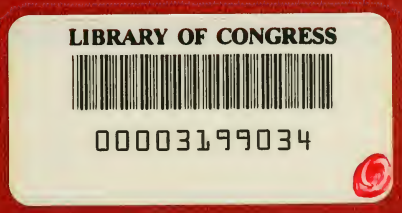

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Your own old ever affect Mother

M. M. Sherwood

THE LIFE

OF

MRS. SHERWOOD.

AUTHOR OF "HENRY MILNER," "LADY OF THE MANOR," "STORIES ON THE CHURCH CATECHISM," "LITTLE HENRY AND HIS BEARER," &C.

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PREFACE.

THE popularity of Mrs. Sherwood, as a writer of religious narratives, will naturally create an interest in her biography. The great number of persons, old and young, who have been charmed and instructed by her delineations of character, and descriptions of English and East Indian life, will be curious to know the particulars of her own history. The gratifying of this curiosity produces a rare example of devoted christian usefulness, in more self-denying ways than authorship. It is for this reason more especially, that this volume has been prepared for the Board of Publication, out of the materials furnished in the large volume of extracts from Mrs. Sherwood's journals, made by her daughter Mrs. Sophia Kelly, and published in London in 1854.

J. H.

TRENTON, N. J.

EXPLANATION OF HINDOSTANEE WORDS.

Ayah—Lady's maid.
Babalogue—Children, (little people.)
Bungalow—House with room on one floor and thatched roof.
Bazaar—Public market.
Compound—The ground immediately round a house.
Cherbuter—Mat.
Dhaye—Child's nurse.
Dawk—Post.
Fakeers—Religious beggars.
Jindilly—Fine muslin.
Nautch—A dance.
Pundit—A teacher.
Pice—Copper coin.
Palanquin—Covered vehicle borne on men's shoulders.
Suttee—Burning of widows.
Sais—Groom.
Serai—Place of rest for travellers.
Sepoy—Native soldier.
Tope—Clump of trees.
Tiffin—Lunch.
Tonjon—Open vehicle borne by men.
Yogees—Religious mendicants.
Walla—Man.
Moonshee—Teacher.
Punkah—Fan suspended from the ceiling.

CONTENTS.

THE LIFE OF

MRS. SHERWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH—EDUCATION—EARLY EXERCISE OF IMAGINATION—COVENTRY.

Mary Martha Butt, afterwards Mrs. Sherwood, was born on the sixth day of May, 1775. Her father was a clergyman of the Church of England, and at the time of her birth, was rector or pastor of Stanford, in Worcestershire. Both of her parents were persons of the highest education and refinement, and being possessed of abundant means, their family enjoyed the best advantages of comfort and improvement. At an advanced period of her life, Mrs. Sherwood said, "Few have travelled farther, or perhaps seen more than I have, but yet, in its peculiar way, I have never seen any region of the earth to be compared with Stanford." The parsonage-

house commanded four distinct views of the most beautiful landscapes, combining forests and orchards, lawns and fields of grain, hills and rivers, villages and country-seats. The house was adorned with works of art, and in every room were pictures, the subjects of which were explained to the children until they became familiar with many exciting details of history and romance represented by them. All that competence, taste, and natural scenery and piety could contribute to make childhood as happy and as safe as it ever can be found in this life, appears to have surrounded the early years of the future Mrs. Sherwood. In addition to these circumstances, it may be mentioned that she was blessed with the most glowing health, and was remarked for her fine personal appearance.

The child, who became the author of so many volumes of useful tales, had naturally a lively imagination, and this faculty must have been encouraged by the position of her first years as we have just described it. With beautiful and romantic scenes in her view every day, with music and painting to cheer her in the house, with parents who were fond of general literature, it is not to be wondered at that the young girl began very early to

exercise her thoughts upon fanciful scenes. It may help our younger readers to understand the way in which the imagination is often excited in childhood, and to see how much danger there is in giving up the mind to such waking dreams, if they will read what Mrs. Sherwood says of herself at the time referred to.

"I was, from very early infancy, a creature who had a peculiar world of images about me; and the first exercise of my imagination operated upon one set of fancies. My mother used to sit much in her beautiful dressing-room, and there she often played sweetly on her guitar, and sung to it. Her voice sounded through the hall, which was lofty; and I loved to sit on the steps of the stairs and listen to her singing. She had possessed a canary bird when she first married, and it had died, and she had preserved it, and put it into a little coffin in an Indian cabinet in her dressing-room. My first idea of death was from this canary bird and this coffin; and as I had no decided idea of time, as regarded its length, I felt that this canary bird had lived, what appeared to me, ages before, when my mother had sung and played on her guitar before my birth; and I had numerous fancies about those

remote ages, fancies I could not define nor explain; but they possessed a spell over my mind that had power to keep me quiet many a half-hour as I sat by myself, dreamily pondering on their strange enchantment. I had also some very curious thoughts about an echo, which answered our invocations in various parts of the lovely grounds of Stanford. Echo I fancied to be a beautiful winged boy, and I longed to see him, though I knew it was in vain to attempt to pursue him to his haunts; neither was echo the only unseen being who filled my imagination."

By a proper use of imagination, young persons may assist good thoughts. When they behold any grand or beautiful objects in nature, they may be reminded of greater and more beautiful objects not to be seen by the mortal eye. But they should be careful against forming such ideas of spiritual and heavenly things as are not consistent with the teachings of the Scriptures. Mary Butt's fancies about the canary bird and the echo would only give her false opinions; and the more she thought of them as real, the harder it would be to give them up as things which had no existence. But then the sight of hills and mountains never failed, as she said, to

make her think of God, and of future glory, and the world where the redeemed shall see their Saviour. This kind of imagination, within its proper bounds, helps the mind to understand, and the heart to feel the fact of the divine existence and the infinite character of the divine attributes. The stories which are read by or told to children, have a great effect on their imagination, and this shows the importance of those impressions which are so commonly considered as of no consequence, because made at so early an age. Mrs. Sherwood, for example, long after she was a grandmother, remembered books and their pictures which she had seen when she was four years old; and in one of her own books she has introduced a story which she heard at that age from the lips of her mother. One of the pictures in her father's house was a representation of the martyrdom of Stephen, and one of the earliest feelings which she had of the character of the Lord Jesus as the friend of man, was obtained from the view which that picture gave of him as looking down from heaven, upon the martyr. As these associations of childhood must be an interesting subject to the young, and ought to be well considered by those who have charge of their

education, we will call Mrs. Sherwood to give some more incidents of the earliest period to which memory can reach.

"I remember walking with my brother and nurse in a green lane, and feeding some little birds in a hedge, and coming one day, and finding the nest and birds gone, which was a great grief to me. Whilst at Pipe Grange, I recollect one evening being carried over some lovely commons to an old farm-house, where were many fragrant herbs and many sheep. The irregular walls were covered with ivy, and there was a garden, with yew trees cut in grotesque forms, in front of the house. I was not four years old at this time; but such was the impression made on my mind then by the images of that evening that, years afterwards, being in a cabin of an East Indiaman, with no light and little air, being also under the influence of fever occasioned by long protracted sickness, and my imagination being also assisted, no doubt, by the bleatings of the unhappy sheep on board, my sickly and inflamed fancy carried me back to those breezy commons and those unfettered days of infancy. I even imagined that I was there again, bounding with my brother over the little heaps of mould with which those commons are scattered,

so extraordinary powerful were the images that that evening impressed on my memory. I once, about twelve years since, saw that old farm-house again, and found that I had, through all my wanderings, retained its perfect picture in my mind, even to its irregular windows and shapeless chimneys. But who shall decide how soon these images, or any other images, may be fixed on the memory? Certainly I believe that they are so fixed, often before there is a power imparted of arranging them in their places, or of recalling them in after life with any consistency."

"Who shall say how soon the infant gaze goes forth to collect images, which are stored up never to be effaced? My opinion is, that a child with a lively imagination, who had been removed from any particular and remarkable scene at two years of age, and perhaps under that age, would, on returning to it in after-life, be sensible of a familiarity with the scenery, which one who had never before beheld it would not feel,—supposing the minds of each to be alike. With respect to myself, I have clear and accurate recollections before I was four years of age,—recollections of things which I can now describe; but this I believe, that there has ever been an unusual vivacity

in my imagination, the impressions made thereon being stronger than on nine-tenths of the minds of my fellow creatures."

"In May, 1782, being then seven years old, my mother took me and my sister and brother to see her father at Coventry. This going to Coventry was the second journey which I remember to have taken; and the impressions then made upon my mind never were effaced, but to this day are as fresh as ever.

"Some years before, modern taste, or rather the bad taste of that day, had caused the great window of St. Michael's Church in Coventry to be repaired, and for this barbarous purpose certain panes of painted glass, of exceedingly ancient date, had been thrown away as mere rubbish. My father, being in Coventry at the time, procured some pieces of this ancient glass, and brought it to Stanford, where he placed it in the Gothic window of his cottage on the glebe. This place had once been a mill, and, being situated on the declivity of a hill, the stream which had once turned the mill ran down the bank by its side. The woods, in which I had spent so many years of my infancy, flung their shades across the stream, making a little Paradise of the upper room of this old house, which my father called

his study. He adorned it with busts, and filled the windows with the beautifully painted panes he had obtained at Coventry. To this place my father often withdrew, to study with his pupils. Any visitors who might be at Stanford, and my mother and we children, used often to go thither to drink tea with him.

My recollections, therefore, of this window must have been very early, yet I remember the figure of Lady Godiva on horseback, with other mounted figures in gaudy attire, and various quaint devices, in those deep colours which they say cannot now be imitated. There can be no doubt but my father often used these precious fragments whereon to build historical lessons; for his mode of instruction was never given by formal tasks and impositions, but by his own humorous and eloquent comments on what was before him, and before the eyes of his pupils. My ideas of the feudal mode of life, of feudal habits, and of feudal manners have always been closely connected with these remnants of the ancient window of St. Michael's, Coventry. Hence it leaves no doubt in my mind, that the association was formed through some explanation given by my father on these windows; and

probably these imperfect and broken remnants inspired my father with that most exquisite description ever written, of a window formed of stained glass, which exists in his novel of 'The Spanish Daughter.' This I think most probable, as he wrote the early part of this novel during the time in which he made the room at the mill-house his study."

CHAPTER II.

JUVENILE COMPOSITIONS—TRAINING AT HOME—REMOVAL TO KIDDERMINSTER—"HOC AGE."

As might be expected from what we have seen of the fanciful turn of the child's mind, and the encouragement given to that turn by the circumstances in which she was placed, Mary began very early to make stories of her own. This disposition and talent showed itself in her sixth year, and continued to be exercised all her life. Not having yet learned to write, she used to carry a slate to her mother, and get her to put down what had come into her mind. Her ideas were much enlarged by listening to the conversation of her parents; and in this way she learned more of foreign countries, and other times,

and great characters, than could have been obtained from reading only. Her home education was assisted at an early period of her course, by her father's taking a few private pupils into the family, on which account the conversation of the household was, more than before, occupied with useful subjects.

The discipline of Mr. Butt's family, though of the most affectionate character, was strict.

In England, and in those days, children were not allowed the familiarity and the indulgence which they are too much accustomed, especially in our country, to regard as their right. They were required to listen to conversation, without interrupting it. So far from lounging in the presence of their parents, they were only allowed, as an occasional favour, to sit on chairs when they were in the same apartment. Instead of the delicacies by which the health and energy of children are so often impaired, Mr. Butt's daughter had the plainest food, such as dry bread and cold milk. This diet is too much on the wrong extreme; and still more unnatural and unwise was the means then taken, according to the prevailing custom, of making the persons of young girls straight and erect. This was done by placing a light iron collar around the

neck, attached to a backboard strapped over the shoulders, and kept on from morning till evening. Mary Butt wore this unpleasant harness from her sixth to her thirteenth year, at which age she had reached her full height, which was above the common standard of women.

Mary Butt's natural propensity to the writing of fiction was encouraged by her parents. When about ten years old her father shut up herself and her brother in his study, that each might write a story; and this was continued several days until their tasks were finished. By the time she was about ten years of age, we find her taking great delight in the narrating of stories, whether of what she had heard and read, or of her own invention. In common conversation she was so much at a loss for words that she was remarkably silent; but her language was fluent enough when her mind was excited by some foolish imagination of fairies, enchanters, the deities of Greece and Rome, and other fabulous beings. She employed her pen also on these unprofitable subjects; though her ambition in youth was rather to be a heroine of romance than a celebrated authoress.

As her childhood advanced she became a

great reader. Besides the Latin and other books required in her regular studies, she eagerly used her father's library, and though old romances had too large a share of her reading, she did not neglect volumes of travels, and other works suitable to an inquisitive and ardent mind.

In 1784, her father was appointed one of the chaplains of King George III. This office required him to be present at the royal palace in London every November, during which month it was his duty to preach and conduct religious services in the private chapel of the king. Two volumes of the sermons he preached at court were published in 1791. In the year 1788, Mr. Butt was appointed vicar of the town of Kidderminster, and it was determined to exchange the lovely parsonage and neighbourhood of the rural Stanford, for a residence in a place chiefly renowned for its worsted manufactures. In the history of religion, indeed, it is celebrated for another reason, Kidderminster being the parish where Richard Baxter was settled in the year 1640, and where he laboured with great success at intervals for twenty years. Baxter was driven from the pulpit of Kidderminster, because he could not conscientiously conform to the

Church of England. His parishioners were of those called on this account Dissenters, who after a time obtained the right of worshipping according to their consciences. The influence of the godly and learned Baxter in that town did not cease with his removal from it, or with his life; and to its continuance in new generations may be attributed what Mrs. Sherwood said of the inhabitants in her father's time, "Certainly we found that the Dissenting portion of the society was the best educated." It was one of Baxter's cares to attend to the instruction of the young, and to encourage habits of reading among all classes, so that he sets down among the helps to his success in Kidderminster, that, as most of the men were weavers, they could stand in their looms, and set a book before them, to read while they worked.

Mr. Butt paid great respect to the denominations in the town that did not belong to his church, and his conduct must have served to promote the unbigoted and evangelical disposition which afterwards showed itself in his daughter. He carried this good spirit so far that when a charity sermon was preached at any of the other churches, he was accustomed to attend in his gown as a clergyman, and

stand at the door as the people went out, placing his daughter before him with one of the plates used in receiving the money for the benevolent object for which their contributions had been asked.

Mary's education continued to be conducted by her parents themselves. Among other tasks required of her was a weekly composition on some subject selected by her father. One morning, on going to him for her theme, the only answer he gave to her request was, "hoc age," which is the Latin for "do this." She did not understand his meaning, and when she asked for an explanation he would only say, "No, go and make it out." She went to her writing table, and wrote "hoc age" at the top of her paper; and as she was learning Latin, she was able to put the English under it, "do this;" but there she stopped, not perceiving any sentiment or subject in those two words. The time for showing her essay came, but she had nothing ready but the heading. "Very well," said her father, smiling, "you will not forget 'hoc age' again, and let it ever be in your mind as an admonition each day of your life, to do that which is most necessary at the moment. I wished you, my child, to dwell long upon the words, and

therefore I did not explain my meaning." Many years afterwards, she made "hoc age" the title of one of her smaller publications.

CHAPTER III.

ABBEY SCHOOL AT READING—ROMAN CATHOLIC INFLUENCE.

In the year 1790, Mr. Butt, having paid a visit to his friend the celebrated scholar Dr. Valpy, who was at the head of a classical school in the town of Reading, was so much pleased with a school for girls kept in the same place by a French gentleman and his wife, an English lady, that he determined to give his daughter the advantages of it for a year. Here she was a parlour boarder, and therefore not placed under the same restraint as the younger pupils, and was left so much to take care of herself in every respect except the studies of the school, that she could only attribute it to the watchfulness of a particular providence that the system did not injure her character. Her own carefulness in matters about which young persons at boarding school are often without proper feelings and principles, caused

the girls of a different disposition to avoid saying in her presence what they knew she would not countenance. This aversion to everything that had the sound or appearance of immorality she attributed rather to the delicate sense of purity in which she had been educated at home, than to the influence of religion. But she always rejoiced that after having been so trained to abhor every approach to impropriety of conduct, she had at least that protection against the evil examples among which she was thrown at school. On one occasion she was well nigh overcome by a temptation. Finding in the school-room a novel that was of a class she had heard her parents condemn in the strongest terms, she was induced to read a few pages. Suddenly she became aware of the impropriety of doing what she knew her parents would not allow, and she laid down the book, saying, as she did so, "God forgive me for my disobedience." She supposed she was not noticed or overheard, but some of her schoolmates burst into rude laughter, and one of the teachers ridiculed her by crying out that she was saying her prayers. This conduct, on their part, only showed more plainly how right and courageous her own principles were, and in what

dangerous associations her parents had unconsciously placed her, when they sent her from their own roof. The same fact was shown at another time, when, according to her custom at home, she brought out her Bible to read on the Sabbath. All around her broke out in expressions of amazement, as if the private reading of the Scriptures were something absurd or unheard of. This will not seem so strange when it is added, that the master of the school and some of the teachers were Roman Catholics; and the incident may suggest to American parents one of the effects that may be expected to follow the education of Protestant children in the schools of Romanists. Even Mary Butt felt this influence grow upon her, so that, yielding to the customs of the place, she laid away her Bible. The rules of the school, indeed, required morning prayers to be read. This was done in the presence of one of the elder female teachers, who was often heard to whisper to the young lady reading the form of prayer, "Make haste, make haste." This elderly teacher, in her table conversation, was fluent on no other subjects than plays and play actors, and anecdotes of the theatre. One of the male instructors—a descendant, too, of the excellent theologian

Benedict Pictet, of Geneva—was a rationalist; and though the subject of his lessons should naturally have led him to teach the foundation of all true mental and moral science, there never was the least reference to revealed religion. While, therefore, the clergyman's daughter acquired many literary accomplishments during her year at Reading, it must be esteemed a happy circumstance in her history that at the end of that period she returned to her home at Kidderminster; for by this time she had to confess that whatever religious thoughts she had indulged in her childhood were almost wholly lost at the fashionable boarding-school.

The summer after her return home she spent with her younger sister Lucy at their uncle's house at Trentham. There she began to resume the forms, at least, of religious habits, which had been broken off at school. She also undertook to write down what she could remember of the sermons she heard at church.

But again the budding of a better life was to be put back. Either her parents were not aware of the true character of the French school, or they were disposed to overlook the absence of moral influence in their high opinion

of the literary merits of the course of instruction; but they must seem to us to have taken a very inconsistent step when they determined to send Mary Martha for another term to the "Old Abbey" school at Reading, and their other daughter Lucy with her.

The exposure of the sisters to irreligious gayety, and the loss of every domestic and sacred association of their home, could scarcely have been more dangerous than it now became. The horrors of the French Revolution were then approaching to their most fearful height. It was within a few weeks of the 21st of January, 1793—the day on which Louis XVI., the King of France, was beheaded. A large number of persons who fled from Paris had taken up their abode in Reading, and the Abbey was surrounded by these. Many of them were infidels, or people of the most worldly description. The school itself had been much enlarged. Pictet was now the principal instructor, and his study was the favourite resort of the higher class of the young ladies. A grand ball was about to take place, and Mary and another, on account of their being the tallest girls, were chosen to be the leaders. A play was to be part of the entertainment, and one of the characters was

assigned to her. Almost every night was devoted to a rehearsal of the dance or the play. All this took place, and, with dinners and suppers, occupied the entire week of Christmas. The excitement was followed by the appearance of measles among the scholars. Mary and Lucy were both attacked and recovered, but one of their schoolmates died. Even this did not put a stop to the worldly career of the clergyman's daughters, nor open their parents' eyes to the impropriety of permitting them to remain from their home. The school being broken up for a time, the mistress of the establishment offered to take Mary with her to spend a fortnight in London. Her parents consented, and the holiday was spent at dances, at the theatre, and in company. At the house of one of her friends a child had died; it was the first corpse she had seen, and it made a solemn impression on her at the moment, but the same evening found her at a ball. When she returned to Reading, the number of French refugees was increased. Many were lodged around the Abbey, and some within the walls of the very school buildings. Amongst them were several gentlemen, married and single, who were always about the house during the day, and frequent-

ly came to supper with the family in the evening.

Nor was this all. A Roman Catholic priest, the Abbe Beauregard, laid a plot for the conversion of Mary and another of the parlour boarders to his religion. His manners were of the most agreeable and respectful kind. Under the pretext of teaching botany to the two unsuspecting girls, he led them to walk with him in the country, and artfully insinuated his arguments for the Romish faith. He at length gave to each of them a short prayer to the Virgin, written on a card, entreating them to use it. Mary's companion seemed disposed to yield to the suggestion, but upon endeavouring to persuade her to unite in the idolatrous act, Mary had the firmness to declare she never would consent. The character of an abbess was selected for her part in a play that was to be performed by the pupils, which she resisted, more, however, from her distrust of her capacity to do it justice, than from conscientious scruples.

CHAPTER IV.

ARLEY HALL—"THE TRADITIONS"—RETURN TO STANFORD—"MARGARITA"—DEATH OF MR. BUTT—BRIDGENORTH—SABBATH-SCHOOL—BATH.

THE two sisters returned once more to Kidderminster, and the improvement, as it was considered, which was acknowledged to have been made by them in refinement of manners, by mingling in such polished society, gave new cause to fear that Mary's vanity might be still more dangerously flattered. She was immediately invited to make a visit to Arley Hall, the seat of one of her father's former pupils, Mr. Annesley, who was now a peer by the name of Viscount Valentia. Among the guests was a German Princess, driven from her territories by the spread of the French Revolution. Here again Miss Butt was moving among persons of high rank and great accomplishments. From Arley she went to Lichfield, where her elegant hostess took every pains to have her well dressed, and introduced into company. There she attended numerous balls, and among them one given by a gentleman who boasted that he would assemble at it forty beauties. Every one

went in a dress representing some fanciful character, and wore a mask, which was not to be removed from the face until a certain hour of the entertainment. Miss Butt was dressed as a shepherdess, and was honoured by being first asked by the gentleman who gave the ball to dance with him. This distinction, among so many beautiful ladies, greatly elated her vanity.

We have given all these particulars, that the ultimate triumph which divine grace secured over a heart which the world and the flesh seemed destined to make their captive, may be more distinctly estimated, to the glory of the power which can make old things pass away, and all things become new.

However injudicious it may appear, Miss Butt's father had impressed on her mind from an early period his expectation that she would one day accomplish something that would show the world she possessed uncommon talents. Her lively imagination must have been perceived by his fond and sagacious mind, and led him to anticipate a distinguished career for her genius. Growing up with this impression, she was scarcely seventeen before she had made her first attempt at authorship. The beginning of those productions of her

pen which now fill many volumes as the Works of Mrs. Sherwood, was a tale entitled "The Tradition." She did not let any one know of her employment; but her father, happening to see the manuscript, showed it to others; and encouraged her to proceed in the composition. Just as it was completed, a friend of the family becoming bankrupt, it was determined to publish "The Tradition" for his benefit, and this being done by subscription, the result was sufficient to enable him to set up a school for his support. The book appeared in 1794, when Miss Butt was not yet nineteen. It is an evidence of the effect of the associations of the Abbey school upon her mind, while writing her first work, that in her mature age she said of it, "As to the religion, it is a sort of modification of Popery, and nothing more or less."

About this time Mr. Butt resolved to put the Kidderminster church in charge of a curate, or assistant, and to return with his family to their favourite abode at Stanford which was still his parish. Here Miss Butt had the advantage of access to the libraries of their neighbours Lord Valentia and Sir Edward Winnington, as well as that of her father. She and her sister Lucy improved themselves

in French composition by exchanging letters once a week in that language. They assumed imaginary characters and introduced stories and anecdotes into their correspondence. The only interruption of their cheerfulness at home arose from the more quiet and seclusive disposition of their mother, who did not enter so cordially, as the young ladies thought she might well have done, into their lively, and perhaps romantic conversations. Miss Butt now began her second tale, "Margarita," most of the winter scenes which it describes being suggested by what she observed in the appearances of nature at Stanford. She attempted to depict the character of her father in the part of one of the personages of the story named the Canon Bernardo. Before it was completed, her beloved parent was taken from her, having been struck with palsy, of which he died in the end of September, 1795.

This event gave a sudden interruption to the happiness and prosperity of the family. Miss Butt was not only strongly attached to her father by filial affection, but greatly admired his character and talents, and was united with him in his literary tastes and pursuits. It now also became necessary to relinquish the parsonage of Stanford with all

its charms and happy associations, and most unfortunately for the comfort of the family, their new residence was in all respects the reverse of that which they had left. It was an old cheerless mansion in the town of Bridgenorth.

It might have been expected that these calamitous changes would be the occasion of leading such a sensible mind as that of Miss Butt to the serious consideration of her own spiritual condition. But great as her grief was, she does not appear to have resorted to the proper source either for consolation or improvement. Indeed, her religious convictions were so feeble at that time, that having met, during a visit to Bath, with a young gentleman of pleasing address, who was an open infidel, she was beginning to listen to his impious conversation without the strong disgust such sentiments had awakened in her mind when she heard them in the French circles at the Arley school. Here, again, it was a slight incident that providence made use of to put the clergyman's daughter on her guard. On going from Bath to Oxford, where her brother Marten was a scholar of Christ Church College, he presented her with a small copy of the new Testament. The

simple fact of the gift, under the circumstances, immediately aroused her to a sense of her peril, and seemed to undo at once all the mischief of the flattering and plausible unbeliever. With bitter weeping she thought of that shame and horror her slightest encouragement of sceptical opinions would cause to her unsuspecting brother, and how her careless conduct in this respect did wrong to the memory of her pious father.

Another small incident may be set down among the plans by which the effectual power of divine truth was at length to reach the heart of this child of gayety. Life at Bridgenorth was dull and inactive, for the want of company and amusement. The Sabbath-days were particularly tedious to Mary and Lucy, and for the sake of having some occupation, they consented to take charge of the Sabbath-school of the parish church. This was in 1797—being only fifteen years after Mr. Raikes had begun the system of Sabbath-schools for poor children in Gloucester. Each of the sisters had a class of thirty-five girls, and attended diligently to them on week days as well as when they were in school, or walked with them to church. They marked every absentee, and were sure to call at the houses of such during that week.

They practised the greatest economy, that they might have the more means to assist their indigent pupils, and not only did their own needlework, but were constantly sewing for the children. At first their new occupation only amused them; they gradually became interested in it, and had occasion at a subsequent period to express their gratitude to God for making their work not only useful to others, but instrumental in the improvement of their own souls.

In connection with other methods of doing good to her pupils, Miss Butt wrote a tale which she read to them by chapters as they were finished. The particular object of the story was to warn the elder girls of the school against the immoral influence produced by the presence of so many soldiers, as were then to be found in every town of England. Books for Sabbath-schools, or for the humbler classes on the subject of moral and religious duties, were then very rare, compared with what we are accustomed to in our day, and after "Susan Grey" had been read to the Bridgenorth school, and was published in 1802, it became very popular, and has always been one of the most favourite of Mrs. Sherwood's works with the public.

From these times of active employment in christian duty may be dated those convictions of her need of a better religious state which at length resulted in a kind of piety to which she was yet a stranger. She had, indeed, already written in her private journal "O my God! others may love the world, but I will follow thee! others may follow the pleasures of this life, but I will be contented to take up my cross and follow thee!" But at this time, and long afterwards, she was making her calculation on obtaining the favour of God rather through her own good actions and character, than by faith in the way of righteousness laid open in the gospel. The good conduct which must be the *fruit* of evangelical faith, she was in danger of making the *substitute* of faith.

She persevered in her benevolent care for the poor. During a hard winter Lucy and she gave their mornings to making clothes for the indigent, and the afternoons to visits among them, carrying provisions bought with the savings of their own economy. Mary also wrote two tracts for distribution—"The Potatoes," and "The Baker's Dream." That her mind was becoming more drawn to the necessity of holy principles, and self-discipline,

as well as charitable deeds, is discovered by the rules she made for herself for a better use of the means of piety and the escape of temptation; such as these: "1. To rise as early as I can awake. 2. To spend my time in prayer till my mother is up. 3. To devote certain hours to my mother. 4. To read my Bible after breakfast. 5. Never to walk in the streets but when sent by my mother, or when any poor people require. 6. To go to church every Wednesday and Friday. 7. Never to indulge a worldly thought." Her conscience, more than her heart, being in these resolutions, they were not well kept, but they show how her attention was awakening, and in what direction she was looking. It may seem strange, but it is feared it is no uncommon fact in Christian families, that although Miss Butt was the daughter of a clergyman, and in the habit from her childhood of receiving religious instruction in church and at home—a teacher of a Sabbath-school—a writer of useful books and tracts—she confessed that at this time she was in such darkness in regard to Christian doctrines, that there was not one she could be said to comprehend. She knew what the outward duties of Christianity are; she felt her obligations to do good and to be

good; but she had not as yet either known or felt what was the natural condition of her own heart, or the ground and method of the change which it required, both as to its character and its relation to God. According to her own perception of her case, "I had not yet gone one step beyond the desire of establishing my own righteousness." But she was finding all efforts in this direction to be full of disappointment, increasing her discontent, and causing her to seek more earnestly for the true way.

In 1801, Mrs. Butt determined to remove from Bridgenorth to Bath, and her daughters found that the separation from their Sabbath-school was the most painful part of the change. Upon going, about this time, to spend some months at Arley Hall, the seat of Lord Valentia, where their cousin was residing in his absence, and acting as the curate of the parish, the young ladies opened a Sabbath-school in the servants' room, the first that was established in that parish. Miss Mary also took into her entire charge at their home in Bath a little half-coloured girl of six years old, from the East Indies.

CHAPTER V.

MARRIAGE—REMOVAL TO INDIA—BATTLE AT SEA—CALCUTTA—DINAPORE—BIRTH OF SON—SCHOOL—BERHAMPORE—

On the last day of June, 1803, Miss Butt was married to her cousin Henry Sherwood. They had met but seldom during their earlier years, as Mr. Sherwood had lived with an uncle in France, where he not only witnessed the scenes of the great Revolution in the times of Bonaparte, but had been in their perils. Upon his reaching his twenty-first year he entered the British army, and after remaining five years in the West Indies, had returned to England to obtain recruits for his regiment.

At the time of their marriage Mr. Sherwood was not only indifferent to religion, but when his wife wished to induce him to unite with her in the regular reading of the Scriptures, she found, to her great pain, that he did not fully believe in the truth of all parts of the holy volume. He refused to participate with her in this employment, until the birth of their first child, when in his thankfulness of joy he promised his wife that he would read the Bible to her every day. They began the daily perusal of it together when their

child was five days old, and never omitted the practice during the forty-seven years of their married state.

Mr. Sherwood was Paymaster of his regiment, and had the rank of captain. The regiment was removed to several different points while they remained in England, and Captain Sherwood, accompanied by his wife and infant, was obliged to attend them from place to place, sometimes by land, sometimes by sea. In the spring of 1805, the regiment was ordered to India. This involved Mrs. Sherwood in a great trial; for her departure to such a distant country would require her to part not only from her mother and sister and native land, but from her babe. The voyage, and the climate of India, were considered as too great a risk for the life of the child to be exposed to, and the mother must surrender it to the care of others. The child was not yet a year old, and none but a mother can appreciate the severity of the sacrifice that Mrs. Sherwood felt herself bound to make.

At the close of April the regiment embarked at Portsmouth in a fleet for India. The ship in which captain and Mrs. Sherwood sailed was "The Devonshire." The cabin allotted to her was so small, dark, and uncomfortable that

it was misery to be in it, especially when sea-sickness was added to the troubles; but Mrs. Sherwood passed the voyage in reading and sewing, and in teaching a soldier's boy to read, who came to her every day after breakfast, for that purpose. Not the least pleasant of her daily employment was the hour of the evening when her husband came down and read the Bible to her.

England and France were at that time at war with each other, and, of course, the fleet with which Capt. Sherwood was sailing was prepared for battle. After they had been about three months at sea, an opportunity occurred for exhibiting some of the terrors of a conflict on the ocean. Three French ships approached the British fleet, and two of them began to fire. The Devonshire was one of those nearest the enemy, and three shots passed through its rigging. For the sake of safety to them, and to have the vessel more clear for action, all the women were placed in the lower hold of the ship, which was considerably below water mark. There were six ladies of the families of the officers, nine soldiers' wives, two or three female servants, and four children. The place was almost dark; the ladder by which they descended

into it was taken away to prevent their coming up; and so they were left for several hours, while the terrible noise of the cannon and the confusion of the battle were going on above them, and none knew what injury their husbands might be receiving, or what might be their own fate. The battle, however, passed off without much loss of life, or interruption of the voyage, and on the 21st of August the continent of India was in sight. In a few days more Mrs. Sherwood found herself safe on land, and in the midst of the strange scenes of Asiatic life in the city of Madras. After remaining ten days on shore they again embarked in the Devonshire, for Bengal, and upon reaching the river Hoogley, Mrs. Sherwood immediately accompanied her husband in a boat fifty miles up the river, and arrived at the great city of Calcutta. They had apartments given to them in Fort William, the principal military station. Here they remained four weeks, when the regiment was ordered to Dinapore, a town on the Ganges, which they reached in several days' journey by boats. On the 25th of December, her son Henry was born in that town. Mrs. Sherwood had been very much agitated by the fear that her child would be born in some

part of India where there would be no clergyman to baptize it. Although she never ceased to value this blessed birth-right privilege of the children of believers, she afterwards saw that, at this period of her Christian progress, her views of the necessity of baptism were superstitious rather than scriptural. As her mind received the gospel more intelligently, she abhorred the doctrine that baptism is necessary for the salvation of the soul, or that any outward rite is the means of regenerating the fallen nature. She had the gratification, however, of finding a clergyman on a visit to the Dinapore station, and by him her infant son was baptized. She showed how unscriptural her views of these subjects were at this time, when some months after the child's baptism, its Hindoo nurse took him to some idolatrous service, and had a mark made upon his forehead as a sign of the false religion. Instead of treating this as of no consequence, Mrs. Sherwood was greatly terrified and could scarcely be persuaded that the infant would not be safe unless baptized a second time.

Mrs. Sherwood, being an officer's wife, was at liberty to spend her time as she pleased. In the hot climate of India, most English ladies consider themselves justified in passing

their days even without taking part in the ordinary domestic duties to which they are accustomed at home. It is usual in India to employ so many servants, and the expense of having them is so light, that the temptations to indolence in a warm and luxurious country are very strong. But Mrs. Sherwood felt a religious obligation resting on her to be useful in the land of ignorance and degradation, where her lot was thrown. She saw that the work in which she could accomplish most good was the instruction of children, and so long as she remained in India, she continued, on the week-days as well as on the Lord's day, the care of the young which she had first undertaken in her Sabbath-school at home only as an amusement. No sooner was she settled in Dinapore than she began to collect the children of the English soldiers and others, and teach them at her own house. She soon had more than forty pupils of this description, refusing none who applied, not even when the children were coloured. But after a few months of this employment, she was obliged to break up her school and make another removal. The regiment was now to be taken to Berhampore, three hundred miles further up the Ganges. Here they arrived in July,

1806, and the school was again opened with the same children of soldiers as in Dinapore, and a number of others from a different regiment. The only assistant Mrs. Sherwood had was a sergeant, who was very useful in keeping order. The school was open every day but the Sabbath from eight o'clock till twelve. Nothing in the new scenes of Indian life was more trying to Mrs. Sherwood's feelings than the comparative disregard of the Lord's day, even among her own countrymen. There would be a public service held in the morning, but as soon as it was over, business was transacted, and the day was usually closed with a dinner-party. The only way by which Mrs. Sherwood could obtain a quiet Sabbath in her own apartments was by her husband's absenting himself, so that there should be a reason for turning away those who came to see him on business.

But it should be here recorded, that notwithstanding her zeal in teaching a daily school, solely for the purpose of doing good, and her anxiety to prevent a desecration of the Sabbath and secure its sacred as well as secular rest for herself, Mrs. Sherwood regarded herself as at this time only in a half-awakened state as it regarded true religion. She

was still making more compliances with worldly customs than she could reconcile with her better feelings, and benevolent as her disposition and intention were in undertaking the regimental school, she was doubtless sustained in the laborious work by a belief that in such self-denial there was something meritorious, even in the sight of God. It was only gradually, and when experience had taught her that her conscience was not yet at peace, and that she had not found an undivided happiness in the love of God, that she was led by the Spirit of grace to the only true ground, whether of duty or of blessedness, "the righteousness which is of God by faith."

CHAPTER VI.

BIRTH OF LUCY—DEATH OF HENRY—DOCTRINE OF DEPRAVITY—"INFANT PILGRIM."

Her life in India, both as to its amusements and serious occupations, was one of great delight to Mrs. Sherwood. From her relationship to an officer of the army, she had access to the highest ranks of society, and was sometimes a guest even in the palaces of the Indian princes. In March, 1807, another daughter

was added to her family, who received the name of Lucy Martha. This event contributed to increase her contentment in a foreign land, and to reconcile her to the separation from her eldest child left behind in England. But the happiness was not to continue long unbroken. Little Henry began to fail in his health; and after lingering for some months died in July.

It was during her anxieties for her sick child (and probably in a degree owing to the unusually strong sense of the need of clear views of religious truth felt by a reflecting person under such circumstances) that Mrs. Sherwood attained the conviction of one of the cardinal doctrines of the Bible, which she had never yet understood or felt. Our readers will be surprised to hear, that the doctrine of which she confessed herself to be in total ignorance up to this time, was that of human depravity. Though taught in the articles of faith of the church in which she and her children had been baptized, she did not remember, until her great trials came upon her, that such an opinion was held, or knew what it meant. What is still stranger, as she herself admitted, she remained blind to this doctrine, though reading the Bible every day. It was the

chaplain at Berhampore who discovered this deficiency in her religious knowledge, and convinced her from the Scriptures of the original hereditary guilt and depravity of human nature. He put into her hands Dr. Owen's great treatise "On Indwelling Sin," which she read with eagerness. Her apprehension of the facts as to the origin and extent of the sinfulness and guilt of the race had the effect upon her mind, which it always has when experimentally received—it gave relief to her anxieties, and direction to her inquiries. Not that any enlightened person finds relief from this source to the sense of responsibility, or is quieted in his fears on the ground that he cannot help what he inherits; but as stated in Mrs. Sherwood's account of the effect of the truth in her own case—"I found immediate comfort in the doctrine; it was the comfort of one who, having long felt himself sick, finds the nature of his disease and its remedy laid open before him." Heretofore, her sense of sin had been superficial, and she had continually wondered why her good works did not appease her conscience, and make her confirmed and settled in her religious experience. But the light of the Scripture revelation plainly disclosed to her that nothing less

than a new or regenerated nature would furnish the radical relief she needed, and that to furnish this was one of the essential objects of the mediation of Christ, and one of the effects of receiving him by faith as the sole meritorious ground of acceptance with God. It was not until Mrs. Sherwood saw the extent of the corruption of the heart, and the utter helplessness of man to remove or diminish it, that she began to appreciate the love of God in Christ Jesus.

It was while residing at Berhampore that Mrs. Sherwood began to write her popular work, entitled "The Infant Pilgrim's Progress." She had finished some chapters of it, when she felt that she had left out a most important part of the description of even an infant's condition in the outset of life; so she began the book again for the purpose of introducing inbred or original sin as a companion of the young pilgrims in all their wanderings.

About this time Captain Sherwood for the first time introduced the reading of prayers with his family every Lord's day, in addition to the daily reading of the Bible with his wife. His mind, as well as hers, was making advance in the right way.

CHAPTER VII.

DINAPORE—HENRY MARTYN—DAVID CORRIE—CAWNPORE—"INDIAN ORPHANS"—DEATH OF LUCY.

In the month of September, 1807, Mr. Sherwood was obliged to make another removal still further up the Ganges, to Cawnpore. On their way they stopped a few days at Dinapore, where they made their first acquaintance with an English clergyman, whose name is now familiarly known, and as generally honoured throughout the Christian church. This was the Rev. Henry Martyn, who had left England as a military chaplain to India in August, 1805, and had taken up his residence at Dinapore in November of the following year. Here he was laboriously employed in translating the Scriptures into the languages of Hindostan and Persia, in superintending native schools, and in promoting the knowledge of Christianity among all classes as he found opportunity. At the time of our history Mr. Martyn was not more than twenty-six years of age, and was suffering from the ill health from which he was not relieved until his death at Tocat, in Turkey, in the year 1812.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood were introduced

to Mr. Martyn by a letter from Mr. Parson, the chaplain of Berhampore, to whose evangelical instruction they were so much indebted. The interest which is still felt in the character of Henry Martyn must make the details given in Mrs. Sherwood's journal of their interviews with him, one of the most engaging portions of her own biography. She thus described her first sight of him as he came to visit them in their boat:

"He was dressed in white, and looked very pale, which, however, was nothing singular in India; his hair, a light brown, was raised from his forehead, which was a remarkably fine one. His features were not regular, but the expression was so luminous, so intellectual, so affectionate, so beaming with divine charity, that no one could have looked at his features, and thought of their shape or form;—the out-beaming of his soul would absorb the attention of every observer. There was a very decided air, too, of the gentleman about Mr. Martyn, and a perfection of manners which, from his extreme attention to all minute civilities, might seem almost inconsistent with the general bent of his thoughts to the most serious subjects. He was as remarkable for ease as for cheerfulness, and in these particulars this

journal does not give a graphic account of this blessed child of God. I was much pleased at the first sight of Mr. Martyn. I had heard much of him from Mr. Parson; but I had no anticipation of his hereafter becoming so distinguished as he subsequently did. And if I anticipated it little, he, I am sure, anticipated it less; for he was one of the humblest of men."

The next day they visited Mr. Martyn's residence, which they found destitute of almost every comfort, but that which was produced by his apartments being large and airy. Here they enjoyed his method of conducting family worship in the morning and evening. It began with the singing of a hymn, followed by the reading of Scripture with explanatory remarks, and closed with an extemporaneous prayer. The conversion of the people of India, and the general extension of the kingdom of Christ seemed to fill his thoughts, and overflowed in all his conversations, whether in the house, or in their evening walks.

The observation of this devoted missionary's character, and the hearing of his instructive conversation must have helped to elevate his visiters' conception of practical Christianity, and assisted in its development, through divine grace, in their own hearts. They were,

however, separated for the present from this happy influence, by being obliged to pursue their voyage.

On their way from Dinapore they formed their first acquaintance with another English missionary whose name is associated with the history of Martyn. This was the Rev. David Corrie, then stationed as chaplain at Chunar, afterwards archdeacon and then Bishop of the Church of England at Madras. Mr. Corrie spent three hours on the boat with our travellers, and left the impression on them of a simple-hearted, holy Christian. They afterwards acknowledged it as a special advantage in the plan of the gracious providence that was guiding them, in the way most favourable to their spiritual benefit, that they were led to the society of such men as Martyn, Corrie, Parson, and other clergymen of their character, rather than to that of a less devout and devoted class of ministers. Their intimacy with such Christians brought to their view living illustrations of the reality and nature of the only grade of piety which conforms to the spirit of the doctrines and example of Christ, and exhibits their transforming power on the heart and conduct. "God in his infinite mercy, though we knew it not, was beginning

to lead us out from worldly society into that of his chosen and most beloved children in India. He hitherto hedged our way with sharp thorns, but he was preparing the roses which, after a little while, were to render the few last years of our residence in the East as happy as human beings can be in the present state of existence."

As soon as they reached Cawnpore, Mrs. Sherwood began her school with as much zeal as if, instead of being an officer's wife, she had gone out to India as a missionary. She generally taught four classes; one composed of the larger boys, another of the girls, and two classes of the younger children. She adopted an orphan child, named Annie, whose history can be read at large in "The Indian Orphans," in Mrs. Sherwood's works. This little girl had been so drugged with ardent spirits by those who had charge of her after her mother's death, that she never recovered her good health. This drugging of children with liquor or opium, to save their mothers or nurses the trouble of taking care of them when they are restless, is no unusual thing in India; nor, we fear, is it unknown in America. Hindoo mothers are well known to be most unnatural in the treatment of their own children, espe-

cially the females; but women of Christian countries sometimes forget their humanity when they fall among such examples. This was shown in the case of another child whom Mrs. Sherwood adopted, by the name of Sarah. Her mother, who was an English soldier's wife, had died, and the care of the child had fallen upon another woman of the same class, in consequence of a promise she had made to the infant's mother on her death-bed. Mrs. Sherwood heard that this foster mother, having become tired of the burden, was trying to starve the child by degrees. Sending for her, she soon discovered the horrible truth. The helpless, motherless infant showed in its eager looks and emaciated frame, the effects of famine. The woman pretended it was the effect of illness, but Mrs. Sherwood took the child from her, and by prudent feeding it soon showed that its only disease was hunger.

Not long after these events another sad bereavement befel the Sherwoods. Their daughter Lucy died of a few days' illness. While she lay in her fever, her mother had turned to Jeremiah's book of "Lamentations," only expecting to find some expressions to help her utter her anguish; but she found a

better result upon reading there, the instructive, as well as consoling words—"for the Lord will not cast off for ever; but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies: for he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

CHAPTER VIII.

NOTICES OF HENRY MARTYN.

In the spring of 1809, Mr. Martyn was appointed by the East India Company to be chaplain at Cawnpore; and this circumstance, so welcome to the family from the attachment they had formed for the devoted missionary, proved a great spiritual benefit to them. He travelled the distance from Dinapore—almost four hundred miles—in a palanquin, and for the last two days and nights, had no resting place on the way; and upon reaching Mr. Sherwood's door, he was so exhausted that he fainted. Even in the bungalow, or house, closely shut up from the sun, and with the punkah, or machine for fanning a room, in motion, the thermometer stood at 96°. But

in a few days, Mr. Martyn was sufficiently recovered to lie on a couch in the hall with his books around him. Amongst these were always to be found a Hebrew Bible and a Greek New Testament. Mrs. Sherwood has left an account of his employments during this residence with them, that our readers would not wish to have in any one's language but her own. Our extracts will show that beloved man as he appeared in the eyes of those who were most intimate with him, and give particulars that are not to be found in the memoirs of his life that have been published.

"On the 30th of May, the Rev. Henry Martyn arrived at our bungalow. The former chaplain had proceeded to the presidency, and we were so highly favoured as to have Mr. Martyn appointed in his place. I am not aware whether we expected him, but certainly not at the time when he did appear. It was in the morning, the desert winds blowing like fire without, when we suddenly heard the quick steps of many bearers. Mr. Sherwood ran out to the leeward of the house, and exclaimed, "Mr. Martyn." The next moment I saw him leading in that excellent man, and saw our visitor a moment afterwards fall down in a fainting fit. He had travelled in a palanquin from Dinapore,

and the first part of the way he moved only by night. But between Cawnpore and Allahabad, being a hundred and thirty miles, there is no resting place, and he was compelled for two days and two nights to journey on in his palanquin, exposed to the raging heat of a fiery wind. He arrived, therefore, quite exhausted, and actually under the influence of fever.

"In his fainting state, Mr. Martyn could not have retired to the sleeping-room which we caused to be prepared immediately for him, because we had no means of cooling any sleeping-room so thoroughly as we could the hall. We, therefore, had a couch set for him in the hall. There he was laid, and very ill he was for a day or two. On the 2nd of June the hot winds left us, and we had a close, suffocating calm. Mr. Martyn could not lift his head from the couch.

"Mr. Martyn, like myself at this time, was often perplexed and dismayed at the workings of his own heart, yet, perhaps, not discerning a hundredth part of the depth of the depravity of his own nature, the character of which is summed up in Holy Writ in these two words —"utterly unclean." He felt this the more strongly, because he partook also of that new nature "which sinneth not." It was in the

workings and actings of that nature that his character shone so pre-eminently as it did amid a dark and unbelieving society, such as was ours then at Cawnpore.

"In a very few days he had discerned the sweet qualities of the orphan Annie, and had so encouraged her to come about him that she drew her chair, and her table, and her green box to the vicinity of his couch. She showed him her verses, and consulted him about the adoption of more passages into the number of her favourites. Annie had a particular delight in all the pastoral views given in Scripture of our Saviour and of his church; and when Mr. Martyn showed her this beautiful passage, 'Feed thy people with thy rod, the flock of thine heritage which dwell solitarily in the wood in the midst of Carmel,' (Micah vii. 14,) she was as pleased with this passage as if she had made some wonderful acquisition.

"When Mr. Martyn lost the worst symptoms of his illness, he used to sing a great deal. He had an uncommonly fine voice and fine ear; he could sing many fine chaunts, and a vast variety of hymns and psalms. He would insist upon it that I should sing with him, and he taught me many tunes, all of which were afterwards brought into requisition; and when

fatigued himself, he made me sit by his couch, and practise these hymns. He would listen to my singing, which was altogether very unscientific, for hours together, and he was constantly requiring me to go on even when I was tired. The tunes he taught me, no doubt, reminded him of England, and of scenes and friends no longer seen. The more simple the style of singing, the more it probably answered his purpose.

"As soon as Mr. Martyn could in any way exert himself, he made acquaintance with some of the pious men of the regiment; (the same poor men whom I have mentioned before, who used to meet in ravines, in huts, in woods, and in every wild and secret place they could find, to read, and pray, and sing;) and he invited them to come to him in our house, Mr. Sherwood making no objection. The time first fixed was an evening after parade, and in consequence they all appeared at the appointed hour, each carrying their mora, (a low seat,) and their books tied up in pocket-handkerchiefs. In this very unmilitary fashion they were all met in a body by some officers. It was with some difficulty that Mr. Sherwood could divert the storm of displeasure which had well nigh burst upon them on the occasion. Had they

been all found intoxicated and fighting, they would have created less anger from those who loved not religion.

"We did not join the party, but we heard them singing and praying, and the sound was very sweet. Mr. Martyn then promised them that when he had got a house he would set aside a room for them, where they might come every evening, adding he would meet them himself twice in the week. It may as well be remarked here as in another place, that as soon as every convenience for the assembly of these persons was provided, and when these assemblies were sanctioned by our ever kind Colonel Mawby, and all difficulties, in short, overcome, many who had been the most zealous under persecution fell quite away, and never returned. How can we account for these things? Many, however, remained steadfast under evil report as well as good report, and died as they had lived in simple and pure faith.

"I must not omit in this place another anecdote of Mr. Martyn, which amused us much at the time after we had recovered the alarm attending it. The salary of a chaplain is large, and Mr. Martyn had not drawn his for so long a time, that the sum amounted perhaps to some hundreds. He was to receive it from the col-

lector at Cawnpore. Accordingly, he one morning sent a note for the amount, confiding the note to the care of a common cooley, a porter of low caste, generally a very poor man. This man went off, unknown to Mr. Sherwood and myself, early in the morning. The day passed, the evening came, and no cooley arrived. At length Mr. Martyn said in a quiet voice to us, "The cooley does not come with my money. I was thinking this morning how rich I should be; and, now, I should not wonder in the least if he has run off, and taken my treasure with him." "What!" we exclaimed, "surely you have not sent a common cooley for your pay?" "I have," he replied. Of course we could not expect that it would ever arrive safe; for it would be paid in silver, and delivered to the man in cotton bags. Soon afterwards, however, it did arrive, a circumstance at which we all greatly marvelled. Immediately after this Mr. Martyn went out, and, being persuaded by some black man, he bought one of the most undesirable houses, to all appearance, which he could have chosen. This house afterwards proved to be, in many respects, singularly convenient, as we shall show by-and-by. On the 29th of May, Mr. Martyn left us to go to his own house; and after he was gone I fell into a

state of uneasiness and dissatisfaction with myself; for I was then experiencing a deeply strong sense of my own depravity, not yet having reached to such Bible knowledge as might lead me to the conviction that this depravity, which I bewailed so incessantly, must remain in antagonism with the work of the Spirit, until the carnal nature shall be put off in the moment of death. Mr. Martyn's house was a bungalow situate between the Sepoy Parade and the Artillery Barracks, but behind that range of principal bungalows which face the Parade. The approach to the dwelling was called the Compound, along an avenue of palm trees and aloes. A more stiff, funereal avenue can hardly be imagined. At the end of this avenue were two bungalows, connected by a long passage. These bungalows were low, and the rooms small. The garden was prettily laid out with flowering shrubs and tall trees; in the centre was a wide space, which at some seasons was green, and a cherbuter, or raised platform of chunam, of great extent, was placed in the middle of this space. A vast number and variety of huts and sheds formed one boundary of the Compound; these were concealed by the shrubs. But who would venture to give any account of the hetero-

geneous population which occupied these buildings? For, besides the usual complement of servants found in and about the houses of persons of a certain rank in India, we must add to Mr. Martyn's household a multitude of Pundits, Moonshees, schoolmasters, and poor nominal Christians, who hung about him because there was no other to give them a handful of rice for their daily maintenance; and most strange was the murmur which proceeded at times from this ill-assorted and discordant multitude. Mr. Martyn occupied the largest of the two bungalows. He had given up the least to the wife of Sabat, that wild man of the desert, whose extraordinary history has made so much noise in the Christian world. Mr. Martyn had come up *dawk* (post) from Dinapore; Sabat with all the household and goods had arrived in boats.

"It was a burning evening in June, when after sun-set I accompanied Mr. Sherwood to Mr. Martyn's bungalow, and saw for the first time its avenue of palms and aloes. We were conducted to the cherbuter, where the company was already assembled, among which there was no lady but myself. This cherbuter was many feet square, and chairs were set for the guests; and a more heterogeneous assembly

surely had not often met, and seldom, I believe, were more languages in requisition in so small a party. Besides Mr. Martyn and ourselves, there was no one present who could speak English. But let me introduce each individual separately; and first, Sabat. The only languages which he was able to speak were Persian, Arabic, and a very little bad Hindostanee; but what was wanting in the words of this man was more than made up by the loudness with which he uttered them, for he had a voice like rolling thunder.

"The second of Mr. Martyn's guests, whom I must introduce as being not a whit behind Sabat in his own opinion of himself, was the Padre Julius Cæsar, an Italian monk of the order of the Jesuits, a worthy disciple of Ignatius Loyola. He spoke French fluently, but his native language was Italian. His conversation with Mr. Martyn was carried on partly in Latin and partly in Italian. A third guest was a learned native of India, in his full and handsome Hindostanee costume; and a fourth, a little, thin, copper-coloured, half-caste Bengalee gentleman, in white nankeen, who spoke only Bengalee. Mr. Sherwood made a fifth, in his scarlet and gold uniform; myself, the only lady, was the sixth; and add our host, Mr. Martyn,

in his clerical black silk coat, and there is our party. Most assuredly I never listened to such a confusion of tongues before or since. Such a noisy, perplexing Babel can scarcely be imagined. Every one who had acquired his views of politeness in Eastern society was shouting at the top of his voice, as if he had lost his fellow in a wood; and no less than seven languages were in constant request, viz., English, French, Italian, Arabic, Persian, Hindostanee, Bengalee, and Latin.

"From the time Mr. Martyn left our house he was in the constant habit of supping with us two or three times a week, and he used to come on horseback, with the *sais* running by his side. He sat his horse as if he were not quite aware that he was on horseback, and he generally wore his coat as if it were falling from his shoulders. When he dismounted, his favourite place was in the verandah, with a book, till we came in from our airing. And when we returned, many a sweet and long discourse we had, whilst waiting for our dinner or supper. Mr. Martyn often looked up to the starry heavens, and spoke of those glorious worlds of which we know so little now, but of which we hope to know so much hereafter."

CHAPTER IX.

FURTHER NOTICES OF HENRY MARTYN—VOYAGE TO CALCUTTA.

In the month of September, 1809, Mr. Martyn baptized Lucy, the infant of Mrs. Sherwood, born the preceding month. The service was not performed, as it too often is, as if an empty ceremony; but so solemnly that the mother never forgot it. It was then just a year since her other child Lucy had been taken from her by death; and fearing that it was impossible to preserve her children's health, or to hope for their living long in the climate of India, Mrs. Sherwood had resolved to take them to her friends in England, even though she should herself return to her husband. The last week of their stay in Cawnpore they spent at Mr. Martyn's house, going every night to sleep in the boat in which they were to sail to Calcutta. Here we must copy Mrs. Sherwood's own account of the missionary in his home and daily occupations.

"I still remember the time we spent at Mr. Martyn's bungalow with deep interest. In the mornings we all used to set out together, children and servants, to go up from the river

to the house, whilst the dew yet lay upon the grass; for it was the beginning of the cold season, and the many aromatic flowers of that southern climate shed their perfume in the air. Having arrived at the bungalow, the children and their servants went to the apartments appointed them, and I went into the hall to breakfast. There were always one or more strangers (gentlemen) present. We sang a hymn, and Mr. Martyn read and prayed before breakfast, and we often sat long at breakfast. The persons who visited Mr. Martyn, with few exceptions, were religious persons, and the conversation was generally upon religious subjects, the conversion of the heathen being constantly the topic of discourse. Many letters were at this time passing between the different religious leaders (if such an expression may be permitted me) throughout all India: the Rev. David Brown, of Calcutta, being, as it were, set in the centre of the battle, whilst others occupied the front, and were as pioneers, breaking up the new ground. Mr. Brown again and again suggested new plans of work, and there were then not a few who were eager to execute them, full of confidence that wonders were to be wrought, and the whole earth converted, according to the words

of Mr. Martyn's favourite hymn, which is a paraphrase of the 72nd Psalm by Dr. Watts:—

'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

'The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.'

"As I said before, little was spoken of at Mr. Martyn's table but of various plans for advancing the triumphs of Christianity. Among the plans adopted, Mr. Martyn had, first at Dinapore and then at Cawnpore, established one or two schools for children of the natives of the lower caste. His plan was to hire a native schoolmaster, generally a Mussulmaun, to appoint him a place, and to pay him an *anna* a head for each boy whom he could induce to attend school. These boys the master was to teach to write and read. It was Mr. Martyn's great aim, and, indeed, the sole end of his exertions, to get Christian books into the school. As no mention was ever made of proselytism, there was never any difficulty found in introducing even portions of the Scripture itself,

more especially portions of the Old Testament, to the attention of the children. The books of Moses are always very acceptable to a Mussulmaun, and Genesis is particularly interesting to the Hindoos. Mr. Martyn's first school at Cawnpore was located in a long shed, which was on the side of the cavalry lines. It was the first school of the kind I ever saw. The master sat at one end, like a tailor, on the dusty floor; and along under the shed sat the scholars, a pack of little urchins, with no other clothes on, than a skull cap and a piece of cloth round the loins. These little ones squatted, like their master, in the sand. They had wooden imitations of slates in their hands, on which having first written their lessons with chalk, they recited them, being sure to raise their voices on the approach of any European or native of note. Now Cawnpore is about one of the most dusty places in the world. The Sepoy lines are the most dusty part of Cawnpore; and as the little urchins are always well greased, either with cocoa-nut oil or, in failure thereof, with rancid mustard oil, whenever there was the slightest breath of air they always looked as if they had been powdered all over with brown powder. But what did this signify? they would have been equally dusty

in their own huts. In these schools they were in the way of getting a few ideas; at all events, they often got so far as to be able to copy a verse on their wooden slates. Afterwards they committed to memory what they had written. Who that has ever heard it can forget the sounds of the various notes with which these little people intonated their "Aleph Zubbur ah—Zair a—Paiche oh," as they waved backwards and forwards in their recitations? Or who can forget the vacant self-importance of the schoolmaster, who was generally a long-bearded, dry old man, who had no other means of proving his superiority over the scholars but making more noise than even they could do? Such a scene, indeed, could not be forgotten; but would it not require great faith to expect anything green to spring from a soil so dry? But this faith was not wanting to the Christians then in India.

"Bibles at that period were most scarce and valuable in India; Annie and Sally were therefore much pleased when Mr. Martyn gave each of them a copy. His kindness to these little ones was always remarkable; he was never more at his ease than when they were hanging about him. On Sabbath, 22nd October, we received the Lord's Supper from Mr.

Martyn; about fourteen of the devout men of the 53d being present, and Francis, the eldest of my scholars in the regiment."

Leaving Cawnpore, the family proceeded on their voyage down the Ganges, stopping at some of the principal towns that lie on its banks, though not often leaving their boat. At Chunar, the benevolent and excellent Mr. Corrie visited them. Mrs. Sherwood had the highest esteem for the personal character of this clergyman, and pronounced him, in his peculiar path of missionary employment, which was different from that of Mr. Martyn's, as probably the most useful man of the Church of England that had then ever laboured in India. It was with Mr. Corrie and his sister that Mrs. Sherwood designed leaving the two orphan children, Lucy and Sally, during her expected absence in England; and they cheerfully undertook the responsible charge.

On the 28th of November the boat reached Calcutta. They found four ships on the point of sailing for England, in one of which Mrs. Sherwood with her infant and nurse would have taken passage, when suddenly the nurse refused to accompany her. This unexpected interruption of her plan led Mrs. Sherwood to reflect more seriously than she had heretofore

done, whether it was her duty to leave India and separate herself so long from her husband, especially as in doing so she would be acting in opposition to his wishes. They agreed to consult two of the best physicians of Calcutta as to the necessity of taking their child to a colder climate. Both of the physicians declared that she might be safely retained in India for some years at least, and Mrs. Sherwood joyfully assented to this decision as an indication of her duty. She felt the incident, too, as a providential reproof for allowing her tenderness as a mother to go beyond her obligations as a wife, and in reviewing the circumstance long afterwards, she used these strong expressions:—

"O my God! my Father! and my Friend! How can I sufficiently thank thee, O Lord! for thy goodness to me in this instance; for thine infinite kindness in thus removing the film from my eyes, and showing me the way I should go, ere yet I had taken that step which was so decidedly against my duty! Oh! who can tell what might have been the consequences had I been permitted to go, following my own devices, until I had made full shipwreck of all our domestic happiness! Oh! let me warn all wives to consider what I have here said."

CHAPTER X.

REV. MR. THOMASON—REV. DAVID BROWN—ORPHAN ASYLUMS—RETURN TO CAWNPORE—FAMILY AT MIRZAPORE.

THE idea of leaving India being thus abandoned, Mrs. Sherwood immediately prepared to return with her husband to his post at Cawnpore. The few days they waited at Calcutta they spent at the residence of the Rev. Thomas T. Thomason, who had come from England in the capacity of a chaplain of the East India Company, in the year 1808. She was much gratified with the attention which Mr. Thomason gave to the instruction of the children, one or other of whose parents was a European. Once every week he collected these in his church and examined them on religious subjects. On the occasion on which Mrs. Sherwood was present, he was examining this young audience on the sermon of the previous Sabbath. He was preaching a series of discourses on obedience to parents, and, according to his custom, had provided the children with the principal heads of the last sermon in the form of questions and answers, printed for their use. At this time, too, they saw for

the first and only time another well known English minister—the Rev. David Brown, in whose church now stands the honourable inscription to his memory:—

"To the poor the gospel was preached in this church by the Rev. David Brown, during a period of twenty-five years."

It was to the wife of Mr. Thomason, and during this unexpected visit, that Mrs. Sherwood opened her heart as to the condition of the orphan children of poor Europeans. This conference interested both her and Mr. Thomason so deeply in the behalf of the neglected children, that what seemed so untoward an event and loss of time, as this long voyage down the Ganges and back, proved to be the origin of what was afterwards so liberally done for establishing an institution for this description of orphans. For it was in consequence of this disappointment that Annie, one of the orphans in Mrs. Sherwood's care, was afterwards taken to Calcutta by Miss Corrie. The child became known to Lady Loudon, a person of high rank and influence, who was thus led to inquire into the state of the motherless white girls living in the military barracks. The information she gained from Mrs. Thomason, Mrs. Sherwood and others,

induced her to establish an asylum in Calcutta for white orphan girls, in addition to two establishments already in existence, for other classes of orphans.

On the 18th of December, they were on their river voyage once more. In two weeks they met a boat in which, to their great surprise, they found the lady who had taken charge of the orphan Sally. The lady was on her way to Calcutta in very ill health; and to the joy both of the little girl and Mrs. Sherwood, it was determined that she should at once return to her care. Seven weeks later they reached Mr. Corrie's house at Chunar, where they expected to take up their other adopted orphan—Annie; but Mr. Corrie and his sister had become so much attached to the child, that Mrs. Sherwood consented to leave her with her.

It may entertain and instruct our youthful readers to have some information of the manner in which children of a different class from those of poor orphans, are treated in India. We will therefore introduce here the description which Mrs. Sherwood gave of the life of the children of a wealthy Indian family at Mirzapore, at whose house they halted soon after leaving Chunar.

"Though we slept in our boat, I could not leave the children there, and, therefore, we brought them up, and located little Miss Lucy and her attendants in the nursery of our friend, who had, besides two or three children at school in England, one daughter, Miss Louisa, whom we had seen before, and three very little ones. These children had the whole of a wing of the large house devoted to themselves and their attendants; for each child had two or more servants to itself, not counting the washerman, sweepers, bullock drivers, silver-stick bearers, cooks, &c., &c., which that portion of the house needed. Over all these was a large, tall, consequential, superbly dressed, high salaried, white woman, probably some sergeant's widow, who sat in state, and gave her orders. Under this person was an Ayah, or head nurse, a black woman, who had lived long with the lady of the mansion, and who no doubt felt the yoke of the white woman anything but easy. The civilian's lady herself, who was a very gentle, timid person, seemed to be in some awe of the mistress paramount of her nursery. I can fancy I see this tyrant now, in her smart head-tire, seated in her elbow chair, issuing her commands in Anglo-Hindostanee, and scarcely

condescending to bow to her lady's visitors. But there were three babies, as near to each other in age as possible, and this was to me a sight of the deepest interest, for the children looked well, and the little one was so fat that they had put rows of pearls about her little neck to prevent the creases occasioned by the plumpness from galling.

"I must now proceed to some description of Miss Louisa, the eldest daughter then in India of our friends, who, at that time, might have been about six or seven. She was tall of her age, very brown, and very pale. She had been entirely reared in India, and was accustomed, from her earliest infancy, to be attended by a multitude of servants, whom she despised thoroughly as being black, although, no doubt, she preferred their society to her own country people, as they ministered, with much flattery and servility, to her wants. Wherever she had moved during these first years of her life, she had been followed by her Ayah, and probably by one or two bearers, and she was perfectly aware that if she got into any mischief they would be blamed, and not herself. In the meantime, except in the article of food, every desire, and every caprice, and every want had

been indulged to satiety. No one who has not seen it could imagine the profusion of toys which are scattered about an Indian house wherever the Babalogue (children people) are permitted to range. There may be seen—fine polished and painted toys from Benares, in which all the household utensils of the country, the fruits, and even the animals, are represented, the last most ludicrously incorrect. Toys in painted clay from Morshedabad and Calcutta, representing figures of gods and godesses, with horses, camels, elephants, peacocks, and parrots, and now and then a Tope Walla, or hat wearer, as they call the English, in full regimentals and cocked hat, seated on an ill-formed, clumsy thing, meant for a horse. Then add to these, English, French, and Dutch toys, which generally lie pell-mell in every corner where the listless, toy-satiated child may have thrown or kicked them.

"The quantity of inner and outer garments worn by a little girl in England would render it extremely fatiguing to change the dress so often as our little ladies are required to do in India. Miss Louisa's attire consisted of a single garment, a frock body without sleeves, attached to a pair of trousers, with rather a short, full skirt gathered into the body with

the trousers, so as to form one whole, the whole being ruffled with the finest *jindelly*, a cloth which is not unlike cambric, every ruffle being plaited in the most delicate manner. These ruffles are doubled and trebled on the top of the arm, forming there a substitute for a sleeve, and the same is done around the ankle, answering the purpose almost of a stocking, or at least concealing its absence. Fine coloured kid shoes ought to have completed this attire, but it most often happened that these were kicked away among the rejected toys.

"How many times in the day the dress of Miss Louisa was renewed, who shall say? It, however, depended much upon the accidents which might happen to it, but four times was the usual arrangement, which was once before breakfast, once after, once again before *tiffin*, [lunch,] and once again for the evening airing. The child, being now nearly seven years old, was permitted to move about the house independently of her Ayah; thus, she was sometimes in the hall, sometimes in the verandah, sometimes in one room, sometimes in another. In an Indian house in the hot season no inner door is ever shut, and curtains only are hung in the doorways, so that this little

wild one was in and out and everywhere just as it hit her fancy. She had never been taught even to know her letters; and she had never been kept to any task; she was a complete slave of idleness, restlessness, and *ennui*. 'It is time for Louisa to go to England,' was quietly remarked by the parents, and no one present controverted the point. As to little Sally, she seemed perfectly terrified by this child, and kept close by me. The lady of the house, it should be told, suffered as much as any European who yet lived, could do, from the influence of the climate. She had not bodily strength to control either children or servants; she seemed to have lost all motive of action, all power of exertion. She had few books, and scarcely ever heard any news of her own people, of whom she saw scarce one in a year, and apparently she took little interest in the natives. Hers was, indeed, but a common picture, which might represent hundreds of her country people in the same situation. There is no solitude like the solitude of a civilian's lady in a retired situation in India."

CHAPTER XI.

"LITTLE HENRY AND HIS BEARER"—HENRY MARTYN'S CONGREGATIONS—ABDOOL MUSSEEH—"INDIAN PILGRIM."

It was not till three weeks after leaving Mirzapore that our travellers at length found themselves at their proper home in Cawnpore. Among the first to welcome them was Henry Martyn. He was then looking very ill, and often complained of what he called a fire burning in his heart.

Mrs. Sherwood having procured a Dhaye, or native nurse, for her infant child, felt great sympathy for the nurse's own infant which the mother had to give to another woman to take care of. It was while her mind was wrought by such incidents to reflect on the condition of the poor people of the country, that she began to write her celebrated story, entitled "Little Henry and his Bearer."

She was stimulated in attempting something for the improvement of the various classes around her, by witnessing the self-denying exertions in which Mr. Martyn was so constantly employed. From the earliest period of his arrival in Cawnpore, he had been accustomed to collect all the pious British

soldiers, and conduct worship with them. He had a school of native boys taught under his direction. But his hardest and least encouraging labour was that which he bestowed on certain classes of Mahommedan and Hindoo persons, who, under pretence of being greatly devoted to their own false religions, were the vilest and most vicious characters in the country. By offering a small piece of money to such of these as would come to the enclosure around his house on Sabbath evenings, he collected crowds of the most miserable and frightful objects. Most of them were of that class of pretended saints, who in order to deceive the people with an idea of their holiness, keep themselves in the most filthy state, and distort themselves so as to disgust or frighten the beholders. It is such as these who have so often been described in books on India as allowing their hair and nails to grow without cutting or cleaning; standing in one position until their limbs become shrivelled; holding their hands clenched until the finger nails grew through the palms. As many as five hundred of these wretched beings would be assembled at one time in Mr. Martyn's garden, and in the midst of them he would seat himself, and endeavour to give

them instruction out of the Bible. He persevered in his efforts to break up their superstitions and vices, notwithstanding he was often interrupted with their hideous noises, blasphemies and threatenings. It was at one of these singular meetings that Mr. Martyn's discourse was overheard by some young Mussulmauns who were drinking and smoking in an adjoining garden. Out of curiosity they came into the enclosure where they could hear what was said, and it was one of these who, having his mind now first awakened to inquire into the truth of Christianity, became an humble disciple and a zealous missionary of Christ to his countrymen. His family name was Sheikh Saleh; but upon being baptized, he took the name by which he is best known, of Abdool Musseeh, meaning "servant of Christ." Mrs. Sherwood says:—

"We often went on the Sabbath evenings, to hear the addresses of Mr. Martyn to the assembly of mendicants, and we generally stood behind him on the cherbuter. On these occasions we had to make our way through a dense crowd, with a temperature often rising above 92, whilst the sun poured its burning rays upon us through a lurid haze of dust. Frightful were the objects which usually met

our eyes in this crowd; so many monstrous and diseased limbs, and hideous faces, were displayed before us, and pushed forward for our inspection, that I have often made my way to the cherbuter with my eyes shut, whilst Mr. Sherwood led me. On reaching the platform I was surrounded by our own people, and yet, even there, I scarcely dared to look about me. I still imagine that I hear the calm, distinct, and musical tones of Henry Martyn, as he stood raised above the people, endeavouring, by showing the purity of the divine law, to convince the unbelievers that by their works they were all condemned; and that this was the case of every man of the offspring of Adam, and they therefore needed a Saviour who was both willing and able to redeem them. From time to time low murmurs and curses would arise in the distance, and then roll forward, till they became so loud as to drown the voice of this pious one, generally concluding with hissing and fierce cries. But when the storm passed away, again might he be heard going on where he had left off, in the same calm, steadfast tone, as if he were incapable of irritation from interruption.

"Mr. Martyn himself assisted in giving

each person his *pice* after the address was concluded; and when he withdrew to his bungalow I have seen him drop, almost fainting, on a sofa, for he had, as he often said, even at that time, a slow inflammation burning in his chest, and one which he knew must eventually terminate his existence. In consequence of this, he was usually in much pain after any exertion of speaking."

It was a pleasanter association than this which the officer's family had with the missionaries in their more domestic meetings. "Few," says Mrs. Sherwood:—

"Few were the evenings which we did not spend with Mr. Martyn and Mr. Corrie, and twice in the week we all went together to Mr. Martyn's domain, the children not being omitted. First we went to the church bungalow, where we had service, and afterwards to his house. One or other of these excellent men usually expounded to us. Our party consisted of some young officers, who were almost always with us, a few poor, pious soldiers, some orphans of the barracks, and a number of our former pupils. We always sang two or three hymns from the Calcutta collection, and sat at one end of the place of worship, the other and larger end not being finished,

and of course not open. After the service, as I said, we went to the bungalow, and had supper, and generally concluded with another hymn. Mr. Martyn's principal favourite hymns were 'The God of Abraham's praise,' and 'O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.' I remember to this hour the spirit of hope and of joy with which we were wont to join in these words:—

'O'er the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, with hope and praise,
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

'Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.'

"Oh, what glorious feelings have we enjoyed when, Mr. Martyn leading the hymn, we all broke forth in one delightful chorus! On such occasions all languor was forgotten, and every heart glowed with holy hope."

"We spent some hours every morning, during the early part of the month of September,

in taking short voyages on the river; for Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Martyn, and Mr. Corrie hired a pinnace, and we furnished it with a sofa and a few chairs and tables. The children went with us, and their attendants. Mr. Martyn sent a quantity of books, and used to take possession of the sofa, with all his books about him. He was often studying Hebrew, and had huge lexicons lying by him. The nurses sat on the floor in the inner room, and the rest of us in the outer. Well do I remember some of the manœuvres of little Lucy at that time, who had just acquired the power of moving about independently of a guiding hand; by this independence she always used to make her way to Mr. Martyn when he was by any means approachable. On one occasion I remember seeing the little one, with her grave yet placid countenance, her silken hair, and shoeless feet, step out of the inner room of the pinnace with a little mora, which she set by Mr. Martyn's couch, then, mounting on it, she got upon the sofa, which was low, and next seated herself on his huge lexicon. He would not suffer her to be disturbed, though he required his book every instant. Soon, however, weary of this seat, she moved to Mr. Martyn's knee, and there she remained, now

and then taking his book from him, and pretending to read; but he would not have her removed, for, as he said, she had taken her position with him, and she was on no account to be sent from him. Little Annie, in the mean time, as Miss Corrie used to say of her, had more than she could do, in all the various exigencies of these voyages, to take care of herself, and keep herself safe and blameless, neat and clean; a pretty anxiety ever manifested itself on her small face lest we should be overset, or some one should tumble out of the window. But, oh! how dear in their different ways were all these little ones to Mr. Corrie; climbing about him, leaning upon him, and laughing at all his innocent jests. Sweet, most sweet, is the remembrance of those excursions on the Ganges, and such must they continue ever, till memory's power shall pass away."

During this happy intimacy, it was determined to undertake the preparation of a work in the language of Hindostan, on the plan of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It was found that a translation of Bunyan's book would not be understood by a people whose ideas were so different. It was therefore agreed that Mrs. Sherwood should write an Indian Pilgrim's Progress, and that Mr. Martyn and Mr. Corrie

would assist her with advice and corrections, so as to make it as suitable as possible to the taste and comprehension of the natives.

CHAPTER XII.

HENRY MARTYN'S LAST SABBATH IN CAWNPORE—SCHOOLS OF MR. AND MRS. SHERWOOD—"STORIES ON CHURCH CATECHISM"—"AYAH AND LADY."

In the month of October, 1810, the little company of Christians at Cawnpore had to part with Henry Martyn. His health had become so frail that the only hope of restoration was in his making a visit to England. But he determined first to travel to Persia, with a view to making more perfect his translation of the New Testament into the language of that country. As Mr. Martyn did not live to see his friends either in England or India, after his departure from the country at this time, it is pleasant to have an account of his last Sabbath at Cawnpore, as written by one who spent it in his company. Mrs. Sherwood thus describes it:—

"On the Sabbath before Mr. Martyn left, the church was opened, and the bell sounded for

the first time over this land of darkness. The church was crowded, and there was the band of our regiment to lead the singing and the chaunting. Sergeant Clarke had been appointed as clerk; and there he sat under the desk in due form, in his red coat, and went through his duty with all due correctness. The Rev. Daniel Corrie read prayers, and Mr. Martyn preached. That was a day never to be forgotten. Those only who have been for some years in a place where there never has been public worship can have any idea of the fearful effect of its absence, especially among the mass of the people. Every prescribed form of public worship certainly has a tendency to become nothing more than a form, yet even a form may awaken reflection, and any state is better than that of perfect deadness. From his first arrival at the station, Mr. Martyn had been labouring to effect the purpose which he then saw completed; namely, the opening of a place of worship. He was permitted to see it, to address the congregation once, and then he was summoned to depart.

"Alas! he was known to be, even then, in a most dangerous state of health, either burnt within by slow inflammation, which gave a flush to his cheek, or pale as death from weakness and lassitude.

"On this occasion the bright glow prevailed —a brilliant light shone from his eyes—he was filled with hope and joy; he saw the dawn of better things, he thought, at Cawnpore, and most eloquent, earnest, and affectionate was his address to the congregation. Our usual party accompanied him back to his bungalow, where, being arrived, he sank, as was often his way, nearly fainting, on a sofa in the hall. Soon, however, he revived a little, and called us all about him to sing. It was then that we sang to him that sweet hymn which thus begins:—

'O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.'

"We all dined early together, and then returned with our little ones to enjoy some rest and quiet; but when the sun began to descend to the horizon we again went over to Mr. Martyn's bungalow, to hear his *last* address to the Fakeers. It was one of those sickly, hazy, burning evenings, which I have before described, and the scene was precisely such a one as I have recounted above. Mr. Martyn nearly fainted again after this effort, and when he

got to his house, with his friends about him, he told us that he was afraid he had not been the means of doing the smallest good to any one of the strange people whom he had thus so often addressed. He did not even then know of the impression he had been enabled to make, on one of these occasions, on Sheik Saleh. On the Monday our beloved friend went to his boats, which lay at the Ghaut, nearest the bungalow; but in the cool of the evening, however, whilst Miss Corrie and myself were taking the air in our tonjons, he came after us on horseback. There was a gentle sadness in his aspect as he accompanied me home; and Miss Corrie came also. Once again we all supped together, and united in one last hymn. We were all low, very, very low; we could never expect to behold again that face which we then saw—to hear again that voice, or to be again elevated and instructed by that conversation. It was impossible to hope that he would survive the fatigue of such a journey as he meditated. Often and often, when thinking of him, have these verses, so frequently sung by him, come to my mind:—

'E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Is silent in the grave.'

"The parting moment, when that holy man arose to leave us, blessing our little children, and blessing us, was deeply sad; we never expected to see him more, and we never did."

Mrs. Sherwood continued to exert herself in the particular department of benevolence which, at the same time, seemed to require the greatest attention and suited her taste and means. This was the care of the many neglected and helpless children, principally of English parentage, which were to be found at every military station. After Mr. Martyn's departure, she found in the Rev. Mr. Corrie and his sister ready helpers in all her plans. The children of the officers and common soldiers were gathered into schools, and taught every day in separate apartments for boys and girls. A small house was taken, in which several motherless girls were settled under the care of a soldier's wife. Captain Sherwood partook of his wife's spirit, and appropriated a room for the use of any young soldiers who wished to improve themselves in reading and writing, and employed one or two of the most

capable religious men to attend and give instruction. All these scholars of different ages met together every morning before going to their several apartments, and began the day with a hymn and prayer and a portion of Scripture, in the way of family worship.

Mrs. Sherwood continued to employ her pen in the good cause. Having finished the "Indian Pilgrim," she began another of those works which, though at first designed for her school in India, have become known and popular in the English and American world. This was her "Stories on the Church Catechism."

Wherever education, and especially that which is conducted on religious principles, is introduced, its advantages will soon be seen, and no other inducement will be needed among wise observers to make them desirous of extending its benefits. Mrs. Sherwood's schools were soon appreciated. She says:—

"I must here mention a set of children, two or three of whom I particularly remember, who came under my care at this time. They were the half-caste children of European officers and black women; their mothers lived about the cantonments, supported by the European gentlemen. Many of them were well supplied

with money, keeping their servants, and probably possessing a bullock-coach, in which they sat like tailors on a board. Children of this description of families are usually sent to Calcutta or to Europe for education, but if not, they are left by the father to reside with the mother, and have no means whatever of education, growing up too often in total ignorance of all that is right, being initiated in vice from their tenderest infancy. When our school began to be talked of in Cawnpore, some of these poor mothers became anxious to profit by it, and sent their children. In several instances, they appeared before our bungalow in their bullock-coach, without ceremony or previous warning, accompanied probably by some old Ayah, and merely saying in broken English, "They were come to learn." To turn such petitioners back again would have been quite out of the question with a christian, for I felt true pity for them, so we always took them in, and did what we could for them.

"I particularly recollect some of these half-caste children who came to me in the way I have just spoken of at Cawnpore; and amongst the rest were two sisters about thirteen and fourteen, tall, slender, and, though dark, very delicate girls in form and feature. They wore

white muslin frocks and coloured red shoes, with golden ear-rings and cornelian necklaces. Their hair, which was glossy black, was neatly braided, and partly knotted at the top of the head. They spoke a sort of broken, clipped English; they had fine teeth and eyes. They knew not a single letter, and could do nothing but mark on fine canvass. They were very civil and well behaved externally, but so profoundly ignorant that they had perhaps never heard the name of Christ. These, and many such as these, are the daughters of Europeans, of Englishmen and English gentlemen. I shall only say that, with one sort and another, however, I had an immense school at Cawnpore, and I had only Sergeant Clarke to assist me; and for several days in every month, I was even deprived of him.

"As I classed the children, and kept the girls in one room and the boys in another, it was quite beyond all possibility to attend to both. So I arranged, that Mrs. Parker should sit with the girls and keep them to their sewing, whilst I was with the boys, and thus I was greatly relieved."

In July, 1811, another daughter was added to Mrs. Sherwood's family. She received the name of Emily. Her oldest child, it will be

remembered, was with her grandmother in England; two children had died in India, and Lucy and Emily were the only ones with their mother. In a few months her cares were still further increased by the removal of their chaplain and friend, Mr. Corrie, to Agra. He committed his Hindostanee schools to the oversight of the captain and his wife, so far that once every day the native master who taught them was required to bring the scholars to let Mrs. Sherwood see their writing and hear them recite. She also engaged to oversee the clothing and general condition of several boys for whom Mr. Corrie provided. How readily both she and her husband undertook any work of benevolence which providence put in their way, may be seen from such instances as the following:—

"It was about this time that we took, as a new intimate into our family, the fine boy my sister had commenced instructing at Canterbury, [in England.] Mr. Sherwood saw him lounging at a tent door, his mother being within; he was the only boy of that age who had not been put on the strength of the regiment. 'John,' said Mr. Sherwood, 'will you come with me?' And then addressing his mother, who was now married again, 'Mrs. H.,

shall I take your son?' he said. 'Yes, sir,' she answered, 'gladly any where with you, sir.' The boy stepped into Mr. Sherwood's gig, and it might be said that his whole future history turned on that small circumstance.

"Mr. Sherwood brought him to me in the upper bungalow, saying, 'I have brought you a present; will you have it?' 'Of course,' was my reply, and soon the boy was established as one of our family, and soon I set him to study Hindostanee, and he became a great help to me in the school, and God blessed this adoption in a remarkable manner. There are no means, however small and humble, which in the hands of God may not be blessed to the production of incalculable good, whereas all human exertions, when not so blessed, end only in disappointment."

Mr. Sherwood had become so much interested for the religious character of the natives in the place, that when Mr. Corrie's removal would have broken up a service he had been in the habit of holding for the humblest class of persons, he undertook to keep up the meetings himself every Sabbath and Wednesday. His wife was still more venturesome; for Mrs. Hawkins, one of her pious friends, having suggested the possibility of reviving

such meetings as Mr. Martyn had been accustomed to hold with the most wretched and superstitious Mussulmauns and Hindoos, they agreed to attempt it, and to employ an old man named Bartholomew to read and speak to them. This person is described in the "Indian Pilgrim" as the man found in the Serai by Goonah Purist. Mrs. Sherwood's words can best tell the manner of the experiment and its result.

"The small house, in which we had located our little establishment of orphans in the church compound, stood on a raised platform, and on that was placed Bartholomew to address the beggars. Thither Mrs. Hawkins and myself repaired, and took our seats beside him. On that memorable Sabbath evening in May, we were making an attempt to keep up what Mr. Martyn had done. Scarcely, however, were we seated, when, behold, there poured into the space before us, not only all the Yogees, Fakeers, and rogues of that description which the neighbourhood might afford, but the king of the beggars himself, wearing his peculiar badge, by which he was known immediately to the few native servants who were with us. These persons did not approach with the humble, crouching air of beggars, but with such strong

indications of defiance and insult that Mrs. Hawkins, who was a person of very quick feelings of all kinds, rushed into the small house near the door of which we were standing, leaving me to appease the strange mob, which was prepared for any violence of tongue, for already they had saluted us with groans and hisses.

"I was frightened, but I dealt out the pice [coin] which Mrs. Hawkins had brought in, and the men went out of the compound in straggling parties, though not without bestowing a few of their blessings of the wrong kind upon us, under the idea that we were wishing to bribe them to give up those superstitions upon which they lived. There is no language, probably, on earth so redundant in curses as the Hindostanee, and it was often very happy for me that I did not understand the low words in common use in that language. Of course we never dared renew our attempts at converting the Fakeers, as they had come for the money and nothing else, and for this, no doubt, they would come again and again, without permitting old Bartholomew to utter a word that could be heard."

This miserable class of the inhabitants of India is fully described in the stories written

by Mrs. Sherwood at this time under the title of "The Ayah and Lady;" many of them indeed are real histories.

"Another proposition of dear Mrs. Hawkins' at this period proved more successful than our affair with the Fakeers; and this was the collecting of all the servants of both families in our large hall every morning, and engaging the very intelligent Moonshee who had been lately occupied with the translations to read aloud a chapter of the Old Testament in Hindostanee. Well do I remember the first morning we made our attempt; I was not almost, but entirely frightened. We mustered all the white people we could, and all the Christians. The Moonshee stood with his book,—there was the delay of a moment or two, and then the native servants came pouring in from both houses. The Moonshee then began to read aloud, slowly and clearly, the first and second chapters of Genesis. The Hindoos and Mussulmauns were all attention. When the reading ceased, some said, 'The words are good, very good; we will hear more;' and they all walked quietly out, whilst the Christians present, white and black, in deep thankfulness knelt down to prayer.

"We never found the smallest difficulty in

carrying on this plan, for the native servants all came willingly and regularly."

CHAPTER XIII.

MEERUT—"GEORGE DESMOND"—WAR.

In the fall of the year, 1812, the regiment was ordered to proceed to Meerut, a few days' journey from Cawnpore. No sooner were they settled in their new abode than provision for religious worship, and for the instruction of the children was resumed, as earnestly as if it was part of the official business of the paymaster's wife. In the school, Mrs. Sherwood was relieved by the appointment of a schoolmaster to teach the children of the regiment, but it was necessary to establish under her own inspection a school for the natives.

"For some days," she says, "the natives in the bazaar only laughed at those we sent to inquire for children, saying, 'that their children knew more Hindostanee than we could teach them.' At length a native came to the door to sell thread, and he saw one of our children with a Hindostanee book in her hand,

on which he said that he could read himself. We gave him a little volume called 'Scripture Characters,' and he promised to read it. We inquired if he could hire us a schoolmaster, and the next day he sent us an old grey-bearded pedagogue, with thirteen boys; and we agreed to give the old man four rupees a month, and two annas a head for each boy he could collect. We appointed him a room in the stable for his school, and ordered him to come at eleven every day for the boys to repeat their lessons; and during the month of December the average number kept up to eleven. Few of these boys could tell a single letter when they came. We had nineteen on our books at the end of the month; they were chiefly of low grade, few of them had a jacket, and they were all smeared with oil, and smelt of garlick.

"Twice a day our native school was paraded in the verandah, and in the morning, with the assistance of the Moonshee and John, I examined what had been done during the last day, and marked the progress in the books. In the afternoon they passed along the verandah, announcing their presence by the repetition of the ten commandments in Hindostanee. They stood in a row opposite my

dressing window, all repeating together; after which they were taken back to their school-house at the master shaking his cane. Upon their departure, my dear Mrs. Mawby made her appearance, and we generally took our airing together. Our house was the only depository of the Scriptures in that part of India. We had been the first to bring the strawberry-plant up the country; but we were far more highly blest in being permitted to bring the translated and printed word of God, before all others, into the province of Delhi."

"As we were much cramped for room, Mr. Sherwood caused a small building to be erected amongst fragrant flowers, approached by a shadowy grape terrace walk. This he fitted up with benches and wall shades, and it became our only place of worship. Our chaplain, Mr. Parson, came generally twice or three times a week to perform the service to the white people, and it was attended by as many of all degrees as could crowd into it. We had also the Christian service conducted in Hindostanee in it. It was used for the regimental school, and after evening parade it was at the service of the religious men of the regiment, who often met there. Never shall I forget the sweet feelings which we had

when the sound of their simple hymns used to reach us within the bungalow, as we sat with our doors open.

"In our Hindostanee service, which was performed by Mr. Sherwood, we used the Liturgy of our church, translated under the inspection of Mr. Corrie, together with some hymns which were adapted to some of the old and simple melodies of the country by Mrs. Hawkins. Instead of a sermon, portions of the Bible were read, and our own orphans and myself were clerks, choristers, and all officials needful. Our first congregations consisted of eight black women. One especially of our girls, Mary Parsons, had a remarkably fine voice, my own and Mr. Sherwood's were both good and powerful, and another orphan, Sarah, showed a decided talent for music; thus we were quite able to manage the musical department of our services."

"The history of George Desmond," which was the next work which Mrs. Sherwood wrote, was suggested by her witnessing what is called a Nautch, an exhibition of singing, dancing, and playing on instruments by young girls trained to it as a business. These persons are of very depraved characters, and exercise a ruinous influence over the European

youth who fall into their company. To expose this danger, and warn the families of her countrymen against it, was the great object of this half fictitious and half actual narrative.

It was at Meerut tidings came to the Sherwoods of the death of Henry Martyn, which took place at Tocat, on the borders of Turkey, on the 16th of October, 1812. The name of this beloved friend was given to the son of Mrs. Sherwood, who was born in July, 1813.

The hearts of this devoted family were greatly rejoiced by evidence that their evangelical occupations were not without fruit. In January, 1814, they had the happiness of witnessing the baptism of several converts at Meerut.

"Numbers of Europeans from different quarters of the station attended. The little chapel was crowded to overflowing, and most affecting indeed was the sight. Few persons could restrain their tears, when Mr. Corrie extended his hand to raise the silver curls which clustered upon the brow of Monghool Dass, one of the most sincere of the converts.

"After the reception of these natives into the visible Church, we sang together these words :—

'Proclaim, saith Christ, my wondrous grace
To all the sons of men;
He that believes and is baptized
Salvation shall obtain.'

"How delightfully passed that Sabbath!—how sweet was our private intercourse with Mr. Corrie! He brought our children many Hindostanee hymns, set to ancient Oriental melodies, which they were to sing at the Hindoo services, and we all together sang a hymn, which I find in my journal designated by this title:—

"WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR IN THE EAST.

'In Britain's land of light my mind
To Jesus and his love was blind,
Till, wandering midst the heathen far,
Lo in the east I saw his star.

'Oh, should my steps, which distant roam,
Attain once more my native home,
Better than India's wealth by far,
I'll speak the worth of Bethlehem's star.'

"There is little merit in the composition of this hymn; but it had a peculiar interest for us at that time, and the sentiment which it professes must ever retain its interest. These, his friends and companions of many happy days, never saw Mr. Corrie again in India, in

his own especial province, where he was most happy, most blessed, and most at home. Languor and disease soon after this seized on Mrs. Corrie, and Mr. Corrie himself became so disordered by the burning seasons of the higher provinces, that he was compelled to give up Agra and proceed to England for a while."

The house of the Sherwoods was ever open as a refuge for the poor orphan and other friendless children. Cases like the following frequently occurred:

"It was in the end of the Spring that one day Sally, on returning home, told me that she had seen a white baby in a hut in the Bazaar. I sent to inquire about it, and found that there was a white infant, an orphan, who had been left by some English soldiers, not ours, with an old black woman in a hut. His name was Edward Kitchen, and when I went to see him he was about a year and a half old, and such a skeleton I had hardly ever beheld. We called him Suktee, which signifies dry, for he was mere bones. I got him into the compound where I provided him with a wet-nurse. He was brought to the bungalow every day, and we saw that he was washed, fed, and had clean clothes; we took care of him as long as we were at Meerut, and before I left India I got

him sent to the orphan-school at Madras, under the protection of a pious chaplain there, and I have heard that he is doing well.

"At the same time that we discovered Suktee, I was told other stories which made my heart ache, but for which I had no remedy. It was not an uncommon occurrence to find the orphan children of natives left to perish of hunger in the streets of the village, whilst the inhabitants looked on with total apathy. One little girl had lately died in this way in our own regimental bazaar.

"Who can describe, or even imagine, the cruelties which prevail in the dark corners of the earth? It is in the small details of life that the natural depravity makes itself apparent, for even the believer—though God in mercy restrains him from gross offences in most instances—is still left sufficiently to himself to understand what he might be without restraining grace."

"I could not endure to witness the sufferings of the child whom I have mentioned before as little Mary Parsons. Her cries, when beaten, reached even to the bungalow, and I could not bear to hear them. But what made me most angry was, that she was sent many times on most days to the barracks.

Her father was miserable about her. He had bought her a little arm-chair of Sessoo wood, and one evening she came weeping to me, and saying, 'Oh! ma'am, give me a corner of your house, where I may put my chair and sit all day.' I could not bear this; my mind was made up. I got permission from Mr. Sherwood, and we adopted the child. How thankfully did her father fetch her box from the lodge! how happy was the rescued child!"

In the month of October, 1814, the regiment was again ordered to take up its march. The object was to punish a tribe in the Himalayan mountains which had been invading and robbing the plains in their neighbourhood. On this occasion the women and children of the regiment were to remain at Meerut, till the men should return from the war. Mrs. Sherwood describes the separation as a very trying one to those who had been so long mingling together in religious services, and in all the pleasant intercourse of a Christian society, where the difference in the grades of life were lost sight of, in the consciousness of the common bond of faith that united them to one another in Christ. She thus wrote:—

"The Sunday before the march was an affecting day in every English house in the

station, and on some accounts particularly so to me. Mr. Leonard, a judge's writer, a friend of Mr. Bowley's, from the city, officiated at the Hindostanee service, and undertook it during Mr. Sherwood's absence. At the ten o'clock service, there were few present except the usual religious society. After the service, Mr. Sherwood spoke to them in the kindest and most affecting manner, pressing upon them a continued attention to their religious duties in the camp, giving them each a little work, which he thought particularly suitable to their state, and promising them the use of his tent for their evening meetings. We could not part on this occasion without tears. Two years before, these pious men had given me a 'Rippon's Hymn Book,' with all their names inscribed on the first page.

"Underneath they had written this verse—

'Oh, that you may, with steady, even pace,
Pass forward till you gain that heavenly place
Where you and we, we hope, at last shall meet,
And sit like Mary at the Saviour's feet!
There shall we in his glorious presence shine—
Oh, may this happy lot be yours and mine!'

"These were the same good men who, when we first came to India, met in the jungles and ravines to pray and read their Bibles; the

same who had attended in Mr. Martyn's and Mr. Corrie's house; the same who had met in our little chapel at Meerut for many of the last months; and the same to whom Mr. Sherwood promised the use of his tent, which proved to many of them their last earthly meeting-house.

"It was rather a remarkable circumstance that several of these soldiers, especially Abraham Hays, though they had already gone through many campaigns, were fully persuaded that they should never return from this. In consequence of this presentiment, they brought me their watches, tea-spoons, and other valuables, begging me to take care of them for those they loved."

From a letter which Mrs. Sherwood wrote to her mother in England, when her husband had been absent more than two months, the following extracts are taken to show what were some of her employments and trials in his absence:

"'Dear Henry, from whom I often hear, is well, and I hope doing good wherever he goes. His tent is a place of worship to all devoutly disposed. He is happy in the acquaintance of a pious young officer of the name of Tomkins, whose father lives near

Bromyard. As to myself, I am at Meerut, and have much upon my hands, having three dear babes of my own, the two orphans, and Henry's nurse's child in the house, besides the care of two infants, whose nurses I have to overlook. I have also an English and a Hindostanee school to see to, the latter daily, besides giving attention to the Hindostanee service, which, without care, would have dropped through on Mr. Sherwood's going to the camp; but, by the express ordination of providence, it has suddenly revived, and become more flourishing than ever.

"'The Almighty has kept me in great peace of mind amidst all these employments, and amongst many alarms attendant upon being situated near the seat of war. I have given much of my time since the regiment went, to the education of my children, and I have brought them amazingly forward during these two months. Sarah, one of my orphans, can read Hindostanee with much facility, so as to be able to perform the clerk's part in the Hindostanee service. Having an opportunity, I am getting her taught to read Persian, and also to read the old Sanscrit character. I write questions from the Bible for my motherless girls, and make them bring me the

answers neatly written in English, and I find that this exercise greatly sharpens their understandings. Mary Parsons, the eldest, begins to be very useful amongst the children, and can carry keys and take care of clothes, so that already she pays me somewhat for my trouble.

"'You can form no idea, my beloved mother, of the spirit which is required in the management of a family in India, particularly when the master is not at home, or rather gone out in dangerous warfare. The natives have no respect for females. Four or five men walk into the parlour, and quarrel all together before your face, using the lowest and most abusive language, and trying in the night to frighten you with cries of alarm of thieves and fire. The night after Henry went away, one of the men appointed as a guard or watchman came to my window, close to my bed's head, setting up a great howl and firing off a gun, exclaiming at the same time in Hindostanee, "Come, come, ye thieves, come, come, and I will destroy you; I will cut you down; there they are, there they run." I thought of "Don Quixote" and the flock of sheep to which he called out so manfully, and could not help laughing, because I knew the men's tricks; but Mary

and Sally and Lucy, who were in another room, were terribly scared. Some ladies in the station, who had not been so long in the country as myself, were almost frightened into fits by the alarming ways of these watchmen. I own that they have made my heart beat a little when they cry "Fire;" but of late they have kept themselves quieter, and the officer left here has been so kind as to let me have an invalid soldier of the regiment to sleep in the house, which has set all things to rights.

"'The hooping-cough is so prevalent just round us that I have resolved to move, and go into a small house which Mr. Parson, our chaplain, possesses within the walls of his grounds, where I hope to remain quiet, please God, till Mr. Sherwood's return, of which I have as yet no distinct hope; but thank God he is well, in the camp among the hills, and not only well but doing good, I trust. He goes about among the natives with the other officer, Mr. Tomkins, and distributes the Bible in their language. He performs divine service in his tent on Sabbaths and Wednesdays, and is perhaps the first person who ever uttered the words of God in the Indian Caucasus, or carried the Holy Bible there in the language of the natives. Are not these sweet and con-

soling circumstances amid all the fears and agitations of this life?'"

CHAPTER XIV.

PERMUNUND — BERHAMPORE — CALCUTTA — SERAMPORE MISSIONARIES—MR. MAY—RETURN TO ENGLAND.

One Sabbath morning, during the absence of the regiment, the congregation had assembled at the little chapel at Meerut, but illness prevented the chaplain from coming to conduct the services. Mrs. Sherwood, on whom devolved all such cares, was in great perplexity as to what was to be done, when she saw two well dressed natives approaching. They told her they had been sent by Mr. Chamberlayne, a Baptist missionary; one of them, whose name was Permunund, said that he had been converted to Christianity under the instruction of Mr. Chamberlayne, and had been in the habit of assisting him in public worship. He added that when he felt that his infant children, as well as himself, should be baptized, Mr. Chamberlayne advised him to consult Christians of some other church than his own, which did not admit infants to baptism. The Baptist missionary at the same

time recommended him to find out Mrs. Sherwood, probably having become acquainted with her character and opinions from reading her works. This advice had brought Permunund and his companion to Meerut. Upon this introduction, Mrs. Sherwood asked the stranger to conduct the services for the waiting congregation; and under her direction as to the mode of using the Liturgy of the Church of England, he read it in the Hindostanee version. When he had gone accurately through all the other parts of the service, he expounded a chapter of the New Testament, in a very appropriate manner. The appearance of this person seemed in every way so providential, that Mrs. Sherwood engaged him at once to remain for a few months to perform the service in the chapel, overlook the native schoolmaster, and instruct the children. He very soon opened a room in the old part of Meerut for reading and expounding the Scriptures. Having a fine voice, he took great pains to instruct the English children in singing Hindostanee hymns, and adapted many old Indian airs to the hymns he found in use.

Captain Sherwood did not return from the campaign until February, 1815, and then only

for a visit. His wife suffered less from anxiety during his absence than most of the female relatives of the officers and soldiers who were left behind, because being paymaster his duties did not expose him so much to the dangers of battle. Several hundred of the regiment returned no more, having fallen in the battles which had to be fought before the object of their service was secured. Soon after his return a daughter was added to his family—making the third child they had with them in India.

In a few months the regiment was ordered to Berhampore. The mode of travelling for the officers' family was very different from what we are accustomed to. "Our intention was to make the first move in the night, and our line of march was thus arranged: Mr. Sherwood leading the way on horseback, myself and baby in the first palanquin, my little boy and his nurse in the second, my little girls and their attendants in a bullock-coach belonging to a friend, and the foster brother of my son, with his nurse in attendance, in a second bullock-coach; and, lastly, a one-horse carriage, also borrowed, containing the orphans we had adopted; six modes of conveyance in all, added to which we had seven-

teen Coolies, carrying provisions and clothes in baskets slung on bamboos."

In this manner, after several days' journey, the party reached Berhampore. But here new orders were received requiring the regiment to proceed to Calcutta, and there to embark for Madras. Mr. Sherwood, however, now asked permission to take two years' respite from his duties and make a visit to England. This being granted, he proceeded with his family to Calcutta and engaged their passage for Liverpool. Two of their orphan children were to accompany them. While waiting for the sailing of the vessel, they became acquainted with Mr. Marshman, and one of the young Careys, so well known in the history of the missions in India, and also with Mr. May, who is remembered from his visit to the United States, as well as during his residence in Calcutta, for his peculiar success in interesting children in religious truth. They also visited the Baptist Mission at Serampore, and saw Dr. Carey, Mr. Ward, and their fellow-labourers, in the midst of those active operations which have placed their names, and that of the Serampore institution, in so honourable a place. The following extracts from Mrs. Sherwood's autobiography will be interesting.

"My Lucy's late Dhaye, who had come to Calcutta with her lady, the niece of Lady Loudon, came to see her child. Poor Piaree, how tender was the meeting, between her and her nursling; how dearly did Lucy love her nurse; how earnestly did she strive in after years, by saving her pocket money, to effect means by which her beloved Piaree might be taught the truth; how often did she pray for her, that they might meet in glory; how many were the little tokens of affection sent to her! And when my Lucy was no more, I found amongst her papers, prayers for this poor creature, and a letter and presents to be sent to her.

"It was in consequence of the strong affection of my Lucy for Piaree that I was induced to write the little tale of 'Lucy and her Dhaye,' which is, in many points, true."

"Aldeen is on the banks of the Ganges, about fourteen miles above Calcutta, within a short walk of the Baptist Missionary Establishment at Serampore. It is a puckah house, situated in extensive grounds, ornamented by various beautiful trees, amongst which two towering palms form a marked feature.

"In the grounds of Aldeen, itself now belonging to the estate, is an ancient pagoda,

which, having probably suffered some imaginary pollution, was forsaken. The Rev. David Brown, of holy memory, obtained possession of it, repaired and beautified it, fitting it up with glass-doors, and making it his study; and, from the extraordinary thickness of the walls, it proved cooler than could have been expected. Behind it there was a long stone terrace walk, of ancient construction. Mr. Brown cleaned this, and adorned it on each side with flowering shrubs; there he used to walk, and meditate, and pray. Near to the entrance of this pagoda is an immense Brahminee fig tree, under the cool arcades of which our children used to play, as Mr. Brown's children had done before them, tying the drooping branches together, and forming swings. In that pagoda, and on the terrace behind, Mr. Brown for many years offered up his prayers for a blessing on the Indian Church. There he was accustomed to converse with the holy and heavenly Henry Martyn and the no less holy Daniel Corrie; men whose memories must be ever dear to those who love the Lord. This good man saw his prayers answered in the very place in which he made his petitions. The Baptist Missionary Establishment was within a quarter of an hour's walk higher up

the river, and on the same side of Aldeen; it was like a bee-hive of busy people, for there were many buildings belonging to the establishment, several dwelling-houses, a chapel, a school for native boys, and schools for boys and girls of higher degree, and printing offices, in which were types for twenty languages, a paper manufactory, and innumerable small dwellings for Christian disciples."

"I sat by Mr. Ward, who talked much with me. The scene was a curious one, so strange a variety of people. I brought most of the children with me. After tea Mr. Marshman took us into his garden, in which he much delighted. He had lately received some plants from England in a box of soil, and he must needs set each child on the box, that they might say they had been on English ground. After our walk every one repaired to service in the chapel.

"Dr. Carey was a fine old gentleman, fond of botany and ornithology. He had a beautiful aviary, where his birds dwelt in all the luxury of Indian queens, though, like them, deprived of liberty. We left our little chuckoor under his care, and we went with the children to take leave of the bird. The same evening Mr. Sherwood heard Mr. Ward preach

to the workmen in the printing house; but he did not understand the language, which was different from what he had learnt. The missionaries tell us that they have baptized eight hundred persons since they arrived in India. The number is great when it is considered that they entered almost upon unbroken ground, and they never baptize children. Mr. Marshman had then one hundred native scholars at Serampore. In the chapel, Dr. Carey propounded a text, and Mr. Ward preached upon it. The congregation was English, or so called, for many were present who never had, and probably never would see England. The preacher dwelt particularly on the providence of God, and touched upon the good which he supposed had arisen from the French revolution in separating good from evil, which is no doubt the effect of all convulsions in the political world.

"Mr. Marshman next took up the discourse, and showed how much good had been produced to the overthrow of the long established system of polytheism, by the irruption of the northern hordes in the dark ages.

"This evening, whilst walking in the grounds at Aldeen, we heard the noise of horns, and drums, and tinkling cymbals; we did not think

much of them, as they were very usual sounds to us. Presently we saw a smoke and flames rising above the trees beyond the domain, and, at the same time, several of the missionaries came rushing along the Aldeen grounds toward the fire. 'A Suttee! a Suttee!' [the burning of a widow with the dead body of her husband] they cried, as they ran by; 'we fear we are too late.' As the little ones caught and understood the words, they ran too, Lucy at their head, as if they would stop this work of fiends. The fire continued to blaze, and the infernal music to fill the air. Presently those who had ran came back; the work of death was concluded before they could reach the place. Our little ones cried bitterly. It was an awful and affecting circumstance."

Provision was made, through Mr. Thomason and other friends, for the orphans whom Mrs. Sherwood could not take with her on the voyage. The orphan asylums and schools at Calcutta furnished excellent homes for the children for whom she had done so much. Mr. Sherwood and his household at length embarked, and they arrived in England in the summer of 1816; having made a journey of seventeen thousand miles from Meerut.

CHAPTER XV.

WORCESTER—WICK—ORPHANS—VISIT TO FRANCE—"HENRY MILNER" AND OTHER BOOKS—MRS. FRY—"LADY OF THE MANOR."

Upon her return from India, Mrs. Sherwood found her mother and her daughter living at Worcester. Our readers will be curious to know, from her own description, how the three met after so long a separation, and what new arrangements were made for their future life, after they determined that it was not their duty to return to India. But she says:—

"I cannot attempt to describe in words the effect of seeing my beloved child again, the intense interest of the meeting, and the strangeness of finding myself the mother of an almost grown-up girl. I could scarcely realize the idea that the daughter now before me was the infant Mary I had left. The shyness, and yet strong affection, the curiosity, and yet fear of our feelings, made up something more than pleasure, something too much for human nature; but I despair of expressing it.

"Alas! when I saw my own beloved mother, I learnt that death had set its icy hand upon her. She was much and fearfully changed,

for she had every external appearance of extreme decrepitude. The next week we arranged our plans for some months to come, taking lodgings for awhile in one of the suburbs of the city of Worcester. I felt I could never leave my parent again as soon as I knew her situation, and she seemed to rest in the persuasion I never would."

Her mother did not long survive Mrs. Sherwood's return. After her decease, they took up their residence at a place called Wick, between Worcester and Malvern. Several friends had urged Mr. Sherwood to prepare for the ministry, and he actually began to study the Scriptures in the original; but probably on account of his age, and the habits of a military life, he did not prosecute the matter further. Neither he nor his wife, however, ceased to occupy themselves usefully as they had opportunity. For a time Mrs. Sherwood had private pupils, besides the orphan children and her own, whom she instructed.

"Behold us," she says, "domesticated in this lovely place, Mr. Sherwood and myself, our five children, Mary, or, as we now called her, Henrietta, Lucy, Emily, Henry, and Sophia, our two Indian orphans, Mary and Sally, and the motherless Elize. My mother's young

attendant and her old housekeeper were left to our protection and support, which they deserved for their fidelity to our lamented parent.

"These, with two indoor servants and our pupils, made up our rather large party for a few months. As soon as we had settled ourselves, Captain Sherwood began a little Sabbath-school; and our young ones had a few poor children to teach on a Sunday in one of the cottages, which belonged to the estate, at the bottom of our orchard at Wick."

Upon the death of her brother, she took his four sons into her family; and a son of her own was added to her charge, who was baptized by the Rev. Daniel Wilson, afterwards the excellent Bishop of the Church of England in Calcutta. This child died in his infancy, and about the same time one of the children from India was removed by death. But it was not long before she received under her care two daughters of her former friends, the Rev. David Brown and his wife, of Calcutta, who had been left orphans.

A visit to a manufactory in Worcester, which Mrs. Sherwood made in company with Mr. Wilberforce, was the origin of her tale entitled "The China Manufactory." And having made

a journey to France, it was her observations at the celebrated cemetery in Paris which led to the writing of her three little works, "Père la Chaise," "The Infant's Grave," and "The Blessed Family." From the instructive stories she was in the habit of telling her young household in the dusk of the evening, came another of her celebrated books, the title of which is, "The History of Henry Milner, a little boy who was not brought up according to the fashions of this world." To this book she afterwards added, "The History of John Marten, a sequel to Henry Milner." Her "History of the Fairchild Family" was "intended to show the importance and effects of a religious education." Mrs. Fry, the philanthropist, being on a visit to Worcester, the two benevolent ladies found much that was congenial in their characters. Mrs. Sherwood says:—

"We went first to a public breakfast, and afterwards to the gaol. In the drive to the prison, Mrs. Fry kindly selected me for her companion in the carriage. As we drove along our subject of discourse was, the danger of celebrity, for females especially, and she at once and candidly confessed that she was in a situation of greater temptation than myself,

though, as she kindly said, a known personage, as her acts and deeds brought her so much into public. On arriving at the gaol, there was an immense crowd to meet her, and many of the principal county magistrates to hand her out and conduct her through the courts and offices. She was a fine, composed, majestic woman, and it was most interesting to hear her address, which she gave from the chapel, in the preacher's place, a clergyman of the Church of England standing on each side of her."

Mrs. Sherwood's largest work, "The Lady of the Manor," was in progress of publication at this time. The avowed object of this work, which extends to several volumes, was to prepare young persons to make intelligently and sincerely the religious profession made in the English and other churches, in what is called *Confirmation;* and furnishes explanations of the great doctrines and duties of Christianity, in the author's favourite method of stories and conversations.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE REGIMENT AT WORCESTER—HEBREW "TYPES"—VISIT TO THE CONTINENT—M. MALAN—"THE LITTLE MOMIERE"—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SOME years after their retirement in the country, the regiment with which Captain Sherwood had been so long connected, happened to be stationed in the neighbourhood of Worcester. This gave occasion for an interesting scene which is thus described.

"It was when my three elder daughters were just advancing to womanhood, that we had an invitation from Major M'Caskill to visit our beloved 53rd regiment, then stationed at Weedon Barracks, and we took these our daughters with us. We found our friends residing in large and elegant quarters in the same building as the colonel, and we were most warmly welcomed and hospitably entertained. What a strange revulsion, what a violent flood of old feelings burst upon my mind! the past, as it appertained to my Indian life, seeming to roll itself into one with the present.

"On the Friday, in passing through the hall, I found it half filled with officers and as

many as eight members of the band, all waiting to see me. The youths stood together, and as I went up to them they gathered round me and formed a circle, their eyes sparkling with pleasure. They were all full grown, tall, military men, finely drawn up, and well acquainted with what was due from themselves to me.

"For an instant I knew not one of them, but soon I recognized in them the babes I had nursed, and dressed, and lulled to sleep, and the boys I had taught whilst yet scarce able to lisp their letters. The finest, or at least one of the finest among them, for they one and all looked well, came forward and told me who he was, 'William Coleman.' Then came Flitchcroft, who had been one of my particular nurselings; Elliot, who had the same especial claim on my regard; Roberts and Ross, Hartley and Botheroyd, and not one of these had even one parent.

"I cannot say what I felt, but I own I was relieved when the meeting was over, and I could retire to pray and weep for my orphan boys. Our first introduction was in the far off East, our second in England, and once more we shall be united, through our blessed Redeemer, in glory, where together we shall

join in one eternal strain of praise. Such a minute is worth many, many petty annoyances. How gratified was I to hear the most favourable account of these boys, and that they did credit to the very great care that had been bestowed upon them!"

Among the pursuits of the happy household at Wick was their united study of the Hebrew language. Mrs. Sherwood had formed the opinion that there was to be found in the original language of the Old Testament, such a correspondence between the words used by the sacred writers in their types or figures, as would amount to a distinct prophetical language. She designed to study these terms till a complete typical dictionary could be formed. As this was a laborious work, she trained her daughter to assist her in it, and her husband entered into the plan with so much interest that he gave ten years' labour in compiling a Hebrew and English Concordance for the assistance of his studious family.

After time had diminished her household cares, by the growing up of her daughters and adopted orphans, and by discontinuing to receive pupils into her house, Mrs. Sherwood accompanied her husband and younger children on a visit to the continent of Europe.

This was in the year 1831—2. Her interviews with M. Malan at Geneva were greatly blessed to the enlightening of her views in some points of doctrine, in regard to which she had been in the habit of writing and thinking with obscurity.

"We met M. Malan at his garden-gate; he received us with a smile of beaming kindness, and addressed us in English, which he spoke exceedingly well. He took us into a parlour, which was hung with an arras of landscapes in oil colours, wrought by his own hands; for he is highly skilled in painting and music. When we were seated, after a while he told me that he knew me well by name; and he told me also that he objected to a passage in my 'Church Catechism Stories,' in which I had asserted 'that Christ, instead of acting according to the will of the Father, had, as it were, by interposing himself between the Father and the sinner, *compelled* him to have mercy.' How kindly, and yet how decidedly, did this enlightened Christian point out my error, proving to me that our Saviour is the exponent of his Father's love, not the procuring cause of it; for what saith the Witness—'God so loved the world, that he himself gave us his Son for our salvation.' I recalled to mind that once

before I had been told that my views of the Father were very defective, and I prayed that, if I were blind as to the truth, my eyes might be opened.

"M. Malan was scripturally grounded in his views of the perfection of the divine work, as it regarded the elect, and of the perfect and entire safety of those individuals who are adopted into the body of Christ, and of the total impossibility of their ever being suffered finally to fall away, and hence of the absolute duty of entertaining the doctrine of assurance. On this point, that is, in showing the fulness of Christ as regards his own chosen ones, and the perfect confidence such should place in him, M. Malan 'worked hard to instruct my young ones, and what he said was blessed not only to them but to me."

"In measure, as I see the non-conditionality of salvation to the child of God—a non-conditionality wholly built upon the fulfilment of all conditions by the second Adam, Christ, there is a cessation in my feelings, of what in former years had almost filled them. I find no longer any references to those weary and fruitless searchings for any good in myself, which are recorded in my old journals as accruing day after day, and year after year,

almost from my youth, till I was far advanced in middle age, with occasional strong expressions of hopelessness because I found it not, or sometimes those of self-satisfaction when any flatterer told me that I had found what I was searching for. But when I was blessed by clearer views of the work of the Saviour, and of the demerits of man—which views were first conveyed to my mind with clearness through the ministry of M. Malan—all these expressions of self-seeking, harassing fears and doubts, suddenly disappeared from my diary. Though I know that human agency unassisted can do nothing, yet I must ever believe and say that M. Malan was, by the divine blessing, made decidedly useful to me, and also to my dear daughters; and to this hour such as are left with me on earth will bear witness to the same."

It may be stated in this place, that it was at one time boasted by the Universalists of the United States that Mrs. Sherwood held their opinions. On this supposition, some persons of that denomination sent her a present of a large parcel of their books, splendidly bound. It is due to her memory to insert what she wrote respecting these volumes and the source from which they came.

"The books were from a numerous party in America, called the 'Universalists,' from which I disclaim all connection, as I believe their doctrines, as far as I know them, are a denial of the Holy Scriptures, as they say that the mercy of God is bestowed upon man without the ransom being obtained by Christ. These persons, in their journals, have declared me, and also my daughter Sophia, members of their body; but we wrote at once to disclaim it, though I have reason to think our letters were never published. The works sent, though finely got up, were hateful to us from their sentiments; and Dr. Streeten closed the parcel up again, and forwarded them to a gentleman in Bristol who had dealings in America, who promised to return them from whence they came; and so it was done. It was for the purpose of declaring that my whole trust and confidence are on the righteousness of my Divine Saviour that I then set to work to write a statement of my belief, which I did in the story of Evelyn, in the third volume of 'The Fairchild Family.'"

At the suggestion of some Christian ladies in Geneva, "The Little Momiere" was written to explain some singular customs of that country, and especially to exhibit the religious

disadvantages under which some classes of the children were labouring. From Switzerland the travellers proceeded to Italy, and spent the winter in the city of Nice. They then crossed to Holland, and took a steamboat from Rotterdam for their home. This voyage was memorable from the fact that as a passenger in the same vessel with them was Sir Walter Scott, who was then sinking into the condition of mental imbecility which continued until his death. Mrs. Sherwood gives a notice of his case, which is calculated to give the most solemn impressions of the truth that the reason, and all the powers by which man must understand and act upon the claims of his Maker and Redeemer may cease long before death; and therefore, that among the risks which they are incurring who neglect the proper preparation for eternity, is the loss, not only of life, but of the faculties by which the gospel doctrines are embraced and followed.

"Sir Walter Scott was returning with his son and daughter from Naples, where he had received such honours as are only paid usually to crowned heads. They had given a masquerade, to which he was invited, in which all the characters were personifications of his own heroes and heroines. The cup of adulation

had been tendered to him, filled to the brim and running over. Report said that he had been taken ill at Nimeguen on the Rhine, and the conducteur of the vessel, which had brought us to Rotterdam, had been up and down again, and had brought down his party now. When we were on our way to the steamer that was to take us to 'The Batavier,' we first saw Sir Walter. On the beach was a wooden pier; the packet was drawn up close to this pier, whereon was the barouche in which lay the invalid, from which they had taken the horses, and boards had been placed, so as it could be wheeled on deck without disturbing the sufferer. The hood of the carriage was up behind, and the front open. A bed had been spread in it, on which lay Sir Walter; his fine head, that head aforetime the seat of high conceptions and glorious imaginings, being covered by a black velvet cap.

"What were our thoughts, and those of all who possessed feeling and reflecting minds on board the packet, as we stood looking on the helpless inmate of that carriage! Is this, then, the end of that fine mind, whose imagination and powers have for the last twenty years employed and charmed the attention, I may say, of thousands of the human race, ay, and

of its most intellectual members? Oh, how should this solemn example of the perishable nature of all earthly endowments lead one, and those especially in the decline of life, to inquire, How have I employed the gifts which the Almighty has thought fit to bestow upon us?

"When the carriage was placed on board, there was a solemn silence for some minutes. The gayest, the most thoughtless amongst us, seemed struck with awe; and I really think we should have felt less, if an actual corpse had been brought before us on its bier.

"On a nearer view, we all thought that we should have recognized the face from the many portraits which have made the world familiar with the features; but, alas! the light which even those inanimate representations conveyed, where was it now? That dire disease, which was soon to bring him to the tomb, left only the outline of what that face had once been; whilst the dark plaster, fixed over where leeches had lately drawn the blood from the temples, contrasted sadly with the general paleness.

"He seemed to lie awhile in total unconsciousness, his eyelids falling heavily; but at length he raised them, and spoke to a very attentive servant who was ever near him; but

still there was no animation in those eyes;—there was no play in those pale features, but a stiffness and rigidity, which gave no hope of more than a very temporary recovery. One anecdote will show to what an extent the illness then afflicted him. A sudden squall coming on, the umbrella, which had been placed to protect him from the gusts of wind or spray, was suddenly blown into the sea and floated away out of our sight; but of this he appeared not aware, nor did he seem to feel the inconvenience that resulted, though it took some minutes to provide another.

"The fatigue of the moving, it seems, however, distressed Sir Walter; and when he was lifted from his carriage, and borne in a chair to his cabin in 'The Batavier,' it was said he was ill again; and a Russian physician on board was applied to, who administered with success for a time a soporific draught. On awaking, he called for pen and ink; and it is in vain for me to try to paint my feelings, when it was asked of me to give up the implements I was using at the moment, for the benefit of the eminent invalid. It was a high gratification to be able to meet his wishes."

It was in June, 1832, that the party returned to their home in Wick. They resumed their

task upon the dictionary of Scriptural types—a work which occupied part of Mrs. Sherwood's time for the remainder of her life.

CHAPTER XVII.

VISIT TO BRIDGENORTH—REMNANTS OF THE OLD SABBATH-SCHOOL.

To persons advancing in life, one of the most interesting and solemn employments is to look back to their younger and more active days, and meditate upon the changes which time has produced. It is a motive to spend life usefully and well, that if we are permitted to reach such an age, we may not have the remorse of knowing that it has been wasted in selfishness. The Sabbath-school teacher may well think, as he surveys the children under his care through successive years, "What will they be when they are men and women? What effect will my instructions have upon them?" It is their future condition and character, even more than the benefit of the passing day, that should impress teachers, parents, and all who have an opportunity of influencing the young, with the solemn responsibility of improving every opportunity of doing them good.

We have seen how impressed Mrs. Sherwood was on meeting, in the camp near Worcester, the young men whom she had taught as boys in India. But a more striking example of the effect of time was witnessed by her, when she visited, in 1833, the village of Bridgenorth where she and her sister had taught a Sabbath-school in 1797—thirty-six years before. We must insert here her own account of this visit, not only for its interest as a narrative, but for the useful suggestions it must furnish to all classes of our readers, and especially to those connected, whether as teachers, or learners, with Sabbath-schools.

"It was in March, the year following our return from the Continent, that I went to visit my brother at Bridgenorth, where a circumstance happened that I shall now relate. I have mentioned, in the early part of my diary, that my sister and myself had a Sunday-school in our youthful days at Bridgenorth, and now it so fell out, that one evening, whilst staying at my brother's, I was called to speak to a poor woman, called Elizabeth Hughes, formerly one of our old scholars. In truth, she had been under my sister's tuition, not mine; but she remembered me with affection, and came to see me. I engaged her to

take the management of a tea party, in some house, in which she was to invite all my own and my sister's old pupils who could be found. March 24th was the day fixed for this meeting, and my kind sister-in-law, Mrs. Butt, had some large cakes made; and provided with these, properly conveyed before us as signs of our approach, she guided me to Mrs. Hughes' house, which is in a row on a ledge of the rock on which the town stands, at the entrance of that elegant place called 'the Cartway.' Mrs. Butt went with me to the door, and witnessed the meeting; for the company had already arrived. Be it remembered that those I then met had all been in the freshest bloom of childhood and youth when I had seen them last, and as bright and sparkling girls I had remembered them all. But I confess I received a shock when I found myself encompassed by a number of elderly, nay, in some instances, really old-looking women. I was thrown aback, touched with some sad reflections, from which I did not immediately recover. But if the officers had difficulty to restrain their feelings when they saw my meeting with those fine young men of the band in the hall at Weedon, youths whom I had nursed and fed in their orphan infancy,

this meeting with these poor women was quite too much for Mrs. Butt, who turned away weeping, though not in sorrow. My hands were caught and kissed, whilst every eye ran down with tears. I could not let it so pass, and I kissed them all; though for me to recognize the individuals present was impossible, and I did not pretend to do it.

"At length we were seated, I with my pupils about me, though some of these, having lived lives of hardship, unquestionably appeared older than I did; for age had then dealt gently by me, and I looked, as many told me, much younger than I really was. My first questions, when we were all placed, was to ask 'who was who?' and, as the answers were given, I tried to discern the resemblance of the persons then presented to me to the fair girls recorded in my memory, and eminently fair some at least had been. There were only eight present, all that could be found from our once large school.

"The scene was most affecting. We spoke of days long past, and of former trials incident to youth, in which the Almighty had led us on through dangerous paths, and in much darkness, into that glorious light, in which, as far as I could ascertain, most of us were then standing through infinite mercy.

"Elizabeth Hughes told me, that after my sister and myself had left Bridgenorth, never to live there again, the girls of the first classes had often gone, on a Sunday evening, to a round hill, which may be seen on the right from the castle, and there prayed for us, and prayed that they might never forget the things which we had taught them.

"She told me, too, that often when at Malta she had looked toward the east, and thought of me and prayed for me. Oh! how does piety ennoble the lowest individual; how does it bestow an elegance of mind in the most unpromising conditions! But, I ask, in what consisted the power of the instructions which we gave those young people? In reply, I should say that the strength of the impression which our instructions made was owing, with the divine favour, to the hold which we were enabled to take on the affections of the children. The love of us, inferior as it was, became a law to them in a very decided sense; for, as the poor women told me, all agreeing in the same tale, it was a constant habit amongst them, after we were gone, when called to trial, to say, 'We must not do so and so, because it would grieve our ladies.'

"If, then, the love with which one human being is able to inspire another is so superior in its efficacy to any legal motive, how much more is that love which is divinely inspired predominant, and efficacious in producing good feelings and acts of moral righteousness? Is not love, even between man and man, the fulfilment of the law?

"The scene that evening was most affecting; we sang many hymns, which I have ever loved, in strains which, awakened now, have power to carry me back to years long gone by. We spoke, too, of pleasures past; of delights that had left no thorns on the brow, or in the heart. At seven o'clock we parted, assuredly never more to meet again on earth."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FAMILY CHANGES—"DICTIONARY OF TYPES"—DEATH.

Mrs. Sherwood's advancing age witnessed the usual vicissitudes of life. Her daughter Emily died in childhood. Her daughter Lucy died in the first year of her marriage. Her eldest daughter was the wife of a clergyman in Staffordshire. Her only son was married, and also became a clergyman. Her youngest

daughter Sophia was married to Dr. Streeten, and after his death to Dr. Kelly. After the death of Lucy, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood left Wick, and removed nearer Worcester, where Dr. and Mrs. Streeten resided with them. At the age of seventy-four, she pronounced herself a very happy woman, having many domestic blessings still continued to her, and her faculties so little impaired by time that she could read the smallest type and write four or five hours a day. At this time she would express her thankfulness to God by singing the tunes and hymns she had learned in India, chiefly from Henry Martyn. She numbered among her special mercies that the life of her husband was continued, and the last record she made in her journal was (under the date of 23d of January, 1847) the quotation from Isaiah, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

The power of the faith thus expressed was soon tried. In April, 1848, Mr. Sherwood had a severe attack of illness which made him an invalid for the rest of his days. In April, 1849, his son-in-law Dr. Streeten died. Upon this event, the united family removed to Twickenham, near Richmond, in Surrey,

where Mr. Sherwood terminated a long and suffering illness in December, of the same year. Mrs. Sherwood's daughter Mrs. Streeten, afterwards Mrs. Kelly, speaks as follows of the manner in which her mother bore the bereavement of her companion of forty-seven years:

"She was grateful for our consolation, happy in our attentions; and when my beloved aunt was called home, we had the gratification of knowing that my mother's mind was happier and more at rest. She could now sing to herself my father's favourite hymns, and read in his Bible from the very place where she had left off reading to him aloud. Generally, I may say, she was cheerful, but, alas! at other times she was very often depressed and timid, and we used to find it almost impossible to bring her back to a tranquil state of mind. I remember well one night when I slept with her in town she was very restless; she had been the day before to Doctors' Commons, to prove my father's will, and no doubt had been much distressed by it. And in the night she told me that she was happy and content about her departed friends, whom she was assured she should find again in Him who is all in all; that she rejoiced even in her widowed state,

and could thank God to think that her beloved husband had gone first, and that he had not been the left one, as she was. Even for her elder children she was satisfied; but she had one heavy care she could not endure, the thought of leaving me, her youngest child, to mourn her loss, and but for this she was ready to depart and be with Christ."

She persevered in her study of the Scripture types, until March, 1851, when her great task was finished by the completion of the first draught of the "Type Dictionary." This employment cheered her old age, and diverted her mind from dwelling too painfully on her bereavements. In a letter written during this period she remarked:—

"When I am sad, I find such lovely things concealed under the figures of natural things, that I am ready to weep for very joy; they are like violets hidden under dark leaves, or precious stones buried in the rock. These divine mysteries, when opened out, show more of the fragrance and splendour of the beloved Lord, than aught which Scripture presents to the outward observation even of the most attentive, yet it is only as through a glass very, very darkly, that the most humble and persevering student can discern any of these mys-

teries. Of one thing, however, I am more and more assured, that the deeper we are enabled to look into Scripture, the more we discern of the love of the Saviour, and the more readily and cheerfully commit the interests connected with our departed ones to his gentle hand. All those we lament had their weaknesses and infirmities when on earth, but He who redeemed them never changes; with him is no spot or stain of sin. He has said, 'I come not to condemn, but to save the world.' Very sweet thoughts are sometimes vouchsafed to me, and when I take a pen in hand, perhaps I sometimes become tedious in recording them."

Mrs. Sherwood was now in her seventy sixth year; but her mental activity did not cease. Her last employment of a literary kind was in making a dozen penny books, illustrating as many prints. But her strength was gradually failing, and on the 24th of September, 1851, she was released from the body. The last intelligible words which she was heard to utter, were, "Remember this, my children, that God is love: He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

Mrs. Sherwood's writings fill sixteen volumes printed in the smallest type; and beyond all

the praise that they deserve for the talents they exhibit, and for the interest which their narratives have awakened in such multitudes of readers in various languages, is to be placed the fact that their aim is to promote the knowledge and practice of true religion. It was more directly for the benefit of the young that her mind was kept in such activity for so many years; and it was to this class of her fellow-creatures that she devoted most of her benevolent care as a teacher, and her charity as a philanthropist, both in England and India.

Yet Mrs. Sherwood had the cares of a wife and mother resting upon her; and for many of her most active years she was living in a climate where there is everything to tempt one to consult one's ease, and where, as an officer's wife, she could have obtained every indulgence of this kind she could have reasonably desired. Her example, under these circumstances, in devoting herself to good works with a zeal seldom witnessed excepting in those who consecrate themselves wholly to a missionary life, ought to arrest the attention of Christian men and women, who suppose they cannot, or ought not to, undertake the more active duties of religion as one of the constant occupations of life.