedged together that even Mr. Hall, who had promised to speak, could not reach the platform. The next year Yates preached the annual sermon in John-street Chapel, Bedford-row. The following year—1829—saw him back in Calcutta in improved health. Then he was elected pastor of the church in Circular-road, and relieved of all other duties, except such as the School Book Society required, that his time might be wholly devoted to the work of translation. In 1831 the degree of M.A. was conferred on him by the Brown University, U. S. His labours being now divided between the pulpit and the study, life flowed on as tranquilly as severe domestic afflictions allowed—so severe, indeed, that they struck at the root of his home life. He had to part from his sick wife, to see her no more on earth. He describes the trial as "a spiritual storm." Mrs. Yates died during the voyage, and the "great deep" received her remains the same day.* This was in 1838. The next year Mr. Yates resigned his pastorate, and shortly afterwards Brown University again did honour to him and to itself by sending him the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity. A

* A most touching narrative of the death of this excellent woman is given in No. 70 of the Quarterly Papers of the Baptist Missionary Society for April, 1839.

noble instance of the disinterestedness of Dr. Yates's character is given in connection with a munificent offer that was made to him by Sir E. Ryan. It was proposed that he should give his whole time to the compilation of school-books in Bengalee and Hindostanee, and receive a salary of £1,000 a year. The Doctor instantly declined the offer. He was then asked to devote half his time, at a salary of £500. He consulted the Committee, and in deference to their opinion returned a courteous refusal. In 1845 the feeble state of his health rendered a voyage to England imperative. He said, "They have *condemned* me to go." And this time the husband has to depart, and the wife (second) to remain. There is a melancholy coincidence in the circumstances attending the death of his first wife and his own. When the vessel was within a few days' sail of Suez this eminent servant of God fell asleep. There, in the same capacious sepulchre, husband and wife rest till the sea gives up the dead that are in it.

WILLIAM KNIBB.

Born at Kettering, England, 1803.
Missionary in Jamaica, 1824–1845.
Died at Kettering, Jamaica, 1845.

"Champions arose to plead the negro's cause:
In the wide breach of violated laws
Through which the torrent of injustice roll'd,
They stood with zeal unconquerably bold."

Cowper.

"Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is always won."

Fifty years ago the name of William Knibb was a household word in every Baptist and Quaker family throughout Great Britain. To the former he was best known as a missionary: to the latter, as the friend of the enslaved

negro. In the former capacity he had many equals; in the latter he stood a head and shoulders above his contemporaries. Knibb, Burchell, and Phillippo form an illustrious trio in connection with the West Indian Mission, worthy to stand by the side of Carey, Marshman, and Ward in the East. They were all stars of the first magnitude, but each filled a sphere of his own, and shone with a lustre that belonged only to himself. Knibb was the daring soldier; Phillippo, the cautious, though honest diplomatist. Knibb was renowned on the battle-field, Phillippo shone in the council-chamber. The voice of Knibb rang like a clarion, that of Phillippo was soft and flowing as a Dorian flute: both were men of action, but one was impulsive, the other deliberative: the former swayed the multitude, the latter influenced those in power. Like his brother Thomas,* William Knibb went out as a schoolmaster and assistant missionary. During his preparatory studies he gave no promise of future distinction, but he had within him the making of just such a man as was needed for the approaching crisis. He had not been in Jamaica long before his gifts as a preacher raised him to the status of a full missionary. In 1830 he took charge of the church at Falmouth and the stations belonging to it, and among these he laboured with marked success. A great future was before him, but he must pass on to victory through a baptism of fire. For several years heavy and portentous clouds had been gathering on the horizon. Society in Jamaica was in a highly electrical condition. Everyone expected a storm, and on Christmas Eve, 1831, it suddenly broke over the land with such extraordinary violence as to threaten, for a time, the extinction of our Jamaica Mission. For all the horrors of the insurrection, the planters and their agents were mainly responsible. By a cruel and irritating policy they forced the hands of the negroes, and goaded them into rebellion. Sinister reports were spread among the plantations to the effect that the King of England was about to

* Thomas Knibb landed at Kingston in 1823, and died three months after his arrival.

send "free paper." The effect on an excitable and credulous people was just what might have been expected. They danced and sang in anticipation of the return of their long lost birthright. The missionaries tried to dispel the delusion, but the infatuated people resented their interference. They said that "Parson Knibb had no right to meddle with 'free paper.'" The train was laid, and it only needed a hand to apply the match. Sam Sharp was accused of having thrown the spark into the mass of combustible materials. Two days after Christmas, 1831, the north side of the Island was ablaze with burning plantations. Then the furies were unchained. Martial law was proclaimed. Hundreds were shot down without mercy, and multitudes were hung without the form of a trial. The voice of lamentation was heard through the land.

"Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven."

With February came the destruction of Baptist Chapels, which involved a loss of £20,000 currency. Within the area of the insurrection confusion and anarchy reigned. The planters having—by their unscrupulous and untruthful tactics—incited the blacks to rebellion, cast the blame on the missionaries. An attempt was made to tar and feather them, but it was defeated. Knibb, with several other missionaries, was put under arrest and exposed to indignities that make one shudder. In the Court House at Montego Bay they "had trial of cruel mockings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment." "When I requested permission to lie on the floor," says Mr. Knibb, "being ill and fatigued, I was sworn at, and told that if I moved I should be instantly shot. Twice was the bayonet pointed at my breast." * Through the influence of a Mr. Roby, the prisoners were removed to his house, and the next day they were liberated on bail. At the request of his brethren,

* Letter to Mr. Dyer.

Knibb came to England to lay their case before the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, and the British public. The first interview with the former was not encouraging. Some gentlemen counselled him to stand aloof from the anti-slavery agitation, which was then rapidly gaining ground, and intimated that the Jamaica missionaries "had already departed from their instructions." The young missionary (he was then only twenty-nine) rose, and uttered the memorable words—"Myself, my wife, and my children are dependent on the Baptist Mission: we have landed without a shilling: but if it be necessary, I will take them by the hand, and walk barefoot through the kingdom, but what I will make known to the Christians in England what their brethren in Jamaica are suffering." This bold and manly declaration silenced opposition, and led not a few to take his view of the subject. The public meeting of the Society followed. It was held in Spa Fields Chapel. The building was densely crowded, and the excitement intense. At the call of the chairman, Mr. Knibb advanced to the front of the platform.

His youthful appearance, fine open countenance, and splendid voice, commanded attention, and procured for him a favourable hearing. While he was eloquently describing the cruelties which the slaves suffered the Secretary pulled his coat by way of caution. This was Knibb's opportunity; rising to his full height he passionately exclaimed—"Whatever may be the consequence, I *will* speak. At the risk of my connection with the Society, and of all I hold dear, I will avow this. If I fail of arousing your sympathies I will retire from this meeting and call upon Him who has made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth; and if I die without beholding the emancipation of the slave, then, if prayer is permitted in heaven, I will fall at the feet of the Eternal, crying, Lord, open the eyes of Christians in England to see the evil of slavery, and to banish it from the earth." The speech, and especially the closing part, carried the meeting away. Some were alarmed, but the great bulk of the audience rose to their feet, and testified their approval by loud and repeated applause. Mr.

Stovel followed in the same strain, and Dr. Campbell declared that the meeting would be celebrated for hundreds of years to come, as the commencement of a new era in the moral history of the world.* After such a spontaneous and magnificent outburst of anti-slavery feeling the intrepid orator heard no more official cautions.

Great Britain was divided into two hostile camps, known as the pro and anti-slavery parties. In the fierce and bitter warfare that was waged, Knibb was always to the front; and his trumpet gave no uncertain sound. From London to Aberdeen his voice was heard on many platforms. His facts were undeniable, and his appeals irresistible. Mr. Pottinger, in a letter to Mr. Hinton, thus describes the effects of Knibb's eloquence at Aberdeen. "The fire which burst from the speaker electrified the assembly. At one moment they were convulsed with laughter, and the next they were sobbing aloud, or clinching their fists ready to knock down the monster whom the magician had conjured up in their midst; and as, when the great orator of Greece had delivered his orations, the Athenians were accustomed to say 'Let us march against Philip,' so, when the man of God had finished his noble speech on that memorable occasion, the multitude seemed to say—'Let us march against slavery.' On the platform near me sat a gentleman, I believe either a professor or a minister, whose spirit was deeply stirred within him. As the speaker continued to expose and denounce the abominations of colonial slavery, he made a free use of a large stick which he held in his hand; but at length, after one of the finest bursts of eloquence to which I ever listened, he suddenly jumped on his feet, exclaiming, 'This is Demosthenes.'"†

Great events happened during Mr. Knibb's absence from Jamaica. The whole of the money for rebuilding the chapels and houses was raised, the British public contributing £14,000 and the Government £11,705. New and larger edifices were erected, and a high spring tide of

* Hinton's Life of Knibb, 2nd Edit., p. 150.
† Ibid., p. 529.

spiritual prosperity set in. Then was heard from many voices—"Thou hast put off my sackcloth and girded me with gladness." A touching incident is related in connection with the rebuilding of Mann's Hill Chapel. When the ground was being cleared, it was found that a shrub called "the tree of life" had spread with tropical rapidity over the ruins. The fact was communicated to James Montgomery, who sent the following lines to Jamaica :—

"Where flames devoured the House of God,
Kindled by hell with Heaven at strife;
Upsprang spontaneous from the sod,
A forest of the tree of life.
Meet emblem of the Sanctuary
Which there had been, and still should be.

Now on the same thrice hallowed spot,
In peace a second temple stands;
And God hath said, 'Destroy it not,'
For lo! the blessing He commands,
As dew on Hermon's hill of yore,
Life, even life for evermore."

In England the great anti-slavery movement culminated in the abolition of the infamous system which destroyed the bodies and souls of its victims, and demoralized its supporters. Mr. Stanley's Act "for the abolition of slavery throughout the British Dominions" received the Royal Assent on the 28th of August, 1834. The weak point in the Act was the concession made to the planters by the Apprenticeship Clause, which provided that every slave should serve seven years before he was entitled to complete emancipation. The clause worked disastrously. The interval was one of cruel wrong and bitter suffering. In this transition state the poor people were still in the power of their vindictive masters, who punished every offence, real or assumed, on the part of their helpless victims, with merciless severity. "Within two years from the passing of the Act, 60,000 apprentices received 250,000 lashes, besides 50,000 other punishments on the tread-wheel and other

instruments of legal torture."* Such a mockery of freedom was intolerable, and at the end of four years the apprenticeship system expired on the 31st of July, 1838. Knibb returned to Jamaica at the end of August, 1834. But how different his position then to that which he occupied when he landed in England twenty-six months before. He came a comparative stranger; he left behind him a name which thousands in every part of the kingdom delighted to honour. He had engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand conflict with the Goliath of slavery, and the stripling had brought the monster to the ground. In all anti-slavery circles he was spoken of as "The lion-hearted Knibb." Happily the incense of popular applause did not intoxicate the hero. He bore his honours meekly. His reception in Jamaica was one of which a king might have been proud. His journey from Rio Bueno—the landing place—to Falmouth was a grand ovation. In a letter to his brother Edward he says—"They took me up in their arms, they sang, they laughed, they wept. 'Him come, him come for true. Him fight de battle, him win de crown!'" As he entered Falmouth the people crowded round his carriage—"They stood, they looked—'It him, it him for true; but see him stand. Him make two of what him was when him left.' Soon the news spread, and from twenty to twenty-five miles they came. 'Now, Massa, me see enough. Him dead; him live again.'"* The spacious chapel was crowded, and as he entered, the congregation rose and sang—

> "Kindred in Christ for his dear sake,
> A hearty welcome here receive."

With characteristic energy, Mr. Knibb threw himself into his work, labouring incessantly for the welfare of the newly enfranchised race.

In the year 1840, he paid a second visit to England, and was welcomed at a special meeting in Exeter Hall. Among other results of his visit were the enlargement of the Jamaica Mission, by the addition of ten men, and the formation of the West African Mission.

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* Hinton's "Life of Knibb," 2nd Edit., pp. 196-7.

During the jubilee year of the Mission the Churches were once more gladdened by the presence of Mr. Knibb.* The journey was undertaken at the unanimous request of the Jamaica brethren, to confer with the Committee on several matters connected with the Mission, and it was limited to a few months. Pecuniary difficulties relating to the Mission property compelled him to pay a fourth visit to this land. A grant of £6,000 materially helped to remove the burden. This was in the spring of 1845. He returned to resume his labours, and, alas! soon to end them. The warning was short, but it found him with his lamp trimmed, and his light burning. On Sunday, Nov. 9th, he baptized forty-two persons at Falmouth. The next day, he went to Kettering to prepare for a meeting of the Jamaica Western Union. He became unwell. Unfavourable symptoms set in; medical aid was sent for, but the best treatment failed to arrest the progress of the malady, and on Saturday, the 15th of November, 1845, he finished his course. "The struggle," wrote Mrs. Knibb, "was hard, for death came with rapid strides upon a strong man armed, and the contest was sad and terrible."

"He took that night
The one grand step beyond the stars
Into the splendour, shadowless and broad—
Into the everlasting joy and light."

That such a man should be taken at the age of forty-two was an impenetrable mystery, and an almost irreparable loss, A man's life, however, must not be measured by years, but by the use that he makes of it. To have done what Knibb did for religion, and the restoration of human rights during the twenty years of his public life would have been a grand achievement if it had occupied several lives of ordinary length. His sun went down while it was yet day, but the afterglow still lingers here. The shadows by which some tried to obscure its lustre had disappeared. The base

* "Voice of Jubilee," p. 105.

calumnies, the false aspersions, the malicious slanders with which he was assailed, were all triumphantly refuted. His path was as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

"Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
While round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

THOMAS BURCHELL.

Born at Tetbury, 1799.
Missionary in Jamaica, 1824–1846.
Died in London, 1846.

"The land where citrons scent the gale,
Where dwells the orange in the golden vale;
Where balmy zephyrs fan the azure skies,
Where myrtles grow and prouder laurels rise."

In the month of November, 1817, Thomas Burchell was baptized at Shortwood by the well-known William Winterbotham, and united with the church under his care. Soon after his conversion Mr. Burchell was deeply exercised about the condition of heathen nations, and an intense desire to preach Christ took possession of his mind. This was encouraged by the pastor and leading members, and after the Church had gone through the usual formality of calling him to the ministry, he was recommended to the Committee of the Baptist Mission. He was invited to meet that body at the next monthly meeting. At that time the Society had rooms at 15, Wood-street, Cheapside, and on repairing thither, on a cold November morning, he was requested to wait in an ante-room till he was summoned before the Committee. While sitting there in that state of suspense with which every candidate for missionary work is familiar, a stranger entered the room. The brief silence which followed the formal salutation was broken by the

stranger, who "asked Mr. Burchell if he were a member of the Committee? 'I am not,' was the reply, 'but have come from the country to appear before the Committee as a candidate for missionary service.' Mr. Burchell hastily rose from his seat, and grasping his hand with warm emotion, said, 'Are you the young man who is expected from Norfolk?' On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he said, 'I am come for the same object from Gloucestershire.' The stranger was Mr. Phillippo."* A few days afterwards Mr. Burchell entered Bristol College, where he remained four years. He had set his heart on going to India, and with a view of qualifying himself for the work of translation, he made considerable progress in the study of Arabic; but during the fourth year of his residence in college the London Committee selected Montego Bay, Jamaica, as the scene of his future labours. A wide field of usefulness was opened to the energetic young missionary. He began his ministry in a room belonging to a private house. Soon afterwards a church of twelve persons was formed. Increasing congregations rendered a larger place necessary, and a building formerly used as a court-house, and afterwards as a theatre and assembly-room, was taken. The work grew rapidly. The six o'clock Sunday morning prayer-meetings were attended by two hundred persons. At intervals he baptized groups of 33, 64, 69, 80, and 90 persons. His success provoked the bitter opposition of the Island authorities, and he was summoned to the court-house to answer the charge of having "baptized negroes without their owners' permission." The missionary protested against such an interference with individual freedom, but reason is thrown away on bigots. A corrupt and venal press encouraged the magistrates in their illegal proceedings. One of the journals, in an inflammatory article, called on the authorities to "put down the evils of sectarian cant, to banish from our shores the baneful pest, and the country will again

* "Life of Burchell," by his brother, p. 31. Underhill's "Life of Phillippo," p. 13.

become morally healthy." On Sundays the slaves were sent away from Montego Bay to work in plantations that were out of the reach of the means of grace. They were told, "If you don't leave off going to chapel, I'll work you or beat you out of your religion." For a time the good work was checked, and there was a perceptible falling off in the attendance at the Sunday services. After a while, Mr. Burchell prudently resumed the practice of baptizing, and the first batch of candidates to whom he administered the ordinance numbered sixty-four. After two years of exhausting labour and harassing persecution his health became so seriously impaired, that he determined on paying a visit to England. An additional motive was the hope of obtaining assistance towards the new chapel at the Bay. Two thousand guineas were required for the purchase of the premises and the enlargement of the chapel. Half the sum was to be raised in Jamaica and the remaining half in England. Mr. Burchell arrived in England in the month of June, and in less than two months nearly a thousand guineas had been raised. In improved health the devoted missionary set his face towards home, but the joy of reunion with his people was marred by the action which the House of Assembly had taken during his absence. In "the consolidated slave law" a clause was inserted which subjected any religious teacher who took money from slaves to a penalty of £20, and in default of payment, a month's incarceration in a common jail. The English Government refused its sanction to this despotic measure. Thus, one obstacle was removed out of Mr. Burchell's path. The money flowed in, the new chapel —65 feet by 37—was erected, and the topstone was laid with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it!" It was a common thing to see a thousand persons at the six o'clock Sunday morning prayer-meeting, and at the ten o'clock public service the building was crowded to its utmost capacity. In the summer of 1831 the devoted missionary paid a second visit to England, and was able to tell the churches of Great Britain of extraordinary progress—a church membership at Montego Bay of 1600 persons, and 3000 enquirers. There was a generous response to his appeals, and in the following

November he embarked on board the *Garland Grove* full of joyous anticipation in the prospect of resuming his labours; but weary months, and even years, must elapse before this pleasant dream is fulfilled. On the 24th of December, 1831, the insurrection broke over the northern part of the Island with the suddenness of a tropical storm. The sky was red with the flames of burning properties, martial law was proclaimed, and hundreds of suspected persons were shot down without the form of a trial.* The *Garland Grove* dropped her anchor in the still waters of Montego Bay early in January, 1832. Mr. Burchell was immediately apprehended, and during the next two months was in confinement. Then came dark days of fiery trial; malicious charges were trumped up by men who thirsted for his blood, but they were unsupported by a tittle of evidence; he had wonderful and almost miraculous escapes from assassination; the infuriated mob, animated by the same spirit which once led the multitude to cry, "Crucify Him!" closed round him, and screamed out, "Hang him!" "Have his blood!" But he escaped out of their hands, and after sixty-six days of ignominious confinement—thirty-three on board the *Garland Grove* and the *Blanche*, and the same number in Montego Bay prison—the heroic sufferer was set at liberty. By the advice of friends he sought refuge for a time in America, where he remained, preaching "the Lord Jesus Christ with all confidence, no man forbidding him." He resided in the States from April to August, when, by the request of the Committee in London, he came once more to England. During his sojourn in this country the Emancipation Bill was passed, and the magnificent sum of nearly £26,000 was raised for the restoration of the Mission property in Jamaica. To these splendid results Mr. Burchell contributed his full share. He returned to Jamaica by way of America towards the close of 1834; but how changed the conditions under which he came back compared with those under which he left nearly three years

* For details see the chapter on W. Knibb.

before. He came not as a captive, but as a conqueror; not amidst the howlings of a bloodthirsty mob, but welcomed by the deafening shouts of a glad and grateful flock.* The new chapel and schools were taken in hand, and both were opened, though in an unfinished state, in March, 1837. The former was ninety feet by sixty, and at the dedicatory service Mr. Burchell counted 3,600 persons within the walls, and about 2,000 outside. Then came many days of Heaven upon earth. The year following the opening of Montego Bay Chapel was signalised by the *complete* freedom of the negro race in our colonies. On the 1st of August, 1838, the sun rose on a new Jamaica. Sea and land, mountains and valleys, groves and gardens, cascades and rivers, busy marts and secluded hamlets, were bathed in a flood of glory, and revealed a spectacle on which God and angels must have looked with ineffable delight. In every part of the island long streams of the newly enfranchised race, well-dressed and orderly, were bending their steps towards given centres of attraction. Their faces were lit up with joy, and the voice of melody and thanksgiving that broke from every lip, shook the forests, and awoke the echoes of the mountains. The proceedings in different places were similar. Perhaps the grandest and most imposing demonstrations were at Montego Bay, Spanish Town, and Falmouth. At midnight of July 31st, slavery was a thing of the past. In the early morning, flags of freedom were unfurled, trees of liberty planted, and deafening cheers given for the Queen. The people were almost delirious with joy. Thanksgiving meetings were held, and sermons preached all over the island, and the day closed without a single breach of the peace or any sign of excess. This was due chiefly, if not wholly, to the influence of Christian people. Freedom from sin made them law-abiding and peaceful. Eight more years pass away. Mr. Burchell is still in the prime of life, but twenty-two years of anxious and exhausting labour in a tropical clime, interrupted by frequent illness, combined with the

* For a touching description of this scene, see W. F. Burchell's Memoir of his brother, pp. 284-286.

unrelenting persecution of implacable enemies, had so undermined his constitution that it was unable to offer more than a feeble resistance to disease. He resigned part of his extensive and onerous charge into the hands of younger brethren. This was followed by an attack of yellow fever in a most malignant form, which threatened his life. As soon as he was pronounced convalescent, a journey to England was strongly recommended; he took leave of his wife and daughter, and having passed twenty-six weary days at sea, arrived in England to die. During the next few weeks there were occasional gleams of hope, but these were delusive as the fitful bursts of morning sunshine which are immediately obscured by clouds. He was supported by the "everlasting arms," and then peacefully fell on sleep. "They that be wise shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

JAMES MURSELL PHILLIPPO.

Born at East Dereham, Oct. 1798.
Missionary in Jamaica, 1823–1879.
Died at Spanish Town, May, 1879.

"Beautiful Island! Where the green
Which nature wears was never seen
'Neath zone of Europe; where the hue
Of sea and sky is such a blue
As England dreams not; where the night
Is all irradiate with the light
Of stars like moons, which hung on high,
Breathe and quiver in the sky,
Each its silver haze divine
Flinging in a radiant line,
O'er gorgeous flower and mighty tree
On the soft and shadowy sea!"

One fine morning in autumn, "long, long ago," I was passing down the main street of my native town, when I saw

a wedding party driving rapidly along in a post-chaise. The occupants alighted at the house of the bride's mother. With a boy's curiosity, I enquired who they were, and learned that the young lady had just changed her name from Hannah Selina Cecil, to Hannah Selina Phillippo, and that her husband—James Mursell Phillippo* was about to sail for the West Indies as a missionary to the blacks. At that time, young men who were intended for the Christian ministry often spent a year or two (before going to college) in preliminary studies with some minister of good standing and acknowledged ability. In the pleasantly situated town of Chipping Norton, Mr. William Gray, afterwards of College-lane Chapel, Northampton, presided over a "school of the prophets." The students were known in the town as "Mr. Gray's young men," and when a lad, I was familiar with the names of Mursell, Flood, Breeze, Crook, Phillips, the subject of this sketch, and other novitiates. After Mr. Phillippo had been accepted by the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, he spent fourteen months in Mr. Gray's Academy, after which he removed to Horton College, where he remained a year and nine months under the able tuition of Dr. Steadman and Mr. Godwin.

At the end of his college course the interesting domestic event to which allusion has been made took place, and on the 29th of October, 1823, Mr. and Mrs. Phillippo left Gravesend for their destination in the distant Antilles; and landed at Kingston, Jamaica, the 21st of December. Sixty years ago the state of society on the Island was most deplorable. The blight and curse of slavery rested on all classes. It poisoned the fountains of public and private life, and reduced the white and coloured races to a state of demoralization which threatened the entire social fabric with

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* Mursell was an addition to his first name. As a pledge of the warm frendship between him and Mr. Mursell, they agreed to exchange names—James Phillippo Mursell, James Mursell Phillippo.

destruction. This horrible system was the impersonation of all that is execrable and debased in our fallen nature.

> "Black as night it stood,
> Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
> And shook a dreadful dart."

Christianity was not then the power in the Island which it became a few years later. "With very limited exceptions," writes Mr. East, "Jamaica was a very Sodom of iniquity. All classes were addicted to the most shameless profligacy. Marriage in many districts was hardly known, and on some estates was absolutely prohibited." "There were no Bibles, no Sabbaths, no schools, and some of the professed ministers of religion were among the most abandoned of the community."* The semi-pagan customs of the negroes' ancestors still remained. A species of witchcraft known as Obeism exercised a vast influence over multitudes. At funerals, the people danced frantically round the graves; offered poultry in sacrifice, poured out libations, and pretended to hold conversation with the dead. Such was Jamaica when Mr. Phillippo landed on that lovely island, where—

> "Every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

The ground had been prepared for the labours of European missionaries by brave and hardy pioneers of another race. Honourable mention must be made of George Liele, a black man, an emancipated slave from North America; Moses Baker, a poor mulatto barber, also a refugee from America; and George Lewis, a black man and an itinerant pedlar. These men were the forerunners of Rowe, Kitchen, Godden, Coultart, and others. They proclaimed the Gospel without fee or reward—

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* "Voice of Jubilee," pp. 7-8; and Phillippo's "Jamaica," pp. 218, 241—9.

"Not seeking recompense from human kind ;
The credit of the arduous work they wrought
Was reaped by other men who came behind ;
The world gave them no honour, none they sought ;
To one great aim their hearts and hopes were given—
To serve their God, and gather souls to heaven."

When Mr. and Mrs. Phillippo landed, the Christmas carnivals were in full swing, and on reaching Spanish Town, they were eye-witnesses of the disgraceful orgies that were practised. "They found the streets crowded with Christmas revellers, whose hideous yells and revolting attitudes, together with the rough music of their African ancestry, deafened the ears of the missionary and his companions as they almost forced their way to the Mission House."* This den, called by courtesy a "Mission House," was utterly unfit for the abode of human beings. "It was inconvenient and dirty, and the walls of the dilapidated interior were daubed with lamp-black as a protection to the eyes of the former occupant."† A few years later the health of Mrs. Phillippo obliged them to hire a house in the mountain region above Spanish Town, but they were soon driven from this by hundreds of rats that invaded their dwelling at night. Owing to the hostile action of those in authority, Mr. Phillippo had to wait many weary months before he was free to preach the Gospel. The planters, foreseeing that the proclamation of the Gospel would lay the axe at the root of slavery, strained their power to the utmost to seal the lips of God's messenger. His application to the Quarter Sessions for a license was peremptorily refused. Credentials from London sealed and signed by leading ministers were laid before the Custos, who allowed him to exercise his ministry till the next Quarter Sessions ; but when he renewed his application to that body, he was told in a tone of arrogance, that unless the document from London was attested by the

* Underhill's "Life of Phillippo," p. 36.
† Ibid.

seal and signature of the Lord Mayor, it was "mere waste paper;" and for a season longer he had to endure.

> "The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely
> . . . . . the law's delay,
> The insolence of office."

The days of ocean steamers had not yet come, and there was a further trial of his patience. At length the all-important document from the chief magistrate of London arrived, and the ban was removed from the missionary. The joy of the people scarcely knew any bounds. "Crowds," says Mr. Phillippo, "pressed along the streets to the chapel premises, and I was received by the multitude with clamorous congratulations and unbounded expressions of joy."* But other obstacles were thrown in his way. He was required to enrol himself in the Militia. He claimed exemption on the ground that he was a minister of religion, but it was not admitted. He was enrolled and dismissed amidst the jeers of the officers present. The plea of ill-health was more successful. Three months were granted. When the term had expired, "the marshal of the regiment went to the chapel one Lord's-day morning, and flourishing the warrant in Mr. Phillippo's face, demanded his immediate surrender, or the payment of the fine."* An order from the Governor—the Duke of Manchester—ultimately freed him from liability to military service. There were other forms of annoyance and persecution which Phillippo and his brethren had to encounter. The law enacted that "no sectarian minister or other teacher of religion is to keep open his place of meeting between sunset and sunrise." The slave was forbidden "to strip himself of his clothing and barter his tools and food to support itinerant expounders of the Gospel. The negro must not be left to be the prey of 'the oily and delusive tongue of a self-ordained preacher.'" It was then a crime to pray. Many poor creatures were put in chains, their "feet made fast in the stocks," and their

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* Underhill's "Life of Phillippo," pp. 40-1.

houses wrecked, for obeying the command of the Lord—"Men ought always to pray." But it was felt that prayer was necessary to the maintenance of spiritual life. A negro who had been repeatedly flogged in his cell for praying, was brought before the Court to answer for his crime. The boldness of the man was marvellous—"If you let me go, me will pray; if you keep me in prison, me will pray; if you flog me, me will pray; pray me must, and pray me will."* Many other examples of steadfastness might be mentioned, but one more will be sufficient. Sam Cunningham was a domestic slave in the house of a gentleman. He was an excellent performer on the violin, and was always in request when balls and parties were given at the great house. When Sam became a Christian, he was afraid the violin might prove a snare to him; accordingly he broke the instrument. One day he had notice from his master that his musical services would be shortly required. "Fiddle broke, massa." "Then it must be mended, Sam." "Broke all to pieces, massa." "We must get a new one, Sam." "Me tink dat no good, be soon broke too." When the master discovered the secret, he threatened his slave with the lash, but no fear of the lash could shake Sam's determination, and he replied with the courage of a martyr, "Dat no good, massa, whip no flog de Word out." †

Thirteen months after Mr. Phillippo's arrival, he got into full work. From the first, he took a place in the front rank of missionaries, and kept it to the end. He laboured with quiet but indomitable energy, and was rewarded with wonderful success. The good seed sprang up and matured with almost tropical rapidity. The records of his baptisms fill one with astonishment and gladness—sixty at one service, then groups of ninety-five, a hundred-and-seventeen, a hundred-and-twenty-nine, and a hundred-and-seventy-two. During the first year of complete freedom he baptized nearly three hundred persons, while the number of members

* "Missionary Herald," Sept. 1842, p. 344.
† "Voice of Jubilee," East's introduction, p. 19.

at his three stations was two thousand one hundred-and ninety-one.* From 1824 to 1830 he baptized nearly one thousand persons. And the "showers of blessing" fell as copiously on other missionaries as on the subject of this sketch. The great crowds that gathered to hear the Word of God gave an impetus to chapel building in Jamaica, and places of worship rose up which in dimensions, dwarfed the largest Baptist chapels in England. Mr. Phillippo's new place at Spanish Town seated fifteen hundred hearers, and was generally crowded. The spread of the Gospel created a thirst for knowledge. When the heart is quickened by Divine grace the intellect cannot remain dormant; hence the vast spiritual awakenings in the island were quickly followed by a demand for education. In six out of twenty parishes into which Jamaica is divided, Mr. Phillippo formed seventeen day-schools. At the time of his death, it was computed that five thousand children had been taught in his schools.

There were other great philanthropic works in which Mr. Phillippo took a leading part. Emancipation had dissolved the relation between the negro and the planter. Forced labour was at an end. There was freedom of contract. Each man was at liberty to make the best bargain he could for himself. The selfish masters took a mean advantage of their dependents, and offered them wages on which they could not live. For refusing sixpence a day, they were turned adrift, and left without any shelter for themselves and families. But this opened the way for a "peasant proprietorship." Estates were thrown on the market. The missionaries, aided by opulent friends in England, purchased several of these, which they divided into allotments and sold to the negroes, who thus rose to the status of freeholders, as well as the dignity of freemen. The experiment was successful. Money was advanced, which the new proprietors by diligence and thrift refunded.† A

* Underhill's "Life of Phillippo," p. 176.

† Particulars of this interesting scheme may be found in J. J. Gurney's "Winter in the West Indies," pp. 115-117, and Underhill's "Life of Phillippo," pp. 180-191.

regard for the reader's patience, and the limited space at my disposal, admonish me to check my pen, lest that which was intended for a sketch, should expand into a book. The details of Mr. Phillippo's visits to England and the Windward Islands are full of interest. During his residences in this country it was my happiness to meet him at the house of a mutual friend, and to hear from his own lips most deeply interesting and thrilling narratives of his work in its different phases. I well remember his compact build and erect figure. In his personal bearing he was dignified and courteous, and in conversation cautious, without unnecessary reserve. To young ministers who, like myself, cherished an ardent desire for missionary work, he was genial and communicative. He enriched our missionary literature with a charming book on "Jamaica Past and Present," which went through three editions. Mr. Phillippo's influence grew with his years and the length of his residence in the island. By his Christian temper, firmness, and unblemished life, he *lived* down opposition, and, with some exceptions, overcame the rancour and hostility which he had to encounter in the early part of his career. He was the esteemed and trusted friend of all classes. By more than one Governor he was consulted on matters connected with the welfare of Jamaica. His letters were quoted in the House of Lords, and Lord Glenelg, through the Marquis of Sligo, sent his thanks to Mr. Phillippo "for the valuable suggestions which his experience of the negro population enabled him to make."* Such marks of esteem and confidence on the part of those in authority excited the ire of a section of the planters, who flung at the offender the most insulting epithets which their vocabulary contained. "I was called," says Mr. P., "'the principal adviser of the Government,'; 'the fabricator of apprentices' petitions'; 'the notorious parson Phillippo'; 'the political parson'; 'arch agitator,' &c., &c., all which, by-the-by, from the character of the sources from which they spring, I

* Underhill, p. 135.

regard as the highest compliments I could receive."* Increasing years led to a partial retirement from the ministry. Then came his Jubilee, which was celebrated with great enthusiasm. But the evening of his life was obscured by heavy clouds. His devoted wife and helpmeet for fifty-one years, and their youngest son, were removed by death. These afflictions were followed by the secession of his co-pastor, Mr. Lea, who had thought fit to receive Episcopal Ordination. Under the circumstances, it was deemed advisable that he should cross the "big water" once more in search of a successor. His appearance at Castle Street recalled the memories of years long past. I saw two Phillippos: one, the young bridegroom of twenty-five, with a light heart and radiant countenance, stepping from the wedding coach; the other, the veteran warrior, white with the snows of age. They stood—as it seemed, side by side—two bodies, but one man. The result of his visit, the keen disappointment that followed, and the ultimate arrival of a successor, call for no remark.

On his return, he found the old home much in the same state as he had left it; but his eye rested on blanks that could never be filled. Voices had left their echoes behind, but the singers were joining in higher harmonies in some brighter land far away. Death had made wide breaches in the family circle and the Mission staff. Wife and six children had gone before to the better country: Coultart, Burchell, Knibb, Tinson, and others slept with their fathers; but the hope of shortly greeting them in his Father's house cheered and sustained him in the toils and trials of his latter days.

"So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

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* Underhill, p. 190.

The departure was not long delayed. The death-struggle was sharp and short. At intervals while it lasted he was heard to say—"My Jesus;" "my Saviour;" "my Friend;" "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." And he fell asleep. Then came the meeting and the reunion in the land where there is "no more death." In the long, bright record of missionary enterprises a better man and a more devoted servant of Christ, cannot be found, than JAMES MURSELL PHILLIPPO.

JOSHUA TINSON.

Born at Watledge, near Nailsworth, January 25th, 1794.
Missionary at Kingston, Jamaica, from 1822 to 1841.
First President of the Calabar Theological Institution from 1843 to 1850.
Died December 3rd, 1850.

Under the cool shade of an ancient sycamore which stood close to the village of Watledge, near Nailsworth, the villagers used to assemble in the soft twilight of summer evenings for friendly chat, recreation, and—possibly—for the repetition of village scandal. One Sunday evening, more than eighty years ago, a new feature was introduced into these rustic gatherings. A stranger passing along the outskirts of the village, would have seen a number of persons apparently listening to some one addressing them. On coming nearer he sees a novel sight. A boy, about eight years old, is reciting in a clear voice, the history of Joseph and his brethren. The silence of his audience shows how completely he has gained their attention and awakened their interest. The boy was Joshua Tinson, who at the request of the villagers not unfrequently spent his Sunday evenings in repeating the narratives of the Bible. He became a Christian at an early age, and was baptized and admitted to the fellowship of the Church at Shortwood, then under the pastoral care of Wm. Winterbotham. After a while, he

began to preach in the neighbouring villages, and as he showed considerable aptitude and power in public speaking, he was encouraged to devote himself to the ministry of the Word. He enjoyed the rare advantage of studying for a year under Joseph Kinghorn, of Norwich, at the end of which he entered Bristol College, where he remained from 1818 to 1822. He went to Bristol with a view of preparing for missionary work in the East, but the demand for labourers in the West Indies led to a change in his plans, and shortly after leaving College he sailed for the Island of Jamaica. At that time, the only European missionaries on the island were James Coultart and Thomas Godden. Le Compere and Kitching had gone to their rest, and in less than a year after Tinson's arrival, Godden returned to England in broken health, and died in November of the following year. Mr. Tinson took charge of a church in Kingston which was formerly under the pastoral care of Mr. Liele; and four years later, he removed to a new and commodious chapel in Hanover-street. The Church was too poor to provide their pastor with an adequate maintenance, and with a view of relieving the Mission, he generously conducted a high class classical school, in which the sons of merchants and professional men received a superior education. As compared with the lives of Burchell and Knibb Gardner, Kingdon, and others, the career of Tinson was uneventful. Kingston was far away from the centre of the insurrection of '32, hence his name nowhere appears in connection with the painful and exciting events of that dark period. Had there been a necessity, he would doubtless have borne his part in the fiery trial as bravely as his brethren in the north. By temperament, tastes, habits, and frequent physical debility, he was unfitted to head any popular movement. To quote the words of Mr. Phillippo, "he seemed designed for a contemplative rather than an active life, and his circumstances in his latter years especially favoured his natural disposition." The formation of a theological institution at Calabar for the training of a native ministry, opened a sphere of usefulness which he was admirably qualified to fill. In October, 1843, he took

charge of the new College, and continued to labour with marked success in his important vocation, till December, 1850, when, after severe and protracted suffering, he finished his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus. Tinson shone as a preacher, pastor, and tutor, but as a Christian man he was pre-eminently "a burning and a shining light. A pattern of whatsoever things are just; whatsoever things are pure; whatsoever things are lovely; whatsoever things are of good report."*

When no longer able to meet the students in the class-room they came to his bed-chamber, where he took them through the usual Hebrew and Greek lessons. And in the solitude of the sick-room he led their thoughts to higher things. At one visit he said—"I am waiting for my Father's messenger to take me home." On another occasion—"I have been teaching you a long time how to live, and now I must teach you how to die." Those Sunday afternoons when the dying teacher used to gather the students and servants round his couch for united prayer, were long redolent with sweet and holy memories. As the sable group listened to the solemn tones of their master's voice and looked on his countenance radiant with joy, it seemed to them as if he had been within the vail, and returned for a brief interview. The scene was calculated to recall the lines—

> "When one that holds communion with the skies,
> Has filled his urn whence those pure waters rise,
> And once more mingles with us meaner things;
> 'Tis even as if an angel shook his wings!
> Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide
> That tells us whence his treasures are supplied."

The last Saturday he was on earth, he called the servants into his chamber and gave them his parting blessing.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Psalm xxxvii. 37.

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* Memoir *Baptist Magazine*, 1851, p. 423.

JOHN CLARKE.

Born in Teviotdale, Kelso, 1802.
Missionary in Jamaica, 1829–1840.
Missionary in Fernando Po, 1840–1847.
Missionary in Jamaica, 1852–1879.
Died at Jericho, Jamaica, 1879.

In early life Mr. Clarke was a "tiller of the ground." After uniting with the Baptist Church at Berwick-on-Tweed, he exchanged this primitive calling for that of a teacher, and in 1826 opened a school at Ford Forge, a few miles from Berwick. It was in his heart to labour for God in some distant land, and on his acceptance by the Baptist Mission, he was set apart in old Eagle-street Chapel for work in Jamaica. This was in 1829 when valedictory missionary services were more of a novelty than at the present time. Accompanied by his wife, who was the eldest daughter of Mr. Alex. Kirkwood, pastor of the church at Berwick-on-Tweed, he landed in Jamaica at the close of the year, and took charge of the church at Port Royal. With this office, he united that of teacher in a school in East Queen-street, Kingston. At the time of his arrival the political atmosphere was heavily charged with destructive forces which broke on the island shortly afterwards, carrying anarchy, ruin, and death in their course. Mr. Clarke's field of labour being on the extreme southern part of the Island, he escaped the fury of the storm, hence his name is not prominent in the annals of that dreadful time. During the first period of his residence in Jamaica he participated in those copious showers of blessing which refreshed the churches. During one year he baptized 167 persons, and the year following, 539 were added to the church at Jericho and its branches. The chapel at the principal station was enlarged to hold 2000 persons. When the West African Mission was formed Mr. Clarke and Dr. Prince—a medical practitioner in Jamaica—went to Fernando Po as pioneers.

They reached the island on New Year's day, 1841. After labouring there for fourteen months, and forming a small church, the Deputation returned to England and reported to the Committee and Churches the result of their visit. They succeeded in awakening a deep interest in the new undertaking, but it was in Jamaica that the greatest enthusiasm was felt. Many of the newly emancipated freemen readily offered themselves for service in the land of their fathers, and in 1843 two goodly bands of labourers started for the "dark continent." One went direct from Jamaica under the leadership of Dr. Prince; the other from England—taking Jamaica on the way—were led by Mr. Clarke. It is no part of my business to trace the chequered history of the West African Mission; that has been done by abler hands —Dr. Underhill, to wit, in his charming memoir of Alfred Saker—I must confine myself to one of its principal founders. Mr. Clarke continued in Africa till 1847, when his constitution was so thoroughly impaired by the deadly climate and by overwork, that he returned to Jamaica in the *Dove*. After a short visit to the island, he came to England in 1848, where he did good service in advocating the claims of the Mission. It was during his stay in this country that I spent a deeply interesting evening with him in the north. His countenance had a similar expression to that of John Williams, with whom—some years before—I was favoured with an interview. For a short time, Mr. Clarke was pastor of the church at Perth, and in 1852 he returned to the land of his first love and spent the remaining twenty-seven years of his valuable life in promoting the spiritual good of its people. During the closing months of his life, rheumatism deprived him of the power of walking, so that he had to be carried to the chapel, where he preached in a sitting posture. His last days brought acute bodily suffering, but they also brought grace which enabled him to "hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." His end was peace.

ALFRED SAKER.*

Born at Borough Green, Kent, 1814.
Missionary in Western Africa, 1843–1876.
Died in London, 1880.

Alfred Saker was the son of a millwright, and for some years he followed his father's calling. He united good natural abilities with indomitable perseverance, and by diligent application qualified himself for a draughtsman in the Royal Dockyard at Devonport, where he remained till he was accepted for missionary work. The pioneers to Western Africa were John Clarke, of Jericho, Jamaica, and Dr. Prince. They reached Fernando Po on New Year's Day, 1841, and were followed in 1842 by Joseph Merrick, who settled at Bimbia, the nearest point to the island. Mr. and Mrs. Saker went out in 1843, and reached their destination the following February. From the time of his arrival till the expulsion of the missionaries from Fernando Po by Spain, in 1858, he divided his labours between the Island and the mainland. Anything more disheartening and apparently hopeless than the prospect which opened to the ardent missionary can scarcely be imagined. The native tribes had not advanced a step in civilization; they were sunk in all the loathsome abominations of the heathen; marriage was unknown, and immorality universal; witchcraft in all its cruel and destructive forms was prevalent; tribal wars almost incessant; the slave-trade was carried on along the coast almost without a check; the dwellings of the people were huts of the rudest construction, their food of the coarsest description, and their clothing strips of cloth bound on the loins. The climate was deadly; the atmosphere so humid that Europeans were in a constant bath,

* The materials for this sketch have been drawn from several sources, but chiefly from Dr. Underhill's charming and able biography of Mr. Saker.

while the malaria poison from the mango swamps scattered disease and death on every side. Believing that the Gospel was the true remedy for these manifold evils, Saker threw all his energies into the work of preaching Christ. His primary object was the conversion of souls, but his zeal prompted him to employ means for the improvement of their physical and social condition. And in this benevolent work his great mechanical knowledge and skill was of signal service. He taught the heathen several of the useful arts, such as making bricks, felling and sawing timber, building houses, type-casting, printing, and bookbinding; and thus raised up a body of native artisans. His herculean labours, carried on under the influence of an enervating and deadly climate, together with the many privations to which he was compelled to submit, put a severe strain upon a constitution which was not naturally robust. Then, his presence and labours provoked the opposition of the natives. His house was wrecked and plundered; the leaves of a poisonous plant were laid in his path, with the hope that the pressure of his foot would set at liberty the latent poison and kill him. But neither persecutions, sickness, bereavements, nor losses ever diverted this intrepid and devoted man from the path of duty. From four or five o'clock in the morning till eight and nine at night, with brief intervals for meals, he worked on, and generally at high pressure,

> "Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
> Onward through life he goes;
> Each morning sees some task begun,
> Each evening sees its close."

By the time Mr. Saker and his friends were compelled to take up their abode permanently on the continent, his work had made considerable progress. Schools had been formed, and elementary books in the Dualla tongue prepared; chapels and mission houses erected, congregations and churches were gathered from the heathen, and several portions of the Holy Scriptures translated. When the servants of God were expelled from Fernando Po, the seat of the Mission was transferred to Amboises Bay, at the

foot of the lofty Cameroons mountain.* The new "Home of Freedom" was named Victoria, after the Queen of England, and in this refuge, protected by God and the English flag, the weary pilgrims found a resting-place. "The worship of the tabernacle," says Mr. Saker, "is begun, and I hope never to cease till the angel announces the end of time."

> "The ocean eagle soar'd
> From his nest by the white wave's foam;
> And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd,
> This was their welcome home."

Under ordinary conditions, the daily life of a missionary presents but little variety. There is not much novelty. Startling incidents are few. There is a repetition of the same work, and frequently of the same trials. This was the normal state of things in Western Africa. Saker saw but few changes. During five-and-thirty years of arduous and exhausting toil, almost the only relaxation he allowed himself was an excursion to the summit of the Great Cameroons mountain in 1861-2.† Occasional visits to England were rendered necessary by the shattered state of his health, but with one exception they were limited to a few months. Many persons in easy circumstances, with infirmities such as often bowed him down, would have considered themselves confirmed invalids, and divided their time between Bournemouth and Baden Baden. But Saker disciplined himself to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." He made no truce with suffering, but kept on toiling at the oar till it fell from his hands through sheer loss of physical energy. In 1876 he bade a final adieu to the land of his adoption, and in his labours and character, and especially in the translation of the entire Bible into the Dualla tongue, he left behind him a precious heritage which will enrich

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* In Dr. Underhill's Memoir of Saker a most graphic description is given of the removal of the Christian people from Clarence, and their settlement at Amboises Bay.

† Underhill's Memoir, pp. 110-116.

generations yet unborn. After his return to England he appeared in public but seldom. At the inauguration of the Congo Mission, in the spring of 1879, he delivered a stirring address to a large meeting in Cannon-street Hotel, an address which as Dr. Underhill remarks—"thrilled the assembly." Six months later he appeared in public for the last time. On Thursday evening, Oct. 7th, 1879, St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, was crowded to its utmost capacity by an excited audience. The occasion was the autumnal meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society; and the chief attraction was the veteran Alfred Saker. When he rose at the call of the chairman, the vast assembly simultaneously stood up, and greeted him with successive rounds of deafening applause. There stood the hero, with folded arms, pale and motionless as a marble statue, contending with emotions that were struggling for utterance. It was a moment of supreme interest. When the cheering had subsided, there was an interval of profound silence, during which Mr. Saker said, "They call me the shadow." The deep pathos with which he uttered these words touched every heart and moistened every eye. We saw in that fragile and trembling form the living representative of labours that were never surpassed, and conquests rarely achieved. The Glasgow meeting was a fitting close of an exceptionally grand career. Then came months of weariness and painfulness which were borne with exemplary resignation and patience; and finally, soon after midnight on the 13th of March, 1880, "an entrance was ministered unto him abundantly into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." His last words expressed a life-long experience—"For Thou art with me!" Thus fell this brave soldier of the cross.

> "He bore his banner through the field,
> And waved it when he died."

I close this brief sketch with the testimony of Dr. Livingstone—"Take it all in all, specially having regard to its many sided character, the work of Alfred Saker at Cameroons and Victoria is in my judgment the most remarkable on the African coast."

The subjects of the foregoing sketches represent a much larger number of missionaries to whose consecrated lives and arduous labours is chiefly owing the vast change which for many years has been penetrating all classes in the East and West. In India, the entire social fabric has been crumbling away under irresistible disintegrating forces, and a new structure is gradually rising upon the ruins of the old and decaying edifice. Without wishing in the least to depreciate the wise and beneficent administration of illustrious Viceroys, the India of to-day is the creation, under God, of men of the type of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, rather than the work of the Wellesleys, the Hastingses, and the Bentincks. And the elevation of the West in freedom and intelligence, in religion and morals, has been emphatically the work of the Christian missionary. It is no exaggeration to affirm, that in pure unselfishness, moral integrity, heroic endurance of suffering, and self-consuming zeal, there are no finer or more conspicuous examples, than in the men whose portraits adorn the rooms of the present home of the BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

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