

**EXTRACTS**

**FROM THE**

**JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE**

**OF THE LATE**

**MRS. M. M. CLOUGH,**

**WIFE OF THE**

**REV. BENJAMIN CLOUGH,**

**MISSIONARY IN CEYLON.**

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**WITH**

**AN INTRODUCTION**

**BY**

**ADAM CLARKE, LL.D., F.A.S.,**

**&c. &c. &c.**

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**LONDON:**

**PRINTED FOR J. MASON, 14, CITY ROAD.**

**1829.**

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**LONDON :**

**PRINTED BY T. S. CLARKE, 45, ST. JOHN-SQUARE.**

## INTRODUCTION.

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It may be enquired "Why I, who was so very little acquainted with the late Mrs. Clough, should have undertaken to edit the following Journal and Correspondence." An extract from a letter of Mr. Clough to me, giving a short account of the lamented death of this excellent woman, will serve as an answer to the above question, and vindicate the propriety of my undertaking ; if indeed the rendering an office of friendship to a most respected friend, require vindication. The passage to which I refer,

may be seen on page 137 of this little volume :

“ It also occurs to me to mention a  
“ favour, which has been for some days  
“ on my mind, to ask of you, that you  
“ would be so kind as to furnish a Me-  
“ moir of her (Mrs. C.) for publication.  
“ I will supply every kind of material in  
“ my power; and where mine may be  
“ defective, her dear father will be able  
“ to fill up, I have no doubt. It seems  
“ strange I should ask such a favour  
“ from you, as I am well aware you did  
“ not know much of my dear wife from  
“ personal intercourse; yet I hope to be  
“ able to give you a fair view of her cha-  
“ racter, by the papers and documents  
“ which I shall send home.”

Those papers and documents I have received, arranged by the Rev. Thomas Rowe, of Doncaster, under the eye and direction, of W. Morley, Esq., Mrs. C.'s father; and I have passed them through

the press with the fullest conviction of the excellence of the character which they exhibit; and of the truth of the facts which they state.

While perusing those papers, I often regretted that I had scarcely any personal acquaintance with Mrs. Clough; having met her only one evening at a friend's house; and I can easily see from that short interview, that had I been privileged with a longer acquaintance, I have no doubt that I could have illustrated many traits of character but slightly touched on in the *Journal and Correspondence*, which I think, might have served to make more prominent and striking, a spirit and deportment which richly deserved to be better recommended to the imitation of every religious woman, and especially to those who are, or may be, the consorts of Missionaries. This, by the way, is a subject of vast importance; for on the wife of the Mis-

sionary not only all his own comfort, but also much of his success in his ministry, depend. Excepting the delicateness of her constitution, every Missionary's wife should be a counterpart of Mrs. Clough, in good sense, a well cultivated mind, deep piety, and a steadily burning flame of zeal for the glory of God, in the salvation of souls:—one who can help her husband in his spiritual work;—one, who, like those Philippian women, of whom St. Paul makes such honourable mention, (Phil. iv. 3,) will “labour” with her husband “in the gospel.” Those who cannot, have not *qualifications* for a Missionary's wife; and those who *will not* thus act, either want *zeal* or *piety*, or *both*. Such are a *remora* to their husbands, and encumbrances to the work of God.

It is very proper, strictly to examine candidates for the work of the ministry on foreign stations; to see, not only whether they be sound in faith, in

charity, in patience; sober, just, holy, temperate; full of love to the perishing Heathen, and of zeal for the honour and glory of the Saviour of men; but also, to enquire whether they be not, or about to be *unequally yoked* with unbelievers; or with persons *unqualified* to be real *help-mates*, and true *yoke-fellows* in the word and work of the gospel. Where this is not the case, how heavily do the wheels of the gospel chariot, on which such Missionary is mounted, move on!—*tarda volventia plaustra*. Such a wife is not *respected*, because she is not *useful*, and she is not *useful*, because she is *unqualified* for the station, that she rather *encumbers* than *fills*. From all that I can learn of Mrs. C., not only from these papers, but from pious, judicious, and eminent persons, who had been deeply observant of her conduct in Ceylon; she was eminently fitted in spirit, in prudence, in œconomy, in genuine

dignity of carriage and conduct, and in deep piety, for the station, which, alas for the work! she so short a time so usefully occupied. And if I may be permitted to say a word of my absent, highly respected friend, farther to illustrate the excellence of his late partner, it will be this:—that although he has been long tried on the Singhalese Mission, in which he has with great power and effect, done the work of an Evangelist, not only by proclaiming Him who is the power of God and the wisdom of God;—whose sacrificial death is the only atonement for the sin of the world;—and whose blood alone cleanseth from all unrighteousness;—but also by his invaluable assistance in the great work of clothing the Holy Scriptures in the garb of the native languages of Ceylon:—yet, in no former period of his long Missionary abode in that station, has he been more happy, more zealous, and more useful, than since



his union with her, who, as though too good for earth, God has taken to his kingdom of glory. This is not the language of a too partial friendship ; but flows from evidence, to which it would be easy to appeal ; and from information which I have obtained from dispassionate and disinterested persons, who had every qualification and every opportunity to form a correct judgment. The letter of that *very honourable person*, which stands near the conclusion of these papers, with so much credit to himself, and so much honour to its subject, is the highest proof that reason, piety, or even caprice, can or would require, of the truth of the statements referred to above.

Independently of the testimony of the brethren of the Singhalese Mission, I might add the testimony of a gentleman lately come from Ceylon, who has long served his king and country in both a military and civil capacity, and is no

way connected with our mission; who stated to me, from his personal knowledge of Mrs. C., that “he had not  
“ known any British lady who had arrived during his residence in that  
“ country, who had conducted herself  
“ with more genuine dignity, associated  
“ with true Christian humility, than  
“ Mrs. Clough: condescending to all,  
“ and yet lowering herself to none;  
“ spending her time and her talents in  
“ succouring the poor and ignorant;  
“ and spreading, by her example and  
“ precept, the knowledge of Christianity  
“ wherever she came.”

It is a false or mistaken humility that induces many well-intentioned people to let themselves down to even the innocent *customs* and *manners* of a *low* people, on the supposition, that they, by so doing, may be more profitable to them: for such, the people themselves lose that reverence and respect which they felt for

them as a superior class of beings ; and thus they, on their side, lose that influence by which their instructions and example were recommended. Mrs. C.'s good sense put her on her guard against this impropriety ; and it is no wonder, that a man like Mr. Clough found such a woman to be an invaluable help-mate and treasure ; and that Mrs. C. should invariably, in her Journal and Letters, speak in such high terms of such a husband. The whole affords an additional proof, to what a state of useful excellence a Christian education, conducted under the influence of the Spirit of God, can raise the human heart. Many excellent women have adorned, and do still adorn, our foreign Missions ; and my prayer to God is, that none other may ever occupy a place in them ! May the Missionaries be *prudent*, and the *Committee* careful ! In the choice of a partner for life, may the *former* never judge according to the

sight of their own eyes, nor be led by the imaginations of their hearts: and may the *latter* never send into the Work, any man, howsoever eminent for *piety* and *abilities*, who is yoked with a person who *cannot*, or *will not* help him in his work. It is folly either to *deny* or *disguise* female influence: *such* as the Missionary's wife is, *such* will be her mate; and we have no need to institute experiments to find out the contrary, as the issue will be nothing but disappointment.

In respect to Mrs. Clough's *papers*, I have only one other observation to make: several of them had been copied in Ceylon, either by a *careless*, or *unskilful hand*; so that in all cases, I could not make out the sense: and as I am wholly unacquainted with the peculiar circumstances of an *Indian voyage*, I could not supply either from *knowledge* or *conjecture*, what was not sufficiently apparent in the MS. I was therefore obliged to

omit several passages, the meaning of which I could not satisfactorily ascertain. Such as they are, (and as to their Author, who never contemplated their publication, left in an unfinished state,) "I do hope," as Mr. Clough has expressed himself, in the letter quoted above, "they will greatly interest her friends, and prove of great use to the Missionary cause."

Of the *Singhalese Mission*, where this blessed woman terminated her pious and honourable life, and where her husband has been so long, and is still so usefully employed, it may be needless to say any thing; as, relative to it, many important and edifying details have for several years past, been laid before the religious public: yet I cannot help stating, that the reading of *Mrs. Clough's Correspondence*, favourably as I have felt towards that mission from its commencement, has given me a much deeper sense

of its vast importance, than I ever had before. Her discriminating eye took in every part of the work; she examined its progress, and correctly ascertained its *tendency*. She saw how valuable that Ministry was to our own *countrymen* settled in Ceylon; with what encreasing interest a *naturally superficial and fickle people* attended and heard the ministry of the gospel of peace and love; and how the *thousands of native youth*, brought up, and now in our schools there, had profited, and were profiting, by Christian instruction. In a letter, commencing on page 121, she gives the following facts; which I wish by the extract here, to impress on the mind of the Reader: “The Missionary prospects  
“are really delightful. Our congrega-  
“tions, Singhalese, Portugese, and Eng-  
“lish, increase rapidly. Class and  
“prayer meetings, are well attended,  
“and the native schools are in pros-

“perity. Several *new ones* have been  
“established during the past year, and  
“upwards of 600 children have been  
“added. Mr. M’Kenny, the resident  
“Missionary at *Caltura*, informed me,  
“that in examining the society in that  
“place, he found, to his great surprise  
“and satisfaction, that all the members  
“ (except one or two) *had been educated*  
“ *in our schools.*”

This last fact made a strong impression on my mind. I had long the general conviction, that the schools were very promising and useful; that they would have a progressive, though perhaps slow influence on society; and ultimately succeed in the amelioration of the native character; but I had not contemplated such *immediate fruit* in a heathen land where strong prejudices of various kinds, arising from the various *superstitions* which degrade and darken the minds of the people at large, so

universally prevail ; but the religious principle, which, under God, has been conveyed by well-planned Christian instruction, has triumphed over all hinderances ; a steady light has arisen, and the fruits of light and spiritual life not only *appear* but begin to *abound*. *Schools*, conducted as these are, appear to me, to be the *forte* of this Mission ; and that they are laying a solid foundation, on which to build up the best interests, religious and civil, of more than a million of human beings, who though not our countrymen, are our fellow subjects and heirs together of the hope of eternal life. I trust that this school system will be yet more and more extended ; and that the friends of this mission will double their diligence and benefactions for the support and extension of a work, which has the highest claims on their love to God and man ; and which has been so well conducted hitherto, and so signally bless-



ed of the Most High in the diffusion of pure religious knowledge, the moral improvement of all, and the conversion and salvation of not a few. For the encouragement which I myself have received, in reference to this good work, by the information above mentioned, I thank God for the publication of the "Journal and Correspondence of Mrs. Margaret M. Clough;"—for her *experience*,—for the *Singhalese Mission*; and for the *successful establishment* of so many *native schools* in Ceylon, may His name, from whom alone all good proceeds, have the everlasting glory! Amen.

ADAM CLARKE.

HEYDON HALL,  
March, 1829.

*To The Rev. Dr. ADAM CLARKE,*  
&c.      &c.      &c.

REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,

IN my last letter, to you, which was written soon after the death of my dear wife, I took the liberty to request a very particular favour of you; namely, that you would be so kind as undertake to draw up a short Memoir of her, and publish it in any way you might deem most proper, for the satisfaction of her family and friends, and, as I hoped, for the benefit of the Church. However you determine, and however you may dispose of my request, I beg to assure you, my dear Sir, that so far as your own motives and feelings are concerned, it will be satisfactory to me. I engaged also, in that letter, to send you a few papers

which I thought necessary, and, in the event of any thing being published, I thought would be useful. I now beg to forward what I consider of most importance, *i. e.*—her Journal during a given period, and a few letters ; all of which will be sent to her Father. I am sorry the Journal does not embrace a greater length of time. I refer particularly to her early Christian experience, her conversion to God, &c. &c.

I would now beg leave to add, that I do not request you to undertake this task from a wish to get free from it myself. For it would afford me the most unfeigned happiness to collect and draw up in the form of a Memoir, a record of facts in the history of her life, which would be likely to preserve in the annals of the Church, the memory of one whom I so greatly esteemed and tenderly loved. But so far as my observations have gone, I have never seen the attempt made by a hus-

band to write on the character of his wife, so as to meet public approval. Men writing under the feelings of strong affection ; affection which has been more than deepened by a bereavement of the object of their affections, cannot be impartial. Strong private personal feelings must, in the very nature of things, give a high colouring to all they say, and wish to describe. In fact they wish others to feel the worth of the object, as they themselves feel, which in the nature of things cannot possibly be, nor is that exactly what is desirable. We not only write to affect, but to inform and instruct ; and when these objects are kept in view, public benefit is far more likely to be secured. Hence, the first feelings of my mind were, to sit down and give a description of the character of my late dear wife myself ; but, on maturer reflection, I felt I could not trust myself with such a task, as I should most certainly

have fallen into what I have often regarded an error in men similarly situated, —writing for my own gratification, and not for public benefit. And this, my dear Sir, was the only reason for my venturing to trouble you with the request; and I was encouraged in making it, by the opinion and strong recommendation of my friend Mr. McKenny.

However, having done it, I beg to leave it entirely with yourself, assuring you again, that whatever you may determine upon, it will be entirely satisfactory to my mind.

Had I undertaken to draw up a Memoir, such as the subject requires, there were two or three important traits in the character of Mrs. Clough, which I should have felt it my duty to dwell upon.—  
1. *She possessed great decision of character.*—This was highly necessary for the wife of a Missionary. A vacillating mind in the Missionary-field, is almost

as bad as a ship at sea without a rudder. It was only necessary for Mrs. Clough to be satisfied, on the point of any thing being her duty, and then no consideration on earth would move her from it. She consented to come to India under circumstances peculiarly trying ; and to which nothing could have induced her but a sense of duty. She left her family and all the endearments of home, her native land, &c., to encounter a five months' voyage, and meet all the disadvantages of a residence in a foreign country, and the climate of a torrid zone ; and all this was done, I believe, without one wavering feeling, after her mind was made up. Great firmness is sometimes displayed in *prospect* of difficulties and dangers ; but when these actually arrive, we are in many cases disappointed, in not witnessing what we had been led to expect. It was very different with Mrs. C. The first part of a voyage is gene-

rally a most trying time to those who have not been at sea before. The motion of the ship, the rough sea in the British Channel, and Bay of Biscay, sea-sickness, perhaps bad weather, and every thing wet and uncomfortable; a great change indeed, in the course of a day or two, from all the comforts of an *English home* to all the dismal sickening tossings of a ship in the midst of the wide ocean. At this time generally, all the graces as well as the natural excellences of a person are put to the severest test; and often have I witnessed in other cases, expressions of the deepest regret at having been brought into this state. But through the whole of this scene, I saw nothing in Mrs. Clough, but cheerfulness and resignation; never the shadow of a reflection on herself for the undertaking, did I ever hear escape her lips; but on the contrary, her general conclusion, in our most trying circumstances,

was, "I certainly expected it would be much worse." "What reason have I for thankfulness, compared with many in similar trials!" Sometimes, during long and heavy gales, I was apt myself to labour under an irresistible depression of spirits. Whenever she witnessed this, she would generally give me a gentle reproof, by some such hint: "Come, my dear, I expected more firmness in an old sailor, and an old Christian;" and then perhaps, would sing, "*The God that rules on high,*" &c. When in the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, though a long way to the westward, we experienced a succession of severe gales: the ship was deeply laden, and the seas would break over her with such force and violence, that I have seen her decks like a dreadful cataract, for days together. Even at these times, she would often be on the quarter-deck of the ship, holding on by a pin or rope, made fast for the



purpose, looking most fearlessly and calmly on all the terrors around us; and making useful reflections on the glorious character of Him "*who rides above the stormy sky, and calms the roaring seas.*" I shall never forget an occurrence which took place on one of these days. The Captain was on deck, looking round on the sea, and watching with intense anxiety every sea that struck the vessel. His countenance was nearly as lowering as the clouds that were pouring their storms and torrents upon us. Mrs. C. was on deck, and, seeing the Captain so low, she said, with the utmost calmness and composure, "Come, Captain, cheer up; keep up your spirits: we are all in the hands of God, and whatever he may do with us, it will be for the best." The Captain felt this; he turned round, smiled, and said, "You are right, Madam." But he observed to me afterward, that he never, in the whole period of his sea-

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faring life, had met with a lady that encountered the difficulties of a long voyage with equal spirit and firmness. One night about this time, in the middle watch, when the gale was continuing furiously, we were suddenly thrown out of bed against the stern-lockers in the cabin, (our's was a stern-cabin,) by a most extraordinary heave of the ship. So soon as I could recover myself, I saw, from the position of the ship, (for her stern was in the water, and her head pointing upwards,) that she was taken aback! Fortunately, our dead lights were all in, or we should instantly have been overwhelmed, and the ship must have gone down. All the sailors forsook their post, and, with the Captain, ran to seize the helm. However, as I could not conceive it possible that a ship taken aback in so heavy a gale, with so high a sea running, could be saved; and concluding that we had not more than two

or three minutes more to live, I at once told Mrs. Clough of our danger; at which she very calmly took hold of me, and, as nearly as I can now recollect, said, "Well, my dear, all is well!" We remained in this awful suspense for perhaps nearly a minute, the ship's stern still in the water, when we were relieved by a cry from one of the men at the helm to the Captain: "Sir, she obeys the helm!" Instantly after this, the ship flew back upon the wind, with a most terrible concussion, which made sad havoc with the yards and sails. We toiled out one of the most dismal nights I ever witnessed at sea; the waves incessantly breaking over us, with a sound like the loudest thunder, and every thing in our cabin was nearly afloat: all the precautions we could use, would not keep out the water. Though drenched and soaked, we were glad again to see the light of day. But

instead of repining or thinking her case a hard one, Mrs. Clough, on the Captain reminding her next morning of the dreadful night we had passed, replied, "*True, Captain; but how thankful we should be that we are still alive!*" But see her own account of this in her Journal.

2. Another peculiar trait in Mrs. Clough's character was, that of *great affection and kindness*. This often led her to exert herself in behalf of others, to an extent far beyond the bounds of propriety, considering her delicate constitution; and perhaps it formed one of the greatest trials of her life, that she could not do more than she did for the good of the bodies and souls of men:—and how much her conduct, in this respect, gained upon others, I need only refer you to the letters, now sent home, that were written to me on the occasion of her death. To use

a phrase of Mr. Roberts, in his quarterly letter, "She was indeed a universal favourite."

3: But that which I conceive of the highest importance, in the character of Mrs. Clough, was her *uniformly deep piety, and devotedness to God.*

It frequently happens, when females leave England, and remove to a country like this, the change is so great and the varied scenes are so different from any thing they could ever have anticipated, that their minds undergo a change which is greatly to be regretted; none can at all comprehend, except such as have witnessed it, without, I may venture to say, materially altering her views, or declining in spirituality of mind, and devotedness to God.

From the moment Mrs. Clough landed in India, till the period of her death, there was no change in her anxious solicitude to save the perishing Heathen

around us. No abandonment of pure genuine English zeal for their salvation. No resigning, of scriptural faith, into that slothful sentiment, that their case is hopeless. So much to the contrary; that the more she saw of the Heathen, and their sad state, the more did her feelings of compassion yearn over them; and many hundreds of times has she prayed, that, if it were the will of God, we might be removed from Colombo, to a country station, where she might be able to give more of her attention to *this direct object*. Her great amiability of temper, united with uniform piety, always carried with them a heavenly influence, wherever she went; and I always found it an advantage, in a *spiritual* sense, to be in her society.

The natives of all casts and classes, that knew her, seemed always struck with the peculiarly religious demeanour, which was very visible to them; and

many instances might be adduced of its effects upon them. I recollect, one morning, (after part of the mission premises had been entered by a gang of robbers, who had carried off the iron chest, with all our public papers,) a very respectable Mōhammedan Mōor came up to me, and observed, “ Sir, I am very sorry to hear of your robbery: did Madam lose any thing?” I replied, “ No; she had a number of little valuable things in the chest, but, fortunately, she had taken them out a day or two before.” “ Ah, Sir!” said he, “ now see, Sir, that lady is a very good lady; God loves her very much, and God will always take care of her:— I never in my life see so good a lady, she is always religious.” I was glad to hear such a sentiment: however imperfect it might be in its principle, yet it was an evidence of the light in which my dear wife was viewed by the natives; and I may say, without the least exag-

generation, that this view of her was universal among the natives.

It is natural for me, in the first place, to estimate the greatness of my own loss in her death. In Mrs. Clough I found a help-mate in the fullest, and I may say, most complete sense of that term. She was to me one of the *kindest, most faithful, and judicious friends* I ever was blest with. Her sincerity and candour were so great, that in important matters, when I asked her advice, she would give it me fully, however much her views differed from my own. And I hesitate not to declare, that in some very important matters, which concerned both my private and public character, I shall have reason for ever to be thankful that I gave up my opinion to that of my wife. I found in her also a truly affectionate wife.—But here, my dear Sir, I cannot enlarge; no language can touch this subject! My loss is irre-



parable ; and eternity alone can explain the mysterious dispensation that separated two persons so united as we were, at such a time. *I shall know hereafter!* My dear children have lost one of the most anxious and tender of mothers ; and often do I look at the two dear little infants with weeping eyes, and feel for them with a bleeding heart, when I reflect they have been born never to know the tender care and parental solicitude of their beloved mother ! And this, my dear Sir, is not all : the church has lost one of its most valued ornaments, and, alas ! the poor Heathen one of their best friends.

I will not intrude longer on your attention, but beg to subscribe myself,

Your ever

Most sincere and affectionate

Friend and servant,

B. CLOUGH.

*To W. Morley, Esq., Doncaster.*

*Colombo, January 2, 1828.*

VERY DEAR SIR,

SOON after the death of my dear wife, I wrote to Dr. Clarke, to beg the favour of him to draw up a Memoir of her, promising I would try the first opportunity to send him a few papers, which I thought would be of use to him. I told him in addition, that I would refer the matter to you, and would leave it with you both, to determine as you thought best. I can almost imagine I see you object to such a thing; and I think I can easily conceive what many of your objections will be. Such as, her youth,—her not being long enough in the Church of God,—and her having only so recently entered upon public life. Now, as it regards the main question, I am inclined to the opinion, that although these might,

in the apprehensions of some, have the appearance of objections, yet in reality they are not. On the contrary, all things taken into the account, these very circumstances appear to me to be rather recommendations, than otherwise. For it seldom happens, so young a female attains such eminence in the Church of God as did my dear Margaret; it seldom happens that one attains the same height in public life; I mean, as she did as the wife of a missionary: for, although so young, her character was admired by all, *religious*, or *irreligious*,—from his Excellency, the Governor of the country, down to the poorest native.

An important source of information are her Letters to her family and friends; none of which I can have in my possession: she wrote many, and inasmuch as these letters go to the point of her personal piety, her zeal for God, her love to his cause, her views of the Mis-

sion Work, and her own feelings, while in it, they are all of importance. And if Dr. Clarke and you agree to have a Memoir drawn up, you would do well to collect these Letters and send a selection of them to him.

Ever yours affectionately,

B. CLOUGH.

*To W. Morley, Esq., Doncaster.*

*Doncaster, June 19, 1828.*

MY DEAR SIR,

1. **RELIGIOUS** Biography, ably executed, is the most interesting, instructive, and edifying of all kinds of writing, as it is the history of piety, exemplified in *real life*, and reduced to *practice*: hence we find a large proportion of it in the Sacred Writings. 2. The lives of the ancient Fathers, Confessors, and Martyrs,—of modern Ministers, — and private Christians, — are ever read with interest, and are ever new. 3. Memoirs of Missionaries and of their wives, as their work is infinitely important,—their sacrifices great,—the scenes through which they pass uncommon and interesting,—are always highly prized. 4. Mrs. Clough's temper was amiable, her manners engaging, her mind superior, conversion sound and scriptural, her piety deep and constant,

her character decisive, attachment to the Missionary cause great, her sacrifices and her sufferings not a few, her situation as the wife of an important Missionary, interesting, her example edifying, and her labours, though short in their duration, useful. She was beloved and honoured both at home and abroad, by young and by old, by rich and poor. Though young, she was a wife, and mother ; so that she occupied all the most important stations of life, and in every one of them brightly exemplified their duties. Finally, her death was sudden, affecting, and admonitory ; but to her it was the entrance into eternal glory. Her life is connected with the history of an important Mission ; so that her Memoirs, if published, would be very extensively read, and I am sure would be equally useful, especially to the glorious cause in which she was so honourably engaged. 5. The aim of Religious Bio-

graphy is, not to emblazon the virtues of the creature, but to reflect the glory of divine grace, shining through the humble recipient of the heavenly gift. "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance; the name of the wicked shall rot."

These, my dear Sir, are some of my reasons for most cordially recommending the publication of Mrs. Clough's Memoirs.

I remain your most obliged  
And affectionate friend,

T. ROWE.

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THE ocean roll'd over its slimy bed,  
The thunder hung in the air,  
The whistling winds the vapours spread,  
And the vessel was sailing there.

And then it changed bright and serene,  
And the dolphins began to play,  
And all around the sea-spread scene  
Blazed forth a silver day.

Now Ceylon's Isle stood full in the view,  
 And the cinnamon groves on the wind  
 Send forth their perfumes; and the crimson hue  
 Of the sun shone bright behind.

Religion enliven'd her lovely face,  
 And her husband was happy and gay,  
 Not a spot hung over the joyous place,  
 It was a cloudless day.

But the voice of sorrow sadly fell;  
 'Tis o'er—his Marg'ret is dead!  
 And solemn and slow the passing-bell  
 Proclaims, a spirit is fled.

But she is at rest, and her work is done,  
 Rich fruit she is gathering fast,  
 By the Almighty's eternal throne,  
 And this shall eternally last.

T. R.

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I have only to add, that the *Print*  
 which ornaments this Work, is esteem-  
 ed, by those who knew her best, a very  
 correct and striking likeness of the de-  
 ceased.

A. C.



# MEMOIRS

OF THE LATE

## MRS. CLOUGH.

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MARGARET MORLEY, daughter of William Morley, Esq. of Doncaster, and of Margaret, his wife, was born at Doncaster, Nov. 3, 1803, and was baptized according to the rites of the Church of England.

At the early age of four years she was placed under the care of her grand-parents at Hull, where, by her sweet disposition, amiable manners, interesting conduct, and dutiful attention, she secured their tenderest love to her ever after, which, from her, met a most cordial return.

During her residence at Hull, her grandmother dreamed that she and her little charge were walking in a garden, until they arrived

at the junction of two walks, one of which deviated into a flowery but dangerous vale, the other passed up a rugged steep. Margaret, for a moment, turned into the declining path, but being recalled by her guide, she rapidly ascended the other, and was soon lost in a blaze of glory on the summit.

The kingdom of heaven is justly compared to a grain of mustard seed, which is in itself very small, but capable of great expansion. This was the case as to the work of grace on Miss M. Morley's mind, which began at so early a period that none of her friends can recollect its commencement; it spread rapidly, and soon obtained maturity for another state. At ten years of age she returned to Doncaster, shortly after joined the Methodist society, and continued a member until death.

Young persons frequently decline in religious pursuits when at school; but, happily, this was not the case with Miss M., who was placed successively under the tuition of pious and respectable ladies; *viz.*, Miss Plummer, at Market-Weighton, Miss Brownell, Conisbro', and Miss Dobson, now Mrs. Fawcett, at Bradford.

When Margaret was only nine years of age, God was pleased to take her excellent mother to himself: in every relative and social capacity her conduct was exemplary. As a Christian she was humble, circumspect, and sincere. After suffering a tedious illness with the greatest patience, she fell asleep in Jesus, Nov. 27, 1812, aged 37 years.

After Miss M. left school, at the age of sixteen, she devoted herself more fully to God, and soon obtained the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of all her sins. This invaluable blessing she received under the ministry of the Rev. William Harrison, who ever after loved her as his own child. She was remarkable for her great attachment to, and regular attendance on, the means of grace, deriving great spiritual benefit from the ordinances of God.

It was remarked by her leader, Miss Siddall, that she was never absent from class-meetings, but when she was from home, or unavoidably prevented by sickness. She was remarkable also for early attendance, being uniformly present with her pastor and her leader in seeking and receiving the first blessing of the means of grace.

She was frequent, kind, and liberal in her visits to the poor and the sick ; often soothing their minds by her gentle behaviour, softening their hearts by her pious addresses and earnest prayers, and in order more bountifully to relieve their wants, exercised self-denial, notwithstanding the liberal supply she received from her parents.

Her manners were peculiarly engaging, open, modest, humble, with great sweetness of temper, although naturally warm and hasty. Truly dignified in her deportment, she however visited the poorest persons with the greatest affability, and won their affections by her engaging condescension. Among those in more exalted stations, these graces, refined by the Holy Spirit, and confirmed by her Christian propriety of conduct, caused her to be universally esteemed.

As a teacher in the Doncaster Wesleyan Sunday-School, a visiter belonging to the Benevolent Institution, and collector for the Bible and Missionary Societies, she was patient, zealous, diligent, and eminently successful. The Ladies' Wesleyan Missionary Association at Doncaster, with which she was united, is

one of the best regulated in the kingdom. The cause of missions ever lay near her heart. Her general feeling of deep piety will be best exemplified by extracts from letters written to a very particular young friend, with whom she appears to have held a long general correspondence.

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*Miss Margaret Morley to Miss Eliza Alsop,  
Baslow, Derbyshire.*

*Feb. 22, 1822.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM glad to hear that you are longing after a greater conformity to the divine will. I am fully persuaded that it is religion alone that can afford real happiness in this world, and prepare us for another. Let us, my dear friend, forget the things which are behind, and be ambitious to excel in piety, to shew to all around that we are the children of the Lord Most High. The language of my heart is,

“ O for a closer walk with God,  
A calm, a heavenly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!”

I long to have every thought of my heart brought into subjection to God's will, that I may be pure as thou, my Lord, art pure.

M. M.

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*To the same.*

*June 19, 1822.*

GRATITUDE overflows my heart, whilst I relate to you the merciful providence of God over my dear brother Isaac. Travelling between York and Malton, his horse fell and threw him over his head several yards. His collar-bone was broken, and he was so much bruised that the surgeons feared an inflammation; but by repeated bleeding this has been prevented, and he is now out of danger. You will unite with me in praising our heavenly Father for this signal mercy. May it never be erased from my dear brother's mind; but, seeing the uncertainty of life, may his heart be turned to seek the things above! You, my dear Eliza, enjoy more of the love of God than when I last saw you. Go on, my dear friend; the Lord is still waiting to do more for you,—to make you pure and holy. I trust I am making some progress in the divine life. I want a clean heart,

and am determined to press towards the mark,  
that I may be a burning and shining light.

M. M.

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*To the same.*

*Dec. 15, 1822.*

IN taking a review of the year which is now nearly gone into eternity, I can say, goodness and mercy have indeed followed me. I have been preserved from evil; and I feel determined to press on in the good way until it end in glory. Let us bear each other up at a throne of grace.

M. M.

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*To the same.*

*June 19, 1823.*

I HAVE lately had the pleasure of attending our Missionary Anniversary in London, and also that of the British and Foreign School Society; also of seeing Mrs. Fry, and conversing with her. About sixty convicts were present, the greater part of whom were to quit prison for Botany-Bay the Monday following. Mrs. Fry read and expounded two chapters of the Bible, and they appeared much affected. Various specimens of their industry were

shewn to the visiters for sale. As to my experience, I am desirous that all my thoughts, words, and actions, should be brought into subjection to the Gospel of Christ.

“ Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all !”

Surely it does ; and shall we not give God his due?  
M. M.

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*To the same.*

*April 13, 1824.*

YOU have heard from some quarter that I have been afflicted. About six or seven months ago I was attacked with a violent pain in my head, which continued a considerable time, until my parents began to think the symptoms alarming ; and, agreeably to their request, I consulted Mr. Brewerton, of Bawtry : a man alike eminent for his piety and medical skill. Under the blessing of Almighty God on his endeavours, I am nearly recovered. I feel grateful to my heavenly Father, who never willingly afflicts, that the excruciating pain in



my head has subsided. I have been fully convinced that it is my privilege to obtain that deadness to the world, that spirituality of mind, that zeal for the conversion of my fellow-creatures, and that lamb-like patience, which were so conspicuous in my Lord. I have lately read Mr. Wesley and Mr. Fletcher on Christian Perfection; and I feel stimulated to seek after perfect love. I rejoice to say that our society in town and country increases. At Bawtry we have an addition of thirty-eight members this quarter, and at Thorne a considerable number.

M. M.

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*To the same.*

*May 12, 1824.*

WHEN I reflect on my afflictions, they appear very light when compared with what many of my fellow-creatures suffer, who have not half the comforts which I enjoy; and they quite disappear when compared with what I deserve. Do you, my dear friend, feel habitually a hungering and thirsting after holiness, a stronger desire to be filled with God? I want to feel that constant, that insatiable desire, that resolute determination, to obtain the sal-

vation which Christ died to purchase. I have received a very encouraging letter from a dear friend in the Isle of Man, who a few months since obtained the unspeakable blessing of a clean heart. She is now lost in wonder, love, and praise. Sometimes, when engaged in her domestic concerns, the Lord visits her in such a gracious manner as quite overwhelms her soul with love and gratitude.

M. M.

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*To the same.*

Oct. 26, 1824.

My health having been in a declining state, it was agreed that I should visit my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, in order to breathe the pure air of Congleton. I have gained considerable strength, my appetite is good, and I have but seldom any serious return of the pain in my head. I have not, however, that holy fervour of soul which I formerly enjoyed. The enemy of souls has been presenting various suggestions of a painful nature, and I have given way too much to them; but I feel that whilst I am writing my desires

quicken. I will now resolve, in the strength of God, no longer to rest in present attainments, but to urge on my course, "though death and hell obstruct the way." I know you will unite with me, and trust we shall have a seat near the throne. Congleton is a pleasant town, situated in a fertile valley, surrounded by high hills, which ward off the cold winds, and render the air mild and bracing. We have an excellent school-room near the chapel, which contains between seven and eight hundred children, and as a great number of the children in the town are employed in the silk trade, the Sunday-School is of invaluable benefit to them. Most of our Leaders and Local Preachers received their education and first serious impressions in this school.

M. M.

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With the Rev. William Harrison, her spiritual father, and his excellent wife, she spent a few happy months during the last two years she was in England; and under his affectionate prayers, advice, and counsel, she received great spiritual profit, and ripened for the higher

and more important station she soon after occupied.

December, 1824, Mr. Clough, returning from Bradford to London, stopped a night at Doncaster, when he first saw Miss Morley; and as he expected to sail immediately for India, it was not probable he would ever see her again. An impression however was made on Mr. Clough, which was not easily erased, and his intended voyage having been delayed, in Jan., 1825, he wrote to her father. Mr. and Mrs. Morley having seriously weighed the subject, communicated to their daughter the interesting and important contents of Mr. Clough's letter, prudently reminding her of the difficulties and dangers she would necessarily have to encounter; and, without expressing any opinion, left the matter to her own consideration and choice. In a few days she expressed her decided conviction that it was her duty to go to India, if her honoured and beloved parents, and aged grandmother, would give their consent. Miss M. communicated the affair to her grandmother, who, after many struggles of affection, and conversations with her children, was yet unable to decide, but left her beloved Margaret

to determine. Mr. Morley then wrote to Mr. Clough, candidly stating, that dearly as he loved Margaret, and great as the sacrifice would be in surrendering her, yet he could not oppose her views on so important a subject; that he left it to her decision, which he believed would still be in subordination to that of her most affectionate grandmother. Mr. Clough then visited Doncaster two or three times, and on Thursday, March 31, 1825, was happily united to the object of his choice, at St. George's church, by the Rev. Mr. Sharpe, vicar; his dear friends and missionary colleagues, Messrs. Harvard and Newstead, being present on the interesting occasion. The same day Mr. and Mrs. Clough set off for London, accompanied by their honoured mother. On Saturday, Mr. Morley joined them there, and took an affectionate, and as it proved, a final farewell of his amiable and beloved daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Clough departed for Portsmouth, and their parents returned home.

The removal of Mrs. Clough from the circle of her most affectionate friends, and the scene of her extensive usefulness at Doncaster, produced a great sensation. Many heartfelt

prayers were presented to God in her behalf. Several letters also she received: a few only have been preserved. The following from Mr. H. Longden deserves notice; and one from T. L. G. Brewerton, Esq., contains excellent medical directions, which may be very useful to the wives of Missionaries, if they pay proper attention to them.

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*Sheffield, April 3, 1825.*

MY DEAR MRS. CLOUGH.

YOU will believe me when I assure you that it has been no small mortification to me, to have been prevented seeing you at Doncaster on this interesting occasion. I cannot permit you to leave your native country, however, without a *written testimony*, and *one additional assurance*, of my esteem. Indeed I wish you to know, that I, as an individual, among your very near friends, shall daily intercede with God on your behalf. I have long venerated the character of Christian missionaries; but *your* being identified with them, in your great undertaking, has brought me into a nearer and more interesting alliance with them.

I congratulate you, my dear friend, upon the sacrifices you have already made for the cause of our great Redeemer, "who gave himself" unto death, "a ransom for all," and on this day (Easter Sunday) triumphantly "rose again for our justification."

I praise and thank our heavenly Father, who has, I am assured, given you, in the person of Mr. Clough, a most kind and indulgent husband; one who will greatly care for your soul, and tenderly guard, and by all means will promote your health; one whom you will greatly love, whom God has honoured in the interesting and distant scene of his labours, whither you are repairing; and where, I doubt not, God in his infinite mercy will conduct you in safety.

Before you go on shipboard, I pray that you may have a plentiful effusion of the Holy Spirit: then, when you say "*Farewell*," you will add, "Believing on my Lord, I feel a *sure* and *present* aid." And, anticipating no evil, you will be divinely strengthened to bear the first paroxysms of sickness, which I hope may not be severe, and not at all dangerous.

This being over, and the swelling waters

of Biscay being past, and your appetite and cheerfulness restored, you will enjoy throughout the voyage every blessing that enlightened and pious society can afford, breathe the atmosphere of a purer hemisphere, and brighter day, in those latitudes where Paradise was placed, and the earliest descendants of man settled. On your passage, you will see the works of God in their sublimest forms, and then reach a safe and quiet haven. And all the beauty of creation you will behold concentrated in the interesting island of Ceylon, which glitters as a gem in the mighty ocean.

When you are rested a little, and your introductions to the brethren, and to the civil authorities, are over, you will speedily discover most subduing and affecting scenes. You will see the hand of the destroyer, behold a vast moral wilderness, the scorpions of sin, and the blights and the withering of death! Then methinks I hear you saying, "What shall I do to make it known, what Thou for all mankind hast done?" And this love of the Saviour will constrain you to labour in the cause of him, "whose service is perfect freedom." And forgive me, my dear friend, if I envy you the



pleasures in seeing the fruit of your labours, and the continual rewards for all your sacrifices. In addition to the smiles of Heaven, and the testimony of your conscience, you will see the light of truth beaming in the countenances of the native children and adults, who will not be the less interesting for being of a swarthy countenance, nor the less victorious by being redeemed from all superstitions, and saved from all idolatry. You will hear them sing hymns unto the Lamb of God; and grace shall triumph over fallen human nature, and Christ be all in all!

May I hope and intreat, together with my dear wife, whom Mr. Clough has termed, in his own writing, his "ever affectionate friend," to receive a letter early, and occasionally informing us of your welfare? Although a stranger comparatively to Mr. Clough, yet I love him dearly in the Lord for his own sake, as well as being the object of the choice of my beloved Margaret. Listen to my plea, and forget me not even in Ceylon, but write and tell us of your affairs. It is then agreed, that though mountains rise, and oceans roll, they cannot sever friends. We remain one in undi-

vided affection ! “ Our God, whom we serve, will deliver, and save us to the uttermost ;” and we shall meet in his kingdom. My dear wife, and beloved children, unite with me in sincerest regards to yourself and Mr. Clough.

“ May the Lord bless you and keep you ; may he cause his face to shine upon you, and give you peace.”

I am, my dear Mrs. Clough,

Your ever affectionate friend,

HENRY LONGDEN.

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*To Mrs. Morley, Doncaster.*

*Bawtry, March 30, 1825.*

DEAR MADAM,

IT devolves upon me to give your daughter (whether I ought to call her Miss Margaret Morley, or Mrs. Clough, I know not) some directions how to manage her health during the anticipated voyage to Ceylon. The difficulty of this duty is much lightened by knowing that Mr. Clough is himself accustomed to the usual precautions required whilst at sea, and also habituated to the climate of the place whither they are bound.

Your daughter must calculate on sea-sick-

ness ; but its effects are not likely to be injurious to my patient's constitution ; therefore, I have only to say, that if any thing be used in the shape of medicine at the commencement of the voyage, I think that soda-water will be the most agreeable and most appropriate medicine. Preparations are sold in the shops under the name of *soda-powders*, and *Seidlitz-powders* ; but my patient must not use either of these as substitutes for soda-water, because each differs very much from soda-water. Your daughter, whom I will now call Mrs. Clough, must pay particular attention to the state of her skin ; that is to say, if the heat be oppressive, and the skin dry, it must occasionally be cooled by sponging, with cold or tepid water, and the moisture be allowed to evaporate from the skin, unless this produce chilliness. The head may also be sponged. This method will, I think, produce the same grateful sensations as exposing the body to a current of cool air, without the same danger. If the skin assume a dry feverish feel, arising from the state of the atmosphere, Mrs. C. will, I think, find this corrected by wearing a wash-leather vest over the linen. The use of a wash-leather waistcoat

will also be a very great protection from the *unhealthy breezes*, and the oppressive state of atmosphere, which often occur on low swampy shores, and in situations where there is an excess of umbrageous vegetables, and consequently a stagnant air resting on decomposing vegetable matter. While on the subject of occasional clothing, I must recommend the head to be carefully protected by a light hat or bonnet, with a *double* pasteboard crown, so managed that a vacancy be left between the two sheets of pasteboard.

The prescribing of mercury is so general a practice by the majority of physicians and surgeons for all constitutions, and almost in all diseases of tropical climates, that I must put Mrs. C. on her guard, that calomel, and similar preparations, were not found to agree with her when I attended her. I hope that Mrs. C. will not experience any severe tropical diseases; but if such should threaten her, the mere mentioning what is said above, will be a sufficient hint to any judicious medical practitioner.

As to diet: let it be plain, but with more seasoning than when at Doncaster.

Many diseases of hot climates arise from

intemperance; but those who are under the influence of that religion which teaches us to "be temperate in all things" happily elude the grasp of this devastating power, except in such instances as that of the good and zealous Henry Martyn, whom this power, "simulating the appearance of an angel of light," hurried from a Mahomedan caravanserai, to the Christian's eternal rest.

I offer no congratulations to you and Mr. M. I write no complimentary wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Clough; but hope that this letter will testify that I feel an interest in their welfare, and

I remain, dear madam,

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS LE GAY BREWERTON.

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A letter to her friend Miss A. speaks simply and largely what were her feelings on leaving her dearest connexions, and her native land.

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*To Miss Alsop.*

March 25, 1825.

THIS is probably the last time I shall have the opportunity of addressing you on *British*

*ground.* I have received an offer of marriage from Mr. Clough, Wesleyan Missionary in Ceylon, who for the last two years has been in England to recruit his health, and is now about to return to the East. Having in various instances clearly seen the will of God in the whole matter, and from a firm conviction that the Lord has pointed out *this* providential way, I have been induced, though with *trembling*, to accept the proposal, and to give up all that is dear to me in my native land, and to go with my life in my hand, to endeavour to be useful to those who are perishing for lack of knowledge. The trial is equally great to my dear friends; and had they not very distinctly seen the hand of God, they could not have given me up; but the Lord has the hearts of all in his rule and governance. I feel as I *never* felt before. The idea of leaving a dear and beloved grandmother, whose days cannot be long, is overpowering. I almost shrink from the thought of bidding *farewell*: but even she does not oppose it. I proposed the subject to her before I accepted the offer; and had she positively declared that the separation would have shortened her days, I would

not, on any account, have burdened my conscience with such a distressing idea. But my father, mother, sister, grandmother, and *all* friends, so clearly see the affair to be providential, that they dare not oppose it. The time fixed is next Thursday, March 31st; when we shall immediately proceed to London, from thence to Portsmouth, to meet the ship Africa bound to Ceylon. Mr. Exley, nephew to Dr. A. Clarke, and Mr. Spence Hardy, are going out with Mr. Clough. About the middle of April, I suppose, we shall have lost sight of English ground. My dear Eliza, remember me in your prayers. Forget not one who will be tossed on the tempestuous ocean, when you and your respected friends are comfortably seated by the fire-side. Yes, when the winds whistle, then let aspirations arise to your heavenly Father, for the safety of one you esteem. My heart expands in delightful anticipation of instructing the dear little native children, and telling them of the amazing love of Christ. But I hardly dare indulge the imagination, for I may not live to cross the Atlantic, or I may fall an early sacrifice in a tropical clime. Be it as it may, I can appeal to the

Searcher of hearts, and say, "Lord, *thou* knowest that from the purest and most conscientious motive, and with a single eye to advance thy glory, I have undertaken this most important work. Grant me thy blessing, proportion strength according to my day, and the praise shall unceasingly be given to thy adorable name."

M. M.

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Extracts from her Diary and Letters, which follow, will best exemplify what were her views and feelings on her passage to Ceylon, and during the brief period of time which God was pleased to allow her to sojourn in that island.

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Her death, which took place June 30, 1827, is most pathetically described by Mr. Clough, in his letters to Dr. Adam Clarke, and by letters to her afflicted father, Mr. Morley, who had committed the remains of his excellent wife to the tomb only the day before the mournful intelligence arrived. To Mrs. Morley, Mrs. Clough owed much for instruction and example in piety, prudence, and many other graces.



An extract from her Diary is appended, in the hope that it may be useful to all who read it, and particularly gratifying to the kindly feeling of Mrs. Clough's friends, who well knew her upright walk and conversation.

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### DIARY.

*Sunday evening, Nov. 17, 1823.*

As I have lately been prevented by indisposition from attending the public ordinances of grace, I feel that I have enjoyed this day a great privilege in being permitted to sit under the sound of the Gospel; but I have found, by heartfelt experience, that the Lord is not confined to time or place, but whenever or wherever I call upon him in sincerity, he is able and willing to bless and comfort my soul; but I much need stirring up to greater diligence. I am afraid of growing lukewarm. I believe the willingness of Christ to cleanse from all iniquity; but I want faith to believe for it now. O do thou, gracious God, give me a more intense desire to obtain

this great blessing, and to thy name I will give all the glory.

*Sunday, Nov. 23, 1823.*

I have been favoured this day with hearing a sermon preached from Ps. cxix. "The Lord is good," &c. I felt the full force of the text. I could indeed say for myself, the Lord had afflicted me in infinite mercy. During the whole week my mind has been sweetly stayed upon the central point of bliss. On Thursday night, though suffering most violently in my head, I was enabled to bow with submission to the will of God.

*Christmas-day, Dec. 25, 1823.*

Heard Mr. Harris, from Rotherham, preach from Isa. vi. 1—8. "In the year that king Uzziah died, I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple," &c. I feel truly thankful to Almighty God for the many precious seasons I have enjoyed of late in private duties; this evening, particularly, I was enabled to ask, by faith, for a larger portion of God's Holy Spirit than I have heretofore received. I know the

Lord is both willing and able to supply all my wants; and I am endeavouring to believe for the blessings I feel I want. The thoughts of death and eternity have lately occupied much of my attention: this week we have lost by the hand of death a near relation of my mother's. Oh what need to live in a constant preparation for death; to be ready prepared whilst here below, at a moment's warning, to "clap my glad wing, and tower away, and mingle in the blaze of day."

*Dec. 31, 1823.*

In reviewing the past year, I may truly say, goodness and mercy have followed me, and it is therefore that I am preserved: numerous dangers, seen and unseen, have myself and my dear friends been saved from. I am laid under fresh obligations to devote myself with all my power to that good and gracious Being who has done so much for me. In dependence upon the assistance of God's Holy Spirit, I devoted myself afresh to his service in my class-meeting last Monday; and now I again renew the covenant engagement to live closer to him during the next year, should I be spared; to

endeavour to crucify the old man of sin; daily to be striving after purity of heart; and also to endeavour after a constant preparation for death. Lord accept the sacrifice which now, through Christ, I offer up to thee!

*Jan. 4, 1824.*

This morning, before I arose from my bed, I was made the partaker of very blessed feelings; my soul was drawn out in fervent prayer for an especial blessing this first Sabbath in a new year. I felt a gracious confidence that the Lord will purify me, and make me meet for his eternal kingdom. I frequently think, that probably the Lord will soon call me home; and, being aware of this, I trust I am daily striving for holiness of heart, without which I cannot enter heaven. This morning I heard Mr. Fordred preach from Heb. i. 14. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" It was a most encouraging sermon.

*Sunday morning, Jan. 18, 1824.*

During the past fortnight, I trust I can say, it has been well with me, in a spiritual sense.

I believe the willingness of Christ to save to the uttermost all who call upon him in sincerity; but I cannot believe for it *now*: I want more of this living active principle of faith, to wrestle with God in mighty prayer, till all his will be accomplished in me, this entire renewing of my mind in all the image of God.

*Sunday morning, Jan. 26, 1824.*

I have been much profited this week in reading Mr. Wesley's Account of Christian Perfection. I have obtained clearer views upon that important doctrine than I before had. It is my bounden duty to press after this *love of God and man*, which will influence all my words and actions. I fear I do not sufficiently feel the depravity of my heart, the depth of sin and wickedness still remaining; therefore I am not so much in earnest for the sanctifying power of God as I ought to be. O Lord, do thou graciously convince me, that there yet remain many things in my heart which do not spring from love; and feeling this, may I not rest until these things are entirely erased.

“ Come Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 And seal me thine abode ;  
 Let all I am in thee be lost,  
 Let all be lost in God.”

*Sunday afternoon, Feb. 15, 1824.*

Mr. Fordred from Deut. xxxi. 6. “Be strong and of a good courage ; fear not, nor be afraid of them : for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee ; he will not fail thee nor forsake thee.”

I received encouragement under this sermon to press after the entire dispersion of all my inbred corruptions ; for the last two or three weeks I have not been so alive to God as I was a few weeks previously. I have given way to doubting fears respecting the doctrine of Christian perfection ; but I feel thankful that those fears are in some measure removed, though not entirely. I believe I am striving, by the grace of God, to overcome those evils and sins, which have most easily beset me, such as hastiness of temper, unprofitable thoughts, and so forth ; but I do not yet feel that faith working by love which some of our friends have received. O Lord do thou enable me to persevere till I shall gain the victory over all my enemies !

*Sunday Morning, Feb. 29, 1824.*

In viewing the past week of mercies, I acknowledge I am laid under fresh obligations to love God, and to devote myself more than ever to his service. I have to regret that I do not feel so anxious, I should say, so agonizingly determined, not to rest without the entire extirpation of sin; I sometimes am too indifferent about it; I pray, and trust that the Lord will graciously quicken my desires after the entire sanctification of my nature, that pure undefiled love may take up its lasting abode in my heart, and sweetly subjugate all things to its sway.

*Sunday, March 28, 1824.*

I have experienced much of the supporting grace of God since I last sat down to record his dealings with my soul. On Thursday I was called by the good providence of God to undergo a very painful operation; but throughout the whole of the time my mind was sweetly stayed upon my heavenly Father; those words were very forcibly applied to my mind, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son that he receiveth." O that all that

is within me may praise and magnify the name of the Lord, for these his encouraging promises. I feel an entire dependence upon God in every trial and affliction ; should this sickness, under which I am at present labouring, be unto death, I am perfectly resigned. The cry of my heart is, Prepare me by holiness here below, for a seat at thy right hand in glory.

*Sunday morning, April 25, 1824.*

I felt my heart filled with gratitude to God, that I was made a partaker of the blessings purchased for me by the sufferings of Jesus, and that I had felt the beneficial effects in my conduct of an interest in the Saviour's blood.

*Sunday morning, May 30, 1824.*

Within the last fortnight, though I have generally been much afflicted in body, my strength has been proportioned to my day, and at present I can say, that, should it be for the glory of God, I am willing to suffer his righteous will, for days, or weeks, or months; only I find it very necessary to pray for patience. I believe that I have not had one pain too much,



not one suffering too great. Oh no, the Lord never afflicts the children of men for his own pleasure, but for their profit. I believe all has been done in infinite mercy; these light afflictions have a tendency to wean my soul from earth, and fix my affections supremely on God.

*Congleton, Nov. 3, 1824.*

This day I have completed my one and twentieth year; upon reviewing my past life, I feel considerable cause of complaint against myself. My good and gracious God has hitherto been my defender and keeper; he has screened my naked head in every storm; and I know, by heart-felt experience, that Jesus died for me. I have in some measure appropriated the merits of his death to my own soul; but I see an infinitely greater salvation, which I feel I am desirous to obtain; yet I am too lukewarm, not sufficiently determined to press resolutely into all the fulness of Christ. I have of late felt some gracious visits from the King of kings. I trust I am endeavouring to evidence the reality of my religion by conformity to the will of God. O may I at all times be gra-

ciously kept from the spirit and temptation of the world, and constantly have an eye to the recompence of reward. I should wish my motto to be, "Say what you mean, and mean what you say." Grant this, I pray, indulgent Lord!

*Jan. 2, 1825.*

By the good providence of God I have been brought to the commencement of another year; my heart overflows with gratitude for the unnumbered blessings I have received from his gracious hand. I acknowledge that I have made but poor return; but should my life be spared, I do feel determined to devote it more to the service and glory of God than I have done. Purity of heart has appeared to me for some time very desirable; I believe it attainable, because promised in the Scripture: "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin; I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and you shall be clean," &c.; and also from the testimony of many living witnesses, who know by experience, that Christ is able to save to the uttermost. I felt this morning, whilst Mr. Booth was preaching, a particular manifestation of

the love of God; I could say of a truth, my spiritual strength was renewed. I do earnestly beseech of thee, indulgent Father, that for the coming month I may be kept from low-thoughted care. I shall be more particularly engaged with the world; may my affections be intensely fixed upon thee, the sole cause of true happiness!

*Sunday evening, Feb. 20, 1825.*

The last ten days have been a time of extreme anxiety and depression of spirits, arising from a temporal cause; a matter of the greatest importance has come before me, a subject in which I am particularly concerned, and which may in a degree contribute to my welfare, or add to my crosses for life. I have hourly been praying,—Lord guide me by thy Spirit, make my way plain before me;—what is thy will concerning it? I have generally been enabled firmly to believe, that the Lord will accomplish the purposes of his grace.

*April 17, 1825.*

Since I last recorded the loving kindness of my heavenly Father, the most important event

of human life has occurred. On Thursday, March 31, in the fear of God, and I firmly believe with the approbation of Heaven, I was united to Mr. Clough, Wesleyan Missionary to Ceylon. The circumstances of this connexion seem to my friends in general, as well as myself, to be purely providential. The conscience bearing witness that I never sought such a circumstance, nor even when the offer was made should I have dared to accept it, but from a conviction that the Lord's hand was in the affair. My spirits have been graciously supported during the almost heart-breaking period of bidding, I may say, a final farewell to many dear, dear friends; through excessive fatigue of body and anxiety of mind I have been wonderfully brought; and here I stand a monument of saving grace. When I retrace the parting scenes my heart recoils; the remembrance of affectionate and beloved parents, grandmother, brothers and sisters, who in deep sorrow mourn for my departure, almost overpowers my feelings; but here I must stop, and reflect on the important work in which I am engaged. I feel most sensibly how much wisdom and prudence I need, to act consistently, and as a decided

follower of Christ. Much will devolve upon me as a Missionary's wife: O that I may adorn the cause I have espoused. I feel alarmed at the idea of entering into such a public sphere of life. I feel my own *youth*, and inexperience unqualify me for so great an undertaking; but relying on the promised assistance of God, I go forth with a determination to be useful in my day and generation; and after a life spent in the Saviour's cause, I doubt not of receiving a crown of REWARD. The enemy of souls has violently assaulted me; sometimes I have been well nigh overcome; but the promises of my heavenly Father have been hitherto a counterbalance to his diabolical suggestions. When my mind seems to shrink from what is in prospect, I betake myself to a throne of grace, and feel quite happy in retracing the motives which have induced me to enter into the sphere in which I am at present placed. O thou good and eternal God, be pleased to continue unto me thy promised assistance, and the consolations of thy Holy Spirit, and I will cheerfully take up my cross, suffer reproach, or any deprivation. O that I may but be instrumental of some good, either to my dear husband, or

thy militant church! May the desire of my heart be *granted!*

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[What follows is from another memorandum-book, which was evidently designed to be kept as a kind of *Journal*, from the time of our leaving England. Yet it will be perceived, that Mrs. C. gave up the idea of keeping a *Diary* separate from her *Journal*; and in the following pages is given an interesting statement of her Christian experience. B. CLOUGH.]

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*On board the Africa, off Lizard Point.*

*April 11, 1825.*

THIS day I have left England, on board the *Africa*, with the intention of proceeding to Ceylon; there, in the capacity of a Missionary's wife, to endeavour to extend the Saviour's kingdom. The peculiar circumstances connected with this important event, appear to be altogether providential. I had not the least idea of changing my situation a few months previously to *my* leaving my *native land*; but God (whose ways cannot be comprehended by finite man) marked out my

path; and, wishing at all times, and upon all occasions, to follow the leadings of his Spirit, I have been induced, though with much fear and trembling, to undertake the great charge; and, in the name of my heavenly Master, to give up all that was dear at home, and proceed, protected by my dear husband, and a Divine superintending power, as a witness of the efficacy of the blood of Christ to cleanse from the foulest stains of sin, and to endeavour to evidence, by a Christian walk and conversation, that *I am a disciple of Christ.*

*Wednesday, April 13, 1825.*

The wind, both yesterday and to-day, has been extremely contrary. Since our sailing from Portsmouth, on Monday, we have been three times driven back to the sight of the Isle of Wight. The captain is very kind, our cooking good, and quite an abundance of provision; the accommodations of the ship most excellent; and our party, eight in number, most agreeable. We are truly comfortably situated. Our leaving England is under most auspicious circumstances; the kind attention of the friends has been beyond description; we were accom-

panied to the ship by Mr. Mason, one of the Missionary Secretaries, Mr. Hardy, from York, and my dear brother Isaac ; they accompanied us about a mile, and then, amidst many tears, *bade farewell !*

*Thursday, April 14, 1825.*

Have suffered much yesterday, and part of to-day, from violent sea-sickness. I have been quite unable to attend to those little matters which necessarily, as a *wife*, devolve upon me ; but Mr. C. has most affectionately taken all care and trouble off my hands, and procured every thing that was likely to remove the distressing sensations under which I have been labouring. His efforts have not been in vain. I feel myself much better, and have appeared at the tea-table.

*Friday, April 15, 1825.*

Nothing particular this day ; the wind still most contrary, and a heavy mist prevents our seeing objects at any distance ; consequently, have not witnessed any ship for England, or should gladly have embraced the opportunity of informing our dear absent friends of our welfare. After toiling nearly a week, the cap-



tain supposes we are only about fifty miles from where we started. I sincerely hope the winds, under the direction of the Supreme Being, will be more propitious, and waft us to the port so much *desired*. Mr. Exley, yesterday, was taken very unwell, but I am happy to say is somewhat recovered. Mr. Spence Hardy is most terribly afflicted with sea-sickness. James and Thomas are in good health and spirits.

*Sunday morning, April 17, 1825.*

The wind still contrary. Our captain consented to having divine service performed on deck; accordingly, about ten o'clock, the passengers, captain, mate, and most of the crew, assembled under an awning. My dear Mr. C. read prayers, and afterwards read a sermon from "Thou God seest me;" the subject was extremely appropriate, and I was much pleased with the earnest attention of the sailors, who, without exception, behaved with the greatest decorum. Upon our return from public service, it was proposed by Mr. Exley and Mr. C., that we should each give a share of books towards raising a small library for the sailors. Mr. E. kindly offered to take the office of librarian;

and promises to write out a few rules for their future management. I hope it will be attended with good. The books already given are principally of a religious nature. About two o'clock, a report was communicated from the deck that a whale was in view; of course, being a novel sight, I made all possible haste to witness it; but, being about a quarter of a mile from the ship, I had a very imperfect sight of the large unwieldy animal. I suppose it was about twenty feet long.

*Thursday, April 21, 1825.*

A very strong breeze sprung up yesterday from the — which has continued all night, and this morning blows strong. I have suffered the last two days from sea-sickness.

*Sunday, April 24, 1825.*

A fine morning, with a light, favourable wind; we assembled on deck as usual for divine service; Mr. H. read prayers; Mr. C. preached from Tit. iii. 5; the sailors and passengers were extremely attentive. It is very gratifying to our feelings to reflect, that, whilst on the bosom of the great deep, worshipping the God

of heaven, numbers of our dear English friends are offering up fervent prayers for our safety and protection.

*Monday morning, April 25, 1825.*

A perfect calm.

*Tuesday morning, April 26, 1825.*

A very high wind, but, I am glad to say, favourable; we are going nine knots an hour. Lat. 43. 0. N. Lon. 9. 30. W. We were not a little surprised to perceive, this morning, a large ship of war lying to, about one mile from us. The appearance of such a vessel, in such a situation, was not very agreeable to our captain. However, he hoisted colours, and was answered by an English flag; but it was quite evident from the costume of the sailors, the number of guns, &c., that she was not an English ship, and had mischief in view. Through the good providence of God, we passed without molestation, and continued our course with great rapidity throughout the day.

*Sunday morning, May 1, 1825.*

A perfect calm. About twelve o'clock a shark made its appearance near the stern of

our ship, a bit of pork was immediately thrown out; but the fish darted off in another direction, and we were not favoured with a second sight. A circumstance connected with the shark's appearance will leave a deep impression on my mind. My dear Mr. C., Mr. Exley, and the children, had gone about half a mile from the ship to bathe. Praise the Lord, they returned in safety: but, shortly after, the ferocious monster presented itself apparently from the very direction where our dear friends had been. Another obligation (and no small one) I am laid under,—to supremely love that Being who, in the hour of imminent danger, preserved the life of my *greatest earthly good*.

*Wednesday, May 4, 1825.*

Early this morning, to our very great joy, land appeared; a fine range of mountains reared their majestic heads westward; the name of which is Porto Santo: they are extremely barren, quite uncultivated, and, I believe, the inhabitants few. Madeira we can just perceive nearly enveloped in clouds, the craggy tops of the mountains verging above the snowy clouds, which appear to have been arrested in their

career by the towering rocks, which you might fancy would bid defiance to the hand of time : these lofty hills are bounded by the horizon. To the east we had a view of several clusters of islands, called, from their sterility and want of inhabitants, *Desertas*: upon the whole, the view was interesting to one who had been deprived for nearly a month of the sight, of a near approach of land.

*Thursday, May 5, 1825.*

About ten this morning we cast anchor in Funchal Bay. After the Custom-house officers had been on board, the captain and Mr. C. went on shore. It being probable that we should not be ready for sailing for three or four days, having to take in a quantity of wine, Mr. C. thought it better that we should take lodgings, that we might have an opportunity of viewing the island; accordingly they were procured at the house of an Englishwoman, a Mrs. Winter. Thursday morning our little party landed in the city of Funchal, the capital of Madeira. We had about a mile and a half to walk to our lodgings; a tremendous shower came on when we were about half way; but fortunately we

did not any of us take cold. From the appearance of the town, I am not at all inclined to agree with Mr. H. Martyn in saying, that it is cleanly and regularly built; on the contrary, the streets are miserably narrow, the houses high, and the lower part of them being employed as warehouses, gives them a forlorn and dirty appearance: the streets are not paved, and very hilly, which renders it extremely difficult to walk any distance. The Custom-house is, I believe, the principal building in the city. It is a plain strong place, without the least ornament; and, in England, we should think it very unfurnished. A Portuguese governor resides here, also an English consul; the number of inhabitants in Funchal is about ten thousand, chiefly Portuguese, some few English merchants, who have country-houses, and live in the style of our native land. There is but one Protestant church in the whole island; and that is miserably supplied with a Minister who is generally ill, and unable to attend to duty. The Roman Catholic religion is the most prevalent; their chapels are extremely numerous, and there are Priests almost without end.

*Friday, May 6, 1825.*

We proposed visiting a gentleman's house about three miles up the mountains, that we might be enabled to form an idea of the fertility of the island. There was some difficulty in determining upon a conveyance for me ; however, after a little dinner, it was decided that Messrs. Clough, Exley, and Bone should have ponies, and that I should have a palanqueen. Certainly our set-out was the most ludicrous scene I ever witnessed ;—about fourteen or fifteen mule-drivers, with their respective animals, arrived at our lodgings ; and, the passage being spacious, about eight of them were brought in ; the rest remaining in the street, each recommending his own beast in preference to that of his neighbour : after considerable disputation, the ponies were selected, and I was handed into my palanqueen, which surely was the strangest conveyance I had ever seen. It is about one yard long, exactly the shape of a coffin, the sides about six inches high, the back like that of a chair ; cords, about a yard and a half long, are placed across a pole, supported at either end by two men ; a light curtain is thrown over the palanqueen if required.

Placed in this manner, I proceeded through the streets, followed by the three gentlemen; the mule-drivers, having hold of their horses' tails, brought up the rear. Our little excursion was very pleasant. The country through which we passed is most luxuriant and delightful; the vines cover the sides of the mountains in prolific abundance; aloes of every description are numerous; oranges, lemons, citrons, and bananas are plentiful, and of the finest quality. I was pleased to observe many English shrubs and herbs, as it reminded me much of my dear native land. About an hour after leaving Funchal, we arrived at the residence of the gentleman; (his name unknown;) the first object that we were shewn was a young camel, a sheep with five legs, canaries, stock-doves, peacocks, gold and silver fish in great abundance, &c. The grounds are laid out with considerable taste and correct judgment, and remind you much of a nobleman's seat in England. After enjoying ourselves for some time in the different walks, we proceeded to inspect an observatory; from thence we mounted an immense hill, above the clouds; the barks appeared most insignificant specks



upon the sea, and the highest houses like small cottages. The exhalations from the grounds became now so abundant, that we were glad to return to the bottom of the hill, and hasten to our different conveyances for home. The demands of appetite also became pressing, not having provided ourselves with any refreshment. We descended from our high and exalted situation with feelings of peculiar pleasure. This little tour afforded us, I believe, mutual satisfaction.

*Saturday, May 7, 1825.*

We proposed visiting a celebrated nunnery, about a mile from the town. Upon our arrival at the dedicated spot, the massy doors were unfolded, and two of the nuns made their appearance, in a large room, separated from us by strong iron grating. I was considerably amused with their antique figure and dress. We purchased a quantity of artificial flowers, dried citron, lemons, &c. As soon as we had completed our purchases they begged to retire. We descended; the chapel-door was opened by a comely dame, who courteously begged us to walk in; no sooner did we assent, than a

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box of artificial merchandise was presented for sale. I was strangely affected with the want of devotion in those saintly nuns, who, though assembled for prayers, were so intently engaged in worldly concerns, and so solicitous to increase their temporal wealth, that the confession of sins, absolution from the same, and so on, were subjects of minor importance. After tea, the captain called upon us to go on board. We had about two miles to walk; but the evening was fine, and, consequently, the exertion of walking was very agreeable, after being confined several weeks on ship-board. A short delay arose from our boxes being detained at the Government-house for inspection. Through the kind providence of the Supreme Being we arrived safely at our ship, about eleven o'clock in the afternoon.

Upon reviewing the character of the inhabitants of Funchal, I feel considerably affected. They are truly without hope, and without God in the world; bowed down by trammels of arbitrary and despotic priests. May the time soon arrive, when the Heathen, and the dark places of the earth, shall be brought to worship the true God in sincerity and truth!

*Sunday, May 8, 1825.*

This day extremely unwell, from sea-sickness. Got under weigh about twelve o'clock, a. m. A gentle breeze; but not quite fair. A circumstance occurred, whilst at Madeira, that produced no ordinary feelings of pleasure. At the house where we lodged, there happened to be a gentleman from Inckham, an invalid, who was going to sail for England, on the Friday we were there; and, purposing going through Doncaster, kindly proposed taking a letter from me to my beloved friends, and engaged, if possible, to visit them. O what a comfort and pleasure I felt in delivering a letter into the hands of Mr. Lessons, in the expectation that he might probably communicate intelligence personally respecting the welfare of Mr. C., the children, and myself. No divine service on deck this morning, owing to the disorder of the ship.

*Monday, May 16, 1825.*

The whole of the past week I have been extremely sick and unwell, quite incapable of attending to my little domestic concerns, or of learning Portuguese, which I am desirous of

accomplishing. Yesterday, rather better. Service on deck as usual. Mr. C. preached from, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The subject appeared to make an impression on most present; and I would hope that, at some time or other, the seed sown may produce fruit to the glory of God.

*Thursday, May 19, 1825.*

The weather, ever since we left England, has been most favourable; though the wind has not been altogether propitious; however, nor so contrary as materially to retard our progress. We are now within the tropics; the sun nearly vertical, the heat consequently great; but our little party have hitherto been preserved in health. We have just seen a shoal of flying fish; but, being at a great distance, and moving with wonderful rapidity, I cannot describe their exact size. To me they appeared very similar to wag-tails in England; but, doubtless, I shall find them different when I see them near.

*Friday, May 20, 1825.*

Rather a strong breeze. About four o'clock, p. m., we carried away our top-mast; but the strong wind was not, I believe, the only cause, as the spar was rotten.

*Saturday, May 21, 1825.*

Got our new top-mast hoisted, and are proceeding at about seven knots an hour.

*Tuesday, May 24, 1825.*

The weather and breeze favourable, though very little of the latter. A small shark made *its* appearance at the stern of the ship, a bait of pork was lowered, the fish took it, and was immediately struck by our mate with a harpoon. Though but a very young one, his strength appeared to be great, and it required three men to get him on the quarter-deck. The shark is quite different in its formation from any thing I have seen before. Its mouth is about a quarter of a yard from the projection of the snout, under the head; therefore, it cannot bite without turning upon its back. The teeth of the shark are large and strong; and, according to their age, the number of the

rows of teeth increase. They are always accompanied by a small fish, called the pilot-fish. A part of the shark was eaten by the sailors, the rest thrown into the sea.

*Wednesday, May 25, 1825.*

No change in the weather ; our breeze continues good ; we are going about five knots an hour ; rather too westerly.

*Thursday, May 26, 1825.*

The weather extremely hot ; but, thank God, our little party are kept still in tolerable health. The worst effects I experience are, a disinclination to any exertion, debility, and extreme languor, both of body and mind ; but, our lot hitherto has been favourable. We have only one day been becalmed, which Mr. C. assures me is most surprising, considering we are so near the line, as many ships are often detained a fortnight, or more, before they fall in with the trade-wind. A flying-fish was found on the chains this morning, and brought to me by Mr. C. Its size is about that of a small herring. Its wings three parts the length of the body ; a small, pretty head, large eyes, fins

and tail of a moderate size. The height and distance they can fly is most astonishing, when pursued by the dolphins, their most inveterate enemies. They will frequently dash against the ship with such violence as to produce instantaneous death. They are very fine eating. I have twice been treated with them at tea. This morning we crossed the equinoctial line, in long. nearly  $25^{\circ}$ . A most charming breeze. It is customary, I believe, to perform some dreadful ceremony upon those individuals who have never before visited these parts of Neptune's dominions, called by the sailors shaving; however, our captain forbade any thing of the sort being practised. The passengers agreed to give the men three or four gallons of rum, as is customary on passing the line; and we had the pleasure to see them enjoy this treat much more, I believe, than they would have done the other.

*Saturday, May 28, 1825.*

Our principal amusement now, when released from our hours of study, is in watching the flying-fish pursued by the dolphins, alba-

cores, and bonetas. These great fishes, I should think, three quarters of a yard round, leap out of the water, three or four yards high, to seize their prey.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday the weather was extremely hot. The captain kindly allowed us to dine on deck. We enjoy our meals much in the open air. We sat up, on Tuesday night, to see the eclipse of the moon, which commenced in England six minutes before twelve. We waited a considerable time, and perceived the disk of the moon a little affected; but, from the circumstances we are in at present, our friends could not gain that information they wished respecting our latitude. The gloom was so transient, that, though four or five persons were anxiously waiting, they could not correctly ascertain when the eclipse commenced. The moon is so brilliant in an evening that I can distinctly see to read the smallest print.

*Sunday, May 29, 1825.*

This is my dear little nephew's birth-day. O may the God of his Father graciously condescend to take this tender infant into his



peculiar care, and, if spared, may he be an ornament to the church of God, and a comfort to his parents in their declining years! Service on deck, as usual, this morning; but not so many men as generally have been accustomed to attend. Our time passes very pleasantly, and, I think I may say, profitably. The morning we devote entirely to studying the Ceylonese and Portuguese; after dinner we spend a short time on deck, by way of relaxation; the after part of the day is employed in various pursuits, but all I hope tending to profit.

*Wednesday, June 1, 1825.*

We may truly here raise our Ebenezer and say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." It is now more than seven weeks since we left our native land, and we have not had one day's bad weather; the wind, though not generally from the point we could have wished it, has, nevertheless, carried us upon an average five knots an hour. We are daily amused by seeing the fish bound a considerable height out of the water, and, after they have ceased their gambols, the splendid orb of day retires behind the western sky, and feasts our eyes

with a most magnificent view of his greatest glories. After witnessing this glorious sight, we retire to our little place, and spend the evening together.

*Monday, June 6, 1825.*

We still continue going on nearly in our former course except a little too much to the west. The health and spirits of the children are good. James has just begun Singhalese. He appears to like it much ; and, I doubt not, he will excel in that language, being a very quick lad. I indulge hopes that he will be of great use to his dear uncle when he arrives in Ceylon. Thomas, I feel sorry to say, does not make that progress he ought, considering his advantages. The captain and passengers pet him too much. I hope, however, when we arrive at our place of destination, with strict discipline, he will improve.

*Wednesday, June 8, 1825.*

We had a little class-meeting as usual this morning. I regret to say, I felt it a barren season.

*Monday, June 13, 1825.*

Yesterday we had prayers on deck; but only two of the men were present, besides the officers, captain, and two or three of the boys. Of course the reason was demanded to-day by the captain. The answer returned by the men was, that two of the sailors, the Sunday previous, having had their grog stopped for non-attendance, they had decided among themselves to conquer the compulsion of the captain, by altogether absenting from prayers on the Lord's-day. After a little altercation, the matter was amicably settled, and the men promised in future regularly to be present.

*Thursday, June 16, 1825.*

We are proceeding rapidly to the south. A material change has taken place in the weather, which now feels like autumn in England.

*Saturday, June 18, 1825.*

A very strong breeze all last night and this morning from SW. We had hoped to have fallen in with NW, but hitherto have been disappointed. About twelve, a. m., a sail appeared in sight, just off our stern. We hailed

the ship with feelings of considerable pleasure, expecting, from her course, she was for St. Helena: we anticipated the pleasure of informing our dear Yorkshire friends of our welfare. Our captain, as soon as he thought her near enough, hoisted colours; but, to our no small astonishment and vexation, the surly, brutish, unchristian-like commander refused answering, and she passed us with impertinent contempt. I was soon informed that our neighbour was an uncourteous American. Probably, could she have benefited herself, she would gladly have spoken us; but, not needing information, she sullenly rejected our salute. We had retired to our cabins and writing-desks in order to send word to our distant friends that our health, spirits, &c., were good; but, alas, our fond schemes were frustrated, and we have given up the thought of letter-writing till we reach the Isle of France.

*Sunday, June 19, 1825.*

Incessant cold rain induces us to long for a comfortable Yorkshire fire. Could not have prayers on deck to-day. A few of the men

assembled in the cuddy. A sermon was read by Mr. Hardy. Mr. Clough, I am sorry to say, is very unwell. Thomas looks poorly, but does not complain. I very keenly feel the sudden transition from heat to cold, and suffer very violently from oppression on the chest, and shortness of breath.

*Monday, June 20, 1825.*

Charming breeze; but not just as we wish it, being from the SW. A fine English ship appeared in view early this morning; she passed us about four o'clock, p. m.; her signals were hoisted; we found her name to be, the *Castor*, of Liverpool; bound, we suppose, for the East Indies. The appearing of a bark, containing living beings like ourselves, on this vast expanse of waters, is not an uninteresting sight. Our situation now is, I suppose, more than 1500 miles from either the continent of Africa or America; and yet, considering our distance from all our dear friends, I feel astonished that my concern is so little. I lay me down to rest at night with the same composure I have been accustomed to do when under my father's roof, in England. The

Lord graciously holds the winds and the waves in subjection, and, I doubt not, will answer the many, many faithful and fervent prayers that have ascended out of unfeigned lips, in England, for our safe voyage. *Deos tem amour.*

*Tuesday, June 21, Wednesday, 22,  
and Thursday, 23, 1825.*

Strong SW breeze ; quite contrary to what we expected. The weather intensely cold, and frequent rains. The motion of the ship so great, that it is with extreme difficulty we can get a meal. The dishes, plates, glasses, &c., tumbling off the table ; the sea breaking over us ; the cuddy nearly deluged ; and all the miseries, connected with a gale at sea, we have now to experience. I have been very unwell the whole of the week, incapable of appearing at any meal but dinner ; but, partaker of all my little sufferings, I am blessed with one of the kindest, most indulgent, and tender of husbands, who sympathizes with my sorrows, and endeavours, by the most indulgent conduct, to assuage my temporary griefs. Praise the Lord for such a favour ! *Thursday.*—The wind quite abated ; and we are in a calm,

which is truly astonishing, considering our latitude, being about 25° S. The whole of this week we have been visited by multitudes of birds, called Cape pigeons. Their size, on the water, appears to be that of a young duck; but the head, neck, &c., are similar to our English doves. They are most beautifully marked black and white. Their wings are long; and when extended, resemble the lightness and delicate texture of the butterfly's. The diamonds of white, inlaid on the pure jet black, look quite handsome; and, though they cannot boast of the varied colours of the rainbow, yet, I certainly think, the Cape pigeon one of the prettiest birds I have ever seen. One was taken by a hook, which our friend, Mr. Exley, requested the captain to give him to preserve. The cook undertook the job, and speedily performed it; but, whether or not it will keep from putrefaction I am unable to say. I feel sorry to add, that some of our friends spend the greatest part of their time in shooting the poor innocent creatures. As we cannot be benefited by them for food, not being proper for eating, I think it a species of cruelty, unwarrantable to be practised by

religious characters, who may so much more profitably employ their time in learning Singhalese.

*Saturday, June 25, 1825.*

Yesterday the SE gale returned with redoubled violence. The night was very stormy. Obligated early this morning to take down all masts, sails, &c.

*Sunday, June 26, 1825.*

A tremendous gale all night. Split two of our sails. The wind being on our head tossed us about so terribly, and strained our ship, that the captain thought it advisable to lie-to the greatest part of the night. With all our good management and care, we lost part of our bows, bulwarks, rigging, &c., and removed our long boat, containing all our live-stock of cow, calf, sheep, pigs, &c.; but, fortunately did not take it overboard, or surely we should have been in a pitiable plight. When I went on deck the after part of the day, to survey the ravages of the furious gale, I was struck with the nakedness of our vessel. Her fine towering masts, which seemed at times to



reach the clouds, cropped to about fifty or sixty feet, the sides stove in, and the sea, with unsubdued power, washing over us, and immersing the poor sailors for some seconds completely under water. I could not but momentarily feel our perilous situation; and a transient wish crossed my mind that we were a few hundred miles nearer, but I considered the wish vain. My reason informed me that we were more than 2000 miles from land, in the most spacious, widest, and most dreary part of the South Atlantic Ocean, our latitude about  $27^{\circ}$ , long.  $12^{\circ}$  W. I changed my thoughts, and gave them a more profitable and consistent employment, in recalling the distinguishing mercy, and preserving providence, of our good and gracious Lord, who had so graciously, and so particularly kept the winds and waves in subjection, and suffered them not, in their impetuous fury, materially to injure us. I also felt additional cause for unfeigned thankfulness, when informed by my dear husband that the carpenter had told him, that not one ship in fifty would have weathered the storm of the preceding night, but that they must evidently have foundered, from the wind blowing

so violently on the beam, and the waves striking her at the same time with overwhelming force on the head. It is a great comfort to know, that we are in a good, dry, strong, well-built ship, which, though tried as she has been for the last three or four days, has made no more water than she did in a calm; which is so trivial that it is not worth mentioning.

It is a natural consequence, that I should feel a good deal fatigued and exhausted for want of sleep, and having a little more exertion than usual, for that is indispensably necessary, from our little matters becoming disarranged by the violent motion of the ship, and we are now to leeward, therefore I do not feel quite well; but, though weak in body, happy, contented, and comfortable in mind, having many, many blessings, which most of my friends, in similar circumstances to myself, are quite unacquainted with. In the first place, I have an *experienced, kind, indulgent, tender, managing husband*; secondly, a most excellent ship, with delightful accommodations, so much so, that I can scarcely sometimes fancy myself from my father's house; and, above all, the Maker of the universe, He who

holds the winds in the hollow of his hand ; who saith to the furious sea, "Hitherto shalt thou go : here shall thy proud waves be stayed ;" and He who died on Calvary, to redeem a ruined world from that punishment they so justly deserved. This God of love, I can, with humble confidence, claim as my reconciled Father. Under his protection, my dear husband and myself are going to endeavour, in every prudent way, to extend the Saviour's kingdom, and publish, to the perishing sons of men, the great salvation purchased by the Lamb that was slain for those who repent and believe in his all powerful, soul-restoring name.

O thou God of boundless compassion, give success to the important mission of thy servant ; and may he shine as a star of the first magnitude in the kingdom of thy glory, as the reward of being enabled, through thy direction, to turn many from darkness to great light, and from the kingdom of Satan unto God !

*Tuesday, June 28, 1825.*

The wind yesterday abated ; and we have to-day a complete calm. A little fear prevails

that we are out of the long. for the NW we have so long expected. Our winds, ever since we lost the South, have been very changeable and baffling : sometimes, for half an hour in a day, we were going our right course, then the other next three or four hours as contrary as possible. We are at present, however, quite still ; and it affords us an opportunity of getting up our new sails, repairing the bulwarks, securing the posts, &c. ; by the latter of which some of our friends have been greatly inconvenienced, the water running in upon them the whole of the night.

*Wednesday, June 29, 1825.*

A perfect calm. The appearance of the morning like spring in England. I was suddenly called upon deck, whilst setting to rights my delightful little cabin, to see a shoal of whales, which made their appearance about three or four miles to the westward. No doubt a little surprise would be excited, how, at that distance, we could discover what sort of living creatures they were ; but this is easily to be known, for the water spouted up many yards above the surface of the sea, and

in immense quantities, by the whale, alone is a sufficient proof; though, at such a distance, the spouting from the whale had the appearance of a torrent of rain. I indulged a hope they would approach a little nearer; in this I was not disappointed, for about ten o'clock, a small one was seen just a-stern. The captain proposed lowering a boat, and going in pursuit of him. Messrs. Exley and Hardy offered to accompany him. About half-past ten they launched forth; but the whale they had in view had made a great bound above the sea shewing his unwieldy body, and had gone down; however, many more appeared in the distance east of us, and our brave companions pursued their course. I suppose they went four or five miles, but without coming in close contact with any. My fears were not a little roused at perceiving an immense whale bound above the water, apparently in a violent passion, not very far from the boat, which seemed a little, insignificant speck upon the bosom of the deep. It was supposed to be about ninety feet long, and of such an immense weight, that when it fell upon the water, the noise produced, and the commotion, witnessed by us on

board the ship, though at a great distance, was similar to the launching of a ship; fortunately our friends in the boat did not perceive their danger so clearly as we did, or probably it might have intimidated them; as certainly their situation was most perilous. After cruising about an hour or two, they returned to us in safety; but without being able to give us any new information. Two of our friends being absent, we did not attend class-meeting this morning; which I rather regret, as that privilege we were last week prevented enjoying from the stormy weather.

*Thursday, June 30, 1825.*

Since one o'clock, a. m., we have had a charming NW breeze, which cheered our spirits, and encouraged us to hope, that we should now proceed rapidly to the Cape; but, alas, our fondest schemes and plans are frequently frustrated. About three o'clock, p. m., a message was sent from the officer on deck to announce the change of the wind to SE. We felt a little discouraged; but knowing the winds are under the control of our indulgent God, I feel determined, without anxiety, to

commit our case wholly to him, being well assured that all will turn out well. The evening, until about seven o'clock, continued dismal and rainy; after that time it cleared up, and the pale orb of night shone with clear, chaste lustre. My dear husband informed me, on returning from deck, that there was no appearance of a favourable change. When I had returned to my own cabin this evening, the thought crossed my mind, that three months had elapsed since I had taken upon myself the important situation of a Missionary's wife. I felt regret, though so long a time I had been under the protection of one of the best of men, I had made so little sensible improvement; but I now feel determined to devote myself more unreservedly to my Supreme Good, and evidence before my husband, and all other friends by whom I am surrounded, that I am a Christian in every sense of the word.

*Friday, July 1, 1825.*

The recollection that six months of this year have gone into eternity, has very much affected my mind. Days, weeks, and months

fly in rapid succession; and I feel it my bounden duty to inquire, what report they have borne to heaven. I regret to say, that the answer I have to return is not satisfactory; my improvement has been very, very far below my privileges; it is high time to awake out of sleep. I know not how short the time of my probation may be. I have frequent calls. This feeble tenement of clay is often severely shaken. The last fortnight my chest has been materially affected. I have scarcely ever breathed the air without being much troubled with a short puffing cough. I feel the warning needful to be often repeated

*Prepara por encontra teu Deos.*

Our lat. 33°, long. 6°.

*Monday and Tuesday, July 4 and 5, 1825.*

Saturday night a strong breeze sprung up from the NW, which continued the whole of Sunday, and prevented prayers on deck. Myself a great invalid in bed the whole of the day. After retiring to rest on the preceding evening pretty well, I was suddenly and violently affected with difficulty of breathing; after remaining about half an hour in a very dis-



tressing state from pressure on the chest, I was considerably relieved by profuse vomiting. About one o'clock a. m., the sickness abated, and I slept a few hours comfortably. In the morning, however, I was visited by my late unpleasant companion ; in the forenoon of the day I quite recovered, and hope to feel better for some time from my late exercise. I believe my little indisposition was brought on by stooping a great deal, when the ship was in violent motion.

Monday, the wind continued high, but favourable ; we were going about 7 miles an hour, and as we are lying our direct course, we are shortening our voyage. On the approach of night the wind rose considerably, and we were apprehensive of a severe night ; in this our expectations were realized, for about eight o'clock the wind became furious, the sea rose high, and washed over our decks every moment ; the poor men were up to the knees constantly in water ; and our captain was determined on carrying as much sail as possible. About two o'clock the wind changed, and came quite a-stern ; from some mismanagement on deck the ship was

taken a-back; our situation at this time was most dangerous; supposing a heavy sea had come over our stern we must have inevitably perished; and it was a very probable case; for as the tremendous waves were striking with great fury our little bark, the pressure of water against our dead lights was such that I expected every moment to be deluged: but that God who hath promised to protect his children in safety, when passing through the watery deep, graciously interposed in our behalf; the ship was got round again, and no material damage ensued. Some of our sails, and masts were terribly tried; however, after thorough hard toiling, and a good degree of care, on the part of the captain and sailors, the long-wished for morning arrived, and I was glad to be informed that we had not suffered much damage. My dear husband and myself arose in the morning greatly fatigued for want of rest; yet with an increase of gratitude to our indulgent Father, who had so signally interfered, and saved us from a watery grave. The feelings of my heart are well described by the Poet:—

If in this feeble flesh I may  
Awhile shew forth thy praise,  
Jesus support this tottering clay,  
And lengthen out my days!

*Tuesday, July 5, 1825.*

The appearance of the sea is most turbulent. The cuddy is miserably uncomfortable, the sea pouring down the skylights in torrents; and in fine, with extreme difficulty, could we sit at dinner; the table and floor were in a constant swim. O how disconsolate every place, except my little cabin looks; but that, with a little help from one of the boys, I manage to keep in tolerable order.

It is an old proverb, "After a storm comes a calm;" and so it proved in our case; for a complete calm ensued in the evening. I had hoped to rest well to-night; but I fear the contrary, as our ship rolls most tremendously. I hope, however, our breeze will soon return; for I had rather put up with the unpleasant motion, &c. &c., under a consideration that we are going eight or nine knots an hour, than that we should be becalmed for the sake of a little rest. Another thought also induces me earn-

estly to long for a strong favourable breeze ; that is, for fear we should be short of water. Our captain informed us to-day at dinner, that we must be put on short allowance ; where three quarts have been given, that we must be reduced to one and a half, and no water for washing, &c. This is really distressing news, and makes us extremely anxious to double the Cape, that we may at least get into the Indian Ocean, when we hope to obtain a replenish ; the time fixed by our captain for our arrival at the Isle of France is the 31st of July.

*Wednesday, July 6, and Thursday, 7, 1825.*

We had our little class-meeting this morning. It was truly made a means of spiritual good to my soul. O how much we are favoured, by having the privilege of meeting together in peace, none daring to molest us in our present situation ! In the midst of the South Atlantic Ocean, those meetings are peculiarly precious. We can never sit down to enter minutely into the state and experience of our own minds, without feeling what language

is too poor to express, in consideration of the tender mercy of God, in so graciously protecting us, hitherto, in safety, and giving us such fine weather; for, with the exception of two stormy terrific nights, we have constantly had fine weather since we left England, which is now more than three months. Thursday the wind increased wonderfully during the night; we had been going nine knots an hour nearly all the night; it is now one o'clock, p. m., and it still continues, the sea washing over us every few minutes; and we have reason to expect a terrible night; but I don't feel alarmed. He who ruleth the raging seas is our God; and I doubt not, will be our guide even to the end.

*Friday, July 8, 1825.*

The wind lowered much last night, but our motions were most violent, so as entirely to prevent sound sleep. My dear husband has consequently arisen this morning extremely unwell, from our excessive rolling last night, and this morning. We suppose we are on the bank of Agulhas. The weather is very cold:

Mr. Exley and myself sensibly feel the change from heat to the very opposite.

*Saturday, July 9, 1825.*

I have the satisfaction to know that we have doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and that we are now on the bank of Agulhas; the captain sounded this morning, and found we were in 75 fathoms (viz., 150 yards) water. In reflecting upon the last thirteen weeks that our little company have spent on the mighty deep, I feel laid under the most binding, and increasing obligations to adore, and increasingly praise, that gracious Being who hath hitherto so mercifully protected us from innumerable dangers, both seen and unseen.

*Wednesday, July 13, 1825.*

Have been so extremely unwell this week, as not to be able to appear in the cuddy before dinner. The rolling of the ship is terrible; but I feel willing to bear it without complaining, as our wind is fair, and we are going upon eight knots an hour. I feel somewhat disappointed that we cannot have our class-meeting to day, but my indisposition prevents it.

*Thursday, July 14, 1825.*

Last night I was truly terrified. About 12 o'clock, I was awake by the vivid flashes of lightning which played about our cabin, and by the report of distant thunder. My alarm was very great upon considering that we had 80 barrels of gunpowder just under our heads. It continued about an hour without intermission; and several flashes coming across my face, affected my eye-sight. The chief mate, being on deck, came down to call up the captain, who was sound asleep, though we were all trembling with fear. He went on deck, and found the poor men most terribly alarmed, as for several minutes they were completely blind. Upon the return of morning I felt great joy, at the recollection that throughout the night, when the vivid lightnings and loud peals of thunder were driving about our little bark, (and it contained a great quantity of combustible materials,) we had been safe: these signal mercies demand my loudest thanks and most unfeigned praise. Was able to-day to write to some of my intimate friends in England.

*Saturday, July 16, 1825.*

Strong NW breeze, going our course delightfully; eight and nine knots an hour is our general average, the sea washes over us every minute in rather a terrifying manner; our ship is so constructed that the decks are never dry, and this renders walking very dangerous. Our long. more than  $30^{\circ}$  reminds me of our near approach to the Isle of France; and that it is necessary to commence letter-writing in good earnest. I hope during the next week the weather will be propitious, that my largest and fondest hopes and wishes, with reference to communicating intelligence to my ever *dear friends*, may be accomplished. Our allowance in water is very scanty, and we have farther diminution in prospect.

*Wednesday, July 20, 1825.*

How little are our finite minds acquainted with what an hour may bring forth! A recent circumstance has occurred which has impressed the truth of this assertion indelibly on my heart. Having no fire in the cuddy on Saturday last, and the weather being very cold, my dear husband requested after dinner that I would



go on deck to take a walk and warm myself. Agreeably to his wish, I went; and after walking with Mr. C. a few minutes, the captain very politely offered his arm, which of course was accepted; and Mr. C., having a more important engagement, left me in charge of the captain. Unfortunately, a sea washing over the deck, and the ship giving a most terrible roll, so as really to go on her beam-ends, my foot slipped, and I fell with great violence on my face near the captain: the fall deprived me for many minutes of sense, and I was taken down to my cabin besmeared with blood in a terrible plight. Hartshorn, and many other remedies being speedily applied, I soon recovered, and was able to ascertain where the wound had been inflicted: to my no small sorrow, I found it to be a very deep cut across the nose; which most probably will leave a mark to the end of my life: however, it might have been considerably worse; and I felt thankful that my *poor face* was the only part of my body that was injured. It is swelled to an enormous size; and now, that it is changing colour, I am not fit to be seen by mortal eye: my husband actually declares, that had he met

me in any other place, he should not have known me. I have, however, every kind attention and comfort my circumstances will admit of; and I hope in the course of a few days, to be able to resume my seat at the dinner-table.

*Monday, July 25, 1825.*

A very strong favourable breeze; we are indeed almost flying through the waters. Last night was truly awful: about 10 o'clock it came on to blow tremendously; the sea rose mountains high; and for many minutes we were altogether under an immense body of water; indeed the ship's head was never out of water; our cabin was nearly deluged; the water poured down the skylights by gallons; whilst it was blowing hurricanes of wind, the boat which is raised considerably above the bulwarks, was actually swimming on the sea; and altogether with wind, rain, and a heavy sea, I began to feel alarmed for our safety. In the midst of my anxious distress, (when my dear husband had gone on deck, to see how all was going on there,) the words of the Poet occurred to my mind with great force, and afforded an

alleviation of what I had suffered a few minutes before :—

The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas,—  
This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our love.

Feeling that I could by adoption claim this great Ruler of the universe as my reconciled Father through the Son of his love, my mind regained composure ; and after a few hours' sleep, I awoke somewhat refreshed. The wind which we had reckoned carrying us to the Isle of France, left us yesterday, and we are now going directly south. Our stock of water is very low indeed; the order issued this day is, we must only have one cup of tea, and salt water to wash in : this is a sad trouble ; and under the consideration that now we are going farther from the Isle of France, than we were several days since, increases the distressing feeling much. Surely that God whom we have hitherto trusted, will soon cause the winds to change, and waft us to the desired haven.

Our winds for the last week have been very

changeable and contrary, which is peculiarly trying in our situation, our stock of eatables and drinkables being very nearly exhausted. Yesterday, we had our little class-meeting, having been prevented the week before on account of my indisposition ; from which I feel now glad to say, I hope I have nearly recovered. We also had service upon deck ; Mr. H. read prayers, and Mr. C. read a sermon from these words, " How can those that are accustomed to do evil learn to do well ? " I felt it more profitable than for many weeks past ; a greater number of the men attended than have done for some time, and all paid great attention. Oh that the good seed sown on board this ship may produce some fruit to the glory of God !

*Wednesday, July 27, 1825.*

I really feel somewhat discouraged about the wind, which is now driving us with fury, *far, very far* from the Isle of France ; our last cask of water but one is in broach ; and it is uncertain when we are likely to get a favourable breeze ; there is no appearance of a change at present ; for the last few days we have been running many degrees farther eastward than

we were ; and on return of a favourable wind, we must retrace our steps, to regain our lost way. Our captain seems low-spirited, and altogether uncomfortable ; our little meeting this morning cheered us ; we found that indeed and of a truth, the Lord was, according unto his promise, near unto all that call upon him. I felt my faith increased, my joy and peace abundantly renewed, and my soul earnestly desiring to be filled with all the mind of Christ.

*Friday, July 29, 1825.*

Yesterday, when I arose in the morning, the first news I heard were, that we had a contrary wind. I endeavoured to keep up my spirits ; but it was with difficulty that I could effect it. About noon, a ship appearing in sight, our expectations were raised, as we hoped to receive a little water from them. But, alas ! our fond hopes were soon frustrated : she kept a considerable distance, and proved to be a Dutch fishing-vessel ; therefore, no relief from that quarter. I am happy to say, that last night the wind changed ; the head of our ship is now NW. Thank the Lord for this favourable breeze ; may it con-

tinue till we arrive at our place of destination! We have now nearly got out of the latitude of the pigeons, only one or two have been seen about for many days ; there is something particular respecting our voyage ; but every person going to the East must necessarily experience the same, though probably have not noticed it; *viz.* that one-fourth of the globe we have run over in one latitude; we began to make casting in long. 29, lat. and continued in the same lat. to long. 62.

*Monday, Aug. 1, 1825.*

After exercising a little more patience, on Sunday evening, about nine o'clock, we made the Isle of France. Our feelings were indescribable. The mercy and goodness of our heavenly Father, were so very conspicuous in rescuing us from our very trying situation, that I believe every heart overflowed with gratitude. Being a very strong wind on the land, and a dangerous shore to approach near, we were necessitated to run out to sea for many hours ; at day-break the following morning we tacked about, and at noon got to the entrance of the river, when a pilot came on

board, and conducted us safely into the harbour, where we cast anchor. Our captain informs us that probably we shall be detained a fortnight; for which I feel rather sorry; my anxiety is great to arrive at our place of destination: however, all has hitherto been well, and I trust will continue so.

*Wednesday, Aug. 3, 1825.*

My dear husband went on shore to procure lodgings; but was disappointed. There is only one house in the town where they take families; and that so dull, dirty, and uncomfortable, that Mr. C. recommends my staying on board: this quite meets my view, and I feel rather glad of it.

*Thursday, Aug. 4, 1825.*

I find that even in this dark benighted and distant country my dear husband is not altogether unknown. We have received several invitations to dinner from the most respectable inhabitants: amongst the rest, Col. Wade, Col. Le Strange, and Major Bates, are the most remarkable; the two former gentlemen being quite unknown to Mr. C. even by name; the

latter insisted upon our staying altogether with them till our ship sailed. The *kindness, hospitality,* and generosity, of that *amiable family,* will never be erased from my mind. The marked attention we received from the Adjutant-General (who several times drove me out in his carriage) was really beyond anything we could have expected; and I doubt not will do much in raising or bringing into notice the Wesleyan Missionaries, who before this time appear to have been quite unknown. Our minds were also at rest respecting the children; for the comptroller of the Customs being struck with their similarity to his younger brothers in England, took an amazing fancy to them, and requested them as his visitors during our stay. Mr. Exley was also entertained very kindly, through the interference of Mr. C., by Lieutenant Vicars; therefore, we felt quite happy and comfortable, that our little party were so well disposed of. One pleasing circumstance occurred that will render future reflection on our visit to the Mauritius very encouraging and delightful: it is as follows:—My dearest husband was requested by a London Missionary, resident there, to preach in his school-room; the offer



was accepted; a great congregation assembled; amongst the rest, several officers from H. M. S. of war, lying in the harbour; two of them, *viz.* the gunner and a midshipman, were scripturally and deeply convinced of sin; and from the information communicated by the first, we have every reason to believe they will not rest till they can with confidence say, "My God is reconciled." The labours of brother Hardy were similarly blessed to some soldiers.

We were longer detained than we had reckoned upon, by a Dr. Burke purposing to go with us; however, the time passed very pleasantly, and we enjoyed good health, till three days previously to our departure, when I was taken exceedingly unwell; the circumstances of the case appeared to be such as to admit of no speedy relief; therefore, I considered it the best to *pray* for patience, and submit quietly to my fate. I found in Mrs. Bates all the thought and considerate attention of a mother: this was truly kind, as I particularly needed a little advice at this time.

*Friday, Aug. 19, 1825.*

Our captain gave us information that we

must sail ; accordingly, we collected our little company and went on board. About seven o'clock, p. m., we got under weigh, and were dashing through in fine style, when a poor negro made his appearance, who had secreted himself five days and nights in the hold, for the purpose of being delivered from his inhuman master, who had a few days before, beat him for a trivial offence in a most inhuman manner. This stopped our progress, and we were obliged to turn back in order to land the poor wretch. Most happy should I have been to have rescued this suffering fellow-creature from the galling and abominable bond of slavery ; but this could not be effected : the fine levied on persons taking a slave from the Island is enormous ; and more than that, the ship would most probably have been seized had she ever returned. We could therefore only sympathize with the poor sufferer, and heartily pray that the time might soon arrive when such an anti-christian, inhuman, cruel, abominable and detestable practice as slave-dealing may finally be put a stop to, and the sons of Ham may enjoy the same liberty with which we are privileged.

Monday, Aug. 22, 1825.

A very strong breeze continuing, we are going at the rate of eight knots an hour : this is extremely unfavourable for my indisposition. I have never been able to leave my couch either night or day since we sailed ; our other friends are much in the same plight ; the motion is such, that even my dear husband is affected by it.

After suffering three long weeks from uninterrupted sickness, by which I was reduced to such a state of weakness and debility, as to be quite unable to cross the cabin floor without the assistance of *my never failing friend*, we made the island of Ceylon. My feelings were of a different kind from anything experienced before. The idea of entering into a new sphere of action, and having to support such a responsible character as that of a Missionary's wife, amongst strangers, unknowing and unknown ; feeling my youth and inexperience, and inability to discharge those various duties which will devolve upon me ; these and similar thoughts occupied my mind for many days previously to our making land, and not unfrequently produced a temporary depression. However, I looked back

with some degree of satisfaction on the various concurring circumstances which conspired to induce me to accept my present situation; and, confidently believing that the Lord clearly had pointed out my way, I felt encouraged to pray for that wisdom, prudence, and knowledge, which are promised in God's holy Word to those who ask in faith; and I firmly believe the particular blessings I stand in need of will be granted, and my coming to this country will be made a blessing to my immortal soul.

*Tuesday, Sept. 1825.*

Through mercy we safely cast anchor in Colombo roads. About five o'clock, p. m., our respected friend Mr. M'Kenny brought a boat to convey us on shore; the idea of once more taking up our residence on firm ground, after a tedious voyage of five months, failed not to produce very pleasurable feelings; at half past seven, we arrived at the Mission-House, and were very kindly received by sister M'Kenny; brothers Callaway, Gogerly, and Bridgnell, met us at tea, and very affectionately congratulated us on our safe arrival; I immediately felt at home, as Mrs. M'Kenny

treats me with the kindness of a daughter, and we hope to find in her a valuable friend. After settling a day or two, I began to inquire into the state of religion; and was a little disappointed to find it at what I thought a low ebb. The English congregations are small, and the class-meeting very indifferently attended. No female class-meeting, consequently my sisters have no helps of this sort which we prize so much in England. I think such means of grace so indispensably necessary to the prospering of the soul,—I mean, where they can be enjoyed,—that I have determined to accompany my dear husband to a class-meeting conducted by one of the Missionaries in the school-room adjoining the chapel. My determination of so doing was a matter of surprise to a respected *friend*, and produced an exclamation of, “Oh dear, you will not like it, there are none but men!” &c. My answer was, “*Really*, I have been so many months, from peculiar circumstances, necessitated to meet in class with gentlemen, and having received many great blessings amongst them, I feel quite willing to do the same again, and to do violence to that squeamish delicacy which perhaps I might formerly have felt. The

benefit of class-meetings I have found to be such, that I could not conscientiously neglect them."

I have twice attended those little meetings ; our number was small ; but the Lord deigned to meet with us, and increase our spiritual strength. I was particularly delighted with the experience of a native, who in broken English expressed his views and feelings so scripturally, humbly, and with such zeal, that I fancied myself in one of our Yorkshire country meetings. After a good deal of thought, it is determined that at present we shall reside at Colpetty. This I am very desirous of doing ; as I am assured it will greatly benefit both the health of my dear husband and myself, for we have already begun to feel the relaxing effects of a tropical clime ; indeed it appears absolutely requisite for the recovery of my health, for ever since my arrival, I have not got strength as I hoped to have done ; the least bustle or exertion overpowers me, and loudly reminds me that this feeble frame would soon decay without great care and attention ; but, praise the Lord, he has given me every thing I want of temporal good, in one of the kindest, most indulgent, and affec-

tionate of husbands, who is ever ready to participate in my sorrows, and endeavour by every possible means to remove any little indisposition to which I am subject. Such a gift is indeed doubly to be prized in a country like this, where but few can feel or know how to sympathize with the afflicted or to relieve the distressed.

*Sunday morning, Octr. 23, 1825.*

Being prevented attending the public means of grace, I think I cannot better employ a few moments, than by simply detailing the feelings of my mind since my arrival in Colombo, and particularly during the past fortnight. Several circumstances have transpired of late highly gratifying; one indeed has afforded me exquisite pleasure; I allude to a meeting (a social tea-party) held at our house last Monday, for the purpose of taking into consideration the utility and necessity of establishing a *female class-meeting*; after a good deal of conversation, it was intimated that sister M'Kenny should act as leader, on account of *seniority*; to this, however, she objected; and it was finally determined that

N. Mooyaart, Esqr., should take the charge. I feel much pleased with the arrangement, believing that through the blessing of Almighty God we shall prosper. We are to meet on a Wednesday evening, seven o'clock p. m., at the Mission-house, Colombo: we shall commence with about four or five, but trust for an increase.

Sir Richard Ottley was one of the little party, and condescendingly took the whole of family worship; he appears a most devoted pious man, and, I am sure, from his decided conduct, must greatly recommend true religion; his deportment and demeanour are those of the most humble, holy, and conscientious Christian; and to sum up his character, I think it may truly be said, he is a good man, and possesses the mind of Christ. On Friday evening, whilst my dear husband was spending a short time with Sir R., the state of religious feeling in general became the subject of conversation; it was lamented, that even professing Christians felt towards each other the most strange and distant reserve; to obviate this great failure between religious friends, it was proposed that a meeting should be commenced similar to our *fellowship-meet-*



*ings* in England, when all present indiscriminately might state their views and feelings of the love of God, union with Christ, and other branches of religion which may then present themselves. Sir R. made an offer of his house for the first meeting, and Tuesday is the day proposed. O that this may be a means of our closer union to each other!

I feel my own mind wants renewing and quickening in love; spiritual duties are too often performed in a careless indifferent manner; I do not exert myself so much for the good of my perishing fellow-creatures, as it is my duty. I am afraid of being immoderately attached to the *creature*, and not so exclusively giving my heart to God as he hath commanded me; thus I feel, that I need an increase of all the graces of the Holy Spirit, particularly, patience, forbearance, long-suffering, charity, &c. &c. Do thou, O gracious Father, vouchsafe the blessings ardently desired; and may I from this time, manifest nothing contrary to the mind and will of my divine Master! May the good of the perishing Heathen, ever animate my breast; and urge me to actions, that shall, through the blessing of a Supreme Power, be

made instrumental of future good to their immortal souls ! O that soon the Holy Spirit may descend, and sweetly subdue our whole souls to his sway ; that our proposed meetings may be mutually beneficial, and be a means of uniting us to each other, and binding us more closely to our living Head in all things ! May the world have to say of us, " See how these Christians love one another ! " Amen, so let it be.

O Lord, do thou mercifully keep me from, in any measure, departing from *thee* ! I am sure, in this relaxing climate, it is doubly necessary that we should attend all the means of grace, both public and private ; and let no opportunity slip of getting good to our immortal souls.

Our very worthy friend, Sir R. Ottley, ready on all occasions to advance the glory of his divine Master, proposed a meeting at his house last Thursday ; and I am glad to say, we had a most interesting, comfortable meeting. Mr. Lambrick, Church-Missionary, conducted the meeting in a very profitable and simple manner ; all present appeared most cordially to unite in wishing that it might be regularly held, at stated periods ; of course, that was

agreed to; and, I am happy to say, it was fixed for every fortnight, on a Friday evening. May the divine blessing descend, and fill our souls with pure love !

*Sunday morning, Feb. 20, 1826.*

A variety of circumstances have occurred of late, to prevent my regularly noting down the dealing of the Lord with my soul. Indisposition, and incapability of sitting to write for any long time, have been the principal. However, I have frequently found it very profitable to examine into the secrets of my heart, when alone; and I think, upon candid judgment, I can say, " Lord, my love does not decrease; I am desirous as ever, to be altogether thine, body and soul devoted to thy service and will." This is my present experience; but how have I generally felt during the past two or three months? I have been the subject of strong *trials and temptations*; the enemy has often poured in on my soul as a flood, and sometimes my faith has wavered: at all times I have been enabled to resist him by the strength of my omnipotent Saviour; and I feel assured the latter would always have been the case, had I made imme-

diate application to a throne of grace; but, alas! alas! I have many lessons of humility and dependence to learn: yet, trusting in my own steadfastness, and imaginary strength, I thought to stand firm, and resist the enemy's suggestions; but I invariably found, by painful experience, that infinite power and wisdom were necessary to repel the arch fiend. I trust I shall greatly benefit by what I have suffered. I feel glad to hear from my beloved husband, that the monthly and weekly meetings are kept up with increasing interest. I am prevented attending these, on account of my peculiar circumstances; yet I hear good news from him, and I sincerely trust, they will become increasingly profitable. Our female class, I am happy to say, is going on well; we have got an acquisition in sister Hume; and I hope in the course of a week we shall have another addition in Mrs. Driberg, who has just arrived from Jaffna, full of *life and zeal*; I really anticipate her joining our little band, with peculiar feelings of pleasure and delight. I called on her the other day, and have good reason to think *her* a true Christian; happy in the possession of much of the love of God. It is really

delightful in this heathen land, and so far removed from eminent and very devoted Christians, to meet with one here and there, that appear to know what union and communion with God is; and of such, I rejoice to say, we have a few in our small society. May I be stirred up to greater duty and diligence, that I may exemplify in every word and action, the mind and will of my divine Master. A change is about to take place in our domestic affairs, that I feel rather sorry for; brother M'Kenny is stationed for *Caltura*, and my much loved husband is obliged to reside at the Mission-House. Next week we shall be obliged to remove, from this cottage of content, peace, harmony, and retirement, to the bustle and confusion of the *Pettah*.

O do thou, my heavenly Father, endow me with wisdom, patience, meekness, and a sound judgment in all things, that I may be a comfort and help-mate to my dear husband, useful to my perishing and benighted fellow-creatures, and an ornament to the church of Christ!

In every future proceeding of life, may I be guided by unerring wisdom, and implicitly obey the openings of divine Providence! I wish

not at any time to follow my own will, in personal feelings, convinced that if I do, I shall get wrong; but simply depending on promised *aid*, I enter on that sphere of action which divine Wisdom hath appointed me, and I feel determined in that strength, to devote my residue of days, more than ever, to the service and glory of my heavenly Master. A critical moment is near, a time of suffering and trial; yet I do not feel discouraged or distressed. Should the Lord see good to spare me to become the living mother of a living child, I trust he will give me wisdom and prudence to train it up for *his glory*; and if not, should the mother sacrifice her own life in giving birth to the *child*, yet I trust my dear husband will be spared to nurture it for the Lord; and I know all will be well,—life, or death.

*Sunday, March 12, 1826.*

For the few past weeks the afflictions of body I have experienced have at times greatly depressed my spirits; chiefly on this account, a fear that I shall be incapable of exerting myself much for the good of the Heathen. We

have taken up our abode at the Mission-House, and I find the change very unfavourable to my health; indeed, ever since I left *Colpetty* I have been quite an invalid; the least exertion has been fatiguing beyond description. I trust, however, this time of weakness and languor will soon terminate, and that I shall be restored to a tolerable degree of health and strength.

With respect to my religious experience;—on the whole I trust I am making some advances in the divine life. I daily see more and more the inbred corruptions of my own heart; and I feel increasingly desirous to have these bitter weeds eradicated. I am well aware that my peace and joy will be subject to many and repeated interruptions while these remain, and that my improvement in divine things will be considerably retarded; I wish to be the subject of feelings similar to those of the Poet, when he penned these lines :—

My vehement soul cries out oppress,  
Impatient to be freed;  
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,  
Till I am saved indeed.

It greatly rejoices my heart to see and hear our congregations increasing both in town and country. Surely the good seed will take root in many hearts, and bring forth fruit, to the glory of God!

I feel encouraged to hope and believe, this will be the case; and I think the opinion of some of our most pious characters is the same.

Our little class has got two additional members; one is Mrs. Driberg, and the other a Mrs. Gawin, whose husband died a few weeks ago, rejoicing in the Lord who had saved him from the fear of death, and given him a hope blooming with immortality.

The last week we have received intelligence from England, and the perusal of it has been a source of comfort and encouragement. The blessed work of conversion is going on; and though our society has not received an increase equal to the former year, yet it is generally believed that piety is deepening, and holiness of heart becoming a doctrine more universally accredited, and the blessing earnestly sought after.



*Sunday, May 22, 1826.*

Manifold and great have been the Lord's mercies towards me during the past two months. In reviewing the tender goodness of my heavenly Father, I feel overwhelmed with gratitude and love.

In the time of nature's sorrow I have been most graciously supported, and made the mother of a dear little boy, which I most solemnly dedicate to *Thee, O my Lord!* If his life be spared, my greatest ambition is to see him truly devoted to his father's God, and engaged in the glorious work of preaching the glad tidings of the Gospel to the benighted Heathen.

My Christian experience has been varied of late: in the time of greatest sufferings I feel constant peace and joy; but when my sufferings were in a great measure abated, I then felt strong temptations to peevishness and irritability! O the wickedness of the human heart! I had just seen the providential hand of my God exerted in my behalf; and my heart was so overpowered, that I resolved never to grieve him more; but alas! alas! I fear those resolutions were made depending on my own strength; for no sooner did any trifling

vexation present itself, than I gave way to a fretful disposition, which I am sure is contrary to the advice of my adored Master; who admonishes us, his children, to take no thought for the morrow, but in every thing, by prayer and supplication, to make known our requests to the bountiful Benefactor of every good we enjoy. Had I by simple faith relied on the promises, and by earnest prayer implored divine assistance, I should have been delivered from the snare; but, parleying with the enemy, I sustained spiritual loss: however, better experience has taught me my weakness and incapability to resist the tempter, without divine aid, and my constant prayer is now,

Quick as the apple of an eye,  
 O God, my conscience make;  
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
 And keep it still awake.

O may the least omission pain  
 My well instructed soul,  
 And drive me to the Blood again  
 Which makes the wounded whole!

It is very frequently a source of great depression of spirits to me, that my health con-

tiues very indifferent; my extreme weakness is such that I am perfectly useless in my family. Consequently, domestic concerns devolve in a great measure upon my beloved husband. On this account I feel acutely. He is really so harassed, tried, and fatigued, with the business connected with the management of so large an establishment, together with his own concerns as an author, &c. &c., that I am extremely sorry to add to the burden a part of my work, which I am incapable of attending to; however, I must leave this. *The Lord does all things well*; and I will not be anxious about the future. He knows what is best for us, and I am sure he will do what is right; I am thankful for that gracious *promise*, "As thy days so shall thy strength be."

*Sunday, June 4, 1826.*

This day we agreed to have our dear little infant baptized. Brother M'Kenny, being in Colombo on account of our annual Missionary meeting, which was fixed for the 7th inst., performed the solemn ceremony, immediately preceding the sacrament. We call him *Benjamin Morley Clough*. O! if spared to us,

may he prove a comfort ; may divine grace early illumine his mind ; and may he be a useful member of society, and instrumental, in the hands of God, of extensive good to his perishing fellow-creatures !

*Tuesday, June 6, 1826.*

To-day we have had the monthly Missionary Prayer-meeting at our house. Brother Bridg-nell delivered the address from 1 Peter, Chap. viii. verse 4: "And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves." The exhortation was very appropriate ; and many excellent observations were made on the subject by the gentlemen present. We breakfasted about forty, spent three or four hours in religious conversation and prayer, took tiffin, and separated about two o'clock, p. m. It is truly delightful to witness a scene like this in a heathen land ; we really seem almost to forget the immense ocean that separates us from England, and could fancy ourselves in some of our largest towns or cities, associating with the blessed of the earth.

This evening we had our sermon. A very respectable congregation, chiefly European, all

appeared deeply attentive, and I trust some good might be done.

*Wednesday, June 7, 1826.*

Our annual meeting commenced at 7 o'clock, p. m. Sir R. Ottley took the chair; the report was read by Mr. M'Kenny; after which Capt. Schneider, Major Andain, Doctor Frazer, I. N. Mooyaart, Esq., J. Brown, Esq., J. Stewart, Esq., S. Beaufort, Esq., Rev. J. Chater, Gogeryly, Bridgnell, Clough, and Mr. Exley, severally spoke on the subject of the meeting. I should not omit, that a Chevalier from the continent of Europe, happening to be on a visit at Captain S., requested to read a speech, which, of course, was readily agreed to. Being delivered in French, it was unintelligible to the greatest part of the company; but our kind friend Mr. M. has engaged to translate it for us; therefore I hope soon to see it in my own mother-tongue. The collections exceed those of any former year. Truly we have cause for gratitude to God, that the prospect before us is I think at least encouraging. O Lord make bare thy wonder-working arm, and subject the heathen world to thy sway!

Having had a great deal of fatigue lately, I feel at present quite unwell; the heat is almost intolerable, and affects me most miserably at night, by preventing me from sleeping. I trust when I get a little more composed I shall feel better.

*Sunday, June 11, 1826.*

I have been prevented from attending divine service this evening by the indisposition of my dear little boy. O! enable me, heavenly Father, to commit him to thy gracious care!

*Sunday, Aug. 16, 1826.*

Of late I have been called to pass through great suffering of body, and violent exertions of mind; but, through all my heavenly Father hath graciously brought me; and I can say, that I firmly believe these trials have had a sanctified effect upon my mind.

*Monday, Aug. 17, 1826.*

I had a severe attack of fever. My dear husband called in medical assistance; and by the blessing of God the means made use of, considerably abated the disorder, and removed

the alarming symptoms : but those means were so powerful, that I was reduced to a state of weakness almost indescribable. My spirits were greatly depressed on account of my dear baby, whom I was nursing, fearing he would partake of my illness ; but my distress was greatly augmented, when Dr. Whitfield informed me that he must *insist* on my giving up nursing. His decided and candid opinion was, that if I continued doing it, I should throw myself into a rapid *decline*, and probably be in my grave in the course of a few months. O may I from this time unreservedly give up my own will, and in all things be guided by the unerring Spirit of God !

Good when he gives, supremely good,  
Nor less when he denies ;  
Afflictions from his sovereign hand,  
Are blessings in disguise.

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[The foregoing I believe was the last entry Mrs. Clough ever made in her Journal. From this time till nearly her death, she had much to engage her attention. The concerns of our establishment in Colombo are so numerous,

and urgent, that the brother and sister stationed there have much to do. I have thousands of times regretted, that we had so little time allowed us for spiritual engagements; and it has often been a source of pain to me that I could not leave the place; but such parts of labour must be occupied by some one. And it has always been my maxim, not to choose for myself, but to leave my appointment in the hands of God. B. CLOUGH.]

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### LETTERS.

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*Port Lewis, Aug. 13, 1825.*

MY BELOVED PARENTS,

WITH unspeakable feelings of gratitude and pleasure, I inform you of our voyage, and safe arrival at this place. We left Madeira, May 8, after staying three days, in which time we had an opportunity of seeing every thing that appears to be interesting to strangers. The climate is most delightful: vines, oranges, lemons, citrons, &c., grow wild in great abundance. The town of Funchal is but a poor, meanly-built place. The wind was contrary when we left,



and we proceeded but slowly for a week or two, until we got into the trade-winds. June 4th, we crossed the equinoctial, with a fine breeze. The heat was oppressive, and rendered me unfit for any exertion. The latter end of June we drew near the Cape ; squally, cold weather commenced. Our rigging, not being in very good order, frequently trembled and disappeared before the stormy blast. This was quite a new scene to me; but I retained the same confidence in God, who I believed would bring us safely through. For a whole month the water was washing over the decks, and frequently was three or four feet high. We now began to make full sail for the Isle of France ; but, from opposing winds, were obliged to run seven hundred miles to the eastward. Our stock of water and provisions was low, so that we were placed on short allowance for three weeks. When two hundred miles from land, our last cask of water was opened, and we were utterly *uncertain* as to the continuance of the wind. However, the God who can and will protect and satisfy those who put their trust in him, interfered in our behalf, causing the wind to be propitious ; and on Sunday,

Aug. 1, we safely arrived. My dear husband proposed that we should go on shore ; but, on inquiry, we found the charges so enormous, that I wished to remain on board. Some military gentlemen came on board, and invited us into the country to dine. The day following I received a polite invitation to dine at the Government-house ; and met there the Adjutant-General and his lady, who requested us to spend the Sabbath with them. The Colonel sent his carriage for us, and afterward drove us to the resident London Missionary's house. Another invitation we received from Major Bates, whom Mr. Clough slightly knew at Colombo. The Comptroller of the Customs also paid us every kind attention, taking my brother and nephews to his house. Yesterday, his Excellency, the Governor, requested Mr. Clough to spend the day with him at his country-house. Here also we met with Commodore Owen, who so liberally supported the mission at Delagoa Bay, and who is desirous of establishing one at Madagascar. Mr. Clough has preached three times, and Mr. Hardy once. The kindness of all we have met with on this island is unbounded. I have made some pro-

gress in Portuguese. My health is much improved.

M. M. C.

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*To the same.*

*Colombo, Sept. 9, 1825.*

WE left the Isle of France, Aug. 19th, with a fine breeze, and proceeded rapidly towards Ceylon; which we made on Monday, Sept. 6th, and on Tuesday cast anchor in Colombo roads. My dear friends will have some faint idea how I felt on this occasion, after so long a voyage, and now to enter on an untried scene of action. Mr. M'Kenny brought two boats to take us and our little party on shore, and expressed great delight at Mr. Clough's return. A gig and palanquin awaited our arrival at the port, and took us to the Mission-house, where Mrs. M'Kenny received me with the kindness and affection of a parent. Mr. Hume came from Caltura on the Wednesday, to congratulate Mr. Clough on his return; and scarcely an hour has elapsed, since our arrival, but friends and visitors have called to pay their respects. I cease not to return my unfeigned thanks to God, who hath, in so remarkable a way, touched the hearts of this people towards the

Wesleyan Mission. The Church, the Baptist, and our missionaries, go hand in hand, and mutually assist one another. The Rev. Messrs. Chater, Lambrick, and several others, breakfasted with us the other morning in the most friendly manner. Last evening Mr. Clough drove me out through the cinnamon plantation and the esplanade, which is very delightful. Colombo appears to be one of the healthiest places within the tropics. The Bishop of Calcutta is here, and I hope to hear him preach to-morrow. I am soon to be introduced to Lady Barnes, who stands very high in the estimation of the people. Mr. Clough has introduced Messrs. Exley and Hardy to his Excellency the Governor, who received them in the most kind and courteous manner.

M. M. C.

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*To her Brother, Mr. Isaac Morley.*

*Colpetty, Nov. 6, 1825.*

OUR dwelling is so cool, that not often have I to complain of heat; indeed, sometimes I have to shut the doors to keep out the sea-breeze. The country all around is truly enchanting. The most elegant lofty trees, co-

vered with beautiful verdure ; flowers and plants of various descriptions, gracefully decorate the roads ; and, to crown the scene, a number of extensive lakes are interspersed. No stately mansions, no towering palaces, signify to travellers that the possessor is great or rich : nature alone is here to be admired ; and callous indeed is that heart which is not touched with love to God in such scenes as these. Greatly is it to be lamented, there are many who in gratitude fall short of the beasts which perish. May you and I, my dear Isaac, be preserved from falling into so foul a sin ! We have received unbounded kindness and attention from persons of every rank and station in the settlement, who all unite in testifying their great pleasure at my dear husband's return. I never remember being so well in England as I have been in Ceylon. The air and climate suit me exactly. I have altogether lost my head-ache.

M. M. C.

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*To her Parents.*

*Colombo, Nov. 11, 1825.*

WE remained about three weeks at the Mission-house, after which we removed to Colpetty.

Mr. Clough looks considerably better than ever he did in England. Brother Thomas retains all his life, activity, and healthy colour, and is very happy and cheerful. The Mission premises are extensive ; consisting of a handsome chapel, Mission-house, school-room, and library, in the front ; and behind, the printing-offices, schools, &c. We have English preaching twice on the Sabbath, and the congregation in the evening is good ; on Tuesday evening, Portuguese preaching, which is well attended ; and we have class and prayer meetings almost every evening in the week. We have some holy, devoted men amongst us in the higher walks of life. Our highly respected friend, Sir Richard Ottley, is one of the first. From him we have received the most marked attention. He has honoured me by coming to our house, to meet a few friends at tea ; and Mr. Clough and myself have the honour of visiting at his house. He is always the first to promote every good design. We enjoy the privilege of holding Christian communion with this pious Judge. His meekness, gentleness, and heavenly mindedness are ever conspicuous. Another very warm friend, and truly pious man, is R. Mooyaart,

Esq., a magistrate. A female class is now appointed: may the Lord give his blessing, and baptize us afresh with his Holy Spirit! We need quickening; without great care and watchfulness, spiritual duties will either be altogether neglected, or performed in a careless, indifferent manner. There is a little meeting held here, which I am sure you will be glad to hear of; *viz.*, a Missionary-meeting, held at different friends' houses once a month. After singing and prayer, the state of the Missions in general is related, an exhortation given, and, after breakfast, some time is employed in considering what is best to be done for promoting the spread of Christianity; and then conclude with earnest prayer to God for the promised outpouring of his Holy Spirit. M. M. C.

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*To the same.*

1825.

OUR native schools are in prosperity. Many who have been educated there are filling important situations under government, and others are employed as assistant-missionaries. I have had frequent opportunities of visiting them, and have always been pleased with their se-

rious, humble, affectionate deportment. I trust the number of native assistants will greatly encrease when we get an academy established, for which we are making preparations. The appearance of the country altogether exceeded my expectation ; it is rich and luxuriant. Did pure religion prevail here, it would be an earthly paradise. Still I have not forgot my dear native land. O no, she is doubly dear ; her privileges, her means of grace, are peculiar blessings ; the holy and devoted characters she contains, make me willing, could I be permitted, even to kiss the dust of the ground. In the course of God's all-wise providence, we are placed in this distant region ; and I trust we are willing to remain. Our whole desire is, to see souls converted ; for this end we are determined to exert every faculty ; and I sincerely trust the blessing of Almighty God will rest on our humble endeavours. I feel more than ever desirous to be singularly holy ; convinced that without great spirituality of mind, I shall rather injure and disgrace the great and glorious work in which I am engaged, than recommend it. Decision of character is absolutely requisite ; we have so much to do



with people of the world; we are so narrowly watched by them, that if there be the appearance of a flaw, it is soon magnified into a sin; therefore daily, momentary prayer and watchfulness are necessary, that in every place and on all occasions we may prove by a holy life, to whom we belong. I need scarcely say, pray for us. I have no doubt the Lord has answered the unnumbered prayers offered up for us by our English friends, not only in our prosperous voyage, but in our favourable reception and present prospects of usefulness.

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*To the same.*

*Colombo, Aug. 5, 1826.*

DOUBTLESS, my dear parents, you have heard ere this, of our little stranger, Benjamin Morley Clough; whom we have dedicated to God by solemn baptism. Through mercy, he enjoys uninterrupted health. The Missionary prospects are really delightful. Our congregations, Singhalese, Portuguese, and English, increase rapidly. Class and prayer meetings are well attended, and the native schools are in prosperity. Several new ones have been established during the past year, and upwards

of 600 have been added. Mr. M'Kenny, the resident Missionary at Caltura, informed me that in examining the society in that place he found, to his great surprise and satisfaction, that all the members (except one or two) had been eduzated in our schools. This I consider a very encouraging circumstance; it shews, too, the propriety of placing children early under religious instruction. In the month of June we held our Missionary Meeting; Sir R. Ottley in the chair. Several of the military officers and civilians gave us good speeches, and the collection exceeded every former one. The monthly Missionary Meetings increase in number and interest; at the last there were most pleasing accounts given of the conversion of the Heathen.

M. M. C.

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*To her Brother, Mr. Isaac Morley.*

*July 29, 1826.*

A FEW nights ago I witnessed a Mohammedan marriage. I had just retired to rest when I was roused by the sound of music. My curiosity excited me to get up and see what I expected would be a great show; and truly so it was. First there were 200 Moors carrying

lighted lamps on poles ; then seven men bearing beautiful ornaments resembling trees, crowned with a variety of fruit ; next an immense golden star, supported on a long pole. A carriage followed, containing the bridegroom and two boys richly dressed, with turbans of gold and precious stones, crowned with a glorious canopy, carried by eight men. A band of music brought up the rear ; and in this order the procession traversed the principal streets, and then proceeded to the house of the bride, who was bedecked with thousands of jewels. She was placed on a throne surrounded by her aged friends and relatives ; and when the time of separation arrived, the lamentation was indescribable. This wedding reminded me of the passage "Behold, the bridegroom cometh ; go ye forth to meet him." M. M. C.

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*To her Sister Punshon.*

*Aug. 1826.*

I HAVE frequently been greatly pleased to see the contentedness of the poor natives ; though possessing but a mat on which to lay their weary bones, and a chatty in which to cook their rice, in the evening you see them

standing at their mud-cottage doors, singing and rejoicing as if they possessed all that the world calls great and good. I have been forcibly struck with the truth of the line,

“ Nature's real wants are few.”

Our native schools are generally doing well, I have visited Colpetty school frequently, and have been much pleased with the attainments of the children. The boys read, write, and count admirably; and the girls sew well. I accompanied Mr. Clough to distribute some of our little presents brought from England. It was gratifying to see their black faces sparkle with joy whilst receiving them. Many of them truly fear and love God, and I doubt not will soon act as assistant Missionaries. These are very efficient helps: knowing the native language so well, they can convey instruction to their brethren more readily than Europeans. Besides, the Heathen are more likely to believe their countrymen than strangers. Their zeal is also very great. One of them came to congratulate Mr. Clough on his return, and to tell him how wonderfully the

Lord had protected and saved him, when no human help was nigh. "One time," he said, "came into my heart to go into de jungle for to tell de Heathen must worship one great God; me not know fear, de great Lord can deliver me; get gun, gone some way in de jungle, one great elephant meet me, me not know fear, metink me fire, but dat will make him more bad. Me fall down, de beast get me under, in fire, great smoke and noise, expect be crushed in one moment. Behold de goodness of my God! I see de elephant on his back, his legs like four pillars in de air; den my heart feel glad, fall down on my knées, den go on to de people, tell dem what my God can do. How much better dan Budhu; he never help."

M. M. C.

*To Mrs. Longden, Sheffield.*

*Aug. 1, 1826.*

An auxiliary Tract Society has lately been established in Colombo, which I trust will be productive of much good; 6000 copies of the tract No. 2, on Drunkenness, have already been distributed, and we have heard of several who, having read it, have been so powerfully

awakened, that they have promised never more to take any thing stronger than water. The cordiality subsisting between Missionaries of all denominations, is very pleasing. "The joy of one is the joy of all." How mysterious are the ways of Providence! The Bishop of Calcutta is dead. O the amazing loss that India has sustained! Never did any man appear so likely to be, in very truth, a burning and a shining light. M. M. C.

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*To her Parents.*

*Jan. 25, 1827,*

THE sailing of the ship *Palmira* reminds me of a duty, the performance of which never fails to give me the most exquisite pleasure; and that is, to write to our beloved friends in England. I am thankful that, by the kind providence of our heavenly Father, we are all in good health and spirits. Two years have now nearly fled since we left that country, which will ever be dear to us; and in the review we can truly say, "goodness and mercy" have constantly followed us; through dangers seen and unseen, we have been graciously preserved; and no evil has been suffered to harm

us ; and comforts and mercies which we never expected to meet with out of England have been granted us : and, more than all these, the Lord has owned our feeble endeavours to benefit the immortal souls of these dark Heathens, among whom we dwell. This is our one desire ; with this single object in view, we freely gave up the society of relatives and friends dear to us as life itself, and bade farewell to a country favoured with God's peculiar smile. For these privations we shall find ourselves compensated, nay indeed, highly honored, by seeing sinners converted from the error of their ways, and accepting the Lord Christ as their only Saviour. The Religious Tract Society appears to be a means of extensive usefulness. We have heard of many of the most depraved characters forsaking drunkenness, which is extremely common here, as spirituous liquors are remarkably cheap. A branch Bible Society for the Pettah of Colombo has been lately formed, when Sir R. Ottley presided, and several Civilians and Military Officers spoke on the occasion : it was an interesting meeting.

M. M. C.

*To the same.*

*March 4, 1827.*

I AM truly thankful, my dearest parents, to inform you that we are all well and happy: my dear husband is enabled to attend to all his numerous engagements with unabated diligence. Our charming little Morley grows finely, and is very interesting for a child of eleven months. My own health is very good, though I have lately felt the heat excessively, the thermometer being  $88^{\circ}$  in our bed-room. We do not spend our strength for naught. The Lord graciously owns our labours. We have great cause for encouragement among the European soldiers. Our chapel in the fort is far too small. I cannot help wishing we had a few of the liberal Yorkshire Methodists among us; then should we soon have a larger place; every inch of ground in the fort of Colombo is as valuable as gold. The society increases; we have lately had the satisfaction of forming a new class, and placing it under the charge of a zealous good man belonging to the 87th regiment. Many little occurrences have lately transpired to encourage us in the belief that the Lord will pour out his Spirit



upon us more abundantly. There appears to be a great degree of faith in exercise among all denominations, for the conversion of the Heathen. I do verily believe that the thousands of faithful prayers offered up in England will be speedily answered. My beloved husband has just returned from Kornegalle, (in the interior of the country,) and brings pleasing accounts of the willingness of the poor heathen Kandians to hear the word of God. M. M. C.

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*To her Brother, Mr. Isaac Morley.*

*June 1, 1827.*

I AM gratified to hear of the handsome manner in which you have been received into the Corporation of Doncaster, and sincerely trust you will ever prove yourself worthy of the confidence reposed in you. Allow me, my dear brother, to caution you against drinking into the spirit of the world. You will now be exposed to greater temptations than formerly, and consequently you should be more watchful. Beware of those amusements which, although esteemed by many innocent, yet greatly dissipate the mind, and give a distaste to more sober and rational pleasures and em-

ployments. Again, my beloved brother, for the sake of your connections be careful. Remember our dear father's character as a man of God, and do not grieve him by running into folly. Remember all these pleasures are transient as the morning cloud, and are quite incapable of making an immortal soul happy. Religion alone can make us truly happy while we live, and prepare us for eternal joy beyond this fleeting scene. M. M. C.

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*To her Mother, thirteen days before her death.  
June 17, 1827.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

Do accept my sincerest thanks for your very kind letter, which I had the pleasure to receive by the Seppings. It is no small comfort to me to know, in my various little sufferings and trials, that I have so many kind and sympathizing friends in England, who, I am sure, daily remember me before the throne of grace. Indeed I consider the *health, peace,* and prosperity with which we have been favoured, to be given in answer to the fervent and unceasing prayers of God's peculiar people at home. I assure you, my dear mother, I often find that

I require a little of your *judicious* and *prudent* advice in the important situation in which I stand, as mistress of a large establishment, a wife, and a mother. The eyes of many are fixed on us; and it is very necessary that we should be careful in every part of our conduct, so that we may bring no reproach on the cross of Christ. I feel very sensibly the necessity of divine aid and instruction, in the management of our dear boy: The Lord has committed to us the training of a young *immortal*, and his future conduct may depend on the good or bad management of his parents. Great judgment is necessary in the early correction of children. Fallen nature soon displays itself, and I am sure (from the little I have seen in my own dear boy) that the earlier their froward dispositions are corrected, the better. I sincerely pray that firmness and wisdom may be granted unto me, that I may not fall into the too common error of "sparing the rod and spoiling the child."

It is truly pleasing to hear that your preachers give such general satisfaction, and that they are such missionary men. Indeed, I think that none but men of this stamp durst

venture into Doncaster; your zeal in this holy cause is so well known. Our society in the fort is in a very prosperous state. It is really delightful to attend their meetings; there is so much simplicity, zeal, and devout attention. I very frequently accompany my beloved husband, and never come away without being greatly stirred up and quickened in my own mind. Our native schools continue to do well. We have lately had the annual examinations, and they have given general satisfaction. It is a singular fact that we have lately had several applications from Moham-medans, to establish schools for the religious instruction of their children. I hope this is the prelude to a glorious era in our missionary work.

M. M. C.

*A letter from Mr. Clough to Dr. A. Clarke,  
giving an account of Mrs Clough's death.*

*Caltura, Aug. 1, 1827.*

REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,

By the ship *Ceylon*, which left this for England about six weeks ago, I wrote you a few hasty lines to the care of Mr. Bennett, a passenger in that ship, which he kindly engaged to deliver to you himself. At that time I little expected what an awful trial I should so soon have to encounter. Myself and family were all well, and all happy as human beings could well be. I had one dear charming little boy, and was daily expecting my beloved wife would present me with another little one. In her first confinement the Lord was so gracious to her, that she got through the trial in a way upon which we could hardly have calculated. Hence we felt the greatest encouragement in looking forward to her second confinement. She was taken ill a few days after the sailing of the *Ceylon*; and for a while every thing seemed going on very well indeed. When, all

of a sudden, and most unexpectedly, she was seized with *convulsions*, which so completely overwhelmed almost all the powers of nature, that in one awfully sudden moment, the dear creature was deprived of the power of speech, and apparently also of every other sensibility! No human being can conceive what a state I was in at this moment! She only survived the birth of the child about five hours! And God only knows what has been the anguish and distress of my mind since that awful hour! I am sure, my dear Sir, you will say with me, that no man could be placed in more distressing circumstances. And at this moment I can scarcely command nerve and feeling to write about this afflicting event. O what a loss, what a bereavement have I had to sustain in the death of my dear wife! Were I not assured of a kind and superintending Providence,—were I not assured that the hairs of our head are numbered, and that a sparrow falleth not to the ground without our heavenly Father's notice,—I should at this moment be one of the most miserable beings on the face of the earth. My dear wife and I seemed made for each other; and during the short time we lived

together, we enjoyed a mutual happiness, which I may venture to say is seldom surpassed in such unions. And although our *earthly* union has been so short, and was interrupted and cut off by circumstances, considered in themselves, most afflictive; yet I shall have the most powerful reasons to bless God to all eternity that I ever had the happiness of an acquaintance with her. She was a Christian indeed; uniformly pious and devoted to God. Whatever changes she had to undergo of an outward and worldly kind, or whatever temptations she had to endure from her peculiar station in life, temptations which I fear have had a painful effect on the experience of many similarly situated, there was no falling off or giving way in her; for she carried the spirit of sincere piety through the whole; and on all occasions evinced a mind highly endowed with the things of God, and a soul living under the delightful influences of his love. She was a truly sincere and kind friend; and I may add, she was one of the most tenderly affectionate wives; and O, my dear Sir, in all these relations of life, I do assure you I have met with an irreparable, and incalculable loss!

But my loss is her gain! And here I think I may speak with confidence; for although I was debarred from, or unable to have, any immediate converse with her in her departing moments, for the reasons already assigned; yet, her previous life and experience were such, as give us the best security in such momentous subjects; and I may add, that for a considerable time previously to the call of her Lord and Master, there seemed a deepening of the work of grace in her soul; a very great increase of heavenly-mindedness; and she enjoyed a considerable increase of the love of God, and a lively communion with heaven. This was visible not only to myself, but to the friends who knew her, and had intercourse with her. And a few hours before her departure, when I was endeavouring to make out from herself either by signs or looks, how she felt, in prospect of the solemn change that was now so near, she gently squeezed my hand, endeavoured to recline her dear head upon it, and with a countenance so placid, and so heavenly, that the recollection of it will be *eternally* fresh in my mind, she intimated as much, as that Christ was precious, and that to



die was gain! May this mysterious providence be abundantly blessed both to my own good, and the good of all who knew her; although I have written several letters to our dear family in Doncaster, yet I am sorry to say that my feelings would not allow me to pen the particulars which I have given you, of the last moments of my beloved Margaret; and as I know that they, poor dear creatures, will feel all the anxiety in the world to hear from myself how she left the world, it just strikes me to beg the favour of you, to be so kind as inclose this letter to her dear father, Mr. William Morley, of Doncaster. I am sure that these particulars, connected with this distressing event, will be some alleviation to the sufferings of their minds. It also occurs to me to mention a favour, which it has been on my mind for some days to ask of you, which is, that you would be so kind as furnish a Memoir of her, for publication. I will supply every kind of material in my power; and where mine may be defective, her dear father will be able to fill up, I have no doubt. It seems strange I should ask such a favour from you, as I am well aware you did not know much of my

dear wife, from *personal* intercourse ; yet I hope to be able to give you a fair view of her character by the papers and documents which I shall send home. And I doubt not it will greatly interest her friends. It will I hope be useful to the church of God, and may prove of great use to the missionary cause. I really would not think of troubling you with such a request, *but I am afraid to trust myself*; for I am sure, my views and feelings in reference to the character of my beloved wife are such, that I should most certainly be led into *extremes*. The papers, &c., I will send to Mrs. Clough's father by the first opportunity, and I will beg him to inform you of their arrival ; and, if you can comply with my request, to have them sent to you forthwith. But if you cannot, I fear the matter must there rest. I hear daily good accounts of my dear little infant that I was obliged to leave in Colombo.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate friend and servant,  
B. CLOUGH.

*From Sir R. Ottley, to Mr. Morley, giving  
an account of Mrs. Clough's death.*

*Ceylon, July 7, 1827.*

SIR,

ALTHOUGH not personally acquainted with you, the interest I have taken in her who has recently been called from this scene of trial to the habitations of the just made perfect, will, I hope, convince you that I am not acting officiously in communicating intelligence of the loss we have sustained.

Your amiable, pious, and deeply lamented daughter, Mrs. Clough, departed this life on Saturday, the thirtieth of June, in child-bed.

Antecedently to the period of her sudden and fatal illness, she had enjoyed good health. On the evening of the twenty-ninth of June she felt the pains of labour; and for several hours, the appearances were favourable. But about eleven at night, she was attacked by a convulsive fit. From that time the ordinary effects of nature subsided. Every exertion

was made which could afford hope of saving the mother ; but frequent repetitions of the convulsive fits rendered all those efforts un-availing. The best advice was obtained ; one of our most skilful medical men attended her from the commencement, and he called in the assistance of the principal medical officer. Her frame, however, at all times feeble, was incapable of sustaining the violence of the disorder. At six or seven in the morning of the thirtieth, all hope of recovery was abandoned ; and at about ten o'clock, your beloved daughter expired.

The poor infant, a female, was saved, and is still alive, very diminutive indeed ; but at present indicating no symptoms of approaching dissolution. A good nurse has been procured : and proper care is taken to preserve the child ; as, however, only one week has elapsed since her birth, we cannot form any decided opinion of the possibility of her surviving.

The nature of this climate rendered speedy interment necessary ; and on Sunday, the first of July we attended the funeral of Mrs. Clough. In England, where so many excellent and exemplary women are found to adorn society,

the loss of one, however valuable, is less felt, except by her kindred and relations : here, your daughter shone forth with pre-eminent lustre.

The sweetness of her temper, the goodness of her heart, and the fascinations of her mild and cheerful demeanour, increased the esteem which her deep piety and the virtuous tenor of her conduct, were so well calculated to inspire.

The religious society in Ceylon forms but a small flock. Amongst that society, we had the happiness to see Mrs. Clough a steady and conspicuous member; she who was an example to us all; and particularly a pattern to her own sex. From the time when I first had the pleasure of being introduced to her, to the last hour of her life, my good opinion remained unchanged; but I never was able fully to appreciate her, until death had bereaved us of her. We now feel what we have lost. May we not only feel her loss, but may her example be followed by many who survive!

For several weeks before her death, she enjoyed increased satisfaction in the exercise of religious employments; and was engaged in

prayer to a degree, which made her anxious and affectionate husband fear lest the intensity of her devotion might injure her health.

Thus, she arrived a truly virtuous young woman ; she maintained a consistent character during the whole period of her residence among us ; and died a happy and devoted servant of our Lord.

Mr. Clough's feelings have been so much affected by the sudden and severe loss he has sustained, that I do not expect he will recover for a considerable time. It was not deemed advisable by his friends to allow him to return after the burial to the house of woe, from whence his wife's remains had so lately been removed ; and he has resided with me during the interval which has elapsed. My own mind has been acutely sensible of the distress prevailing around me ; and as I sincerely esteemed Mrs. Clough, I have participated in that distress. You may rest assured that I shall endeavour to alleviate her husband's sorrows, and pay attention to her children. Mr. M'Kenny, his fellow-labourer, has been unremitting in his kindness, and has continued with Mr. Clough from the time of the interment. As soon as

Mr. C. has sufficiently recovered to be able to write, he promises to send you a letter.

I am, Sir, with perfect respect,

Your obedient servant,

R. OTTLEY.

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*From Mr. M'Kenny to Mr. Morley ; giving  
an account of Mrs. Clough's death.*

*Colombo, July 1, 1827.*

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

I AM exceedingly sorry to say, that upon me devolves the most painful task I think I have ever had to perform ; which is, without loss of time to communicate to you the distressing intelligence, that it has pleased the Lord to call from this world of suffering and sorrow the pious and excellent wife of my much respected friend and brother, Mr. Clough; and that, in a very sudden and unexpected manner. Mrs. Clough, your late amiable and highly esteemed daughter, was far advanced in the family way; and was looking forward with

pleasing expectations to her confinement, without the least feeling of uneasiness, having had so very favourable a time in her first confinement; and having felt remarkably well until (I may say) the very hour of her late illness, which commenced on the afternoon of Friday last; when she complained of feeling poorly, and not finding herself better, Mr. Clough sent immediately for Dr. Whitfield, the best surgeon in the settlement, who never left her side until every hope was gone; and when her life was evidently in danger, her most anxious and loving husband had Dr. Callie, Inspector-general of hospitals, and head physician of the Island, called in; who, with Dr. Whitfield, used every means possible to save her; but, alas, without effect! However, about five o'clock yesterday morning, she was delivered of a little girl, who is likely to do well; and when this took place, the Doctor thought there was a little hope, but it soon became evident that she was sinking from extreme weakness; she lingered until twenty minutes before ten o'clock, a. m., when she fell asleep in Jesus, while being commended to divine goodness and mercy by four Missionaries; who knelt



round her bed. In regard to *human* aid she was most favourably circumstanced in Colombo, where she was more beloved and esteemed than I can give you any idea of; but, O! it was the *will of God*, to take her to himself, and in this sudden manner; and thus plunge us into deep sorrow and distress! Dear brother Clough is almost inconsolable, and it is only the almighty power of divine grace that can support him; however, he is enabled to look to the Lord, to acknowledge his hand, and to bow with submission and resignation, to his adorable will. The funeral, which was most respectably attended, took place this morning in the Mission Chapel at seven o'clock, when I was called to the mournful duty of committing her remains to the dust. Brother Clough *would* attend the funeral, which I was afraid would have been too much for him, but he manifested great Christian fortitude during the whole of the service; and if afterwards he found relief in yielding to his feelings, his Christian friends and brethren could not but admire the strength of his affection, and, from real Christian sympathy, *weep with him*. It will be a great con-

solation to your mind, as well as to our late sister's numerous friends, to know, that, from her arrival in the Island until her death, her piety and devotedness to God were uniform and consistent. But lately the work of grace was evidently deepening in her soul: this was so strongly impressed on her husband's mind, that he could not but remark it, and sometimes feared that the Lord was preparing her for a removal to another and a better world. I write you a few lines in haste, as there is a ship just now about to sail for England, and do not like to lose the opportunity, as brother Clough is particularly anxious you should have the earliest intelligence of his great affliction and bereavement. He would gladly write to you himself, if he were able, but his present distress renders this impossible. You will hear from our particular friend Sir Richard Ottley on this painful subject, who has kindly taken brother Clough to his house. Dear little Benjamin Morley is very well.

I am, my dear Sir,  
Very truly and sincerely yours,  
J. M'KENNY.

P. S. I write beside my *afflicted* brother Clough, who begs I will give his love most affectionately to you and all the family; and assure you he will write to you as soon as he possibly can, and enter at length into the mournful history of his painful visitation. Both Mrs. Clough and himself forwarded long letters to you all, by the *Ceylon*, which sailed but the other day!

Yours,

J. M'KENNY.

## LETTERS, &amp;c.

[A FEW short Extracts from "Quarterly Letters" printed in Ceylon, and from Gentlemen, some of whom hold high official situations in Ceylon, and who, from an intimate acquaintance, could best appreciate her character, will bear farther testimony to the high respect in which Mrs. Clough was held.]

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THE providence of God has called one of our number to her reward. A voyage of twenty weeks in the same ship, and a residence of twelve months in the same house, with our lamented sister, had endeared her to me in no common degree. I have seen her in moments of danger; I have seen her in circumstances where the maintenance of a consistent profession was difficult; but I never saw her in any

situation where the resignation or firmness of the Christian were not pleasingly manifested. I could say much more, did I not think that it would be repugnant to the feelings of our bereaved brother, and did I not know that her friends are already in possession of motives sufficiently powerful to induce them to appreciate her excellence.

R. SPENCE HARDY.

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BROTHER Clough, brother Gogerly, and myself returned to Colombo on the afternoon of the 29th, where we found Mrs. Clough and family all in good health, and partook of her generous cheer to refresh us after the fatigues of our journey: and little did I think that while bidding her farewell, when the smile of kindness played upon her countenance, it was the last time I should see it lighted up with joy and benevolence. But God's ways are in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet. He envelopes his throne and the movements of his providence in clouds and darkness, and leaves it to the power of faith alone to deter-

mine that there, reside righteousness and judgment. The death-bed of her who but a few hours before we had seen in perfect health, we were summoned to attend by day-break of the 30th, and heart-rending was the scene; floods and deep waters had already gone over the soul of our dear brother, and we found him hanging over, to him, the dearest object in creation, watching the rapid, the cruel strides of dissolution. We saw her who but the evening before we had left cheerful as spring, and happy as a spirit of the blessed, fallen in the conflict with the last great enemy, and stretched pale, speechless and suffused with the cold sweats of death. All that human aid could do had been done to prevent the sad catastrophe, but death had taken too sure an aim to be disappointed of his victim; and at about ten minutes before ten o'clock, a. m., while brother Gogerly, brother Allen, and myself were round her bed, commending her spirit to her God and our God, to her Father and our Father, it almost imperceptibly took its flight to the abodes of bliss, and left in the placid serenity which overspread the countenance of her lifeless form strong indications of its own unutterable happiness.

The anguish of the moment was too great for utterance. None spake a word. On the following morning, Sunday, July 1st, she was laid to sleep under the communion table in the chapel, where she had often knelt, and often commemorated the dying love of Christ her Saviour, there to await that blessed morning when those that sleep in Jesus, God will bring with him.

Thus fled from the scenes of mortality, our amiable and excellent sister Clough, just at her entry upon a more extensive sphere of usefulness in the church of God. How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! Over a tale so sad, a catastrophe so sudden, the sympathies of humanity will sorrow, but we sorrow not as those that have no hope: though the nature of her affliction precluded the possibility of her speaking or giving any indication of what her views and feelings were on the prospect of an immediate entry upon the realities of eternity, yet her sterling and uniform piety, so strongly traced in all her deportment, that none could mistake it, leaves no room for any conclusion but that of her being now for ever with the Lord. "Let me die

the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" Our dear brother of course feels the severe stroke with which he has been smitten, but he evidently endeavours to bear it as a Christian : may the Lord sustain him !

A. HUME.

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CEYLON.—We have just received the mournful intelligence of the death of Mrs. Clough, the excellent wife of our esteemed brother, Benjamin Clough, at Colombo. Her death, which was unexpected previously to her confinement, has excited universal sympathy and regret among the inhabitants of that place, to whom she had endeared herself by her piety, benevolence, and amiable dispositions; of which an affecting proof was given by the greater part of a very large congregation appearing in mourning at the time of her funeral sermon being preached by Mr. M'Kenny. The Governor, sympathizing with our bereaved brother, sent him a letter of condolence; and Sir Richard Ottley, with his usual kindness, took him, after the funeral, to his country house, and has



liberally joined in a subscription towards the erection of a Tablet to the memory of the deceased.

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*To the Rev. D. J. Gogerly.*

*The King's House.*

*Colombo, July 1, 1827.*

SIR,

It was with extreme regret that I read the mournful intelligence conveyed in your letter of yesterday, of the severe and sudden loss which Mr. Clough had sustained, and it was with much sorrow that I was unable this morning to attend the funeral of the deceased.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

H. SARNES.

*To the Rev. B. Clough.*

*Colombo, July 17, 1827.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your letter of the 14th, and sent off the enclosed letter to Mrs. Gibson. Neither have I forgot your poor little girl. I called one day to see her, and found her going on well. But I have much doubt of her life being long supported. We are, however, all in the hands of our merciful Creator, who disposes of all his creatures in wisdom, mercy, and beneficence. So whether your poor child live, or be removed, all will be directed in such a manner as best serves the purposes of infinite Goodness. It was my intention to offer to stand for your child, if no other person had been selected. How much is my willingness to undertake that charge encreased by the information you have communicated of its having been the intention of Mrs. Clough to ask me to do so! I shall feel real satisfaction in taking that opportunity of testifying my heartfelt respect and esteem for your departed and excellent wife; and of doing that which is pleasing to yourself.

I am glad to hear that you find benefit from your journey, and the society of your kind friends; you must not expect that the sorrowful reflections for your invaluable treasure will soon be effaced: nor is it desirable that they should be; such worth, such purity of heart, such deep unaffected piety, united with so much sweetness and so many qualities adapted to engender love, and encrease affection, constitute a character, the tender recollection of which is calculated to elevate the mind, and to ameliorate the heart. May that recollection have a lasting influence on all of us who knew the person possessing those qualities; and may we endeavour to imitate her example, and may it have that effect on you particularly, who had the best opportunities of appreciating her value!

Believe me,  
My dear Sir,  
Yours affectionately and faithfully,  
R. OTTLEY.

[The following is an Extract from the Letter adverted to by Dr. Clarke, in the Introduction, as received by him from a Gentleman from Ceylon, "who has long served his King and country in both a military and civil capacity, and who is no way connected with our Mission."]

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**MY VERY DEAR AND REVEREND SIR,**

No electric shock could have had a more powerful effect upon our nerves, than that which emanated from the truly melancholy and most distressing event, which your kind letter gave us the first intimation of. My poor wife, sincerely attached to the amiable lady now no more, found relief from tears, which flowed abundantly for hours after your letter came to hand. It was only a few days before we left Ceylon, that dear Mrs. Clough, apparently then in perfect health, threw her arms around my wife's neck, and said, "I feel, my dear Mrs. Bennett, my days will not be many in this world: how happy should I be if I had you to leave my Ben. to, and to the same tender care you

bestowed on Billy Fox." But little did we, at that time, think she would so soon be taken from her husband, her family, and her friends, to their regret and unavailing sorrow, but to her own *certain* reward and eternal happiness!

Your very grateful and affectionate Friend,  
J. W. BENNETT.

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*Negombo, July 2, 1827.*

MY DEAR BROTHER CLOUGH,

IT was with utter astonishment that we received the intelligence yesterday morning of the awful and afflicting event that has taken place in your family; and it is with feelings of heartfelt grief that I undertake the duty of writing to you on this occasion. We most sincerely sympathize with you, and deeply deplore the loss which you have sustained; the loss of one who was universally respected and beloved, and most by those who knew her best. I have seldom indulged the idea of complete domestic happiness without being reminded of your family as an eminent example of it. Let me not, however, distress you

by dwelling on these things; I would rather express my anxious hope, that the dear little girl may be mercifully spared to cheer and comfort you under this most painful visitation. I do trust that you will not let this affliction prey upon your mind, or sink your spirits too much; but do, my dear brother Clough, permit me to remind you that your sweet little boy, as well as your infant daughter, now call upon you to supply towards them the place of their late amiable mother. This melancholy event is indeed mysterious; it is affectingly impressive to us all! Let me entreat you to remember that it is the hand of the Lord; "let him do what seemeth good;" and, above all, remember, that, lamentable as her untimely removal is and must be to your dear children and yourself, your bereavement is her eternal gain; for her "to die was Christ, and to die was gain." The summons found her not unprepared for the exchange; and she has now ascended to her Father and her God, at whose "right hand there is fulness of pleasures for evermore." My sister desires me to add, that she has deeply felt this mournful event: in Mrs. Clough she laments the loss of a kind, a

faithful, and a dear friend ; and joins with me in fervently hoping that divine Providence will bless and preserve the little babe to be your consolation and your joy. Let me conclude by assuring you, that you have a place and an interest in our prayers, that the God of all consolation and grace, would proportion his strength to your day of trial. With kind love to Master Frear, and a kiss for Ben.,

Believe me, yours very affectionately,  
JAMES SUTHERLAND.

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*Negombo, July 3, 1827.*

REV. SIR,

I BEG leave to express my deepest condolence on the melancholy news of the loss of your amiable lady, which has struck me with sorrow and surprise ; regretting, in the mean time, for having, by unavoidable circumstances, been unable to give myself the consolation and honor of attending to take a last view of her remains.

I remain, with much respect,  
Rev. Sir,

Yours most faithfully,

D. D. PERERA.

*Jaffna, July 7, 1827.*

MY DEAR BRO. CLOUGH,

I FEEL myself quite at a loss what to say ; it would be more accordant with my feelings to be silent. The Lord is good—say you, blessed be the name of the Lord. Why should we sorrow as those without hope? I had for some time feared as to what would be the result—well this is very mysterious—but he cannot err—He must be right. Look to the Lord, the only true comfort. Think on what you have still to do!—A work, a mighty work to perform, souls to snatch from destruction. You have children to educate, to train up for God. Live for them,—your dear departed wife lives in your children. Think of all your duties to these dear pledges, and gird up the loins of your mind as one who has to fight, to conquer! Yes, to glory, and to triumph in your Saviour. Kiss your babes, and tell them that for their sakes you will live. Yes, my dear brother, remember you are a man, a Christian, a missionary. Remember the Church, the world; remember the Heathen. The Lord bless you. My wife joins your truly sym-



pathizing brother. Let us hear from you, and that soon, do not disappoint us.

Yours very affectionately,  
J. ROBERTS.

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*Point Pedro, July 10, 1827.*

MY DEAR BROTHER CLOUGH,

WITH the deepest regret I have heard of the loss you have been called to sustain, in the death of your beloved wife. This is indeed a painful dispensation of divine Providence, a dark and trying hour; and, without special support, your spirits must sink under it, and your heart be overwhelmed with sorrow. This support, however, will, I doubt not, be afforded in answer to prayer, which is made without ceasing of the church of God for you. The motives to consolation you well know, for you have taught them to others. You well know that your loss is your beloved partner's gain; and when the light of eternity dawns upon you, you will clearly see that even this trial was among the "all things" that worked together for your good. I am aware it is

natural for a man when suffering as you are, to refuse to be comforted; and to say, "I could speak as you do, if your soul were in my soul's stead." Yet I could not omit writing a line to assure you, that you have my strongest sympathy, and my most fervent prayers. May the eternal God be your refuge; and underneath you, the everlasting arms! It is eight years this day since we landed in Ceylon. I regret that on the anniversary of our arrival, I have to write on such a subject. I had looked forward with pleasure to forming an acquaintance with sister C. But He who does all things well has taken her to himself. O may we be faithful! Brother R. tells me you are with brother and sister M'Kenny. If so, pray present to them my most affectionate regards, and believe me,

Most affectionately yours,  
A. STEAD.

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*Slave Island, 18 July, 1827.*

DEAR MR. CLOUGH,

WHILE your excellent friends are using their best exertions, to console and raise your

wounded spirits, I, too, would venture to contribute my mite. For though I am unable to say much to the purpose, yet, in point of respect and affection, I will yield to none of them. I address you under a great disadvantage, my pen not being adequate to convey a proper expression of the acute feelings of my heart, while I deeply sympathize with you on account of your recent, much-lamented bereavement. I would be silent on this subject, and would not break in on your meditations, only that your case has made such a deep impression on my mind, that I think of it day and night; and even at this moment I cannot suppress the falling tear, and the keenest feeling of pity, for my very highly respected friend, who is left to deplore the loss of an amiable partner and help-mate, whose worth I highly estimated, and whose memory I solemnly respect. I believe, my dear Sir, that you will not be displeased with me for indulging myself thus far, when I assure you, that never did any circumstance take place, since I was capable of estimating the pleasure of social friendly intercourse, that affected me so much. On the evening of the day on which

the melancholy occurrence took place, I could not attend to my business. I went into brother Mowat's, and attempted to converse on the subject; but the idea rushed so powerfully on my mind, that I was overwhelmed, and was obliged to leave the house abruptly, as I could do nothing but weep. I wandered about for a while, and then went into the chapel, where they were practising singing. When I looked at the seat that my dear departed friend had so lately occupied, instead of singing, I was obliged to sit behind the others, and weep most profusely. However, I managed, though in faltering accents, to conclude the meeting with prayer. For several days afterwards, I felt as if a gloom had overspread the face of nature, and could not look on the surrounding verdant scenery, without my mind being impressed with certain mournful ideas. I confess that in some unguarded moments I was almost led to quarrel with the dispensation of Providence in this case. Though those poignant feelings have in a good degree subsided, as you know that the hoary hand of time will blunt the edge of any impression; yet even now, I frequently shed a tear over departed

worth, as well as when in some remote degree I enter into the feelings of the surviving sufferer. Among several remarks that I have made in my private journal, respecting Mrs. Clough's death is the following :—“ The case of my late valuable friend Mrs. Clough, dwells much on my mind ; I have been led to view her death, as not only affecting her bereaved husband, but, through him, seriously affecting the Mission, by paralyzing his Missionary exertions ; I trust however, that, in this respect, I shall be mistaken.” Satan does not fail to improve every thing to his own advantage ; consequently, he took the advantage of my credulity, and perplexed my mind with unnecessary fears. I beg your pardon for listening to such a suggestion for a moment ; yet, as these distressing thoughts passed through my mind, there is no harm in mentioning them. All that can be said is, that “ the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.” God must be allowed to appoint the particular circumstances, under which he chooses to take any of his servants to their eternal reward. My dear Sir, yours is a heavy stroke indeed, enough to press

humanity down to the dust, if unassisted by grace divine. But your heart is graciously upheld by the strength of faith, and the enjoyment of the love of Jesus ; therefore you will be still farther useful in this land of the Heathen ; and,

“ A few short years of sorrow past,  
We reach the happy shore,  
Where death-divided friends, at last,  
Shall meet to part no more.”

This is the bright side of the question. I have heard yourself explain from the pulpit, that it is probable, a portion of eternal duration will be employed in explaining to the happy individuals who shall eventually be brought to mingle with the hundred and forty and four thousand, the *reason* why such and such dispensations of Providence were exercised towards them in this world. I sincerely hope, that the blessed doctrines which you have so often, and with so good effect, taught to others, are now the support and consolation of your own soul, in these days of severe trial. I had the *sorrowful* satisfaction to hear the funeral sermon by Mr. M'Kenny ; and I firmly

believe in my heart, that her disembodied spirit is now in the paradise of God; though all that was mortal is deposited in a spot where I have had the happiness to meet her, while commemorating the dying love of our blessed Saviour. I trust we shall meet in heaven, and for ever adore that Jesus, in whose worship we have joined on earth. You do not sorrow as those who have no hope. O no! and with regard to the concluding scene, God is too wise to err, too merciful to do any thing unkind. I have heard you ably defend the doctrine of a *particular* Providence; of course, that doctrine will have weight with you at present. For not even a sparrow falleth to the ground without the *will* of (says Dr. Clarke) your heavenly Father. Was not Mrs. Clough of much more value than many sparrows? O yes! *She was!*— Thus, from the words of our blessed Lord himself is abundant consolation to be deduced, quite applicable to your present case. I shall conclude, beseeching you to excuse any thing that I may have said amiss; I have used freedom, knowing that I address a friend. My prayer is, that you may experience divine consolation under your heavy

trial; and that we may be enabled to fight the good fight of faith on earth, and finally sit down at the right hand of God in heaven; where the bosom shall never again swell with grief, at separation by death.

I am

Dear Mr. Clough,

Very affectionately yours,

JOHN DALZIEL.

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*Galle, July 2, 1827.*

MY DEAR BRO. M'KENNY,

THIS evening's tappel has brought me your letter containing the distressing intelligence of the death of our dear sister Clough. What a most awful and mysterious dispensation of divine Providence! A greater shock to my feelings I know not that I have ever experienced: great God! on what a slender thread hang everlasting things! O what will our poor brother Clough feel at this sudden bereavement! I am sure he will be overwhelmed with anguish. Do, my very dear brother M'Kenny, offer him, from me, the most sincere



condolence that Christian love and brotherly affection can dictate ; tell him that I deeply sympathize with him in his irreparable loss ; but doubt not that it is eternal gain to his late beloved partner. May our heavenly Father comfort him, with his supporting grace, and raise him above his present heart-rending affliction ! How many loud calls we have had lately to prepare to meet our God ! May we have ears to hear them, and hearts to take warning by them ; surely we stand in jeopardy every hour. I could not venture to address brother C. personally at present, as I do not suppose that he will be in a state of mind to receive letters from any one ; I shall, however, write to him in the course of a few days, when I think the first paroxysm of his grief may be subsided.

With kind love to all the brethren, to Mrs. M'Kenny and the children.

I remain

Your affectionate Brother,

RICHARD STOUP.

**MY DEAR BRO. CLOUGH,**

**THE sad tidings of your irreparable loss reached me some days since, but I declined taking my pen to address you immediately, because I supposed that your feelings would be in a state of excitement too great to admit of your taking any consolation through the medium of a letter : persons in similar seasons of distress, have said that they must give full vent to their feelings before they could at all attempt to restrain them ; but hoping that the arm which inflicted the wound, has also applied the healing balm, and that you will therefore be prepared to receive some degree of comfort from the sympathy of a friend and brother, I now venture to write to you, not wishing to appear neglectful by longer delaying to do so. I doubt not that under your present bereavement you feel like one robbed of every earthly comfort ; a stroke so sudden, and so unexpected, could not fail to produce overwhelming distress ; from the amiable qualities of your late dear wife, you could not enjoy her society without feeling more than an ordinary degree of love and affection for her,**

and no doubt you looked forward to many happy years in union with her; but alas! how short-lived is all our earthly bliss! How just is the Prophet's declaration: "All flesh is grass; and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field!"—How heart-rending must such a separation be! the recollection of all the pleasure and happiness which you enjoyed in the society and affection of her who is now no more, would doubtless tend to heighten the anguish occasioned by her loss; every word, every look, every endearing motion would recur to your mind and fill you with unutterable distress; the prospect through life which, a little time ago, seemed so cheering and delightful, it is likely will now appear enveloped in impenetrable gloom, and sorrow after sorrow may seem only to await you throughout your earthly pilgrimage. It may perhaps afford you some little consolation to know that you have friends who sympathize with you in your distress: let me then assure you that none does so, more sincerely than myself. I am well aware that I cannot enter fully into the feelings of your deeply wounded heart, having never realized the tender affec-

tion existing in the conjugal union; but be assured, notwithstanding, that I feel exquisitely for you in the present storm of deep affliction; and that it is, not in the empty form of the world, but in the fervent affection of a friend and brother, that I offer you my sincere and heart-felt condolence. Great and overwhelming as your loss is, there are still many cheering and consolatory circumstances connected with it. Your beloved wife has but exchanged a world of sin and misery, for a state of glory and blessedness: of this her pious and devoted life is the most satisfying evidence; and to you, who had the best opportunity of observing it, and of knowing, in addition, the feelings of her heart, it will afford the fullest satisfaction that this is the case. Your separation, therefore, is not eternal, but only for a season, and that perhaps a very short one; at the expiration of which you have the blessed prospect of being inseparably re-united with her. It is an observation which I have somewhere met with, and the propriety of which I am sure you will feel, that "heaven becomes unceasingly precious as it receives our departed friends;"—they are only gone a

little while before us, and we are hastily following after them ; we shall shortly find the rest into which they have entered. God grant that we may receive a perfect meetness for it ! How different are the Christian's views of the afflictive dispensations of divine Providence, from those of the man of the world ! He views them as the chastisements of a kind and gracious parent, whose only design therein is his eternal profit ; and, as such, he acknowledges that "afflictions from His sovereign hand are blessings in disguise ;" and, however painful, he is assured that they are working together for his good. While the worldling, on the other hand, can only view them as the effects of the divine wrath, and the tokens of his displeasure : he has no throne of grace to fly to,—no inward comforter,—no blissful hope beyond the grave. Surely then, with these inestimable privileges and blessings, the Christian may even "glory in tribulation." I fear the length of my letter may appear somewhat obtrusive ; but, if so, I must beg you to excuse it ; and I do sincerely assure you that it has been dictated only by the desire to administer consolation to an afflicted and highly esteemed brother. O may

that God who comforts the distressed, comfort you with his love ; and fill your heart with peace and joy in believing in Jesus ! May you prove that there is a " balm in Gilead," that there is " a Physician there !" Such, my dear brother Clough, is the fervent prayer of

Your most affectionate Brother,

RICHARD STOUP.

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*FINIS.*

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**LONDON :**  
**PRINTED BY T. S. CLARKE, 45, ST. JOHN-SQUARE.**