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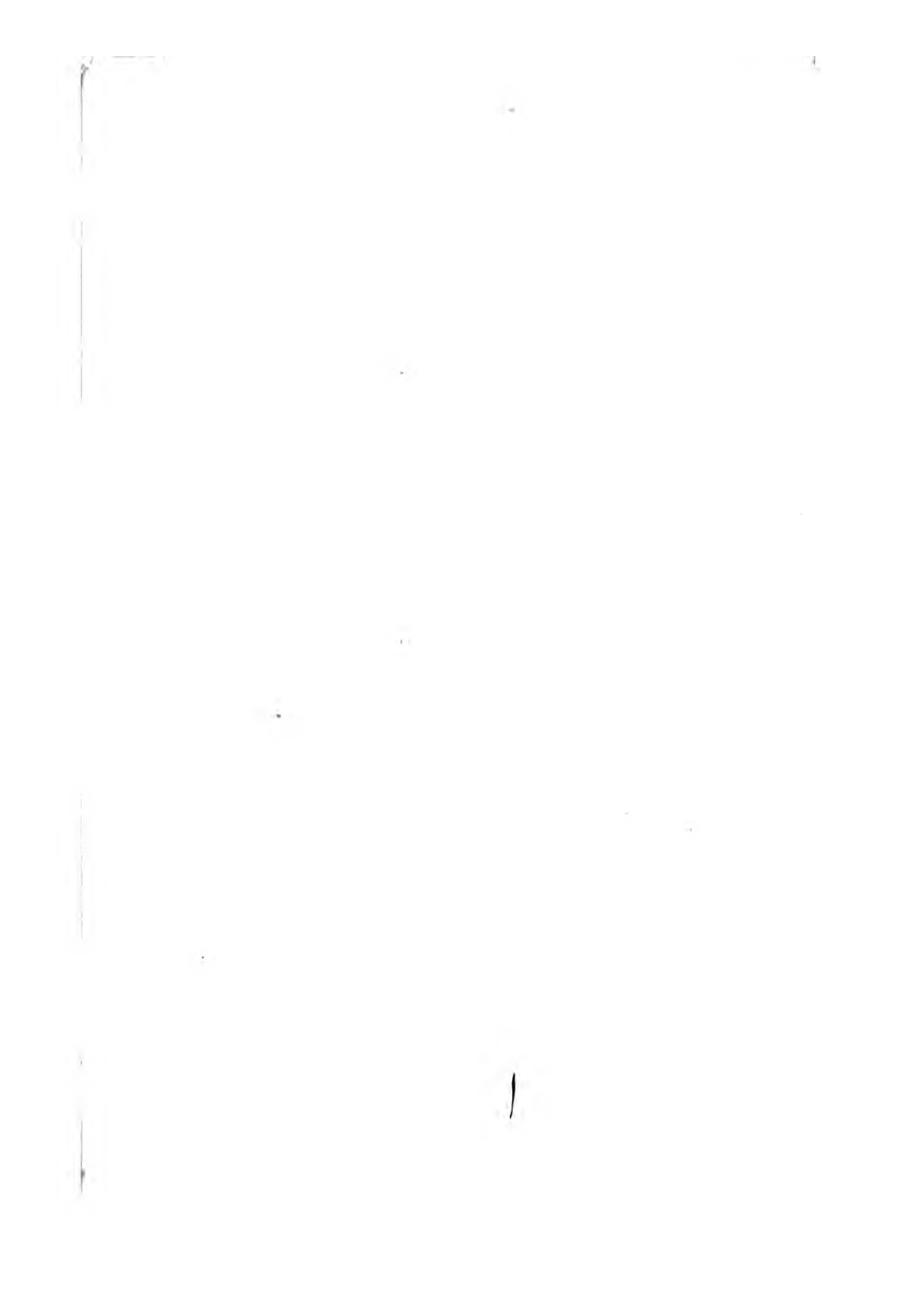
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MEMORIALS

OF

MRS. ELIZABETH SMITH,

WIFE OF

THE REV. THORNLEY SMITH:



INCLUDING

BRIEF NOTICES OF THE WESLEYAN MISSIONS IN SOUTH  
AFRICA, AND OF SOME OCCURRENCES CONNECTED  
WITH THE RECENT WAR IN THAT COUNTRY.

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BY HER HUSBAND.

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LONDON:  
PUBLISHED BY J. MASON, 14, CITY-ROAD;  
SOLD AT 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1848.

376.

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London : R. Needham, Printer, Paternoster-Row.

376.

## P R E F A C E.

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THE following Memorials chiefly consist of personal recollections of my late wife, with occasional extracts from some of her correspondence. Against keeping a Journal she had certain conscientious objections, which she could never overcome; so that the only materials which I possessed to assist me in drawing up these pages, were a few letters, written in the most familiar style, and, of course, never intended to meet the public eye. In committing this little work to the press, therefore, I feel considerable hesitancy and doubt. More than once it has been laid aside, with the intention of abandoning the idea of its publication. I am fully conscious of its many imperfections; and am only induced to send it forth, by a hope that it may, in some circles at least, contribute to the welfare of the cause of Missions, and advance the glory of the Lord of all. If these objects be gained, in however small a degree, I shall be satisfied.

“The memory of the just is blessed.” We think of those who have lived holy lives, and have died in the triumph of the Christian faith, with joy and thankfulness. Their departure we mourn; but the grace of God, which was manifested in them, we magnify and adore. And every additional instance,



which the pen records, of the power of Christian principle to support the mind in seasons of affliction and in the hour of death, gives confirmation to our faith and hope. This is the use of Christian Biography; and how rich and ample are its stores! Our literature abounds with the "Lives of the Saints:" and many of these are the lives, not of gloomy ascetics, but of men and women who have laboured zealously to promote the highest interests of the species, and whose piety has shone forth neither in the cloister nor the cell, but in the chamber of the sick, whom they have sought to heal,—in the cottages of the poor, whom they have pitied and relieved,—and in distant regions of the earth, inhabited by the Heathen, to whom they have announced the tidings of the Cross. For all such, of whatever name, and connected with whatever section of the church, we give glory unto God, both theirs and ours.

With reference to the subject of the following memoir, I would merely say here,—adopting the language of Bishop Taylor, respecting another pious female, "She lived, as she ought to live; and she died, as I should wish to die."

T. S.

## MEMORIALS OF MRS. ELIZABETH SMITH.

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ELIZABETH COWPER, the subject of the following memoir, was born at Knaresbro', in Yorkshire, in the year 1811. She was the second daughter of the late Mr. William Cowper, a respectable tradesman of that town, and a man highly esteemed by all who knew him. Her parents were members of the Independent congregation in Knaresbro', then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Howell; and, at a very early age, she was conducted to the house of God. In her maturer years she had a distinct recollection of that venerable Minister, and also of a plain old man, a Deacon of the church, who occasionally preached in Mr. Howell's stead. Some of the sermons of the latter made a very deep impression upon her tender mind. Elizabeth was much beloved by her father, and he took special pains to instil into her heart the principles of truth and goodness. The result was, that from her infancy she was seriously disposed, and had before her eyes the fear of God; and, as she grew up, took great delight in reading, singing hymns, and in prayer. When but six or seven years of age, she would conduct her little companions into some retired place, and propose to them that they should sing, and pray to God to make them good and wise.

At a suitable age, Elizabeth was placed at school under the care of the Misses Thackwrays, of Knaresbro', whose establishment has for many years deservedly enjoyed the favour of the public. Here she remained for several years, first as a pupil, and afterwards as an assistant teacher; and, from the time of her entrance to that of her departure, she enjoyed the esteem of the ladies above-mentioned. To all the duties of the school she was constantly attentive, and her thirst for knowledge was intense. Whilst yet a pupil, she would sometimes steal into the private library, and peruse with interest a page or two of some work on history, or science, which she found upon the shelves. She, at this time, frequently attended the services of the Established Church; and under the ministry of the Curate, the Rev. Joshua Hart, was often greatly profited. Mr. Hart's week-day evening lectures, on some of the historical portions of the Old Testament Scriptures, were admirably suited to her mental taste; and whenever it was her privilege to attend them, she was careful to make notes of them on returning home. She had also frequent opportunities of attending the Sabbath afternoon lecture of an estimable lady of the Church of England, Mrs. Stevens, who for several years was accustomed to address a respectable audience in the National School-room, Knaresbro', usually expounding, in order, one of the Apostolic Epistles.

From the age of sixteen or eighteen, Miss Cowper possessed a sense of her interest in Christ. She could not, however, refer to any particular

period at which she passed from death unto life; and, indeed, her views of Divine truth were not so clear at this time as they afterwards became; and hence her Christian experience was not so luminous and bright. Like Lydia, however, her heart was opened by the Lord, and "she attended to the things" which she heard and read.

In course of time the providence of God directed the way of Miss Cowper to the city of York. In the year 1836, she became a resident, as governess, in the family of Mr. Punderson; an event which she ever afterwards regarded as an era in her history, and for which she often expressed her gratitude to Almighty God. She was the more thankful on this account, because, just prior to her engaging with Mr. Punderson, she had had an offer of a similar situation in a family of distinction, where perhaps, as she sometimes remarked, she might have been thrown into society uncongenial with her religious views.

At York, Miss Cowper became a constant attendant on the Wesleyan ministry, which, prior to this, she had heard but very occasionally. She found it highly valuable, and conducive to her obtaining a clearer and more expanded view of Christian truth. Often did she think of uniting herself to the Wesleyan church; but, having heard in former days that the Wesleyans were an enthusiastic and rather fanatical sect, she hesitated for a considerable time. At length, however, an event occurred which induced her to take the step. This was the death of one of her pupils, the eldest daughter of Mr.

Punderson. By this solemn circumstance, Miss Cowper's mind was very deeply affected. She was led to reflect on the importance of decision of character, and an open profession of the name of Christ. On the day of the funeral of that young lady, and whilst the Rev. Thomas Harris, the Superintendent of the York Circuit, was engaged in prayer with the bereaved family, Miss Cowper, when on her knees, devoted herself in solemn covenant to God, and received a more clear and satisfactory assurance of her acceptance in the Beloved, than she ever before possessed. The resolution was at that time formed, that this people should be her people, and their God her God; and accordingly she went, unsolicited by any one, to Mrs. Lyth's class, by whom she was received with true Christian affection. With Mrs. Lyth she continued to meet as long as she remained in York; nor was she ever absent from her class except when circumstances prevented her attendance.

Miss Cowper possessed a truly Missionary spirit. The state of the heathen world, as she heard it described from the platform, and as she found it delineated in the lives and journals of Missionaries, deeply affected her. She longed for the conversion of mankind, and for the universal establishment of the kingdom of Christ Jesus the Lord. To the wants of Africa her attention was especially turned; and even when at school, she would often say, that she should like to go to Africa, and spend her days there, in trying to benefit heathen children. God sometimes prepares his chosen instruments—Mis-

sionaries, the wives of Missionaries, and others—for the work he intends them to fulfil, by the secret operations of his Spirit on their minds; continued, in some cases, through a considerable portion of time. So the stone is hewn out of the quarry, squared, wrought, and polished by the workman, and at length is brought and fitted in its place, in the beautiful edifice which is in course of erection.

The writer became acquainted with Miss Cowper some time subsequent to the circumstance in her history already named. He was at that time anticipating being appointed by the Wesleyan Missionary Committee to a foreign station; and finding in Miss Cowper a spirit congenial with his own, he proposed that she should accompany him; and she, with true Christian heroism, complied. At the Conference of 1839, he received an appointment to Southern Africa. A few weeks after the Conference Miss Cowper was married; and bidding farewell to her widowed mother,—her father having died some years previously,—as well as to other relatives and friends, she proceeded with her husband to London, to embark for a distant land. The trial of separation,—and it is not an ordinary one,—she bore with great Christian fortitude, being graciously sustained by the consolations of the Spirit of God. As her day, so was her strength; and fully did she realize the truth of the promise, “My grace is sufficient for thee.”

Arriving in London, we proceeded to the residence of the Rev. J. Beecham, where we remained until the time of our departure for Africa. From

Mrs. Beecham, and all the members of that amiable family, some of whom have since departed to their rest, Mrs. Smith received the most tender proofs of kindness and affection. Her amiability of mind, and her unassuming manners, endeared her to them all; and she in return felt deeply attached to them.

To Miss Smith, one of her sisters-in-law, she wrote as follows, under date November 9th, 1839:—  
“When you receive this, I expect *we* shall be on the mighty ocean, pursuing our way to a distant land, and leaving the land of our birth, the land of our fathers, the land of religion and of Bibles. We go to sow the seeds of everlasting life, to preach the glad tidings of a Saviour’s love, and to attempt to raise the benighted Heathen from their present degradation to be sons of God, and joint heirs with Christ Jesus our Lord. And He at whose bidding we go, will be with us. We go in his strength, and it is sufficient for us.” Such was the spirit of self-sacrifice, and of strong confidence in God, with which Mrs. Smith was actuated at the time of her departure for the Mission field. She had deep searchings of heart respecting the purity of her motives; but being satisfied on this point, I do not think that she ever regretted, even for a moment, having taken the important step. Hence, prior to sailing, she was always cheerful. In another letter written at this period, she says: “We are in good spirits, and very happy in the prospect before us. We know that we are in the hands of Him who ruleth all things well. We are not going in quest of earthly good; and we can therefore the more confidently look to

God for his promised blessing. We know he will be with us always, even to the end of the world. Pray for us, that we may never faint, or grow weary in this labour of love."

The Mission party to which we belonged consisted, in addition to ourselves, of the Rev. Messrs. Davis, Pearce, Gladwin, Smeeth, Taylor, Holden, J. Smith, and J. S. Thomas, and their wives. A few days previous to our embarkation, the entire party was invited to meet the Missionary Secretaries and other friends at the Mission House, to take tea; on which occasion, that excellent and powerful advocate of Missions, the late Mr. W. Dawson, was present, and affectionately addressed us, in his very best manner. Mrs. Smith greatly enjoyed the occasion, and it was a time of refreshing and consolation to us all. The valedictory services which took place at the City-Road chapel on the afternoon of Sunday, October 27th, were also marked with special tokens of the Divine presence.

On the 14th of November, 1839, we embarked on board the "George," bound for the Cape of Good Hope, and Algoa-Bay; being "accompanied to the ship" by the Revds. Dr. Bunting, J. Beecham, and E. Hoole. This was the hour of trial; but the mind of Mrs. Smith was graciously supported; and when the Secretaries had commended us to His care, who rules the whirlwind, and directs the storm,—and when they had given us their last farewell, and had taken their departure from the ship, she again, though with deep emotion, confidently committed herself into the hands of the



Great God. The voyage was long and tedious, and all the passengers suffered more or less from seasickness. Mrs. Smith experienced her full share; but she bore it with great patience and fortitude. When tossed upon the mighty billows of the ocean, her mind was ever calm and peaceful. In crossing the Bay of Biscay, we encountered a very violent gale of wind, during which the sea rose in dreadful fury, and for several hours raged with almost unbridled power; but Mrs. Smith felt no fear. In a letter which she afterwards addressed to a friend in England, she observes: "The sea is not so formidable as some imagine. I can truly say that by trusting in the goodness of God, I never felt afraid for a single moment." She could fully enter into the sentiment of Addison's beautiful hymn, which was often sung during our voyage:

" How are thy servants blest, O Lord !  
 How sure is their defence !  
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide,  
 Their help Omnipotence.

\* \* \* \*

" When by the dreadful tempest borne  
 High on the broken wave,  
 They know thou art not slow to hear,  
 Nor impotent to save."

On the 21st of December we arrived off the Island of St. Jago, Cape de Verdes, N. Lat. 14° 5', W. Long. 25° 34'. Being short of provisions, we were under the necessity of putting in for a supply, to Porto-Praya, when our whole party went on shore. In a letter to her friend, Miss Thackwray, Mrs. Smith thus refers to the event:—

“Being rather deficient in provisions, we were obliged to put in at Porto-Praya, St. Jago, Cape de Verdes. This, however, was by no means unpleasant, as many of us had become tired of a sea-faring life, and as it afforded us an opportunity of seeing the place. We spent two days on shore, Saturday and Sunday. At the English Consul’s house we partook of a sumptuous dinner. The inhabitants of the island are extremely wretched and degraded, being entirely under the dominion of Popery, in its most horrid forms. The Sabbath morning is the time for their principal market, after which they go to *mass*; but we were informed that they have *only one* sermon in a year.”

During the whole of the voyage, divine service was held on the Sabbath, and prayer-meetings and class-meetings during the week, whenever the weather would permit. These services Mrs. Smith enjoyed greatly. The presence of the Great Head of the church was often signally manifested in our midst; and though far away upon the mighty deep, we felt that we held communion with the saints.

We reached the shores of Africa on the 14th of February, 1840; and on the following day landed at Cape-Town, where we were kindly welcomed by the Rev. T. L. Hodgson and his excellent wife. Writing to her friend Mrs. Dearlove, of Knaresbro’, Mrs. Smith observes: “On the 14th of February we came in sight of land. How delightful it was, after being thirteen weeks at sea, to hear the cry ‘Land ahead!’ On the 15th we landed at the Cape of Good Hope; and never shall I forget the

sensations I felt when I first placed my foot on the shores of Africa. Cape-Town surpasses my most sanguine expectations. It is regular and well-built; all the streets are at right angles, and most of the houses elevated; some of them are very handsome. There are two Methodist chapels in the town, and one Independent; an English church, a Lutheran, and a Dutch Reformed. The gentlemen of our party went the other day to the top of Table-Mountain. The ascent is seven miles, and steeper all the way than *Nab's Point*. When the south-east wind blows, a cloud rests upon the top, and overhangs the sides like ivy. On Friday Mr. Smith went to Wynberg to preach, when I accompanied him. It is a village about six miles from Cape-Town. We were delighted with the scenery. Wherever you turn your eye, you are struck with its beauty. It is like one continued pleasure-ground, with here and there a handsome residence. The merchants chiefly reside here, and families who have come from India for the benefit of their health."

Having not yet come to the termination of our voyage, we re-embarked on the 28th for Port-Elizabeth, Algoa-Bay.

It was the assurance of the providential goodness of her heavenly Father, that sustained the mind of Mrs. Smith amidst all the perils and dangers of the sea. She confidently believed our Saviour's words, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." This was with her a very favourite passage; and to it and similar declarations, she often had recourse.

After leaving Table-Bay, the "George" was tossed about round the Cape of Storms for ten or eleven days; when, at length, we arrived in Algoa-Bay, escaping very narrowly the Roman Rock, which lies a few feet below the surface of the sea. We cast anchor within a short distance from it, on the evening of Sunday, March 8th. The day following we landed at Port-Elizabeth, glad and thankful that our voyage was at an end. Mrs. Smith, writing to her mother-in-law some time afterwards, says: "When our voyage was ended, and we were safely landed at Port-Elizabeth, as soon as I placed my foot upon *terra firma*, I could not refrain from tears of joy: and O, how great will be our joy when the voyage of life is over, and we are safely landed on the happy shores of heaven! We have great cause for gratitude to our heavenly Father for that peace of mind, and that calm dependence on his protecting care, which we have so constantly enjoyed. Yes,

' Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If thou, my God, art here.' "

To her friends, Miss Thackwrays, she sent the following brief account of the disembarkation, &c. :—

"After spending a very pleasant fortnight at Cape-Town, we set sail again for Port-Elizabeth, which we reached in another fortnight. Here the surf is so heavy that no small boats can come near the shores. We landed in surf-boats, and were carried out of the boat by Fingoes, on a chair. They looked very frightful. Their heads were

adorned with feathers, their arms and necks with brass rings, and beads, and they wore a round snuff-box hung round their necks, and a little bone spoon, with which they took such quantities of snuff that their eyes ran down with tears. A Mission has been recently commenced here for their benefit, which is likely to be very successful.” —It may prevent misapprehension here to state, that the Fingoes are a people who originally came from an interior part of the country; many of them now reside in the Colony, where they are variously employed. Further reference will be made to them hereafter.

And now we felt ourselves strangers in a strange land. Between us and the friends whom we had lately left, there rolled the waters of the great Atlantic; and whether we should ever see them more, we could not tell. To the mind of the Christian, however, there is consolation in the thought, that when separated from friends in body, he can be united with them in spirit; and that he can meet them at the throne of grace in the exercise of prayer, since God their common Father is alike in every place.

But we were not long in Africa before we found friends there also. Together with the rest of the party, we were cordially welcomed to Port-Elizabeth by the resident Missionary, the Rev. J. Edwards, and his family, and by several friends of the church and congregation. Port-Elizabeth is a rapidly rising town, containing a population, chiefly English, of upwards of three thousand souls. The name was

given to it by Sir Rufane Shaw Donkin, in memory of his deceased lady, to whom he also erected, on the adjacent hill, a pyramidal cenotaph, when, as Acting Governor of the Colony, he visited the place in the year 1820, for the purpose of locating the British settlers, who had just arrived on the shores of Africa. The foundation-stone of a Wesleyan chapel was laid here, soon after our arrival, which is now attended by a respectable English congregation.

We remained at Port-Elizabeth a few days, and then proceeded in an ox-waggon to Graham's Town, a distance of nearly a hundred miles. In one of her letters, Mrs. Smith observes: "I was much amused with the novel mode of travelling in this country. The roads are so bad, that anything but a strong waggon would soon be dashed to atoms. After all, it is not so disagreeable as one would imagine; for we can stop when we choose, light our fire and cook our provisions, (gipsy like,) and then proceed at our pleasure." During our journey the weather was exceedingly favourable, and the novelty of our circumstances, such as "outspanning" and "inspanning," crossing rivers, and sleeping *in our waggon*, &c., relieved the tedium which would otherwise have been occasioned by the extreme slowness at which we proceeded on our way. We were accompanied on our journey by the Rev. Messrs. Davis, Gladwin, and Holden, and their wives. The rest of our party remained at Port-Elizabeth a few days longer.

On the 20th of March we arrived in Graham's

Town, the principal town of the Eastern Province. It lies in a kind of basin, being almost entirely surrounded with hills. The first view of it is quite imposing, nor is the mind disappointed with its appearance on a nearer approach. The streets are spacious and regular, the houses generally respectable, and many of the stores and public buildings handsome. "The population," observes Mrs. Smith, in one of her letters, "is almost all English, and on the outskirts of the town are numbers of Hottentot, Fingoe, and Kafir's huts, exactly resembling hay-cocks. Indeed, when I first saw them, I thought they were making hay, until I approached a little nearer." The town contains an English church; a large Wesleyan chapel, with excellent school-rooms adjoining, for the English congregation; a second Wesleyan chapel, occupied by natives; an Independent chapel; one belonging to the Baptists, and another to the Roman Catholics. The Sabbath is more sacredly observed in Graham's Town than in any town I have seen in England.

From the Rev. W. Shaw and family, and from my esteemed friend, and former fellow-student at Hoxton, the Rev. J. Richards, and Mrs. Richards, we met with a most cordial and affectionate reception.

We were appointed by the Conference to labour in the Bechuana District; and being anxious to obtain all the information we could respecting that portion of the Mission field, we conversed occasionally with the Rev. G. Giddy, whom we found at Graham's Town on our arrival, he being on a visit to the Colony from that part of the country.

The following is an extract from a letter of my wife's to her sister, Miss Smith :—

“ You would be gratified to hear the accounts given of the Bechuana country. Mr. Giddy, the Treasurer of that District, has told us so much, that we feel quite desirous to be there. When first the Missionaries went to that country, the great Chief Moshesh, hearing them constantly entreating the people to pray, and seeing that they did not, said, ‘ Won't they pray? won't they do as the Missionaries tell them? but I will make them.’ And he took up his sambock, a sort of leathern whip, and began to beat them. This is a new way of converting; but it showed his desire to assist the Missionaries. This same Chief has a house, built and furnished in the English style. His furniture is said to have cost a hundred pounds. He dresses like an Englishman; and says he only wants a white face, and then he should be one. There has been a gracious work on the 'Mparani station. There are not fewer than fifteen Native Local Preachers, who leave the village after the Sunday morning service, on pack-oxen, to go to the different kraals around, to preach the Gospel. One of them is a Chief's son. What a change! How glorious!”

In the month of September, the Anniversary of the Sabbath-schools took place, an event to which Mrs. Smith thus refers in a letter to her friends: “ The children were examined in the English chapel before a very respectable congregation. Colonel Somerset, and several of the gentry and officers, were present. The Kafirs, &c., were examined



in their native tongue, and some of them in English, by the Rev. W. Shaw; and afterwards the children partook of dinner, and then went out on the green to play,—*white and black* enjoying themselves together. Such are the results of Missionary labour, attended by the blessing of God. I have sometimes wept on witnessing the devotion of the natives;—they would make many who profess religion in England blush.”

The period now approached for our departure for the interior of South Africa. The journey to the Bechuana country from Graham's Town usually occupies from a month to six weeks, so that considerable preparations must necessarily be made, before commencing it. Accordingly we purchased a quantity of stores, and other articles likely to be useful; and, as we expected to commence a new station, and to have a house to build, we obtained several door and window frames,—wood for such articles being in the Bechuana country very scarce.

The Rev. J. Allison, and his excellent wife, being on a visit to the Colony from the Bechuana District, and being about to return to the scene of their Missionary toils, it was arranged that we should accompany them, and thus be favoured with their assistance and counsel. Mr. Allison is a deeply devoted Missionary, and his labours in the Bechuana country have been signally owned of God. An incident occurred during his visit to Graham's Town, of a truly affecting kind. He had in company with him, as a waggon-driver, an excellent and pious man, together with his wife, who were formerly slaves to

some Dutch farmers. This man had, many years before, been separated from his father, (who was also a slave,) and had heard nothing respecting him, but supposed him to be dead. The father, however, when the glorious Act which emancipated the slave came into operation, had found his way to Graham's Town; and then, having attended the Mission chapel, had become a partaker of the converting grace of God. The son, about the same period, having also been set free, went into the Bechuana country: where, on Mr. Allison's station, both he and his wife found redemption in the blood of Christ, and were baptized by the respective names of Abraham and Sarah. Abraham, on visiting Graham's Town on this occasion, went, on the Sabbath-day morning, to the Mission chapel. There he observed a person who he thought very much resembled his father. At the conclusion of the service, he went up and accosted him. It was his father indeed! and thus, after a separation of some fifteen years, they met in the house of God, both civilly and both spiritually free!

All things being in readiness, we commenced our journey on the 26th of September, 1840. Our train consisted of four waggons; and our attendants, in addition to two or three females, of four waggon-drivers, four leaders, and several others, chiefly Bechuanas, whose business it was to take charge of the horses and extra cattle. Scarcely had we proceeded thirty miles before it began to rain; and our first Sabbath was spent in the wilderness, in a most forlorn and comfortless condition. During the

whole day the rain descended in torrents ; so that instead of holding Divine service as we had intended, we were obliged to sit in our waggons, where only we could find shelter from the pelting storm.

But "the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." After travelling three or four days, Mrs. Smith became seriously ill. She had given birth to a daughter a few weeks before our departure ; an abscess now formed in her breast, and the motion of the waggon made it so painful, that to have proceeded much further would have endangered her life. Thus was our course interrupted, and entirely turned in another direction. In the Bechuana country we never arrived. By the advice of Mr. Allison we went to Cradock, a colonial town not far from our route, to obtain medical assistance, leaving our kind fellow-travellers to pursue their way alone. We arrived in Cradock on the evening of Saturday, October 4th, Mrs. Smith being in great pain, and considerably reduced in strength. But we could obtain no accommodation of any kind, Cradock being but a small place, and every house being fully occupied. In this emergency, however, we were accommodated by a kind family for a day or two ; and afterwards, at the urgent invitation of Mr. T. Robson, we accompanied him to his residence, a large farm at a little distance from the town. Here, through the kind attentions of Mrs. Robson, Mrs. Smith gradually recovered ; and having with some difficulty obtained a house in Cradock, we returned thither, intending to wait until we received

directions from the General Superintendent. In the mean time letters were received by the Rev. W. Shaw, from the Bechuana District, stating that circumstances rendered the commencement of the new station which we were to have formed impracticable. Mrs. Smith, about this period, thus writes to one of her sisters:—

“By this time you will have received our letters informing you of our journey thus far, and of the circumstance that caused us to come to Cradock. I am thankful to say that, by the blessing of God, I am quite strong again. It appears providential that we turned in here, as Mr. Shaw has received a letter from the Bechuana country, stating that the brethren did not think it advisable to take up our station at present, as the Corannas had come down upon the Bechuanas, and all was confusion amongst them. Thus we have been spared a long and fatiguing journey, and perhaps many frightful and terrific scenes. However, we know in whom we have trusted, and we feel assured that all things shall work together for good, as He hath promised. At present it is quite uncertain where we shall be stationed; but as soon as we know we shall inform you. Cradock is a neat place, about one hundred miles from Graham’s Town. The scenery in some parts of the neighbourhood is very bold,—mountain towering above mountain in beautiful conical forms, but generally very barren. In other parts you might imagine yourself in some nobleman’s garden, fancifully laid out and interspersed with flowers of the most brilliant hues, and in as

great a variety as if they had been collected by some great botanist."

Cradock is chiefly a Dutch-built town, and many of its inhabitants are of Dutch descent. It is situated in a valley on the banks of the Great Fish River, whose waters are led out to irrigate the gardens, many of which are exceedingly productive. The principal streets contain rows of fruit-trees, which give to it a most pleasing and cheerful appearance. In the vicinity of the town there are several chalybeate springs, some of which are tepid, and possess considerable medicinal virtues.

At the time we visited Cradock, there was a small Wesleyan society, consisting of some of the English residents, and also a congregation of natives, principally Hottentots, and emancipated slaves. Occasionally one of the Missionaries from Graham's Town, or some other Circuit in the Colony, came and held divine service; but these visits were necessarily few and far between. Our people, though they preferred their own ministry, had therefore to attend generally the Dutch church or the Independent chapel. Hence we found immediate opportunities for doing good; and having obtained the loan of the Court-House in which to meet on the Sabbath, we collected a small congregation, and opened a Sunday-school for European children, in which Mrs. Smith took great pleasure and interest, and which she attended regularly every Sabbath-day. The native congregation assembled in a hut near that part of the outskirts of the town, in which the coloured inhabitants

resided; or sometimes worshipped in the open air.

It was highly desirable that a Missionary should reside at Cradock permanently; but the urgent claims of other parts of the country, and the paucity of labourers, compared with the extent of the field to be cultivated, prevented such an arrangement being made immediately. Hence we received instructions from the General Superintendent to leave Cradock for Fort-Beaufort; and after having been about three months resident in that quiet little town, we took our departure, leaving the flock almost without a shepherd.\* Our journey was one of the most unpleasant we ever experienced in Africa. For several days after it commenced, the rain descended in such torrents, that the roads were inundated in every direction; and it was with great difficulty that we were able to proceed. Mrs. Smith was cheerful and resigned, and committed herself to the care of the "traveller's God;" but it was a season of considerable anxiety and distress, and required the exercise of great patience and fortitude. We arrived at Fort-Beaufort on the 25th of January, 1841, thankful for our escapes from the perils of the wilderness. The Rev. G. Green was at this time stationed in the Circuit; and by him and Mrs. Green, we were welcomed with all Christian kindness and affection.

On the morning of Sunday the 31st instant, as

\* A Missionary was afterwards appointed to Cradock; and now we have an English and a Native chapel, an excellent Sunday-school, and between sixty and seventy persons connected with us in church fellowship.

we were preparing to go to the house of God, we were called very suddenly to sustain the loss of our dear infant. She was seized with a severe fit of convulsion, and in a few moments she was gone. Mrs. Smith felt the stroke to be exceedingly severe. Her grief for some time was excessive; and she was greatly in danger of repining under this dispensation of Providence, and of charging God foolishly. But she saw the snare, and she had recourse immediately to the throne of grace. She sought to have the bereavement sanctified, and she did not seek in vain. From the promises of God she derived solace and consolation, and was enabled from her heart to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

The period of our residence at Fort-Beaufort was only brief. We were appointed by the District-Meeting, which was held in February, to the Bathurst Circuit, to which we shortly after removed. Mrs. Smith thus refers to it in a letter to her sister:—"You have already heard, that we are this year stationed at Bathurst: it is about thirty miles from Graham's Town, and is one of the prettiest places I have seen in Africa, not unlike a country village in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Our house is situated on the top of a hill, and commands an extensive view of the sea: on a clear day we can see the white foam of the surf very distinctly. We are about six miles from the Kowie, Port-Frances, —a port which is now being opened, and which, should it succeed, will be a great advantage to this part of the country."

The Bathurst Circuit, though extensive and important, had been for some time without a Missionary; and on our arrival we found it very difficult to obtain a residence. In the first instance we occupied a small cottage, consisting of two rooms, in which we remained for several weeks. Afterwards we took another cottage, which being small and inconvenient, the owner enlarged, by building an additional room. The enlargement was made after we took possession of the house, and consequently we had to submit to the inconvenience of having a portion of the roof taken off, and of being exposed for some time to wind and rain. These hardships, for such they were, to a female at least, had an injurious effect on Mrs. Smith's health. For some weeks after, she was extremely weak and feeble; and the chapel being at a distance from the house, and there being no morning service in Bathurst, she was frequently deprived of the public means of grace. Her mind, however, was kept in peace, nor did she ever murmur at her lot. When unable to attend the house of God, her Sabbaths were occupied in reading and devotion. The Sermons of the Rev. J. Wesley and of the Rev. R. Watson were, in connexion with the Scriptures, her Sabbath-day books; and she carefully read, about this period, with great pleasure and profit, the larger portion of Dr. A. Clarke's Commentary on the New Testament.

In the month of October she became rather alarmingly ill; and just at the time I had to visit Port-Elizabeth, having been appointed to preach



the Anniversary sermons for the Sunday-school in that Circuit. I expected to be absent at least ten days, and felt very reluctant to leave her in so delicate and precarious a state. She, however, urged me to go ; and having previously sent for her medical attendant, I left her, amidst many fears. She wrote to me a few days after, saying, "I am sure you will be glad to hear, that, by the blessing of God, I am considerably better. Dr. C. arrived at half-past six on Thursday evening. He was glad we had not deferred sending for him any longer ; for had we done so, the means he would have been obliged to use, would have been very severe. He gave me some very nauseous powders, &c. ; and requested me not to rise before breakfast, until the complaint was quite removed. I sincerely hope you reached the bay before the thunder-storm came on. It was most terrific here, commencing about three in the afternoon, (Saturday,) and continuing the greater part of the night. We had quite given up all hopes of any one coming from Graham's Town ; when about eight o'clock Mr. Boyce and Mr. M. B. Shaw arrived, completely drenched with the rain. Stay, and go to Uitenhage, as you are appointed. Don't leave your duty a day sooner on my account. The way of duty is that of safety ; and God will take care of me. His past care of us, and his goodness towards us, inspire me with confidence to trust in Him at all times. May he bless your labours, and crown them with abundant success."

A few miles from Bathurst, there is a small native

village, or Missionary Institution, situated in a very romantic spot called Trap's Valley. The inhabitants are chiefly Fingoes, many of whom have been converted from Heathenism to Christianity, and from the power of Satan unto God. During the short time I remained in the Circuit, I baptized several who had embraced the truth, and had been previously members of the class of catechumens. The ordinance of marriage having been established amongst them,—as amongst all our native converts,—I had several times to perform the marriage ceremony; and was often gratified to observe the neatness of dress in which the parties presented themselves on these occasions. The females were generally habited in white; and sometimes they would bring their dresses to Mrs. Smith a few days or weeks before, to be cut out for them, &c.,—a task which she performed with very great pleasure. Wherever the truths of Christianity are proclaimed, and accepted, its elevating and civilizing institutions follow. The tribes of South Africa will never be induced to abandon their demoralizing and un-social habits,—polygamy, and a thousand other evils,—save from such motives as the Gospel exhibits; but indisputable facts demonstrate its efficiency in subduing the very worst propensities of our nature, and in reconstructing the social system, even in heathen lands, on a pure, sound, and permanent basis.

By the District-Meeting held in February, we were appointed to labour in the Graham's Town Circuit, in conjunction with the Rev. W. Shaw and

the Rev. W. B. Boyce. The English congregation in Graham's Town is large and intelligent, and we had the happiness of witnessing, during the year, a considerable measure of religious prosperity. Mrs. Smith became the Leader of a class, consisting chiefly of young persons, which for some time gave her great encouragement; though afterwards, owing to removals from the Circuit, its numbers were considerably reduced. The native congregation presented much to interest and gratify the Christian mind; and the schools were in a flourishing and prosperous condition. To her friend, Mrs. Wilkinson, of Leeds, who has since become an inhabitant of the world of spirits, Mrs. Smith thus writes, October 9th, 1842:—

“ We have just held the Anniversary of our schools, of which there are three,—English, Dutch, and Kafir. They were all assembled together in the English chapel. The English children repeated hymns, portions of Scripture, and of the Catechism; and the natives also repeated hymns, &c., showing no want of capacity, memory, or talent. Three Fingoes repeated the story of Alfred the Great burning the cakes, &c.; one of our Missionaries, Mr. Dugmore, having translated it into the Kafir language. They called at our house one day previous, to ask Mr. Smith who the Danes and the Saxons were; and how it was that a King had to bake cakes. They were delighted in having it explained, and were much surprised to hear that Englishmen had ever worn skins as they do. Some aged women in spectacles, who had commenced

learning late in life, read a chapter; and at the conclusion of the examination, the natives sung a hymn in one of their fine native airs. The first words of each line are sung by one man, in a most plaintive voice, and then the whole company burst in, if I may so speak, in parts; so sweet and full of melody, that I cannot describe the effect. There are in the town about one hundred natives who are members of our society, and most of them are truly pious. Those who have embraced religion are much cleaner, and better clad than others; and are anxious to have their children baptized, and taught in our schools. Much has been done amongst these people; but there is yet much more to do. Some of them are little better than the brute creation; and are so ungrateful and troublesome, that it requires great patience and strong faith in the promises of God, to enable you to endure them. But God hath said, 'He will give his Son the Heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.' God hath said it; and though the heavens and the earth pass away, not one jot or tittle of his word shall pass away till all be fulfilled."

In the month of November, I accompanied the Rev. W. Shaw on a tour through Kafirland; and whilst I was absent, Mrs. Smith wrote to her friends as follows:—

"As I am left alone for a little while, I think I cannot employ a part of my time more pleasantly than in writing to you. On Tuesday, the 15th, my dear husband left me in company with Mr. Shaw

to visit the stations in Kafirland. At first it was proposed that I should accompany them; but it was afterwards considered that the slow travelling of a waggon would detain them too long. I expect they will reach home by Christmas-day, if not prevented by the rivers being full; for there are no bridges here, except one over the Kat River, and that is not yet completed. \* \* \* \* The country has been in a very disturbed state lately, with the rebellious Boers. They have almost all removed towards the Bechuana country, and have distributed papers, stating that they are about to take possession of that part of the country; and that if any one will not swear allegiance to them, they will either imprison them, or send them out of the country. They took Mr. Allison, one of our Missionaries, and tried him, and behaved very cruelly to him; and when he left them, they fired a gun so near to him, that the ball passed close to his ear."

The Boers residing beyond the Great Orange River have occasioned our brethren there considerable trouble and anxiety; and, in many instances, the Bechuana tribes have been treated by them with great injustice. It is to be hoped, that the time is not far distant, when British law will be extended to that part of the country; and that the spirit of insubordination which has been permitted to exist will receive an effectual check.

In the early part of the year 1843, the Rev. W. B. Boyce and family took their departure for England, that gentleman having laboured in South

Africa fourteen years. He was succeeded in Graham's Town by the Rev. H. H. Dugmore, a son of one of the English settlers, and a most valuable, enterprising, and devoted Missionary.

In March, Mrs. Smith wrote to her friends, as follows:—"We have recently visited Somerset, a small town, about ninety miles distant. It is a beautiful village, situate at the foot of an immense mountain, is well irrigated, and consequently very fruitful. During our stay, the foundation-stone of a new Wesleyan chapel was laid, on which occasion a considerable number of persons, both English and natives, assembled together; and in the evening, after the ceremony, the friends of the Society sat down to tea. We were highly delighted with our visit, and greatly benefited by the change of air.

"Last Sunday, the annual Missionary sermons were preached here, (G. Town,) and on Tuesday the public Meeting was held. In the morning of that day, we had an annual Bazaar, on which occasion we took the sum of one hundred and seventy pounds; which will be appropriated to the Missions, and to the School of Industry. Among the addresses delivered at the public Meeting, was one by the Kafir Chief Kama! The following evening, a Native Missionary Meeting was held, on which occasion Kama occupied the chair. Addresses were delivered in Kafir and Dutch, and two or three of the natives spoke. It was a deeply interesting Meeting, and the liberality displayed was noble in the extreme. The collection amounted

to six pounds sixteen shillings; in addition to which Kama gave an ox, and one person said, 'I will give twenty-two shillings and sixpence,' another, 'I will give one pound.' Several promised to become monthly subscribers. The work of God is prospering among us; and O, it is cheering to see those who have so long grovelled in thick darkness, turning to the light of the glorious Gospel."

It was on the above-mentioned occasion, that a Native Branch Missionary Society was formed in Graham's Town, which has continued to flourish, and by which a considerable sum is raised annually in support of our funds. The heathen tribes of South Africa are remarkably penurious; but the grace of God subdues the icy selfishness of their hearts; and, when converted, they liberally and joyfully contribute to the cause of Christ.

In Graham's Town, Mrs. Smith was greatly profited by the means of grace; and many times her soul was filled with holy joy at witnessing the success of the Gospel among the Heathen. Considerable numbers of Fingoes and Kafirs, &c., resided in the vicinity of Graham's Town; and many of these were added from time to time to the church and congregation. Indeed, the native chapel was often crowded to excess; and it was soon found necessary to form a second congregation, of persons speaking the Dutch language; and afterwards, a third of Bechuanas,—the Fingoe congregation alone being sufficiently large to fill the chapel, which had been wont to be occupied by all the three.

The following is an extract from a letter to her  
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parents, dated January, 1844. "Our Annual District-Meeting is now being held. In this and the Bechuana District, two hundred and forty-eight members have been added to the society during the last year, so that the brethren have not laboured in vain. But this is a small number compared with the thousands who remain in heathenism and sin. Mr. Shaw has recently visited the Bechuana country, and informs us, that on one of the stations there has been a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The Bechuanas and Kafirs are in great ignorance, and are generally long in receiving good impressions. But when the great truths of the Gospel are brought home to them, and they feel that they are sinners, they seldom rest until they are made happy. They leave their huts and all society, and go to the top of some mountain, or among the bushes, and there remain in prayer until they find peace. One woman remained on a mountain three days and nights, some of the people keeping watch lest she should be devoured by wolves; and at the expiration of that period she returned to her friends, rejoicing in the peace and favour of God."

During the year 1844, the Kafir tribes on the colonial frontier, having long occasioned much trouble and alarm by their frequent foraging incursions in the Colony, became increasingly mischievous and daring; and great fears were entertained lest another war should occur, similar to that which desolated the Eastern province in the year 1835. My wife, referring to these rumours, observes in a letter, — "If you see anything in the paper re-



specting the Kafirs, do not be alarmed. They have recently murdered two Englishmen, and since that, a Dutchman; but the Lieutenant-Governor has taken up the matter warmly, and has been into Kafirland to demand the murderers, and two hundred head of cattle for the widow. It is said that the murderers have been given up. Some think that there will be another war: the Kafirs are continually stealing cattle and horses, which are all they care for. We have four thousand troops here, and more at Cape-Town, which are expected up immediately; so that, if war should commence, we shall not have much to fear. But we do not confide in them alone: we have the protection of heaven; our trust is in God. He will defend and keep us; and, doubtless, all this will eventually tend to the extension of his glorious cause."

These commotions subsided for a time, and things resumed their wonted aspect. But, alas! the elements of strife were secretly at work, and only waited for a more favourable opportunity to burst forth with greater power.

About this time Mrs. Smith was visited with a severe illness, and many fears were entertained for her recovery. On returning from a visit to the Cowie, in the Bathurst Circuit, she walked a considerable distance up a very steep hill; and the morning after we reached home, she vomited a quantity of blood. Medical aid was resorted to, and the hemorrhage was stopped; but she was left in a very weak and feeble state. During her affliction, her mind was kept in a most peaceful

and happy frame. She was enabled to repose on the unfailing promises of God, and was often favoured with the most gracious manifestations of his presence and his love. She recovered strength gradually, and in the course of a little time was able to resume her place in the sanctuary, and to unite in the ordinances of Christian worship.

The Annual District-Meeting held in January, 1845, was one of great interest and importance. Numerous openings presented themselves in various parts of the country for additional labourers; and loud and pressing invitations were sent us,—some from Chiefs in distant parts of the interior, to supply them with the word of eternal life. The Rev. Messrs. Giddy and Allison, of the Bechuana District, had performed a journey into the Baraputsi country, lying at the north-east of our Bechuana Missions, and had found many thousands of people ready to receive the ambassadors of Christ; and during the sittings of our Meeting, a deputation appeared before us, sent by the Chief of another nation in the neighbourhood of the Baraputsi, called the Amahlabi. This deputation consisted of four men, who had walked several hundred miles to visit the Colony, and present the request of their Chief, whose name was Hlangalibalele, or the “Burning Sun,” that “Pastors” might be sent to him and to his people. Such arrangements were made to meet these pressing demands, as the number of Missionaries in the country would allow; and it was resolved, that an

urgent request should be sent to the Committee at home for additional men.

In the early part of this year, the foundation-stone of a new chapel was laid in Graham's Town. The chapel in which the English congregation worshipped had long been too small, so that many families who had applied for sittings were unable to obtain them, and had been induced to seek accommodation elsewhere. The trustees at first contemplated its enlargement; but finding, that whilst the expense would be very considerable, the end would not be gained, they resolved upon the erection of a new edifice; and an appeal being made to the members of the congregation, they readily came forth in aid of the good work. An eligible site having been obtained, the first stone of the new chapel was laid by Mrs. Shaw, wife of the Rev. W. Shaw, on the 10th of April, being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the landing of the British settlers on the shores of Africa. It was a day to be remembered; and Mrs. Smith, with many others, greatly rejoiced in the solemnities of the occasion.\*

In the month of June, 1845, we were called to sustain the loss of a dear infant child, born in the month of February previous; and this being the second trial of the kind, Mrs. Smith, though perfectly resigned to the will of Providence, was deeply distressed for some time. In August, she writes

\* In consequence of the outbreak of the Kafir war, this chapel has not been completed. The works were necessarily suspended during the invasion of the Colony, and in all probability some months will transpire before they are resumed.

thus:—"We have had almost as severe a winter here as in England. On the 2d of June, the hills and valleys were covered with snow; and from that time to the present, the weather has been very keen. There has been great mortality, especially among children. Many have been bereaved; and some have lost two. It has, indeed, been a melancholy season! We are thankful to God for that measure of health which we and our two little ones have enjoyed; but we have felt the loss of our dear babe deeply. I trust, however, that the Lord has sanctified the affliction, and drawn us nearer to himself. We have now two children in heaven."

The climate of South Africa is generally healthy and salubrious. The heat in the summer is occasionally excessive, rendering the frame more susceptible of the cold of winter, which is sometimes most severe. Snow seldom falls very near the coast; but towards the interior it is common, and upon the Chumie mountains, and the Winterberg, sixty miles from Graham's Town, it is seen glittering in the rays of the sun during three or four months of the year. The cold, and especially the heavy rains of the winter, affect the native inhabitants considerably; so that even when sitting round a large fire, wrapped in blankets or in skins, they will often complain that they cannot get warm. To many of their children the winters frequently prove fatal.

In October, the Rev. W. Shaw left Graham's Town for the purpose of visiting the stations in the

Bechuana country; and shortly after my colleague, Mr. Dugmore, was under the necessity of taking a journey to recruit his health, so that we were left for a few weeks alone. During this period, my brother—the Rev. G. Smith, and the Rev. J. Wilson, arrived from England, having been appointed by the Conference to labour with us in South Africa. Their arrival was exceedingly opportune, and was hailed by us, and by all our friends in Graham's Town, with joy. The natives too participated in the pleasure, and manifested great anxiety to see the new "leeraars," or teachers, and to hear them preach. Many of them could not wait until the Sabbath, but came to our house to inquire respecting them, and to "shake hands."

After the return of Mr. Shaw from the Bechuana country, our District-Meeting was held; and certainly our prospects were never more cheering than at the commencement of the year 1846. At the above Meeting, such arrangements were made for the extension of the work as our means would allow. The case of Port-Natal, where a Mission had already been commenced by the Rev. J. Archbell, and where more "labourers" were urgently required, seemed to present special claims upon our attention; and, accordingly, the Rev. W. J. Davis, and my esteemed friend, the Rev. J. Richards, were appointed to that Mission. In Kafirland also, and in the Colony, there were many indications of good, which served to encourage us in the pursuit of our great object—the evangelization of Southern Africa. At this very time, however, a cloud was

gathering, which shortly afterwards burst, and poured upon the country a flood of woes.

We were appointed to Salem, whither, after spending four years in Graham's Town, we removed in the month of February. This village was founded by the Wesleyan party of the British settlers of 1820. Though small, it contains several respectable houses; and the chapel, and other premises of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, form a very pleasing view. On the Sabbath morning, a very excellent congregation, consisting chiefly of the English residents, and of the farmers living in the vicinity, assemble for divine worship; and in the afternoon a native service is held, usually in the Dutch language, the sermon being sometimes interpreted into Kafir. A seminary for the education of European children was established here some years ago by W. H. Matthews, Esq., a member of the Wesleyan society, in which many of the youth of Albany have from time to time received instruction. It is now under the efficient management of Mr. and Mrs. Impey and family.

Four miles from Salem, is the Missionary settlement called Farmerfield. Here, a considerable number of persons, belonging to the several native tribes of Southern Africa, are located, with a view to their being taught the things of God, and trained in habits of civilization and industry.

On our arrival in the Circuit, we entertained many very pleasing hopes of success, and much prayer was offered to God for his blessing upon our labours. And, indeed, our prospects were in many respects

cheering. In the month of March the Missionary Anniversary was held, and was one of the most gratifying occasions of the kind I have known. The Native Missionary Meeting at Farmerfield, held on the 3d of March, was remarkable for the display of Christian liberality evinced by the parties present, Kafirs, Fingoes, and Beohuanas, &c., proving how much they felt the value of the Gospel, and how ardent were their desires that it should be published unto others. One individual went to Mr. Roberts, the excellent and highly-esteemed Catechist, and said, that he should not be able to attend the Meeting, but had brought two crowns, (ten shillings,) which he wished to present for himself and his wife. Another came and said he had brought his *dubbeltze* (the name generally given to a penny); and on the paper being opened in which it was wrapped, it was found to be a sovereign. These simple facts are, I conceive, worthy of being placed on record, as manifestations of the power of Christian principle, in persons who were formerly under the influence of heathenism, a predominant feature of which is selfishness in its very worst forms.

But our prospects were soon blighted. In the course of a few weeks, the Colony was thrown into a state of agitation of the most painful character; and a note was heard calling upon the inhabitants to prepare for war. The Kafir tribes on the immediate frontier, who had long evinced a predatory disposition, and had committed depredations upon the peaceful colonists, too numerous to be reckoned

up, at length broke out in acts of violence, which the Government of the Colony could not tolerate. War was therefore proclaimed against them; and now, in every direction, the most active measures were adopted for the defence of the Colony against an invasion by the hostile tribes. Nearly all the male inhabitants, of a sufficient age, were placed under arms. The farmers and others residing in solitary places, left their dwellings, and united together to form encampments for the mutual protection of their families and property. Salem became a place of rendezvous for many; and our little chapel was turned into a kind of barrack-room, for the reception of those who could find no shelter elsewhere. About two thousand head of cattle were brought to the village, which were guarded nightly by men under arms, and during the day conducted, under the charge of a mounted patrol, to graze upon the adjoining flats. Our anxieties and fears, during this painful season, may be better imagined than described. But, as our day so was our strength. Mrs. Smith possessed considerable fortitude and courage, and great confidence in God. I do not remember having seen her during the whole of this conflict in a state of agitation or alarm. Often when we had retired to rest with the expectation that an attack would be made upon the village by the enemy, would she lie down with the greatest composure of mind, and say, "I have no fears: God will take care of us."

The following extracts from my Journal of the events of the war, will enable the reader to form



some conception of our perilous and trying circumstances:—

“Saturday, April 25th, 1846. Received intelligence to-day, that the Kafirs were pouring into the Colony, and committing depredations on every hand. Numbers of persons coming from their farms, are in great distress for protection from the marauders. Half-past ten at night: an alarm given in the village by the firing of guns, the expectation being entertained that the enemy was about to attack the encampment. Happily no attack was made. A few Kafirs were lurking about, but on hearing the guns they decamped.

“Sunday, 26th. Held a short service in the chapel. But very few persons present, many being afraid to leave their habitations. A day of great anxiety and gloom. In the night firing was heard in different directions, and smoke observed rising in vast volumes, which proved to be from the burning of a house not far distant.

“27th. Rode to Graham's Town in company with W. H. Matthews, Esq., attended by a strong armed patrol. Traces of Kafir footsteps all along the road, apparently moving in the direction of Farmerfield and Salem. Going through a deep ravine, lined on either side of the road with thick bush, we apprehended an attack from the enemy, and every gun was cocked ready to meet their fire. But though we saw many signs that Kafirs had passed during the previous night, we got safely through, and reached Graham's Town at twelve o'clock. The town is in a most desolate and gloomy

state, all the principal streets being barricaded, and the lower windows of the houses nailed up with plank. Saw some of the authorities, and spoke to them with reference to our circumstances at Salem. Colonel Johnson was exceedingly affable and kind, and promised us every assistance it was in his power to render. Returned home in safety.

“29th. Rode to Farmerfield with an escort, and was grieved to hear that on the previous night, the village had sustained a severe attack from the enemy. They came in great numbers, and fired at the chapel where the people were collected together for defence. Four hundred head of cattle were swept off; but no lives were lost, nor was any person injured. Mr. Roberts, the esteemed Superintendent of the Institution, seemed much dispirited. I fear our people at Farmerfield, most of whom are pious natives, will lose all they possess. Whilst at the Institution, two messengers came at full speed, informing us that the enemy had carried off the Salem cattle. We immediately returned home by a circuitous path, when a reinforcement of mounted men was sent to assist the patrol, and the Fingoe herds. A desperate battle then took place on the Kareiga river; and the whole of the cattle were retaken, with the loss on our side of one man, a Fingoe; but of a considerable number on the side of the Kafirs. During the affray, several individuals experienced very narrow escapes, the balls of the enemy flying so near them as to graze their hats. When the recaptured cattle were brought home in the evening, the village was in a state of

great excitement. It was truly gratifying to the feelings of all to see the cattle return, which had been in the actual possession of the enemy, nor could their joy be restrained. The Fingoes especially were greatly elated, and followed the cattle into the village dancing and singing a war-song of victory. On their arriving near the chapel, they continued their song for some time, and danced in the most wild and grotesque manner. I then requested them to cease; and gave them an address, telling them to thank God for the triumph they had gained, and to continue to act with bravery and courage.

“30th. The occurrences of the last few days have been exceedingly painful, requiring the exercise of much patience and fortitude. I am thankful for the peace of mind which we as a family have enjoyed. Our confidence in the goodness of our Divine Protector has hitherto been unshaken; but I long for the restoration of peace, that I may again pursue my labours as a Minister. At present nearly all the ordinances of the sanctuary are suspended.

“May 1st. A waggon containing ammunition arrived under the charge of several burghers from Cradock. My dear wife prepared a repast for them; and they were very thankful, as they had travelled a considerable distance, and were much fatigued. Intelligence from Graham's Town, that Colonel Somerset had marched with troops, and two guns, into this part of the country, for the purpose of driving the invaders back.

“4th. Received intelligence from Mr. Roberts that a number of Kafirs had been seen near the Institution, evidently with intent to attack the place. The Cradock burghers immediately saddled their horses, and rode off to the defence.

“5th. Blessed be God for his kind providence over his people. The burghers had just arrived at Farmerfield yesterday, when between one and two hundred Kafirs came with great boldness and daring, in order of battle, against the village. The burghers immediately prepared for action; and, seconded by the inhabitants, they soon put the enemy to route. On their side several were slain; on ours none so much as wounded.

“6th. Orders received from Graham’s Town, that the Cradock burghers were to go and join the camp of Colonel Somerset. This intelligence greatly distressed us; and I wrote instantly to Colonel Somerset, requesting that the party might be permitted to remain. Mr. Scanlin, the Commander, undertook to convey my letter to the camp.

“7th. Received the following very obliging letter from Colonel Somerset:—

‘ Woodlands, Kareiga, 7th May, 1846.

‘ Sir,—I have had much satisfaction in receiving your letter, having been under great apprehensions for Salem and Farmerfield, not knowing anything of Mr. Scanlin’s party. It affords me extreme gratification that Mr. Scanlin’s small party has rendered such useful services: he will remain at the post where he has proved himself so useful.

‘I have every anxiety to assist Salem, and Farmerfield; but my services have been required at so many points, that I have endeavoured to afford aid to those who appeared most in need.

‘I beg to remain, Sir, yours, &c.,

‘H. SOMERSET.

‘Rev. Thornley Smith.’

“10th. The Sabbath. Our prospects begin to brighten a little. Rode to Norman’s, with an escort, a distance of nine miles, where there is a large encampment, and where we have a small chapel and congregation. Here I found a number of persons huddled together, some in the chapel, some in waggons, and a few in tents. Their condition seemed miserable enough; but they were, on the whole, contented and happy. No attack has been made on this camp yet. Held divine service, and returned home.

“14th. In company with an armed escort, I went to Graham’s Town, for the purpose of ascertaining if anything could be done for the sick and destitute. To our great satisfaction we learnt that a Branch Board of Relief had been formed for Salem, with the concurrence of His Excellency the Governor.

“15th. Another attempt made to-day by a number of Kafirs to take the Farmerfield cattle. They were carried off, but retaken by the burghers: I regret to say, however, with the loss of one of the party,—a young man named Murray, who was shot in the head.

“16th. In the afternoon of this day, I had the  
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painful task of committing to the silent grave the remains of the young man who fell yesterday. The corpse was brought from Farmerfield in a waggon, escorted by the whole of the Cradock burghers on horseback, bearing arms. The procession was a mournful one, and drew tears from the eyes of many. Not being able to go into the chapel, the funeral service was read in Mr. Impey's school-room, whence we proceeded to the grave. Here I addressed the company assembled. Many were affected. It was indeed a solemn scene!

"17th. The Sabbath. In company with Mr. Matthews, and an armed escort, I rode to Norman's, for the purpose of holding divine service at the camp. How strange for a Minister of peace to be accompanied on his journey by a number of armed men! But this was absolutely necessary for the protection of our lives. During the war of 1835, two men were attacked by a Kafir, and severely wounded, on the road on which I travelled to-day. On arriving at the camp, I preached in the little chapel to a considerable number of people. The scene presented was strange and singular. The chapel was partly occupied with tables, beds, crockery, and other household goods; and, being the guard-room of the little garrison, fire-arms stood in several parts of the building. My congregation found it difficult, amidst all these articles, to find accommodation: some were obliged to sit on planks, placed on the tops of the pews; others on mattresses, and beds; and as many as could, crowded into the aisle. But notwithstanding these

unfavourable circumstances, God was in our midst, and we felt it 'good to be there.' I was amply repaid for the anxiety I had experienced, by the deep and serious attention paid to the message I delivered, and by the gracious manifestations of the divine presence, which, in answer to our prayers, were granted to the little company."

Such are but a few of the painful events which occurred during this season of calamity and war. A similar state of things continued for several weeks; and that a delicate female should feel the effects of them, cannot be a matter of surprise. Mrs. Smith was called to sustain many privations; and on the 20th of June, in the very midst of these commotions, she gave birth to a son, under circumstances of more than ordinary distress. Almost immediately after this event she took a severe cold, which brought on a cough, and so prostrated her strength that she was obliged to commit the child to the care of another nurse. Being greatly alarmed on her account, I went to Graham's Town for medical assistance; and as soon as the doctor arrived, he advised an immediate change of air, to the sea-coast. But, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country, we were unable, for some time, to obtain a waggon or any other means of conveyance; and it was upwards of a month ere we could take any steps towards a removal. At length, through the kindness of our friend, Mr. Penny, of Salem, we were favoured with a waggon, and took a journey to Graham's Town, returning by way of Mr. Dugmore's farm, on the Kareiga, where we

remained two or three days. At Graham's Town, our friends Mr. and Mrs. Pearce showed us great kindness; and the Rev. W. Shaw conversed with Mrs. Smith, and prayed with her, earnestly commending her to the care and blessing of God. It was then resolved, that, as soon as possible, we should take a voyage to the Cape, and try the effects of the sea-air upon the health of the sufferer, she herself indulging the hope that she would derive from it considerable benefit.

Towards the end of August, the Colony became less agitated and troubled. With the exception of straggling parties, the Kafir hordes returned, about that time, to their own territory, laden, however, with an immense spoil of cattle, sheep, and horses, of which they had plundered the frontier farmers. The contest was not ended; but now the more immediate field of it was Kafirland itself.

To the interests of Christian Missions, this war has, for a time, been highly prejudicial. Not only has Mission property to a considerable amount, belonging to our own, and to the London, Glasgow, and Berlin Societies, been utterly destroyed, but several of our infant churches have been broken up, and the labours of the Missionaries have, in some parts of the country, been suspended for an indefinite period of time. Still we have ground for hope. Our stations beyond the Great Keir River, save Butterworth and Beecham-wood, remain uninjured; and in that portion of the field our brethren are pursuing their evangelic work. And though several of the Mission settlements nearer the Colony, as



Wesleyville and Mount-Coke, have been broken up, yet the native church-members have maintained their Christian character, and have proved faithful to the interests of the British Government. Severe, in some instances, was the test by which they were tried; but divine grace was sufficient for them; and in the hour of temptation they held fast their integrity.

Early in the month of September, there being no signs of improvement in Mrs. Smith's health, we left Salem for Port-Elizabeth, accompanied by my brother, who came to bid us farewell. After the first two days of our journey, the weather was remarkably fine; and though the journey was long, it was by no means tedious, and Mrs. Smith appeared to recover strength and vigour. On our arrival at Port-Elizabeth, my friend, the Rev. J. Smith, gave us a very kind reception; and in the course of a few days we obtained a passage in the "Eliza Scott," a small schooner bound for Table-Bay. Whilst on the sea Mrs. Smith's cough was much less violent, and the balmy breezes of the ocean seemed to invigorate her feeble frame. But the voyage was too short to produce any permanent effect; for on the fourth day after leaving Port-Elizabeth, we landed in Cape-Town, having made the passage in about half the usual time.

The heat of Cape-Town at this period of the year is often intense; and being found prejudicial to Mrs. Smith, in her enfeebled state, the Rev. T. L. Hodgson kindly made arrangements for our residing at Rondebosch, an enchanting village four miles

distant. We have here a neat little chapel, situated at the foot of Table-Mountain, and adjoining it an excellent dwelling-house for a Minister. The house being unoccupied, we took possession of it, hoping that, by God's blessing on the means resorted to, the health of the patient might yet be recovered. For a time these hopes were greatly encouraged; but again the disease, which proved to be on the lungs, obtained the mastery. Still the mind of Mrs. Smith was buoyed up with the hope of a recovery. She wished to live, if it were the Lord's will, that she might train up her children in his fear and love. For them, she often wept and prayed. The thought of leaving three helpless infants in a world of sin and grief, was, to her mind, deeply painful. She was a most tender and affectionate mother; and who will say that her desire to live, founded as it was in maternal love, was contrary to the spirit which the Christian should evince? But her soul was kept in sacred peace. She could repose with confidence on the wisdom and love of her God and Saviour; and, when her strength would permit, she would converse with the friends who called to see her, on the mysteries of redeeming love, always expressing the clearest views of truth, and testifying of her own personal interest in the great atonement of the cross. Sometimes, after having reposed an hour or two, she would awake out of sleep, her eyes filled with tears of joy, and say, "I have slept sweetly, and have been engaged in prayer. O, how precious is the Saviour's love!" I daily read to her

a portion of the Scriptures, and prayed with her; and often was our "fellowship in the Spirit" sweet beyond the power of language to describe.

Seeing no permanent change in the state of her health, I became anxious to try the effects of a voyage to England. Upon this question my mind was greatly perplexed. The medical attendants gave no hope of Mrs. Smith's recovery if she remained at the Cape; and as she herself urged the adoption of the measure, I resolved, having obtained the consent of my brethren, though with a trembling heart, to have recourse to it. This resolution was not formed without much and earnest prayer, and only because of the hope it held out, that she whom I loved would be raised up.

Some delay was experienced ere we could obtain a passage in a suitable ship. At length the "Essex" from Madras arrived in Table-Bay, on her homeward voyage, and, having several cabins unoccupied, we readily secured the accommodations necessary. On the 5th of December, we were commended to the care of Almighty God, by Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson and other friends; and the Rev. R. Haddy accompanied us to the ship. Mrs. Smith bore the fatigue of the embarkation better than I anticipated; and after leaving the shore, where the heat was sultry and oppressive, her strength and spirits were revived by the cooler atmosphere of the Bay. On the following day we weighed anchor, and in a few hours after the shores of Africa receded from our view. The weather was for some days squally and boisterous, but afterwards it became fine;

and Mrs. Smith, as I thought, began to experience benefit from the invigorating breezes of the sea. For several hours each day, she was able to sit upon the deck, and occasionally, when the motion of the ship was steady, to walk up and down, leaning on my arm. She was fond of the sea, and loved to sit by the window of the cuddy, watching the fish that sported round the vessel. "O," she said, one day, her spirits being in a remarkably joyous state, "how sweet it is to breathe God's precious air!" It had long been her custom to attribute praise to God for every blessing she enjoyed; and in this her affliction, gratitude for the smallest of his mercies continually inspired her breast. I never heard from her lips a word of murmuring or complaint. Her soul was superior to this. Grace had the victory over nature, and she could rejoice even in tribulations also.

Our fellow-passengers consisted of several military officers, amongst whom was the Lieut. Governor of the Cape Colony, Colonel Hare. The health of that officer had been greatly impaired through the fatigue he experienced during the Kafir war, and he had been recommended by the faculty to return to England, the only hope of his recovering being his native air. But he was advanced in life, and disease had already enfeebled his constitution to such an extent, that the means adopted were unavailing. He died on the 10th instant, five days after our departure from the Cape. This was a mournful event, and cast a gloom over the whole party on board. On the Sabbath after it occurred,

I conducted divine service on the quarter-deck, when the crew, all dressed in clean apparel, and each possessing a Bible and Prayer-book, together with the passengers, were assembled, and formed a singular and interesting group. The fact that death had visited our ship, occasioned a degree of seriousness to rest upon the audience beyond my expectation, and the service was regarded with devout attention.

Being within a short distance of the island of St. Helena, the remains of Colonel Hare were preserved for interment there. Whilst the carpenter was making the coffin or shell, Mrs. Smith went on deck as usual; on observing which the medical gentleman on board remarked to me that perhaps Mrs. Smith would be agitated were she to see it, her own state being so doubtful and precarious. I communicated to her the doctor's views; and she calmly replied, "It will not distress me: we must all die ere long; and I am not afraid of death, come whenever it may."

We arrived at St. Helena on the 16th instant; and on the following day the Colonel was buried on the island with military honours. Thus an inroad was made upon our company; and solemnly were we taught the impressive lesson, that from the shafts of the last enemy man cannot possibly fly. The sea, as well as the dry land, is his territory; and wherever we may be, we are liable to his summons. "It is appointed unto man once to die."

"There is sorrow on the sea;" and that not *only* when the tempest rages high, and the waves cannot

be at rest, and the ship is likely to be submerged beneath the waters of the deep; but sometimes, also, when the heavens above are clear, and the ocean is but rippled with a gentle breeze, and the vessel glides along as swiftly as it may. Then, there may be one on board, the victim of disease, who has ventured on the main, hoping to recover health; but whose feeble frame sinks gradually to decline, and before whom there stands the prospect of a speedy dissolution; together with the expectation, to some minds a most distressing one, that when the vital spark is gone, the body will be committed to the deep. There is sorrow on the sea,—deep, poignant, overwhelming sorrow, in such a case;—it may be to the sufferer himself, it may be to his friends who watch his dying couch. And what can allay or mitigate that sorrow? I know of nought save the unfailing promises of God, and the soul-reviving doctrines of the Cross.

After leaving St. Helena, Mrs. Smith continued for a short time in the same feeble state of body, though not worse than usual. We were now, however, within the tropics; and as we approached the line, the heat became intense, and we were becalmed for several days. The effect produced upon the patient was of course injurious; and it was evident that she could not long survive. Of this she herself was fully conscious. Eternity was now before her. The hopes she had entertained of seeing her friends in the flesh once more, were now cut off, and she felt that soon she must bid farewell to all she loved below; but her mind was kept in peace. To

the dispensation of Providence, so painful and mysterious, she bowed with the most calm and perfect submission. Nor did the apprehension of being buried in the sea occasion the least anxiety or pain. She was cheerful, happy, and resigned.

I shall never forget the hours I spent with her in reading the sacred Scriptures, and in prayer. Our little cabin seemed sometimes as if filled with heavenly glory, and pervaded with the presence of our God and Saviour. On one occasion, whilst reading to her several of the Psalms, she was favoured with so rich and abundant a manifestation of her Saviour's love, that, as if she had received supernatural strength, she sat up on her couch, and with her hands uplifted, and her eyes suffused with tears, she exclaimed, in an ecstasy of joy, "O the love of Jesus! the love of Jesus, to me, a poor unworthy sinner!" And then, as though she observed the presence of celestial visitants, she said, "There they are! there they are! do you not see them? Come, Jesus! come, O come!" Seeing that her strength was greatly exhausted, I endeavoured to restrain the expression of her emotions; but for some time without success. When she became more calm, I repeated to her the following lines, which she had often sung with great sweetness, and which I knew embodied the sentiments of her mind:—

"Should pining sickness take away  
My life, with premature decay;  
Submissive still I'll strive to say,  
Thy will, my God, thy will be done."

The words were scarcely off my lips, before she caught the expression, and observed, "Yes, thy will be done. I can say it with all my heart,—Thy will be done!"

If anything gave her a moment's anxiety, it was her children. For these she bore a mother's tenderest love; and the thought of leaving them in infancy, often caused her pain. At length, however, she was enabled to resign them to her husband's and her heavenly Father's care. "O," she said to me, "be watchful over my dear children. Do the best you can to promote their happiness. But I have confidence in you: I know you will take care of them, and God will bless them; and will be their friend." Sometimes she spoke of meeting in heaven her two infant children whom we buried in Africa; and her father, and sister, who had died in the faith of Jesus Christ: and surely such expectations, so natural to the feelings of the human heart, are not awakened in the Christian's breast in vain! They shall doubtless be realized. Friendships formed on earth, shall be renewed and perpetuated in heaven. Death does not dissolve the bonds of Christian love. It does but separate our companions from us for a season; and we shall meet and recognise them again in a brighter and a happier sphere.

The year 1846 closed upon us amidst deep distress,—the state of my own mind, at least, being little congenial with the brilliancy of a tropical sun, then pouring its rays upon our heads, and filling the atmosphere with the most dazzling light; for



though the wife of my youth still survived, the day was not far distant ere she would be gone, and I should gaze upon her lovely form no more. But I little thought on the 31st of December, that the painful stroke was to fall upon me so soon. That day Mrs. Smith was more cheerful than usual; and even seemed to think that she might yet be spared to reach her fatherland. She slept during the night in great peace; and on the morning of the 1st of January, 1847, awoke in a very happy state of mind, and affectionately wished for me a happy new year. Ah! the year was to be a happy one for her, indeed! but for me, a year of widowhood and grief. Though exceedingly feeble, she sat up on her couch, and, ever desirous of being occupied when her strength allowed, took her sewing, and seemed greatly to enjoy the employment, for upwards of an hour. But as the day advanced, she was seized with delirium, a symptom which had manifested itself once or twice before. Her mind wandered, and she talked at random, but always on sacred and heavenly things. In the afternoon she was calm and composed; but so weak and feeble, as to be unable to move without assistance. Her end was now approaching; death was at the very door. But she did not fear. She was fully conscious of her nearness to eternity; and her mind was perfectly at rest. I spoke to her of Christ and his salvation, and endeavoured to direct her thoughts to heaven and immortal joys. She responded to my remarks as well as she was able, and anticipated with joy the moment of her

release. Hearing her sigh, I asked if she had any pain : she replied, " Why do you ask ? " I said, " I thought I heard you complain. " She instantly, and with remarkable emphasis, said, " No ; I did not complain. " Having called, about half-past six o'clock in the evening, the medical attendant of the ship, and Dr. Evans, they announced to me the fact, that she was dying. On her reviving a little, I said to her, " Do you know, my dear, that you are in dying circumstances ? " " Yes, " she said ; " I think this is death. " " And how do you now feel ? Are you happy in Christ ? " She replied, " Quite happy,—quite happy. " These were her last words. The children were brought into the cabin ; and having kissed her, we knelt down by her side, and commended her departing spirit to her Saviour and her God. In a few moments, and without a struggle or a sigh, she took her flight to the regions of eternal bliss, doubtless finding the passage as near from the midst of the wide Atlantic as it would have been from England's shores.

" Fainter her breath, and fainter grew,  
 Until she breathed her last ;  
 The soul was gone before we knew  
 The stroke of death was past.

" Soft was the moment and serene,  
 That all her sufferings closed ;  
 No agony or struggle seen,  
 No feature discomposed.

" The parting struggle, all was mine ;  
 'Tis the survivor dies !  
 For she was freed, and gone to join  
 The triumph of the skies."

The funeral of my lamented partner took place on the morning of the first Sabbath of the year, 1847. The corpse was put into a neat black coffin, and at ten o'clock was brought on deck; where, in the presence of nearly all the passengers, and of the ship's entire company, Captain Howard read the burial service of the English Church. On the words being uttered, "We therefore commit her body to the deep," the coffin was lowered; there was a sudden splash in the water, and the ship, pursuing her course, left the dear remains behind, in N. lat.  $10^{\circ} 45'$ , W. long.  $26^{\circ} 17'$ .

But "the sea shall give up the dead that are in it." Many of the dead are there. Multitudes have found their last long home beneath its mighty waves; but they are no more forgotten by Him who is "the resurrection and the life," than those who sleep in the consecrated cemetery, or in the magnificent and costly mausoleum. Of how little real moment it is, what becomes of this outward tabernacle, when the spirit which inhabited it has fled! Some persons attach considerable importance to the place in which they hope to be interred; and the thought of dying in a foreign land, and of being buried among strangers, and in a foreign soil, would cause them considerable anxiety and pain. But the dust of the saint is precious in God's sight wherever it may be; and in the resurrection, at the last day, will be found again whether deposited in marble, or scattered to the winds of heaven. The martyrs, whose bodies were consumed to ashes, the Christian Missionary, who falls in some far-

distant land, and the faithful servant of God, whose lot it is to die whilst traversing the mighty deep, and to be buried there, shall hear the trumpet of the archangel, and shall rise to life again. None of our departed friends are lost. Though seas and mountains intervene between their final resting-place and ours, yet shall we meet again.

In concluding these Memorials, it affords me considerable pleasure to adduce the following testimony to the Christian character and worth of the deceased, from the Rev. W. Shaw, who knew her well, and had ample opportunities of forming a correct judgment. In a letter to me, dated Graham's Town, September 3d, 1847, Mr. Shaw observes,—

“ I am most anxious not to re-open wounds, which I trust the mollifying influence of time, and the strong consolations of the Gospel, have at least partially healed, by referring to your painful bereavement, in the death of your beloved wife. As, however, you have requested me to refer to this topic, I cannot but express my very deep sympathy with you in this trial of your faith and patience. Mrs. Smith was truly a ‘help meet’ for you, and seemed to have been formed with qualities so exactly suited for you, that it was no marvel you found yourself happy in your marriage relation. Her piety was unquestionable; and her desire to do good, and to be useful, was often manifested: and in a variety of ways she promoted the cause of Christ. I was always pleased with her continued diligence as a collector for the Missionary Society;

and her endeavours to instruct, and in other respects promote the welfare of not a few of the young females connected with our congregations, were very important, and must have left in the minds of those whom she thus benefited, a lasting feeling of love and respect for her memory. Her leading characteristic was—*overflowing kindness of heart*, sometimes even carried to excess; but when this happened it was surely ‘a failing’ which ‘leaned to virtue’s side,’ although at times it may have involved her in unnecessary trials. In those several methods by which a truly pious woman, zealous for God’s glory, may serve our Missions in the peculiar circumstances of this country, she was not slothful or negligent, but often rendered us efficient aid. I had no hope that she would survive her last illness, after I saw her last on her farewell visit to Graham’s Town. I was glad then to find that she was firmly built on the rock, Christ; and I am not surprised, although thankful to God, to learn that her dying days, and her last hours, were anticipative of that state where all is calm, and peace, and joy.”

Though further testimonies to the piety and zeal of the deceased are unnecessary, I may add to the above the following observations of my esteemed friend, the Rev. W. B. Stephenson, who was stationed in the York Circuit at the time of our departure for South Africa, and who knew her previous to her marriage:—

“I sincerely condole with you in the great loss which you have sustained, in the early removal to a better world of your excellent wife. She was

indeed a 'help meet' for you, and possessed, in no ordinary degree, qualifications suited for the wife of a Christian Missionary. Her conversion to God was clear and scriptural; and without fear or hesitancy she gave herself fully to the Lord. I well remember with what cheerfulness she resigned her friends and country, to encounter voyaging on the sea, and all other sacrifices which she might be called to make for her Saviour's sake. She loved the Missionary cause; and she has gained a good reward. Your dear children have, by this bereavement, been deprived of one of the best of mothers; but 'sanctified afflictions are heavenly promotions,' and I trust that God will bless them, and you also. 'They best mourn the dead who live as they desire.' Soon we shall meet again; for all that sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him."

"What is the decease of a saint," says the illustrious Nonconformist Howe, "but a translation out of a valley of death, a golgotha, a place of skulls, a region where death reigns, into the region of perfect and everlasting life? It is not to be called death, simply or absolutely, but with diminution: it is death only in a certain respect; when in a higher and much more considerable respect, it is a birth, rather—a dying out of one world, and a being born at the same time into another,—a much more lightsome, a purer, and more glorious world! The soul is cured, in a moment, of whatsoever was grievous or afflicting to it; and the body put into a certain way of cure, of being made from an earthly, mean, mortal thing,—heavenly, spiritual, incor-

ruptible, and immortal; from a vile, a glorious body, like Christ's own, and by that power by which he can subdue all things to himself." How exalted are the hopes and expectations of the Christian! O that they may animate and inspire the breast of every reader of these humble pages!

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Since the preceding sheets were committed to the press, information has been received from Africa, of the final close of the war, and the return of the Colony and of Caffraria to a state of tranquillity and peace. And now a larger field for Missionary operations, and more cheering hopes relative to the evangelization of the native tribes, present themselves, than ever. A considerable portion of Caffraria has been annexed to the British crown, and the inhabitants will now be subject to the mild and equable authority of British government and law. Plans will be formed for their instruction. Native settlements will be established, in which Christianity will be inculcated, and efforts made to train the people in the arts of civilized society. A disposition is manifested and expressed on the part of the Colonial Government, to sanction and support all institutions having for their object the instruction of the native tribes; and now the Christian Missionary will go forth among them with the warm approbation of the highest authorities of the land. This will produce a very powerful effect upon the native mind; and the present therefore is the time when an effort should be made by the churches of this country to send forth many additional labourers

into a field already white unto the harvest. Southern Africa has a new claim upon their attention and regards,—a claim founded on the fact that several thousand Kafirs have become, and now are, British subjects. Our arms have conquered them, and now our Missionaries must instruct and save them. Nor can the youth whose heart glows with holy fervour, and with intense desire to proclaim the Gospel to the Heathen, find anywhere a more interesting, and, on the whole, more promising field of labour, than this. Under much less favourable circumstances than those which now open to the view, the Missions in Caffraria have been attended with an amount of good altogether incalculable; and now we may indulge the hope that its conversion and civilization will be greatly accelerated, and that the time is not far distant when “Ethiopia,” and the whole continent of Africa, shall indeed “stretch out her hands unto God.” Surely, then, there will not be wanting devoted agents for this mighty enterprise; nor yet the funds that are requisite to enable our Committees to send forth the churches’ messengers on their errand of faith and of love.

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THE following lines were addressed to Mrs. Smith, on the sudden death of her infant daughter, June 22d, 1845. They were set to music by our esteemed friend, the Rev. H. H. Dugmore.

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“Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well.”—  
2 Kings iv. 26.

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Is it well with the child?—It is well ;  
She hath fled from this region below,  
Where the heart is so subject to swell  
With sorrow, and weeping, and woe.

Is it well with the child?—It is well ;  
Her life and her sufferings were brief :  
By a stroke of affliction she fell ;  
She but tasted the cup of our grief.

Is it well with the child?—It is well ;  
Her spirit hath mounted above,  
With Jesus, her Saviour, to dwell,  
And drink of the streams of his love.

Is it well with the child?—It is well ;  
She appears before yonder bright throne,  
Where God doth his presence reveal,  
And death is for ever unknown.

Is it well with the child?—It is well ;  
God is wiser and better than we ;  
O let not our spirits rebel,  
But wait his salvation to see.

Is it well with the child?—It is well ;  
And ere long we shall meet her again  
In glory,—with rapture to tell  
Of love and of mercy made plain.



