



Barnabas Shaw

William Moister

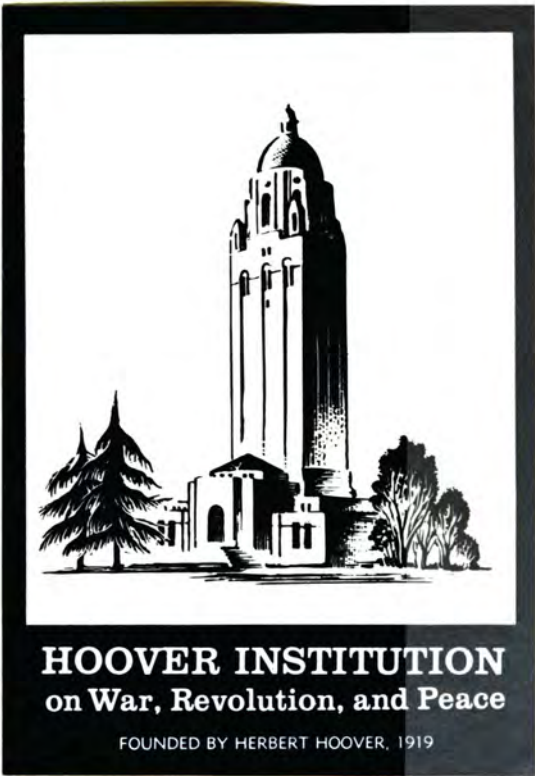
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Yours truly

B. Shaw



1877

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BARNABAS SHAW:

The Story of his Life and Missionary Labours.





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IN

SOUTHERN AFRICA.

WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF WESLEYAN MISSIONS
IN THAT COUNTRY.

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM MOISTER,

AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF WESLEYAN MISSIONS," "MEMOIR OF THE REV. H.
WHARTON," "MISSIONARY PIONEERS," "MISSIONARY STORIES,"
"MISSIONARY ANECDOTES," ETC., ETC., ETC.

1877

London:

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE,

2, CASTLE-STREET, CITY-ROAD;

SOLD AT 66, PATERNOSTER-BOW.

1877.

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HAYMAN BROTHERS AND LILY,
PRINTERS,
WATTON HOUSE, FARRINGDON ROAD,
LONDON, E.C.

P R E F A C E.

PERHAPS there never was a Christian Minister sent forth to preach the Gospel in heathen lands whose labours excited greater interest among the friends of Missions than those of the late Rev. BARNABAS SHAW, the founder of the first Wesleyan Mission Station in Southern Africa. Divine Providence opened his way in a remarkable manner, and everything favoured the promotion of that popularity which he soon won for himself as a faithful and successful Missionary of the Cross.

In the early part of the present century, when Mr. Shaw entered the foreign field, the Missionary enterprise was comparatively new. The spheres of labour then actually occupied were neither numerous nor extensive; and the Cape of Good Hope, to which Mr. Shaw was sent, naturally occupied a prominent place in the public eye. Several countries in which prosperous Missions have now been established, were at that time, wholly neglected by the Protestant Churches of Christendom.

There appeared, moreover, in Mr. Shaw's character and proceedings a genuine candour, a singleness of purpose, and an earnestness of aim, which won the hearts of all who knew him; whilst his letters, as published from time to time in the *Missionary Notices*, were marked by a simplicity and a pathos which rendered them charmingly interesting to all classes of

readers. Hence his name and that of his Namaqua Mission became household words in many a British home; and the stimulus given to the work by his beautiful letters was followed by the most pleasing results.

Nearly twenty years have passed away since Mr. Shaw finished his course; and yet, up to the present time, strange to say, no Memoir of him has been published, with the exception of a very brief sketch in a volume entitled *Missionary Pioneers*, by the present writer. In the hope of supplying this defect, and of giving to the present race of Juvenile Missionary Collectors, and to the friends of Missions generally, such a narrative as they will appreciate, this volume has been prepared for the press by Mr. Shaw's oldest surviving friend and fellow-labourer in South Africa.

The author desires to express his grateful acknowledgments to members of Mr. Shaw's family who have kindly placed at his disposal some interesting manuscript notes, illustrative of the early history of the devoted Missionary; and especially to W. L. Blore, Esq., of Sandown, Isle of Wight, for information which he has most cheerfully furnished. The volume is now sent forth with the sincere prayer that the God of Missions may bless its perusal, and make it the means of a still wider extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom.

W. M.

WOODBRINE COTTAGE,
NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT,
December 4th, 1876.

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BARNABAS SHAW:

The Story of his Life and Missionary Labours.

Chapter I.

ANCESTRY AND PARENTAGE.

“Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.”—EXODUS xx. 12.



HO has not observed that Yorkshire has been honoured above every other county of England, in producing and sending forth zealous and devoted ambassadors of Christ, to proclaim the good news of salvation on the high places of the Mission field? More than once have I enquired in social gatherings of Missionaries and their wives, in distant lands, as to the part of the dear old country from which each had come, and as often has it been found that a majority of the persons present were from Yorkshire. I last instituted this inquiry many years ago in

Southern Africa, when several in the company claimed to be Yorkshiremen, of whom the oldest and most honoured was the venerable BARNABAS SHAW, the celebrated pioneer Missionary to that country, the story of whose eventful and laborious life I propose now to give. This I shall do in the simplest and plainest manner possible, and in language which cannot be misunderstood, for the information chiefly of juvenile readers, and with the hope of interesting also the friends of Missions in general.

From manuscript notes kindly placed at my disposal by members of his family, it is gathered that Mr. Shaw sprang from a humble but pious and highly respectable ancestry. His grandfather was a farmer at a village near Pocklington, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and his grandmother was eminent for piety, according to the light she had, at a time when spiritual religion was but little known in the neighbourhood in which she lived. This worthy couple were among the first to give encouragement to the Methodist preachers who first visited that part of the country; and they nobly exerted themselves to promote the cause of God in their native village, when almost all other people stood aloof. They also rendered great assistance in the erection of the first Wesleyan chapel that was ever built in Pocklington, Mr. Shaw's grandfather himself providing the means of carriage for all the materials used in the building, and otherwise helping forward the enterprise. This was in or about the year 1745, so that we have to record very early devotion to the cause of Methodism in the family of which the Rev. Barnabas Shaw was,

for more than half a century, the worthy representative.

On his mother's side also, the subject of this narrative was of respectable descent. His maternal grandfather, whose name was Best, had a farm at Holme, on Spalding Moor, in the same county. Holme is a long, straggling village, about five miles from Market Weighton, and is remarkable for the hill on which the church stands. That building is supposed to have been placed as a landmark to travellers crossing the moors. Tradition has it that on the margin of a neighbouring moor, there was once a cell, founded by two monks who devoted themselves to the charitable task of guiding travellers across the trackless wilds, and that the one acted as conductor, whilst the other engaged in prayer for the safety of the travellers.

In the old family records are found some interesting notes in reference to Mr. Shaw's maternal grandfather. He was a godly praying man, and, withal, a High Churchman. From the spiritual guides he had in the Church he received little or no light; but he was eminently charitable, and showed great strictness in the outward observances enjoined by his Church. He was, moreover, a man of a serious mind, and was very much impressed by his first careful perusal of the eighty-eighth Psalm, and especially by the fifteenth verse. There is no record to show what were his views of the plan of salvation; but the subject of the present Memoir, who was a favourite with his grandparents, and often paid them a visit, had many proofs that his grandfather was "a

man of prayer." He died about the year 1801, aged seventy-two. Barnabas was then only thirteen years of age; but, young as he was, he had received a deep impression of the excellency of his grandfather's character. He well remembered his last words to him, "Be a good lad, and God will always bless thee." The old man's remains were interred in the churchyard at Elloughton, and, by his own request, the eighty-fourth Psalm was sung at his funeral.

Barnabas's father, Mr. Thomas Shaw, was born near Pocklington, about the year 1754. He had two brothers, Robert and John, and one sister. His uncle Robert Mr. Shaw never saw; but his uncle John, who had a farm near Elloughton, he well remembered. His aunt, Mrs. Petch, of Wheldrake, near York, left two sons, who continued to occupy their father's farm after his decease, and with whom Mr. Shaw stood in associations which were remembered in after years with much pleasure. Mr. Shaw's mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Best, was born at Holme. She had but one sister, Ann, who was four or five years her senior. This sister married Mr. William Helstone, who occupied a farm about a mile from the Wesleyan Chapel at Holme. For many years she was a consistent member of the Society at that place, suffering much for her devotion to the cause of Scriptural Christianity. She lived to a good old age, having reached her ninetieth year when she was called to her eternal rest. She was much respected by all who knew her, especially by the family of Barnard Clarkson, Esq., of Holme House. This aunt was the first member of Mr. Shaw's family who became

directly attached to the Methodist Society. He writes concerning her, that "she endured great opposition from various quarters, but remained firm to the end."

Mr. Shaw's parents, who were married in 1777 at Elloughton, which is about eleven miles from Hull, had six children, of whom four died in infancy, and lie interred in Elloughton churchyard, beside their parents and grandparents. The two survivors, James and Barnabas, were brothers not only by blood, but in true Christian affection. From early youth they were steady industrious lads, devotedly attached to each other. Adverting to the kindly harmonious feeling which existed between himself and his brother, Mr. Shaw writes, "We never quarrelled; but the good nature was all on his side. Although four years older, my brother never gave me an unkind word or look." James was a good mathematician, and for many years conducted a school at Holme, with credit to himself, and advantage to his pupils. In early life he was much attached to the Established Church, and disliked anything approaching to enthusiasm; but, through his brother's influence he was induced to attend the services of the Wesleyan-Methodists. He became deeply affected by the truth, and was converted to God when twenty-three years of age. Thenceforth he was a thorough Christian, and a consistent member of the Methodist Society. Under his influence many of his pupils also became seriously disposed, cast in their lot with the despised people of God, and helped to build up the cause of the Redeemer in their village. He was about to be married, but was seized with a sudden and fatal illness on the 5th of May, 1817,

at the early age of thirty-three. His last words were, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." At his own request, his remains were interred at Holme, in the burial ground on the hill already mentioned.

Mr. Shaw was not in England at the time of his good brother's death. He had already left his native country, and was far away in Namaqualand, peacefully pursuing his beloved missionary labours. When the mournful intelligence of his sad bereavement reached him, he was busily engaged in building the first Methodist Chapel erected in Southern Africa. The loss of such a brother was to Mr. Shaw most trying and afflictive. He found some relief in a flood of tears; and he never afterwards referred to the event, even casually in conversation, without indications of deep feeling; for his brother had been his dearest companion and friend. In briefly recording the event in his distant African home, Mr. Shaw quotes the following touching lines:—

"My brother the haven hath gain'd,
Out-flying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companion behind."

In thus giving a brief account of Mr. Shaw's ancestors, as introductory to the story of his own life and personal labours, we have touched upon a subject which was always very dear to him. In common with other Missionaries who have made great sacrifices for Christ, he never forgot his native land and his kindred according to the flesh. The farther he was separated from them, the more precious they were to his memory. Nor was he ever weary of expatiating on the

piety and personal excellencies of his beloved parents and other members of his family, who had distinguished themselves by their zealous devotion to the cause of the Redeemer. He considered it a great honour to have descended from such ancestors; and the prospect of meeting them in heaven was to him a source of consolation and joy amidst the trials and difficulties of Missionary life.

“ My boast is not, that I derive my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.”



Chapter II.

BIRTH AND EARLY DAYS.

"From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."—2 TIMOTHY iii. 15.



WE now proceed to speak of the immediate subject of our narrative, and to tell the story of a consecrated life in all its principal incidents, so far as we have been able to collect them. We shall see many remarkable instances of the providence and the grace of God ; and it will be well to take special notice of the lessons which are to be learned from what will pass in view. Especially shall we find abundant cause for gratitude in the blessings enjoyed in this highly-favoured land, as the truth is disclosed concerning heathen countries, in which little or nothing is known of the character and the worship of the true God. Nor should we fail to take a deeper interest in the great and glorious Missionary enterprise, when we see the remarkable manner in which Divine Providence raises up and qualifies men for special spheres of labour, and how Almighty God blesses the preaching of His Gospel in various parts of the world.

BARNABAS SHAW, the subject of this memoir, was born on the 12th of April, 1788, at the pleasant village

of Elloughton, about eleven miles from Hull, on the northern bank of the Humber. That part of Yorkshire is celebrated for its beautiful rural scenery; and the hero of our story was reared and trained amidst scenes and associations well adapted to prepare him for the great life-work which awaited him in the Mission field. His education like that of most boys of his class, at the time at which he lived, was of a humble character; but what he lacked in school tuition, he endeavoured to supply by carefully reading useful books at home, a practice to which he became much devoted at an early period. It is astonishing to observe how much may be done in this way by youths of really studious and industrious habits. The annals of Methodism contain the names of a large number of great and good men, remarkable for their piety, zeal, and usefulness, who were not favoured with a collegiate education, but who, having passed through the ordinary course in common schools, diligently and with great success built upon the foundation thus laid, and so fitted themselves for positions of great influence in the Church and in the world. Self-made men, as they are sometimes called, are worthy of double honour, inasmuch as they have attained their positions under difficulties of which persons placed in favourable circumstances can hardly conceive.

In his early training, however, and in his pursuit of knowledge under peculiar difficulties, Barnabas Shaw had some advantages which others have not enjoyed, and which helped to compensate for the otherwise unfavourable circumstances in which he was placed. In his earliest attempts at reading and study

he was favoured with the assistance of his brother James, his senior by four years, who was, moreover, qualified for the office of teacher by superior gifts and some advancement in knowledge. Some junior brothers foolishly dislike to be taught by those who are nearly related to them, however intelligent they may be, and put on haughty airs towards brothers or sisters who offer their friendly aid. This was not the case with young Barnabas. As we have already observed, he was united to his brother James by the strongest ties of affection and esteem; and he was ever ready to receive counsel and instruction at his hands. James afterwards became a professional tutor; but it is doubtful whether Barnabas ever attended his school, as, by that time, he had grown up to manhood, and was engaged in agricultural pursuits.

In early life Barnabas Shaw, like most young people, was fond of reading history and books of travel and adventure. He would sit for hours deeply absorbed in thought, over narratives of adventure in foreign lands. At such times he appeared lost to everything but the scenes of thrilling interest which were passing before his mental vision as he turned over the fascinating pages. He also took great delight in geography and kindred studies, noticing with feelings of deep interest the climates and the productions of different countries, as well as the manners and customs of the native tribes occupying various parts of the globe. Thus at a very early age, was he preparing himself for foreign adventure and for that Missionary enterprise by which he was afterwards distinguished. A vivid recollection of his own early experience never

failed to prompt him to impress upon the minds of the young the importance and the necessity of attending well to their studies in the morning of life. I have heard him expatiate with deep feeling on these matters, in addressing a Sunday-school in his old age, assuring his youthful audience that he could remember distinctly many things learned in boyhood, although he sometimes found it difficult now to recall what had occurred only a few days before.

The subject of our story was, moreover, very fond of music, and the earliest recollections of his boyhood were associated with playing his flute in the upland pastures of his father's farm, whilst he tended the flock, and watched the little innocent lambs as they gambled around him. When, in after years, I repeatedly heard Mr. Shaw speak with sparkling eyes of those early happy days at home, I was often reminded of David and his harp, and imagined the humble shepherd boy watching his father's sheep on the hills of Palestine, long before he became king of Israel. And, in connection with these references, I may add that I have often been led to admire the wonderful providence of God, as shown in raising up, training, and adapting His agents for the work which they have to do, in the advancement of His cause and kingdom among men.

But it was not merely in reading and study, in playing his flute, and in watching his father's sheep on the banks of the Humber, that young Barnabas Shaw spent his early days. His father was a thorough disciplinarian; and, being an industrious man himself, he trained his sons to work as well as to play. The

younger boy as he grew up to maturity was taught to imitate his elder brother by taking an active part in such work on the farm as he was able to perform. But when at length Barnabas was strong enough to handle the sickle and the scythe, and occasionally to follow the plough, he felt he was becoming a man, and exerted himself in a manner worthy of the highest commendation. Whilst engaged in these useful and invigorating exercises, little did he think that he was being trained and prepared for the secular duties of his future Missionary sphere, in which he would have to teach a rude and barbarous people the arts of civilized life and improved methods of tilling the ground, as well as to instruct them in the things belonging to their eternal peace. But so it was, and I have heard him gratefully acknowledge the intimate connection between his early training and the usefulness of his course of hallowed toil in the Mission field.

There is but little information as to the moral and religious character of the subject of this narrative during his boyhood, beyond the fact that he and his brother were kept under the strictest moral restraint by their upright and godly parents. Thus were they mercifully kept from evil company and from the practice of the glaring sins which were so common among young people in those days. They were, moreover, carefully taught to read the sacred Scriptures so far as their parents were able to instruct them; there were no Sunday-schools in that part of Yorkshire in those days. Nor were the public means of grace neglected. On the Sunday morning the young Shaws were regularly conducted by their

parents to the parish church ; and in the evening they were frequently found assembled with their neighbours in a humble cottage to hear a plain and faithful sermon from the lips of a Methodist preacher. Barnabas Shaw always gratefully cherished the recollection of the pains taken by his godly mother to teach him the fear of the Lord ; and to plant in his youthful mind the seeds of Divine truth, by causing him to commit to memory collects, passages of Scripture, and verses of hymns, which he never forgot as long as he lived. This hallowed recollection made such a deep impression on his own mind that he was ever ready to promote, to the utmost of his power, the religious instruction of the rising generation ; and when Sunday-schools and Missionary institutions came to be established, he was among their friends and patrons, often remarking with deep feeling on the contrast between former and recent times with regard to the religious privileges of children and young people.

This contrast is perhaps too little thought of by those whom it chiefly concerns. How thankful ought we to be for the advent of Sunday-schools, for the circulation of the Scriptures, and for the faithful preaching of the Gospel which distinguishes this highly-favoured land at the present day, when we remember the comparative darkness and ignorance of former times ! Parents and children, teachers and scholars should all show their gratitude for the privileges which they are favoured to enjoy in this age and in this country of Bibles, Sabbaths, schools, and religious ordinances ; and that gratitude should be shown by carefully improving every opportunity of being made

wise unto salvation, and by following in all things the example of Him Who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms:
Hark how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!

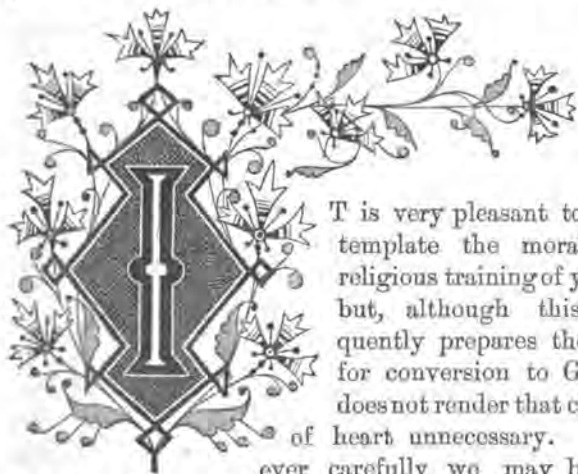
" 'Permit them to approach,' He cries
'Nor scorn their humble name:
For 'twas to save such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.' "



Chapter III.

MINISTERIAL LABOURS AT HOME.

"I send thee to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Me."—ACTS xxvi. 18.



It is very pleasant to contemplate the moral and religious training of youth; but, although this frequently prepares the way for conversion to God, it does not render that change of heart unnecessary. However carefully we may be led to a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures and of our Christian duty, we must also be the subjects of genuine experimental religion. Otherwise we can neither be truly happy, nor reasonably expect to be useful in promoting the salvation and spiritual welfare of our fellow men, nor be admitted into the kingdom of heaven at last. So important is this point that the Wesleyan-Methodist Conference requires of every candidate for the ministry, not only a clear knowledge of

wise unto salvation,
example of Him,
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for the exercise of the gifts with which he had been endowed by the great Head of the Church. At first he took part in cottage prayer-meetings, and other religious services for which his aid was sought in a district where preachers of the Gospel were "few and far between"; and it was not long before he entered upon the great and important work of calling sinners to repentance. He was twenty years of age when he thus began publicly to speak in the name of the Lord. Writing afterwards in reference to the date—July 20th, 1808—he says: "My mother informed me that on this day I preached my first sermon." The dear woman, with true motherly fondness, had kept a record of the event of which she was naturally proud, and often referred to that event as one of the most pleasurable occurrences of her lifetime. His text on that occasion was Luke xix. 10: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

The text selected by the youthful evangelist, on the occasion of this his first pulpit effort, may be taken as fairly indicating the general type of his ministry during his long and useful career; for whatever topics he might at times select for discussion in order to give variety to his preaching, the character and work of Christ, and the plan of salvation through faith in His atonement, with their cognate doctrines, were the themes on which he most delighted to dwell. Nor is it at all improbable that, at this early period, he felt within him the stirrings of those noble aspirations which eventually culminated in his entire consecration to the work of the ministry, when, in imitation of the Divine Lord and Master, he went forth into the wide

Scripture doctrine and ability to communicate it intelligibly and profitably to others, but also satisfactory evidence that he has passed from death unto life, and become "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

I have not been able to glean many particulars with reference to the conversion and early religious experience of Barnabas Shaw; but as to the fact that he had in early life been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and made a happy partaker of Divine grace, there is abundant evidence. I have often heard him advert, with gratitude and joy, to the peace and comfort which he experienced in the sense of the favour of God, through Jesus Christ, and to the pleasure which he felt in proclaiming the good news of salvation to others. It appears from the family records that he was quite young when he began to be deeply concerned about personal religion. He considered his brother superior to himself in every respect; but it is evident that Barnabas was the first to embrace the mercy of God in Christ, and that after he was saved from the wrath to come, he, like Andrew of old, conducted his brother to Jesus. We therefore cannot wonder at the remarkable unity and affection which characterised these two brothers: they were united by a stronger tie than that which is afforded by natural relationship, being bound together by the love of Christ.

Having been brought "into the glorious liberty of the children of God," and having joined the Wesleyan-Methodist Society in his native village (of which his honoured parents were consistent members), the subject of this narrative soon found an appropriate sphere

for the exercise of the gifts with which he had been endowed by the great Head of the Church. At first he took part in cottage prayer-meetings, and other religious services for which his aid was sought in a district where preachers of the Gospel were "few and far between"; and it was not long before he entered upon the great and important work of calling sinners to repentance. He was twenty years of age when he thus began publicly to speak in the name of the Lord. Writing afterwards in reference to the date—July 20th, 1808—he says: "My mother informed me that on this day I preached my first sermon." The dear woman, with true motherly fondness, had kept a record of the event of which she was naturally proud, and often referred to that event as one of the most pleasurable occurrences of her lifetime. His text on that occasion was Luke xix. 10: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

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world to "seek and to save that which was lost." In the year 1809, Mr. Shaw was engaged in the instruction of others at Hook, at the same time devoting himself to the study of those subjects a knowledge of which was necessary to fit him for the great work to which, in the order of Divine Providence, he was soon afterwards set apart.

In 1810, the name of Barnabas Shaw appeared on the list of candidates for the Wesleyan ministry; and a young preacher being soon afterwards required in the Epworth Circuit, he was sent as a supply to labour under the superintendency of the Rev. T. Tattershall. Thus in the birthplace of Wesley, surrounded by scenes and associations full of interest to every lover of Methodism, did he commence that ministerial career which was destined to be so varied, and so important in its results. He left his humble home at Elloughton to enter upon his great life-work with peculiar feelings; for the life of a Methodist preacher in those days was one of peculiar trial, hardship, and privation; but he was sustained and comforted by a mother's prayers and a father's blessing. The Rev. Joseph Benson, who was President of the Conference that year, next sent Mr. Shaw as a supply to Winterton, near Brough, in the parish of Elloughton, where he had the Rev. Thomas Harrison for his superintendent and Messrs. Matthew Mallinson and John Scott for his colleagues. We find from his manuscript notes that during the remainder of that year he preached at Ferriby, Barton, Barrow, Brigg, and many other places. Winterton is no longer the head of a Circuit, but Barton and Brigg are both Circuit towns.

In the year 1811 Mr. Shaw attended the Wesleyan Conference, which was held at Sheffield, under the presidency of the Rev. Charles Atmore. He was much impressed with the wisdom and the dignified bearing of the devoted men to whose fraternity he had been admitted, and resolved, in the strength of Divine grace, to prove himself a worthy member of the body. At this Conference he was appointed to the Spilsby Circuit, which then included Boston, Wainfleet, and other important places, at which he preached with comfort and success. It was during his sojourn in this Circuit that Mr. Shaw formed a life-long friendship with R. C. Brackenbury, Esq., of Raithby Hall, a distinguished friend of the Missionary enterprise, in affectionate remembrance of whom he afterwards named more than one of his mission-stations in South Africa, as we shall find in the course of this narrative. During this period Mr. Shaw was highly-favoured in his ministerial associates. "My superintendent," he says, "was good John Barrett;" and his colleague was Humphrey Stephenson. The Rev. Robert Pickering also occasionally visited the Circuit to render assistance, as Mr. Barrett suffered severely from the ague. Mr. Pickering and Mr. Shaw were always glad to meet with each other, as they had been associated from their boyhood, when Mr. Pickering was an apprentice with Mr. W. Much, of Elloughton.

In 1812 Mr. Shaw accompanied his superintendent to the Burton-on-Trent Circuit, where he laboured with credit to himself and advantage to the cause, preaching at Alrewas, Tamworth, and many other places in that neighbourhood. In the course of the following year,

when on a visit to his native place, he "resolved, by the grace of God, to give himself to the Mission work in foreign lands," earnest efforts being made at that time by the Church to which he belonged, to send the Gospel to the heathen. According to an entry which we find in his journal, this resolution was made "on Mill Hill at Elloughton," a place to which he often retired for meditation and prayer. During the Conference of 1813, Mr. Shaw was confined to his bed by sickness; but shortly afterwards, on his recovery, he was sent to Newcastle-upon-Tyne by the President, the Rev. Walter Griffiths. There he resided with Dr. Taft, and the Rev. J. Turton was his colleague. In his usual laconic style, he says: "The far-famed Orphan House above the Chapel was our residence." In the course of this year he became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Reay, of Carville, whose friendship he highly esteemed, and of whom he always spoke in terms of the highest commendation.

At the Conference of 1814, under the presidency of Dr. Adam Clarke, Mr. Shaw, having applied for a station on the coast, was appointed to Bridlington Quay. Mr. Z. Taft accompanied him to Sunderland, whence he sailed in a collier to Scarborough. After a night's rest he went on to Bridlington. Travelling in those days was a very different thing from what it is now, when steam-packets and railway-carriages are at the service of those who have to remove from place to place. At Bridlington the Rev. Thomas Ingham was the superintendent, and the Rev. Robert Jackson was Mr. Shaw's colleague. During his sojourn in this Circuit he preached at Filey, Flamborough, Rudstone,

Kilham, Langtoft, Burton and other places mentioned in his journal. He also records the fact that "Mr. Thomas Robinson, one of the oldest friends of Methodism, died this year at Bridlington Quay." The sermon preached on the occasion of his funeral by the superintendent minister was afterwards published, in compliance with the request of friends.

Having completed his term of probation, and having been received into full connexion with the Wesleyan Conference in 1814, Mr. Shaw, after much prayer and consideration, took the important step of marriage. He writes: "Believing it not good for man to be alone, I was married on the 24th of July to Miss Jane Butler, of Bridlington Quay, in the old church at Bridlington." As a circumstance quite in harmony with the character of the bridegroom, it may be mentioned that he preached on the evening of his wedding-day at Rudston Parvor, near Driffield.

At the next Conference, Mr. Shaw formally offered himself for the foreign work, in accordance with the pious resolution which he had formed two or three years before. At that time Missionaries were much required for India, the party of young men, from whose head Dr. Coke had been removed by death in such a mysterious manner, having commenced their labours in Ceylon, with encouraging prospects of success. For that important sphere of holy enterprise Mr. Shaw and other five devoted young ministers were accordingly designated at the Conference alluded to, and their appointment appeared on the Minutes. The newly-married couple, therefore, began at once to prepare for their departure from their native land.

In September Mr. Shaw writes: "We parted with our friends in Yorkshire, to see some of them no more till we meet in eternity. Do Thou

'Keep us, and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal!'"

In October Mr. and Mrs. Shaw proceeded to London to complete the necessary preparations for their voyage. There they received every attention from many friends of Missions, especially from the Revs. Messrs. Benson, Wood, Entwisle, Bunting, Edmondson, and Buckley, the gentleman last named being the Missionary Secretary at that time. They were kindly entertained at Mrs. Gilbert's, and, among other remarks in his journal, Mr. Shaw says: "About this time I heard Mr. Bradburn preach; but he is failing fast, and cannot last very long. What a change since I heard him at Howden seven or eight years ago!"

The happy intercourse which the young Missionary was favoured to hold with the great and good men whom we have named, and with others into whose company he was brought in the great Metropolis, had a most salutary effect upon his mind, and tended more fully to prepare him for the arduous enterprise on which he was about to enter in a far distant land, where he would be thrown entirely on his own resources.

During his sojourn in London, circumstances occurred which occasioned a change in Mr. Shaw's appointment from Ceylon to the Cape of Good Hope. For the place last named a Wesleyan Mission had been planned by the Society some time before, and the Rev. John M'Kenny had been sent out as the first Missionary during the previous year. But, strange to say,

that devoted man of God was not allowed to exercise his ministry in the Cape colony, in consequence of the jealousy which existed in the minds of the Government officials, and of the Dutch colonists generally, with regard to missionary influence. The Committee had therefore instructed Mr. M'Kenny to proceed to Ceylon to supply a vacancy there, and "the Cape would have been given up but for the favourable testimony of a gentleman who had just arrived in London from South Africa, and who was called into the Committee to state what he knew of the Cape prospects, etc." At this crisis it was resolved to make a second attempt to found a Wesleyan Mission at the Cape of Good Hope, and Barnabas Shaw was requested by the Committee to undertake the work. This change required all the faith and courage which the young Missionary could command; as he knew, in going to South Africa to begin a new Mission that he must toil for some time alone amid numerous trials and difficulties, whereas if his appointment had stood for Ceylon, he would have been favoured with the company of genial Missionary associates, whatever his other trials might have been. But his confidence was in God; and he proceeded in the path of duty without wavering.

"Give me Thy strength, O God of power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fix'd; I can do all through Thee!"



Chapter IV.

MISSION TO SOUTH AFRICA.

"And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."—MARK xvi. 15.



WHEN Mr. Shaw found that the Cape of Good Hope was to be the sphere of his future labours, he made special preparation for the particular kind of work in which he would have to engage. In addition to the careful reading of books which gave information about the character of the

country and its productions, he paid special attention to the language in which he would be expected to minister. This was the Dutch, which was then spoken not only by the descendants of the Hollanders who first founded the Cape Colony, but also by the coloured people and slaves for whose special benefit the

Mission was designed. With the view of becoming so far grounded in the knowledge of the language as to be able to pursue his studies in it during the voyage and afterwards, he received lessons from Mynheer Balwin Janson, an intelligent Hollander, resident in London, and author of a valuable Dutch Grammar and Dictionary. Meanwhile he was busily engaged in completing his outfit, and in attending sundry public meetings and religious services, which were held at different places in the Metropolis almost every night of the week.

Everything being ready for the voyage, and the time fixed for the vessel to sail, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw took leave of various friends whose acquaintance they had formed during their pleasant sojourn in London, and on the morning of the 19th of December, 1815, they and their fellow-voyagers took breakfast with the Rev. Joseph Benson, who not only showed them much kindness, but also commended them to the providence and grace of God in fervent supplication. In reference to the pleadings of this devoted servant of Christ, on this and on other occasions, Mr. Shaw says, "Such a man of prayer I never heard."

Thus fortified by the prayers of God's people, and actuated by the principles of true Christian charity,—love to God and love to man,—Barnabas Shaw and his devoted wife proceeded at once to London Bridge, where they went on board a steamboat to join their ship at Gravesend. They were accompanied down the river by a party of friends, consisting of the Revs. Messrs. Wood, Bunting, Buckley and others, who, on the 20th of December, saw them safely on board the

Eclipse, and again commended them to God in prayer. The ship was bound for Ceylon as well as for the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw were, therefore, favoured in having the Revs. Messrs. Carver, Calloway, Broadbent and Jackson as fellow-voyagers. To these esteemed brethren Mr. Shaw soon became ardently attached; and in after years he was wont to speak of them in the most loving and affectionate manner.

Finding the ship not quite ready for sea, the mission party returned to Gravesend, where Mr. Shaw preached in the evening from the appropriate text, "Consider, how great things God hath done for you." They spent a pleasant day or two on shore, waiting for the sailing of the ship, and greatly enjoyed the kindness and hospitality of some friends of Missions. They returned on board on the 22nd, and without further delay proceeded on their voyage.

On Christmas-day the *Eclipse* was passing Dover with a high wind and a heavy sea, which tended to make the first experience of the missionary passengers on board far from agreeable; but they had embarked in a good cause, and were prepared to suffer as well as to do the will of God. The storm continued, while the gallant ship proceeded down the Channel under close-reefed topsails, sometimes tossed with the waves, and staggering like a drunken man. The gale was so severe that she was obliged to put into Dungeness for shelter, till more favourable weather should prevail. There she remained at anchor for six days without communicating with the shore, the passengers in the meantime being subject to consider-

able discomfort from sea-sickness and other causes. At length the weather became milder, and the anchor was weighed once more, and the voyage resumed on the last day of the year.

On the 3rd of January, 1816, the Mission party lost sight of the white cliffs of dear old England, and their hearts were truly touched with the thought that they might never see their native land again. Mr. Shaw gave expression to his feelings in the beautiful language of Montgomery :—

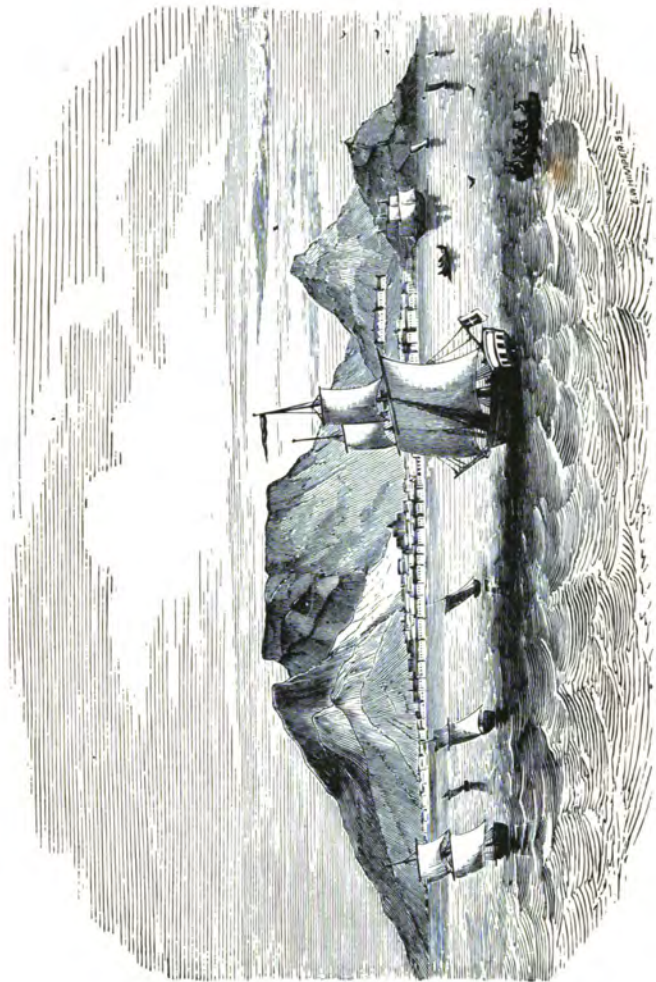
“ I love Thee, O my native Isle !
Dear as my mother's earliest smile,
Sweet as my father's voice to me,
Is all I hear, and all I see.”

Having called at Madeira and St. Jago, the gallant ship crossed the equator on the 7th of February ; and, on the 3rd of March, entered the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, on the coast of South America, where she had to take in supplies. Here Mr. Shaw beheld for the first time a specimen of the horrors of slavery. Multitudes of negroes were at work, carrying heavy burdens upon their heads, and singing mournful dirges as they walked along the streets. The language of the poor outcasts was quite unintelligible to the Missionary ; but their plaintive hapless song affected him much ; and he thought it sounded like “ *Pity poor Africa !*” and from that time he adopted the pithy saying as his motto when pleading the cause of Christian Missions. As indicative of the extent to which the slave trade was carried on at that time, he was given to understand that 40,000 poor slaves were annually dragged away from

their native homes on the shores of Africa, and brought to the Brazils, to say nothing about the tens of thousands who were taken to the West Indies, North America, and other places, to wear out their miserable lives in hopeless bondage.

At Rio Mr. Shaw had also a view of popery on a scale which he had never witnessed before. Processions of priests and monks, with elevated crosses, were constantly parading the streets, whilst multitudes of superstitious people were bowing and kneeling in a manner shocking to behold, since they were notorious for their immorality and profaneness. In the manuscript notes now before me is found the following characteristic entry :—"March 11th. Visited the convent of St. Anthony, where we sat down with a number of priests to an excellent repast. They told us some strange stories; but who believed them?"

After remaining at Rio for nearly two weeks, the *Eclipse* weighed anchor again, and proceeded on her voyage; and now the Missionary and his devoted wife were overtaken by a trial, the very mention of which will be sufficient to excite the tenderest sympathy of the reader. On the 23rd of March, Mrs. Shaw became the mother of a lovely little daughter; but the helpless infant did not long survive amid the tossing of the tempest, and the rude motion of the ship; for God sent the angel of death to bear to Himself the redeemed spirit of the little stranger, and its tiny body was consigned to a watery grave in the Atlantic Ocean; while the parents endeavoured to console themselves with the thoughts that Christ is the resurrection



CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.

and the life, and that, at the last great day, "the sea shall give up the dead that are therein."

On the night of the 12th of April, Table Mountain, the grand promontory of South Africa, was discovered by the light of the moon. Then, the cry of "land ahead!" was heard; and after so long and so tedious a voyage, it was indeed a welcome sound, and brought many on deck to try their sight. Next morning when the sun arose, the white houses of Cape Town were clearly seen, stretching along the semicircular shore, with the gently sloping hills on each hand, and the almost perpendicular mountain rising behind to the height of four thousand feet. In the course of the day the gallant ship passed Green Point and Robin Island, and came safely to anchor in Table Bay, the Missionary party gratefully recognising the ever watchful providence and protecting care of that God

"Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas."

And now, with the coast of Africa in view, we must give a brief account of the country and its inhabitants before we accompany the Missionary on shore, and follow him in his travels and his labours. Southern Africa is that portion of the great African continent which lies to the south of the Equator. It is about two thousand miles in length and the same in breadth. In a country of such vast extent we meet with great diversity of scenery, soil, and climate. There are, however, some striking features, which belong pretty generally to this extensive and interesting portion of the globe. Wherever we travel in South

Africa we behold everything on a grand scale. Every scene in nature corresponds with the magnitude of the Continent on which it is found. The mountains generally rise to a great height, and stretch away as far as the eye can reach, till they are lost in the dim distance, from which they sometimes again emerge to the view of the admiring traveller, as he pursues his journey. The valleys, the rivers, the lakes, and the extensive deserts, are equally imposing in their general aspects. The soil is very unequal. Extensive tracts of country may be seen in many places, which present to the view nothing but rocky and barren wastes, where the zebra, the wild deer, and the ostrich, obtain a precarious subsistence from the scanty herbage which is to be found in isolated places. In other localities, especially in the valleys among the mountains, good arable land is met with, which amply repays the toil of the husbandman, whilst his cattle can graze with advantage on the sloping hills around his homestead. The climate of South Africa, in the Cape Colony, in Natal, and in the Free States, as well as in the regions beyond the colonial boundaries, is generally healthy; and besides the various tribes of native inhabitants, a constantly increasing European population has established itself in many places, in addition to the original Dutch settlers found in the country when it was given over to the English.

From the Missionary's point of view the aborigines, or native inhabitants, of a country, claim our chief attention. In South Africa these are greatly diversified, and are of various tribes. They may, however, be classified under the general divisions of Hottentots,

Kafirs, Negroes, and Malays. The Hottentots are undoubtedly, the true aborigines of the Cape of Good Hope, and were found in considerable numbers by the Dutch when they first took possession of and colonized the country. They now have become scattered, and to a considerable extent mixed with other tribes of natives. The Bushmen, Namaquas, and Korannas are all of Hottentot descent, whilst the Griquas are a mixed race of half-castes. The Kafirs are a noble race of men, and superior both in physical development and in mental ability to most other South African tribes. They evidently came originally from the north and drove back the former Hottentot inhabitants. They are divided into numerous petty clans, with appropriate names, and are governed by subordinate chiefs. Hence we read of the Amakosa, Amatembu, Amaponda, Amazulu, Tambookies, Fingoes and others, all of whom belong to the Kafir race. The negroes of the Cape Colony have generally been brought from the east or west coast, where they were rescued from slavery by British cruisers; and they are now employed as free domestic servants or labourers. The Malays are a class of people originally brought from Batavia as slaves, by the Dutch settlers; but they are now free, and constitute a very thrifty, industrious, useful people, being employed as artizans, domestic servants, and labourers, although they are generally Mohammedans.

For the benefit of these various tribes of people Christian Missions have been established in various parts of the country. In 1814 the Wesleyan Missionary Society made its first attempt to take its part in the noble work; but that attempt proved a failure

through circumstances over which the Missionary and the Society had no control. That Missionary, as we have already seen, was the Rev. John M'Kenny, a very worthy man, who with his excellent wife arrived in Cape Town on the 7th of August, 1814. Such, however, were the jealousy of the Government authorities and the unwillingness of the people to have their slaves instructed that Mr. M'Kenny was not allowed to preach in the Colony, although he produced credentials of the most satisfactory character. Under the circumstances all that he could do was to hold private meetings for conversation and prayer with a few pious soldiers and other persons who had hailed his arrival with great joy, and await the result of his representations to the Missionary Committee in London. Before the removal of the difficulties referred to, Mr. M'Kenny was instructed to proceed to Ceylon where he was afterwards made very useful in the service of his Divine Master.

Such was the state of things at the Cape of Good Hope when Mr. Shaw landed from the ship *Eclipse* on the 14th April, 1816, sent out to make a second attempt to establish a Wesleyan Mission in South Africa. Being anxious to conform to rule and usage, and hoping to obtain the requisite permission to exercise his ministry in Cape Town, Mr. Shaw at once waited upon his Excellency, Lord Charles Somerset, the Governor of the Colony. The Missionary was courteously received by the Governor, who carefully examined his ministerial credentials also a letter of introduction which he brought from Earl Bathurst; but at the same time his Excellency expressed his regret

that he could not sanction the commencement of a Wesleyan Mission in Cape Town because there was already in his opinion an adequate supply of clergymen for both the Dutch and the English population, and because several of the slaveholders were still opposed to the religious instruction of the coloured classes.

Mr. Shaw returned from the Government-house disappointed, and somewhat dispirited; but he was not a man to be easily turned aside from his purpose in such a great and glorious enterprise; and he therefore made his request known unto God and forthwith acted according to his convictions of duty. Referring to this crisis in his history he says:—"Having been refused the sanction of the Governor, I was resolved what to do, and commenced without it on the following Sabbath. If his Excellency was afraid of giving offence to the Dutch ministers, or the English chaplains, I had no occasion to fear either the one or the other." Accordingly, following the example of the Apostles of old, who said, "We ought to obey God rather than man," Mr. Shaw, on the following Sunday morning opened his commission, and preached the first Methodist sermon ever heard in South Africa, in a room hired by a few pious soldiers, in which they had for some time held their own prayer-meetings and other religious services.

This is not the only instance recorded in the annals of the Missionary enterprise of pious soldiers having been the pioneers of the Gospel. They have often, by their noble examples and zealous efforts, prepared the way for the Christian Missionary and by their influence and prayers helped him in his good work. In this

case they had written to Dr. Coke long before, earnestly pleading that a Wesleyan minister might be sent to the Cape of Good Hope, for their benefit as well as for that of hundreds and thousands of the mixed population around them, who were sitting in darkness and in the region and shadow of death. They had grieved over the inability of Mr. M'Kenny to exercise his ministry among them and they now rejoiced that a Missionary had been sent from England who had courage to obey God rather than man, and who had actually dared to proclaim to them and others the unsearchable riches of Christ. It was matter of regret, however, to Mr. Shaw, that before his arrival Sergeant Kendrick, the leader of this noble band of Methodist soldiers, had passed away to his reward in heaven. That brave hero of the cross, who had been brought to God in early life, under the ministry of the Rev. George Morley in Leeds, died happy in the pardoning love of Christ on the 18th of November, 1813. His surviving comrades conducted the Missionary to the military burial ground at Green Point, that he might look upon the grave of their departed friend and brother. They had marked the spot in which his body sleeps with a rude monument bearing the following lines:—

“ Live till the Lord of glory come,
And wait your heaven to share :
He now is fitting up your home ;
Go on ; we 'll meet you there.”

The Missionary turned away from the grave of the Methodist soldier with mingled feelings of joy and

sorrow,—sorrow that he had not been favoured to see and converse with so devoted a servant of Christ; and joy that his happy spirit had reached the place where “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest,” and that the fruits of his labour still remained. He resolved, moreover, to do all in his power to promote the spiritual welfare of a class of men who are worthy of Christian sympathy, and who have great power for good or for evil, wherever their lot is cast. Mr. Shaw, accordingly did not confine his attention to the neighbourhood of the garrison in Cape Town, but extended his labours to Wynberg, a village about eight miles distant, where there was at that time a considerable military establishment. There he found that the praying soldiers had erected for themselves a little chapel in the neighbouring forest in which they were wont to meet for worship, as they had opportunity. To that humble sanctuary they conducted the Missionary, and there listened with delight to his message of mercy, experiencing a fulfilment of the prophetic word, “The solitary place shall be glad.”

The history of that rude house of prayer, as related to the Missionary by the pious soldiers, was of great interest. It had been built by the kind permission of Captain Proctor, on his own ground, in the place of a previous one which had been burned down by order of the Colonel of the Regiment, because, from its position in the village, it was alleged to be a nuisance. While digging the foundation, the soldiers found a quantity of shining particles, both white and yellow, from which circumstance they conceived that they had discovered a silver or gold mine. Mrs. Tate, the wife of one of the

corporals, a pious and active Christian woman, immediately filled her apron with the supposed treasure; and hastened to exhibit it to Captain Proctor, saying, "Look here, Captain Proctor, the Lord is blessing you for allowing us to build a chapel on your ground: we have found a mine." As it had been reported that a silver mine was discovered in the neighbourhood during the time of the Dutch Government, and as there was a place not far off the name of which reminded them of the report, it was natural enough for the soldiers to suppose that they had actually hit upon a vein of silver; but although better informed persons than the corporal's wife at first thought the shining particles valuable, they after all proved to be but pieces of common quartz and granite.

The next place to which Mr. Shaw directed his attention was Simon's Town, situated on the margin of a convenient bay about twenty-two miles from Cape Town. On the occasion of his first visit he received much kindness from Mr. Martin, of His Majesty's Dockyard, and preached to a goodly company of soldiers and civilians in a room belonging to a sergeant of the 83rd Regiment. On proceeding next morning to the top of the mountains above the town, he met with a Mohammedan, and also an aged Pagan, both black or coloured men, whom, in conversation, he found altogether ignorant of spiritual things. He says: "I longed to be able to speak to them more fluently, and to be employed in preaching to the Gentiles 'the unsearchable riches of Christ.'"

Hitherto Mr. Shaw had proceeded in his labours without any interference or molestation. It is highly

probable that he might have been allowed without any hindrance to continue his efforts for the benefit of those to whom his attention had been chiefly directed, notwithstanding the somewhat irregular manner in which he had commenced his ministry ; but being of an ardent temperament, and feeling himself called by God as a Missionary to the heathen, he was ill at ease in his narrow and circumscribed position, seeing, as he did, that there was no prospect of access to the slaves and the coloured population of Cape Town and the neighbourhood. The more he thought of the hundreds and thousands of pagan natives in the far-off interior of Africa, who were perishing for lack of knowledge, the more earnestly he desired to go forth to proclaim to them the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God." Whilst he was thus musing, and also praying for Divine direction, circumstances occurred by which the way was opened for the carrying out of the desire of his heart. Thenceforward his Missionary career was one of uncommon interest and of almost uninterrupted success. To this new opening, with its attendant incidents, we shall direct our attention in the next chapter, finding occasion gratefully to acknowledge the guiding hand of the Almighty.

" By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray ;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way ;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near."

Chapter V.

JOURNEY TO NAMAQUALAND.

"The Lord said . . . He is a chosen vessel unto Me, to bear my name before the Gentiles."—ACTS ix. 15.



WHILST Mr. Shaw was revolving in his mind the subject of a Mission to the heathen in the interior of Africa, and anxiously considering the ways and means by which it could be accomplished, there ar-

rived in Cape Town, from Great Namaqualand, the Rev. H. Schmelen, of the London Missionary Society, with about a dozen converted natives from his station. This incident was destined, in the order of Divine providence, to determine the course of Mr. Shaw's proceedings with reference to his future sphere of Missionary labour. Returning home one day to his humble temporary quarters in Cape Town, he communicated the intelligence to his anxious wife, when, in substance, the following conversation took place:—

Mr. Shaw.—"My dear, I have seen a German Missionary from Great Namaqualand, far away in the interior, and he assures me that if we could get to that

country, I should find a wide and promising field of labour, and have ample opportunities for usefulness, without the annoyances and the opposition to the religious instruction of the natives, which we find in Cape Town and its vicinity. I have been quite delighted with the conversation I have had with him."

Mrs. Shaw.—"Indeed! I should like to see him. What kind of people does he say the natives are? and how does he think we could get there?"

Mr. Shaw.—"It would appear that the Namaquas are not a very attractive people to look at; but when brought under the influence of religion they become docile, affectionate, and sincere Christians. Some of those whom Mr. Schmelen has brought with him are very excellent men indeed; and I understand that before they were converted they were as wild and as savage as any of those who still remain in heathen darkness. As to the means of getting to their country, I understand we should have to purchase a travelling waggon and a span of oxen, and stores for the journey as well as for the supply of our wants after reaching our distant station; as very little of what Europeans require for their subsistence is to be had there. All this, you see, would be expensive; and, without the permission of the Missionary Committee, I should feel reluctant to take the step, as they expected that I should, in the first place, labour in Cape Town and its vicinity, where such a heavy outlay would not be required."

Mrs. Shaw.—"I see the reasonableness of what you say; but I do not think the Committee would object to the expense, if they knew the circumstances;

and even if they did, we could bear a part of it ourselves out of our own private means, which will by-and-bye come to us. For my part I shall be very glad to give up the little I shall have for such a purpose. But I should like to see these Namaquas as well as the Missionary. Will you ask Mr. Schmelen and his people to take tea, and spend the afternoon with us to-morrow?"

Delighted with the noble response of his devoted wife, Mr. Shaw hastened back to the German Missionary and his converted natives, and invited them to his quarters according to Mrs. Shaw's wish. When the Namaquas came, they excited much attention by their strange appearance, and the uncouth and unintelligible gibberish in which they addressed one another, as well as by their wonderful accounts of their country and people; and that afternoon was a time long to be remembered. The result was that, after mature deliberation and earnest prayer to God for direction, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw made up their minds to accompany Mr. Schmelen and his affectionate Namaquas on their return to the interior, feeling confident that the Lord would direct their steps. They lost no time in procuring a waggon and oxen, as well as the supplies necessary for the commencement of a new Station; and it was not long before they had everything in order for the journey.

And now, before we accompany the Missionary party on their long and weary journey, some account must be given of the strange mode of travelling in South Africa. The regular travelling waggon is a huge vehicle covered with a canvas tent to keep off the sun

and rain. It is mounted on four strong wheels, being so loosely put together as to allow of considerable play and friction. Otherwise it would be broken to pieces by jolting over the rocky roads. It is fitted up with convenient chests before and behind, in which are stowed away the crockery ware and such small articles as bread, tea, coffee, pepper, salt, etc. There are also a small chest or two on the sides of the waggon, in which are generally placed the tools, &c., necessary for repairs in case of an accident. And there is a trap behind, on which are packed iron pots, tea-kettle, frying-pan, and other things required in cooking. The heavier articles of stores are packed in bags and boxes in the body of the waggon; and over the whole, in the after part of the vehicle, is fixed the *cartel* on which are placed the mattresses and bedding for sleeping accommodation; whilst the front part is used as a sitting-room. This cumbrous machine is drawn by a span or team of sixteen or eighteen oxen. It often serves as a dwelling-house for a Missionary and his family for weeks and months together, whilst traversing the dreary desert, far away from any human habitation.

It is usual to have one Hottentot attendant in front as a leader to guide the oxen, and another on the front chest as driver, with a long whip which he wields with both hands. It is also necessary to have a native servant or two to drive a small flock of sheep or goats that may serve as provision for the way, and to assist at the out-spannings or encampments. At each of these, which occur in the evenings, and occasionally during the day, a few

sticks are gathered, a fire is lighted, and the never-failing tea-kettle is called into use; and after a homely repast, the whole company come together for family worship. The Scriptures are read, hymns are sung, and prayers are offered in the native language of the people.

As I write I call to mind some very pleasant meetings of this kind around the evening camp-fire; and, no doubt, some of my youthful readers will regard this mode of life as pic-nicing on a grand scale, and would like to have a share in it. They would probably find, however, on making the trial, that the novelty would soon wear away, and that considerable inconvenience and discomfort would attend a long journey in the African desert, notwithstanding the attractive and romantic appearance of the enterprise when seen at a distance.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw set out from Cape Town for the interior, in company with the German Missionary and his people, on the 6th of September, 1816. They were accompanied to their first encampment on the Cape Flats, beyond Salt river, by a few religious friends from the city, who commended them to God in prayer, and then returned home, whilst the Mission party pursued their journey towards Namaqualand. Wishing to get well away from the noise and turmoil of the busy city and its suburbs, before they out-span for the night, they travelled on till a late hour. At length they halted at a place where there was an ample supply of grass and water for the cattle, and Mr. and Mrs. Shaw began to prepare for spending their first night in an African waggon. This was

no easy task, however, as the *slaap kamer* (bedroom) was in a state of utter confusion, being "filled with bags, boxes, guns, saws, spades, articles of clothing, implements of agriculture, tea-kettles, pots, pans, etc., which had been thrown into the waggon in a hurry." They were consequently obliged to recline as best they could among the baggage till they had time and strength to put things into order.

When Mr. Shaw crept out of the waggon next morning, he found Mr. Schmelen sitting under a bush with a cup of coffee before him, which he was stirring with a piece of stick. He smiled as he responded to the usual Dutch salutation, "*Goede morgen, Mynheer,*" (Good morning, Sir), and added, holding up the piece of stick, "*Dit is een Namaqua lepel.*" (This is a Namaqua spoon). After breakfast they assembled for worship, and the converted natives united heartily in singing the praises of God, and devoutly knelt during prayer with their faces towards the ground. Having collected the oxen, and inspanned, the party proceeded through the sand, towards Fishershok; but, the waggons being heavily loaded, and some of the oxen proving restive, the rate of progress was slow. Towards evening Mr. Shaw's waggon stuck fast in the bed of a periodical river; and neither the shouts of the people, nor the application of the drivers' whips to the oxen, and of the shoulders of the Missionaries to the wheels, could extricate it, till Mr. Schmelen's oxen were brought to unite their strength to that of the others. This was only the first of many difficulties of the kind which had to be experienced in the course of the journey.

Having crossed the Berg river, passed the village of Piquet Berg, and spent a night at Peter's Fountain, they came on the 24th to Uitkomst, the residence of Mr. H. Van Zeyl, the well-known friend of Christian Missionaries of all denominations. Having in after years enjoyed the hospitality of the kind family at Uitkomst, I have the greater pleasure in quoting Mr. Shaw's testimony to Mr. Van Zeyl's generosity. He says:—"On my journey to Namaqualand, we remained four days to rest the oxen, and although we were twelve in number, and all supported at his table, he would accept of no remuneration. At our departure, Mrs. Van Zeyl put loaves of bread into our waggon, till we were obliged to beg her to desist. Mr. Van Zeyl also supplied us with a bag of meal, three goats, and five sheep, which I had agreed to purchase; but when I came to inquire the amount of payment, he said, "*Niets, Mynheer*" (Nothing, Sir). On pressing him to allow me to pay, he answered, "*Moet my niet quaat maken*" (Do not make me angry). He further said, "You come and dispense to me and my family the bread of life,—it would be strange indeed if I could not give you a little provision to help you through the wilderness."

About midnight on the 26th the travellers reached a place called *Heere Lodgement* (Gentleman's Lodge). The oxen, having had no water during the day while toiling through the deep sand, rushed to the pools with great avidity, as soon as they were let loose from the yoke; and the travellers themselves felt faint and weary. Here they gladly remained for two or three days, to rest their jaded cattle, there being a good

supply of water and herbage. Whilst the men were engaged in making bullets for their guns, the Missionaries visited a curious cave or fissure in the rock, described by the traveller Vaillant, to whose name, inscribed on the wall in 1712, they added their own, all which I myself read and examined with great interest, several years afterwards, when detained for a day or two at the same place.

On the 3rd of October they came to the Elephant River, which they found so swollen by the heavy rains that they were obliged to convey the contents of the waggons across in a small boat. In the afternoon the waggons themselves were taken through, but, because of the depth and rapidity of the stream, they were in great danger of being overturned. With reference to this part of the journey Mr. Shaw says:—"It was both imposing and painful to behold the oxen proceeding slowly onward, the drivers vigorously applying their large whips, and the people shouting, hallooing, and using every possible exertion to prevent both waggon and oxen from being carried away by the stream. The Namaquas who led the oxen, being excellent swimmers, were as buoyant on the water as ducks; and all were brought over in safety." On the banks of the river the heat was excessive, the thermometer rising to one hundred and ten degrees in the shade; and the slight wind that blew was felt as if mingled with particles of fire. Proceeding northward, the travellers entered upon what is called the *Karree*, or arid desert, where scarcely a farm-house is to be seen, and where grass and water are very scarce.

At this point of their journey there occurred a very

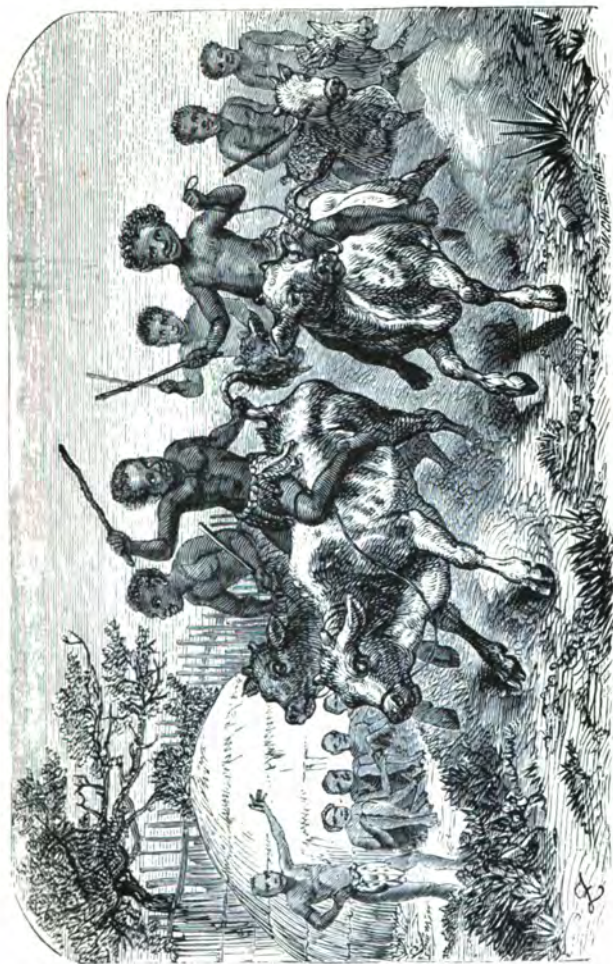
remarkable incident, which was destined to fix the locality of Mr. Shaw's future labours, and which clearly shows the superintending care of Divine Providence. This part of the story will be best told in the Missionary's own words :—"When we had travelled for a short distance, it was announced that the chief of the Little Namaquas, with four of his people, was approaching. We immediately halted, and entered into conversation with them, when they proposed that we should remain together for the night. The request was complied with, and the chief stated that, having heard of the Great Word, and of other tribes that had received it, he also was anxious to have it, and had commenced this journey in search of a teacher. They had already travelled about two hundred miles, and had designed proceeding to Cape Town, which would have been two hundred more. It was certain that they could have obtained no Missionary there, and it appeared a peculiar providence that we should thus meet them in the wilderness ; for had we commenced our day's journey half-an-hour sooner, or they theirs half-an-hour later, we should have continued our route towards Great Namaqualand, and should consequently have missed them coming from Little Namaqualand. As the finger of God was evidently perceptible throughout the whole of this event, it was proposed that I should accompany the chief to his kraal. He was highly delighted at this, and willingly accepted the offer. At the evening's service, he, with his people, bowed their faces to the ground ; and when Jesus was set forth as the Great Shepherd, who had black sheep as well as white,

having said when on earth, 'Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold, and one Shepherd:' the chief wept, and appeared to rejoice as one who had found great spoil."

The course of the Missionary party was now changed and directed towards Little, instead of Great Namaqualand. Both men and oxen suffered much from the heat, and from scarcity of water, and the remainder of the journey was performed chiefly in the night, that the jaded cattle might rest during the heat of the day. On the 14th they found they were approaching the great place of the tribe whose chief desired a Missionary. In the afternoon they had to ascend the steep side of a mountain, at the top of which was situated the *Naamrap*, or cattle place, of the Namaqua chief. Of this part of the journey Mr. Shaw says:—"So rugged was the path, so steep the ascent, so many the large stones scattered in the way that every moment our waggons were in imminent danger of being overturned, or thrown over the edge of some frightful precipice. Every bullock had here to exert all his strength, as the failure of one might have been the destruction of the whole. The enormous whips of the drivers were in constant application, the crack of which, echoing among the surrounding rocks, sounded like thunder. With all this exertion, so difficult was the ascent that we only proceeded by inches, and I began to despair of ever reaching the summit. At length, however, we effected our purpose, and could look back with gratitude, exclaiming, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.'"

A strange scene presented itself to view as they continued slowly to ascend the slopes of Khamiesberg, near the summit of which, at Lily Fountain, was the home of the tribe. The chief had gone on before to communicate to his people the joyful news that he had found a teacher. A native escort was, therefore, immediately despatched to meet the Missionary and his wife, and to conduct them in triumph to the great place. "Between twenty and thirty Namaquas," says Mr. Shaw, "were seen approaching, who rode upon beautiful young oxen. They passed us at full gallop, and after having pulled up, stood on the side of the road with their heads uncovered, saying, '*Goeden dag, Mynheer, Goeden dag, Jeffrouw; welcom, welcom aan dit land*' (Good-day, Sir, Good-day, Madam; welcome, welcome to this country). Having thus saluted us, they rode off at full speed to proclaim our approach. On arriving at the residence of the chief we were soon surrounded with men, women, and children, who talked so incessantly that we could scarcely hear ourselves speak. In the evening we held divine worship, and then requested them to retire, in order that we might rest for the night."

On the 15th a council was held formally to consider the question of the Missionary's remaining with the tribe. The proceedings were commenced with prayer, and a discourse on the words, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The whole assembly was at first still as midnight, but before the conclusion several wept. The chief, Haaimaap, fell with his face on the ground, and was so much affected



NATIVE ESCORT GOING TO MEET AND WELCOME THE MISSIONARY.

that they had to wait some time before the conversation could be commenced. In answer to the questions put by Mr. Shaw as to the facilities which would be afforded for the formation of a Mission Station, by aid in the erection of buildings, and by the appropriation of ground for cultivation and pasturage, etc., first the chief, then his head men, and, finally, all the people with one voice assured him that they would help to the utmost of their power, if he would only remain to be their teacher. He, therefore, consented, believing that he had been directed to the place by the special providence of God; and Lily Fountain became the first Wesleyan Mission Station in South Africa.

On the following day Mr. Schmelen and his people, who had hitherto accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, to see them finally settled in their new station, took their departure for Great Namaqualand, and the newly-arrived Missionary and his heroic wife were left alone in the wilds of Africa, strangers in a strange land. The invariable kindness of this pious German and his converted natives had made a deep impression on the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Shaw; and it was not without tears of sorrow that they now took an affectionate leave of them. In their loneliness they endeavoured to cast their care upon Him Who has said "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Saviour always nigh;
He comes my weary soul to cheer.
I am with Him and He with me;
E'en here alone I cannot be!"

Chapter VI.

LABOURS IN THE INTERIOR.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest."—MATTHEW ix. 37, 38.



THE toils and trials connected with the establishment of a Mission Station among a rude and barbarous people, can only be fully understood and appreciated by those who have experienced them. Not only have the people to be instructed in the doctrines and duties of the Christian religion, but much attention has to be given to their secular affairs, with the view of training them in improved methods of cultivating the ground, building houses, and managing cattle, with other arts and practices of civilized life. For direction and aid in these things, as well as for medicine in sickness and counsel in difficulty, the natives are in the habit of looking to their Missionary with implicit confidence, regarding him as a person who knows everything.

Mr. Shaw was a man well fitted by nature and by

grace for the important position to which he was divinely called, as a pioneer Missionary; and he addressed himself to his new and peculiar duties with characteristic zeal and diligence. His first care was to provide a temporary dwelling for himself and his wife, of which they felt the need, after having been so long subject, by night and by day, to the jolting of their covered waggon. They were kindly allowed to occupy a native hut, made in the form of a beehive, with bent sticks stuck in the ground, and covered with rush mats; and they thankfully took up their abode in it, although it had neither window, chimney, nor door, and was, moreover, of very small dimensions. Of this, his first African habitation, Mr. Shaw quaintly says:—"It is certainly an advantage that we have no furniture, possessing neither chairs, nor a table, nor even a bedstead to encumber us; yet, when weary, we find no difficulty in sleeping on the floor."

Near to his hut the Missionary cultivated a small plot of garden ground, in which he sowed lettuce, onions, radish, mustard, cress, and other seeds, which he had brought from England. Great was the astonishment of the natives when they saw some of these spring up in the course of a few days, exhibiting various forms and devices, even, in some cases, letters of the alphabet. Nor was their surprise less marked when they saw the use that was made of the salad. On seeing it brought to the white man's table as part of the mid-day meal, they clapped their hands in ecstasy, exclaiming, "We never saw anything like this. If *Mynheer* and *Jeffrouw* can eat grass they need never hunger!"

Having fixed upon a site for a more permanent dwelling-house, Mr. Shaw made inquiry respecting timber, but was told that there was none in the vicinity of Lily Fountain. Wishing to ascertain for himself, he set off to explore the country among the mountains, and wandered from one valley to another, till he was faint and weary, but could not find a single tree suitable for building purposes. He afterwards learned that the mimosa, or thorn tree, could be obtained at a distance of one day's journey from the Station. He therefore set off, accompanied by a few natives, taking with him a cross-cut saw and some hatchets. Speaking of this novel enterprise he says: "On our arrival at the Naauwe River, one of the Namaquas and myself worked the saw, and in a very short time several trees were lying on the ground. The saw, with its numerous teeth, was an object of great curiosity to the Namaquas; and they were so delighted to see how soon two of them could make a tree fall, that, even after we had obtained a sufficient quantity, I could not restrain them for some time from using it. Many trees were consequently left behind for which we had no room in the waggons."

When the materials were collected for the new Mission-house, the patience of the Missionary was severely tried by the indolence and the awkwardness of the natives, who had given fair promises of assistance, but who had never been accustomed to continuous labour. Sometimes they would partake freely of the food which he had provided for their support while engaged in the work, and then wander off among the mountains he knew not whither. At other

times they would dash along for a while in a manner likely to spoil both the tools and the work. To give a specimen of this kind of annoyance, I may quote Mr. Shaw's own account of his foreman in the undertaking:—"Old Adam, so called, who had occasionally lived with some of the Boers, came and said, 'If you please, Sir, I will be the *baas bouwmeester*,' (master-builder). He was allowed to begin, and took up much time in squaring his eye, and looking at the angles to see if they were correct; but, after a while, I discovered such a bulge in the wall that I was under the necessity of taking down a great part of it, and then undertook the business myself, and succeeded tolerably well. It was a source of grief to me that my architect had failed, as I had so many other engagements; and he felt somewhat mortified at losing his situation; for though little in person, he thought himself far superior, both in intellect and ability, to those around him."

By patient persevering, the dwelling-house was at length finished and occupied; and, by degrees, it was furnished with a bedstead, tables, stools, and other useful articles, of homely manufacture, made chiefly with the Missionary's own hands. A rude Chapel was afterwards erected as well as a smith's shop, and other necessary buildings, and Lily Fountain began to wear the aspect of a Christian village, being a centre of civilization in a benighted land. Hitherto the small patches of ground which had been cultivated had been dug up with rude wooden instruments; but Mr. Shaw taught the Namaquas how to make a plough; and great was their astonishment when they first saw that

wonderful instrument put in motion. "Come," said the chief to his counsellors, as he stood on an eminence, "Come and look at this strange thing that Mynheer has made. See how it tears up the ground with its iron mouth. If it goes on so all the day, it will do as much work as ten wives!" This was said in allusion to the fact that, when they were in their heathen state, the labour of cultivating the ground devolved chiefly on the women and slaves.

Whilst these secular labours were going on, and the Missionary was exerting himself to elevate and improve the social condition of the natives, he was not indifferent to their moral and spiritual welfare. This was the prime object of his concern, and often, after the toils of a laborious day, spent in building, ploughing, sowing, or reaping, he was seen sitting under a tree surrounded by a number of children and young people, teaching them to read or instilling into their minds the elementary principles of the Christian religion. Twice on the Sabbath, and frequently on week-nights, regular public worship was held, when the Scriptures were read, prayer offered, hymns sung, and the Gospel of Christ simply and faithfully preached to the people. So soon as assistance could be obtained from the more intelligent of those who were brought under the influence of Divine truth, a regular Mission School was organized, and all the machinery of a Mission Station was put in motion.

The difficulties connected with the prosecution of the work at this early period were neither few nor small; but they were all overcome by the undaunted courage and patient perseverance of the devoted

Missionary pioneer, sustained and assisted, as he was, by his heroic partner. Mr. Shaw soon acquired such a knowledge of the Dutch language as enabled him to make himself understood either in conversation or in preaching. But this acquirement, valuable as it was, only partly met the case; for although Dutch was in a sense the vernacular of the Cape Colony, these Namaquas spoke a dialect of the Hottentot, with its strange clicks and gutturals, and very few of them knew anything of either Dutch or English. The Missionary, therefore, had to preach and teach in Dutch, through the medium of a Namaqua interpreter, — a method of communicating instruction attended with many disadvantages, especially when interpreters have to be selected from among the unconverted.

The deplorable ignorance of the people when the Gospel was first introduced among them was another impediment to its progress. Referring to this subject Mr. Shaw says:—"They had no correct notions of a Supreme Being, and, indeed, many were without a conception of the very existence of God. Some had heard from the colonists and solitary travellers, that there must be a Creator of all things, but many of them disbelieved. An aged man, when spoken to by Jacob Links respecting spiritual things, angrily said, 'If there be a God, why does He not take away the pain from my back.' Another who was entrusted with the care of a farmer's horses, on one occasion fell asleep, so that the horses were lost. After a long but unsuccessful search, he said, at length, 'I have heard that there is a God, and that if people pray to Him, He will answer them. I will now try Him, and if I

find the horses, I will believe.' Many of the leading men could not count to five, and they were a distinguished few who could proceed as far as ten. Those who were thus clever, in general made use of their fingers for this purpose; and as they advanced in knowledge, they added the toes on each foot, till they arrived at fifteen or twenty. If it were asked, how many are two and three, or four and six, when added together, their powers of calculation were severely tested, and in despair they would answer, '*Ik weet niet, Het is all te zwaar.*' (I know not; it is too difficult.) In our meetings for conversation, I have sometimes endeavoured to state as simply as possible some great doctrine of Christianity, as, for instance, the doctrine of Repentance. When I afterwards inquired if they had understood me, some would answer with a deep sigh, others with a significant shake of the head; while many would say, '*Neen, neen, neen, ik kan niet verstaan.*' (No, no, no, I cannot understand.) On my endeavouring to impress the Doctrine of Repentance upon their minds, by repeating it again and again, and requesting them to remember it till we next assembled, at least its three principal traits, Contrition, Confession, and Conversion from Sin, they simultaneously exclaimed, '*Ja, Mynheer; ja, Mynheer.*' (Yes, Sir; yes, Sir.) But to my great mortification, a few minutes were quite sufficient to obliterate every trace of what had been said; and when I again asked, not one individual in the place could furnish a reply."

There were, nevertheless, among the people some remarkable instances of native talent and sagacity, in

reference to other matters. A man named Robert Kaffir, who possessed three or four hundred sheep and goats could never count further than twenty, and yet if, on coming from the field, one sheep or goat were missing, he was sure to find it out, as he seemed to know them all by sight. Nor were the people generally incapable of receiving instruction. When the first difficulty had been overcome, and they had become habituated to reflection and inquiry, they made as rapid progress in learning as could have been expected; and in a short time a few so far excelled as to become teachers of others.

When they had been some time under training, the natives manifested considerable aptitude for singing the praises of God, and they took such a delight in the exercise that they were anxious to improve their talents by all possible means. Mr. Shaw relates an amusing and somewhat ludicrous instance of a man who adopted very doubtful means for this purpose, in consequence of a hint casually thrown out by the Missionary; and the circumstance may serve to show what care ought to be used in speaking in the presence of simple-minded natives, who place such implicit confidence in their teachers. He says:—“Andrias Orang possessed, according to his own opinion, a very good ear for music, so that although with others he was a very passable singer, yet to his own more refined taste, there sounded a certain grating in his throat, very far from the sweet mellowness so charming to the lover of this art. In truth he was placed in the pitiable dilemma of a skilful musician who is required to elicit strains of sweetness from an

imperfect instrument. When we were engaged in preparing the ploughs for seed time, Andrias appeared among the inquisitive and admiring by-standers, and presently asked, with great seriousness, if anything could be done to remove the unpleasant hoarseness of voice with which he was troubled. I intimated that I had heard that the swallowing of a frog was employed for this purpose by some of the professional singers in England. Andrias forthwith, though without the knowledge of the party, proceeded to the fountain; and so strong was his desire to be rid of his thorn in the flesh, that he caught and swallowed one of the croaking species. He then returned to our working place, and said with evident delight, 'Now I have swallowed it, and I shall soon know if it be of any service.' The Namaquas, astonished that he should have swallowed a living frog, inquired how he felt; for some of the frogs of Lily Fountain are very large. Thereupon Andrias with such characteristic oddity described, both by words and gesture, the descent of the frog—'Scratch, scratch, scratch' as it went,—that a simultaneous burst of laughter ensued, and I could not refrain from joining with the rest."

The incessant labours of Mr. Shaw's early years at Khamiesberg so taxed his strength that he was induced to apply to the Missionary Committee in England for the appointment of a colleague. In response to this appeal, the Rev. E. Edwards was sent out to the Cape of Good Hope towards the close of the year 1817; and there being no waggon to convey him to his destination in Namaqualand in the usual way he accomplished the astonishing feat of performing the

whole journey from Cape Town to Khamiesberg on horseback, although the distance is nearly four hundred miles, and he was under the necessity of sleeping on the ground in the open air for several nights in succession. For his guidance and encouragement Mr. Shaw sent to the newly-arrived Missionary the following characteristic letter, which was found among his papers after his decease, and which clearly exhibits the kindness of the writer's heart, whatever may be thought of his judgment:—

“*KHAMIESBERG, Jan. 16th, 1818.*—DEAR BROTHER, May grace, mercy, and peace be with you, and the peculiar presence of the Lord, while journeying from place to place! I cannot send my waggon, for my corn is now ripe: some is cut, and the people must daily reap, and with the waggon it must be brought home. I cannot send you strong horses, but I send the best we have. I have endeavoured to borrow two from the farmers, but without success. My own is good (the one with the short tail). You had better ride him yourself, and Andrias, my servant, will arrange respecting the others. I send four horses, but three are weak. I therefore send two men, that one may remain on the road, with a horse or two to relieve the others. On Wednesday you will, God willing, arrive at this place. We shall hope to receive you in health, and I am sure we shall hail you with joy. You must not ride quickly: or if you do, all your horses will fail in the Karoo, (or desert) where there is very little grass, and perhaps no water. If you ride in the forenoon at all, set off before sunrise,

and halt by nine or ten o'clock. Don't begin to go again till about sunset, and ride all night. The moon favours you, and there is no danger whatever; you may perhaps hear a jackal or a baboon: but be not afraid, there is nothing to do you any harm. Here are some bread-loaves: you can give your people a little; be sure to keep sufficient for yourself to the end, as they can do with or without it. Here is a little tongue and salt beef: of the beef also give a little daily to the men. Likewise a little piece of cheese. When the sun begins to be warm, set the people to make a shadow for you of bushes, or you will receive harm, I am sorry it is not in my power to come to you; but you will, I think, do very well. I agreed with a farmer to bring you from Cape Town in his waggon, and should have sent mine to Piet Van Ardt's to meet you; but I am so glad you are so near. Till I see you, I remain your affectionate, though unknown, brother,

“BARNABAS SHAW.”

Mr. Edwards at length arrived in safety at Lily Fountain, and proved admirably fitted for the particular kind of work which he had to do. Being thus assisted and relieved, Mr. Shaw began to think of extending his labours to the regions beyond. He first visited two or three places in Bushmanland, where several small parties of natives were settled, who never had an opportunity of hearing a sermon. He also went to Cape Town for supplies, and wherever he travelled, he availed himself of every opportunity which presented itself for preaching the Gospel of Christ, and

for striving to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of all classes.

But the longest and most adventurous journey which Mr. Shaw undertook at this period was one to Great Namaqualand, at the invitation of his old friend Mr. Schmelen, who gave him to understand that there were numerous promising openings for the Gospel in the far distant interior. When the people at Khamesberg saw the Missionaries preparing the waggons for their departure, they were much excited, fearing lest Mr. Shaw might meet with another sphere of labour and not return to them. An aged man named Links was therefore delegated to remonstrate with him on the subject. He approached and addressed the Missionary substantially in the following terms:—
“Mynheer, we cannot think of allowing you to go to Great Namaqualand, lest you should not return to us. The believing children have spoken with one another, and they have spoken to me. They are all sorrowful and resolved if possible to prevent your going. You, Sir, have planted a tree here, a beautiful tree; you have watered that tree; you have taken pains with it: and it is growing and bears fruit. If you go and leave us this beautiful tree will droop; if it be not watched and watered, it will die away. How can you go and leave it?”

Mr. Shaw having promised if spared to return to the Station, the people became reconciled; and accompanied by his devoted wife he commenced his journey northward, on the 28th of March, 1820. After travelling through a wild sterile country for about three weeks, including a day or two spent at the London

Mission Station of Steinkopff, they came to the great Orange River which was found to be full. "Our Little Namaquas," says Mr. Shaw, "unaccustomed to see the swell of a mighty river, or to hear its tremendous roar over precipitous rocks, hesitated to approach the rapid stream. Some said it was very angry, and might take them away; others feared lest wild beasts should be lurking by its side: thus, though we were parched with thirst, none would go down to the river for water. I therefore took the water vessel myself, and hastened to the stream, when they immediately followed, each manifesting the spirit of Jacob Links, who said, '*Waar Mynheer gaat, daar zal ik ook gaan,*' (Where you go, Sir, I will also go). After this long day's journey, when we had taken some refreshment, our eyes were speedily closed in sleep."

Crossing the Orange River is easy or difficult according to the state in which it is found. When the water is low, the traveller may easily ford it, as I have done myself, without alighting from the horse on which I rode. When the water is high, the oxen may draw the waggon through, but not without difficulty and danger. When the river is full, fording it is out of the question: the oxen have to swim across, whilst the waggon is taken to pieces, and its respective parts, together with its contents, as well as the travellers, have to be floated over on rafts, made of pieces of dry wood lashed together, and guided by native swimmers.

Having reached the northern bank of the river in safety, Mr. Shaw and his party travelled forward for several days, till they came to the Mission Station called

Bethany, where they met with a cordial reception from Mr. and Mrs. Schmelen. Here was a good fountain of water, which amply supplied the wants of the inhabitants, and irrigated a considerable plot of ground which made the place a very oasis in the desert. All the rest of the country was fearfully barren. Writing of this place Mr. Shaw says:—"Forty days had now elapsed since we left Steinkopff, during which we had not seen a single dwelling-house of any description, and had passed through a country which, with the exception of a few Bushmen and Namaquas by the Orange River, is entirely destitute of inhabitants."

From this point, the two Missionaries explored the country northwards, and found it equally sterile, with here and there a few fragments of scattered tribes, wandering along the most favoured spots on the beds of periodical rivers, where their cattle obtained a precarious subsistence, whilst they and their families lived chiefly on the milk of their flocks. With these people religious services were held as opportunities presented themselves; and it was hoped that a few rays of light were shed upon their dark minds.

In the course of this journey, many amusing and ludicrous incidents occurred, which cannot all be recorded here, for want of space. The following, in Mr. Shaw's own words, may serve as specimens, and as illustrations of what Missionaries are called to experience in the course of their travels in the wilds of South Africa:—"When we were about to leave the place, a large fat ox was presented to us, by a kind of deputy chief; in consequence of which we had to remain another day to kill and eat. I gave him, in

return, some small presents. He was very desirous to have a shirt, so I took off my own, and placed it upon him. With this he was mightily pleased, and attracted many admirers. The shirt did not long retain its colour, for the man apparently had never been washed since he came into existence. This was with our attendants a high day; from morn to midnight their fires were continually employed in cooking. Our cook roasted for us a part of one of the sides of the ox, which he suspended on sticks, over a large fire. For plates we sought out for ourselves flat stones; for gravy, we had the marrow from the large bones; for bread we had slices of liver; and for pepper and salt, the ashes which adhered to the meat."

They next came to the kraal of the chief Gammap, to whom they presented a hat and some other small articles. But he soon came to the waggon to beg for more clothing. On being expostulated with on the impropriety of his conduct, and reminded of what he had already received, he replied, "What you say is true; but then the hat sits upon my head like an old crow upon a bush, and calls for a shirt and other things belonging to it. My old greasy karosse and the hat do not agree together at all." This reasoning was so powerful that he obtained a shirt and other articles.

On returning from this long journey beyond the Orange River, Mr. Shaw resumed his missionary labours at Khamiesberg, in connection with Mr. Edwards with characteristic zeal and diligence, treasuring up the information which he had collected until the time should come when means would be available for the extension of the Mission. In the mean

time the work was not prosecuted without difficulties, privations, and bereavements. During this period of Mr. and Mrs. Shaw's residence at Lily Fountain, they had two children, both of whom were called away at an early period, and were laid in their little graves one after the other in the burial ground at Khamiesberg, which I visited with peculiar feelings many years afterwards. But the Lord graciously supported His servant under these and other trials. He had counted the cost of his noble enterprise, and only wished to live and labour and suffer for the honour and glory of his Divine Master, and the good of his fellow men.

“ I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known ;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.”



Chapter VII.

PLEASING RESULTS.

"As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall My Word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me

void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."—
ISAIAH lv. 10, 11.



HOWEVER interesting accounts of missionary travels and labours may be, in the various incidents which they bring before us, and in the trials and difficulties which they reveal, direct results must always be regarded as of paramount importance. I am happy to record that the unwearied efforts of Mr. Shaw and his assistants in the Mission at Khamiesberg to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of the poor Namaquas, were "not in vain in the Lord." Fruit of a very pleasing character was reaped at an early period, and the Missionaries were encouraged to hope for still greater results in time to come. The people gradually became accustomed to the habits and usages of civilized life: they appeared in the house of God decently clothed; and they cultivated the ground and sowed their fields with wheat to an extent never known

before. Referring to the success which attended efforts to provide the necessaries and some of the comforts of life in a heathen land, Mr. Shaw says :—" In the midst of our labours, we had to endure privations, but were nevertheless happy and contented with our situation ; and by the end of the first year we could make our own butter, soap and candles, and help ourselves in various ways."

The neighbouring Dutch farmers and English travellers who occasionally passed through the country were struck with the manifest improvement in the appearance and condition of the natives connected with the Khamiesberg Missionary establishment, when they had been for some time under Christian instruction. The people themselves were better fed and better clothed, and their flocks and herds were increased ; whilst in the time of harvest the fields were seen waving with corn. A striking exemplification was thus given of the Scripture declaration that " godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Nor were the direct spiritual results of religious instruction less remarkable. Referring to the first manifestations of concern on the part of the people for the salvation of their souls, which he was favoured to witness, Mr. Shaw says : " Often, during their religious services, there were several mourning and weeping ; on some occasions, individuals suddenly fell prostrate, and appeared for a length of time unable to rise. One young man, being asked what caused him to fall thus, said, ' On hearing the name of Jesus I was so affected with my state that I became as one drunken, and could

not stand.' A female, who had been seriously impressed while hearing of the Saviour, said, 'I now believe that Jesus has more love for a sinner than any mother for her child.' Several received the Word with all readiness. Indeed, I had no strongholds of idolatry to attack, nor deep-rooted erroneous doctrines to refute; but simply to preach the Gospel as the 'power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' By simple faith they received the grand and faithful saying, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' An aged man often laid his hands upon his mouth, and said, with the deepest astonishment depicted upon his countenance, 'When I think of the love of God in the gift of His Son,—when I think of the sufferings of the Redeemer, and view Him covered with wounds and bleeding for me,—when I think of these things, my thoughts stand still, and I am dumb with silence.' He would then call to those around him, and give out a favourite verse, of which the following is a translation:—

'Come, sinners, sing that song again,
He died for us who caused His pain;
God gave His Son for us to bleed;
For us He lives to intercede.'

In June, 1817, about eight months after his arrival at Lily Fountain, Mr. Shaw admitted the first adults into the Christian Church by the ordinance of baptism. Their testimony in favour of the Gospel of Christ was unmistakeable, and the evidence of the commencement of a saving work of grace on their hearts was apparent in their deportment, as well as in their language.

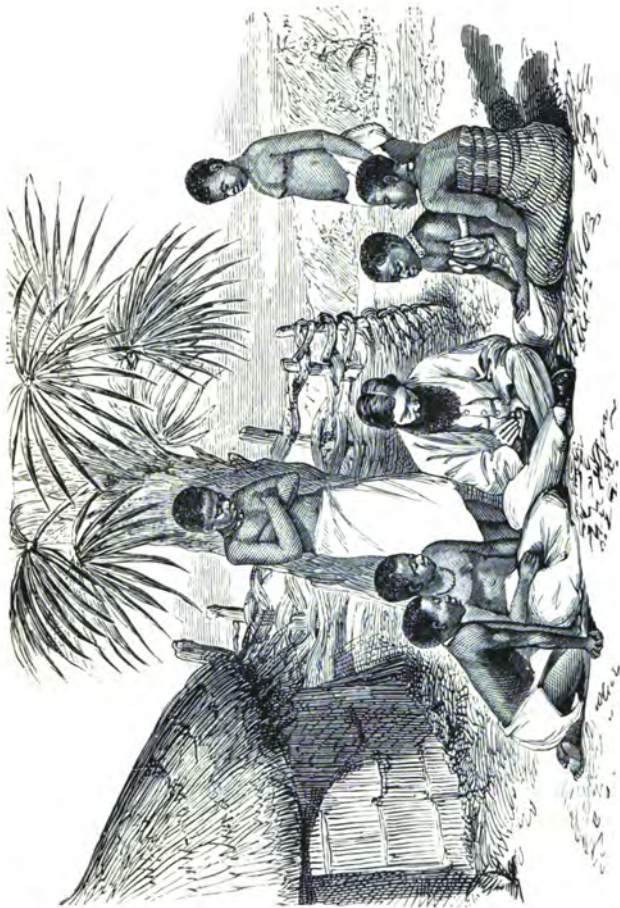
After an address on Acts xxii. 16, ten of them were baptized. In the course of a few days, seven other adults and eleven children were baptized. About the same time the first couple were united in the bonds of holy matrimony. And thus the work of civilization and of Christian instruction steadily advanced. In July the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to the new converts for the first time, when several were deeply affected, and many tears were shed, at the remembrance of the Redeemer's agony and death. Thus was laid the foundation of a native Christian Church, which ever afterwards continued to grow and prosper.

With the view of calling into exercise the dormant mental faculties of the natives, meetings were held at stated periods for the purpose of discussion, when every person present was at liberty to ask questions concerning any subject on which he might require information. The following are specimens of the questions which were asked on such occasions: "Who were the Scribes and Pharisees?" "What kind of people were the Publicans?" "Who were the Sadducees?" "Where is the country in which Jesus Christ was born?" "What kind of a being is Satan?" "How does the light of God come into the sinner's heart?" The greatest possible attention was manifested during these exercises, and the Missionary rejoiced to see the people of his charge growing in grace and in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.

The Church-members were also regularly met in Society Classes, as in England, at first by the Missionary and his wife, and afterwards by those of the native

converts who, by their piety and intelligence, proved themselves eligible for Leaders. By this arrangement those who had received the Gospel were gradually led on in religious knowledge and Christian experience, in a manner and to an extent which entirely disproved certain current rash assertions of the incapacity of the Hottentots for Christian instruction. There were, moreover, two or three pious and intelligent young natives who had so profited by the teaching of the Missionary that they were usefully employed in catechising and exhorting, and ultimately, in preaching the Gospel to, their fellow countrymen. The most eminent of these was Jacob Links, who at an early period was promoted to the honourable position of native Assistant-Missionary, and who was made very useful in winning souls to Christ. This young Namaqua convert was such a remarkable character that some further particulars concerning him may prove interesting to the reader.

Jacob Links was the son of Kendo Links, a respectable Namaqua nearly related to the chief, and of considerable consequence in the tribe. On the arrival of Mr. Shaw at Khamiesberg, Jacob was about seventeen years of age; and, soon afterwards, having been brought to the saving knowledge of the truth, he began to show qualifications for future usefulness, which attracted the notice of the Missionary, and caused him to put forth unwearied efforts for the youth's improvement. He soon learned to read and write, and after a time he addressed a letter to the Missionary Committee in London, from which the following is a brief extract:—"Before I heard the



FIRST LESSON IN WRITING.

Gospel I was in gross darkness: ignorant of myself as a sinner, and knew not that I had an immortal soul; nor had I any knowledge of Him that is called Jesus. I was so stupid that when a Hottentot came to us who prayed to the Lord, I thought he was asking his teacher for all those things of which he spoke in his prayer. Some time after this, another Namaqua came upon our place; he spoke much of sin, and also of Jesus. By means of his conversation I was made very sorrowful and much affected, and knew not what to do. My mother having some leaves of an old Dutch psalm-book, I thought if I ate them I might find comfort. I ate the leaves up, but my sorrow was not lessened. I then got upon the roof of an old house to pray, thinking that if I were high the Lord would hear me better; but I found no deliverance. I then ate all sorts of bitter bushes, for I thought the Lord might possibly have mercy on me. But my heaviness did not go away. I then heard that I must give my cause over to Jesus, and I tried to do so, by which I found myself much lighter. Through the word that the Lord gave our Missionary to preach, I learned that my heart was bad, and that the precious blood of Jesus alone cleanses from sin. Now I found that Christ was the way and the sinner's friend. I feel pity for all people who do not know God. I often feel sweetness in my soul while I speak about the Gospel and my own experience in the Lord. We hear that English people pray for us, and hope they will not forget us. The society of all praying people are by me saluted. I am an unworthy Namaqua.

“JACOB LINKS.”

Jacob was very zealous for the salvation of souls, and was unwearied in his efforts to assist the Missionary, and to promote the spiritual welfare of his fellow men. In his earnestness to do good, he offered to go and reside for a time with a small horde of Bushmen, with the view of teaching them the way of salvation. With these children of the desert he wandered from place to place, till he was nearly killed with hunger. He lived for some time on old pieces of hide and goat skins, and then returned to Lily Fountain, saying, "*Ik kan niet meer.*" (I can endure no more.) He then went on to state that the Bushmen had entirely worn him out, and he was obliged to leave them. There were evidences, however, that he had not laboured in vain or spent his strength for naught. Thus he continued to toil and suffer in his Master's service, until at length he received the crown of martyrdom in a manner which we shall have to relate further on.

The first Love-feast at Lily Fountain was an occasion of great joy to the native converts. It occurred in the month of December, 1817, a little more than a year after the commencement of the Mission. The people seemed at once to enter into the spirit of this institution, and spoke with great freedom and simplicity. Peter Links said:—"I was formerly an enemy to Missionaries, and when some wished to have one here, I opposed; but I am now thankful for the Word, and love it. It has taught me that I am a great sinner. When I felt this, I wandered about eating bitter bushes, hoping thereby to make atonement for my sins; but I never found peace till I heard that Jesus came to save the lost.

' Long oppressed, I sought to anchor,
 On a sure and certain ground,
 But had no man to instruct me,
 Where a Saviour might be found.'

I am thankful for what the Book says, 'Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool!' I am thankful that I ever heard that—

' Jesus, Jesus, is the man ;
 This affected me so deeply,
 That I to His mercy ran. "

Jan Links said :—" When my brothers and sisters first began to talk about the Gospel, and met together to pray, I went near the house and shouted, in order to disturb them. After this, my sister was sitting in a house, reading in the Book to several people, and they called me to hear. On coming, I heard the Book say, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow,' etc. I 'thought, This is certainly good,' and I began to pray, and now I love the Word."

A man named Daars said :—" When our Missionary came, the Boers said we must not hear him, that all Missionaries are deceivers, that we, after having been taught, should be sent over the blue waters as slaves. I thought this strange but, thinking it might be lies, I came to hear for myself, and felt assured if my soul should be lost, the Missionary would not be to blame for it. I thought, 'If I continue in sin, he will be a witness against me at last.' Some of the people began to pray in their houses; I went among them, and often wept. I now hear the Word; it is good for my soul;

and I am resolved to remain by it. I see none sent over the blue waters, and my fears are gone."

Another man called Adam said:—"It sometimes appears as if a cloud rested upon me, but the Sun of Righteousness breaks out again, and drives it away." Several others bore their testimony to the saving power of the Gospel in a manner equally satisfactory, and the Missionary rejoiced to see the success of his labours.

Wherever a Wesleyan Mission Station is established, in due time a Branch Missionary Society is organized, that the people may be trained to the habit of contributing for the support and spread of the Gospel. In consequence of the poverty of the people and the scarcity of money, several years elapsed before this could be done at Khamiesberg. At length on the 2nd of November, 1830, the first Missionary Meeting was held to the great delight of the people, and with advantage to the cause. The chair was taken by J. Evans, Esq., of Clanwilliam, and after he and Mr. Edwards and Mr. Shaw, who re-visited the Station on purpose to attend the Anniversary had addressed the Meeting, several of the most intelligent natives spoke with good effect; and the substance of their speeches was noted down and translated by Mr. Shaw. Jacobus Bukas said:—"My beloved brothers and sisters, we must understand that we have come together to-day for a great purpose; we are come together to help in spreading the Gospel among a people who have never heard of Jesus. I thank God that I am a witness of the power of the Gospel. I feel it is the Word of God. I was formerly blind, but

now I see. I was formerly ignorant, polluted, and sinful. I knew not that there is a God in heaven. I am now thankful that the Gospel has taught me that God is the Creator of all things; and that man is a being possessed of an immortal soul; and also that Jesus 'loved us and gave Himself for us.' I am now anxious about my children; I want them to be brought up under the sound of the Gospel. I want all my friends to be acquainted with it, that they may be brought to true repentance, and faith in the Saviour of sinners. I am ready to help according to my ability, to send the Gospel to every part of the world. I am thankful I ever came to Lily Fountain. Here I first heard the word which abideth for ever. Day and night the Gospel is preached unto us. Many of us profess to believe it; but, as the Apostle James says, let us 'show our faith by our works.' "

Jan Williams said:—"Yes, brethren and sisters, by means of this Society we have obtained the Gospel; it is, therefore, our duty to do something for others. I feel as willing to help to-day as ever. It is our duty to help; and though we may not be able to do much, we must do what we can. Brothers and sisters, I feel thankful that we sit in life; through His word we have come to life; by His grace we live. Brothers, I am thankful to the Lord who brought our teachers over the sea. That is a great and mighty water; but they came safe, and here we see them to-day. Other things change, but the Word of God abideth for ever. Let us pray that we may all receive it. Yes, he who never prayed before let him begin to-day. He who never knew anything let him begin to know to-day. He who

never believed let him believe to-day. He who never thought let him begin to think to-day."

The number of those who wished to speak was so great that it was found necessary to adjourn the meeting till evening; but our selections from the speeches must necessarily be few and brief, as our object is merely to give a few specimens of native talent and address, to show what the Gospel can do for a degraded heathen people. William Sneuwe said:—"Yes, my friends, it is the work of Jesus that brings us here to-day. In former times we knew nothing of these things. We had never seen nor heard the Missionaries; but now we both see and hear. There they are; they have left their fathers and mothers, their sisters and brothers; they have left their country and friends to preach the Word to us. They came over the sea. They knew that there was no path in the sea that a waggon could go on; they knew that there were mountains in the sea; they knew that the great waves would roll around them; yet they came, and Jesus took care of them, that they might preach the Gospel to us. They came on account of our souls. How long have we had the Gospel? There sits the old teacher who came to us first; the Lord has brought him back again. We hear and know that there are yet many in darkness. We know what that darkness is; we have felt it ourselves; we hope therefore that this Word may go to the Damaras and other heathen people, that they all may hear and come to Jesus."

Jantje Samsam said:—"Beloved brothers and sisters, the Society has been very powerful to send the Gospel

so far ; I hope God will help, and that it shall yet be more powerful. What do we see to-day ? I never thought of seeing a chairman from a far country sitting here among us ; but God is almighty ; and Jesus, the Son of Mary, shall yet do greater things. I love Jesus ; yes, as sure as I am standing here I love Him. Jesus loved us : He died for us on the cross ; He shed His blood for us ; He helps us in all our difficulties ; He has helped me. Who ever thought of seeing our old teacher again ? Here he is sitting among us. Who ever thought of seeing so many teachers here ? Yet all our teachers preach the same Gospel ; yes, though there are many teachers, the Word is the same, the prayer is the same, the school is the same. It is my desire above all things to make known the love of Jesus—His love to me—His love to sinners His love to the whole world. O, that I could be the means of bringing some, yea, though it were but one or two, to Jesus ! ”

After the meeting some time was taken up in receiving the subscriptions, which consisted chiefly of sheep, goats, and grain. The little children also came running with their offerings of ostrich feathers and eggs, which they had collected during the year. A few coppers also and pieces of silver were thrown in, which had been received from passing traders or travellers ; and old and young seemed to vie with one another, who should be foremost in helping to send the Gospel to the regions beyond. Having realized in their own experience some of the blessings which follow in the train of Christianity, they were anxious that all mankind should hear the good news, accept of

Divine mercy and rejoice with them in the salvation of God. The sentiments of all present seemed to harmonize with those of the devoted Heber,—

“ Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.”



Chapter VIII.

MISCELLANEOUS INCIDENTS.

"There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."—PSALM xci, 10.



MR. SHAW spent about ten years in connection with the Mission Station which he established at Khamiesberg in Little Namaqualand. At first he laboured entirely alone, but was afterwards joined by the Rev. Messrs. Edwards, Archbell, Threlfall, and others, for longer or shorter periods, according to circumstances.

These arrivals enabled him to visit Cape Town repeatedly for supplies, as well as to take occasional journeys to Bushmanland and other places in the interior to seek for suitable openings for the extension of the work among the scattered tribes that wandered about in those desolate regions. On such occasions, as well as while he was resident on the Station, several incidents occurred which are worthy of a passing notice, as they are illustrative of the pro-

vidence and grace of God, and of the trials and difficulties of Missionary life.

Describing one of his journeys Mr. Shaw says:—
“Some of the people, at the commencement of winter, left the mountain to seek a warmer climate; and, considering it my duty to visit them, I set out, accompanied by my interpreter Hendrick, who acted as a guide. He took me by what was termed a foot-path; but on such a path I had never travelled before. Frequently we had to alight, and lead our horses over rocks and ravines the most frightful, while the mountain projections hanging over our heads, seemed to threaten us with immediate destruction. In climbing these steep ascents I found great assistance in laying hold of the long tail of my African horse, when, through fatigue, he was unable to carry me. After a tedious ride of some hours, we reached the spot where the chief and several of his people had pitched their temporary residence. They might with great propriety be termed “dwellers among the rocks,” and we had considerable difficulty in finding them out. The sun was just setting when we arrived, and as soon as the cows and goats were milked, the people assembled for divine service. Having partaken of no dinner I was very faint; a bamboo of milk was brought me, which, as it had stood in the vessel all day, I could not drink; seeing which, some of them ran and procured a supply that was new and sweet, to the amount of several quarts. After this repast, a sheep was slaughtered, and a large dish or wooden bowl was placed on the ground before me, filled with meat—a portion sufficient for half-a-dozen persons. Of this,

likewise, I could eat but little, having neither bread, nor vegetables, nor salt, and being at this time only a novice in native customs. Before we slept I was constrained to preach again, as some from a distance having heard of my arrival, had come to hear the Gospel. I slept in the hut of the chief upon a clean mat, which had been brought for the purpose; and, on the whole, had reason to be satisfied with my visit, although exceedingly laborious."

On another occasion, when on a visit to Bushmanland, accompanied by his wife, Mr. Shaw was exposed to danger from wild beasts. He says:—"The country is much infested with lions, tigers, and wolves, so that we were constrained to make fast our oxen and horses by night, that they might not be devoured. The second night after our departure we passed a spot where four lions had been seen at once a few days before. It was then near sunset, and our waggon-driver, evidently afraid, cracked his large whip most violently; the echo of which among the surrounding rocks, was so loud, that it appeared sufficient to excite terror even in the monarch of the desert. Our supply of bread was soon exhausted, and though we possessed a little corn, we had only a coffee-mill to grind it in, which proved a tedious machine, and required much patience in the use. On the fourth day our people saw a few Bushmen, and invited them to come to the waggon. Peter Links told them that a white man and his wife had come across the great waters to visit them, and would be glad to talk with them. The next day two of them approached, though exceedingly shy and fearful. They looked narrowly at Mrs. Shaw,—pro-

bably the first European female whom they had seen. We proposed several questions, but found them extremely ignorant. They knew nothing of God or a future state, and said they had never heard of the soul, but had always considered man the same as a beast. One of the Bushmen whom we saw was a perfect Nimrod, and said he had shot with his own bow and arrows, one lion, two tigers, and one hippopotamus.

Adventures with lions were very common in this part of South Africa, at an early period, when the country was but thinly inhabited. "A few days," says the traveller Barrow, "before our arrival at the foot of Khamiesberg, a lion had occasioned some little stir in the country, which had not yet entirely subsided. A Hottentot driving his master's cattle to water, perceived a lion in the pool, and being pursued, breathless and half dead with terror, scrambled into a tree. At the same moment the lion made a spring at him, but missing his aim, fell upon the ground. In surly silence he walked round the tree, casting, every now and then, a dreadful look towards the poor Hottentot. After four and twenty hours, during which time he stirred not from the place, he returned to the spring to quench his thirst, and in the meantime the Hottentot descended the tree, and scampered to his home, not more than a mile distant, as fast as his feet could carry him."

Another well-authenticated instance was related to Mr. Shaw of a Hottentot who had a narrow and ludicrous escape from a lion in Namaqualand. He was sleeping a few yards from his master in the open air, in the usual manner of his country, wrapped in his

sheep-skin karosse, with his face to the ground. A lion came softly up, and seizing him by the thick folds of his greasy mantle, began to trot away, counting securely, no doubt, upon a satisfactory and savoury meal. But the Hottentot on awaking, being quite unhurt, though sufficiently astonished, continued slowly to wriggle himself out of his wrapper, and scrambled off, while the disappointed lion walked away with the empty garment.

Keudo Links, the father of Jacob, the native teacher, went, on one occasion, with some other Namaquas to hunt a lion that had taken up his abode near their place of residence. They had but one musket, which Keudo took himself, his companions being armed with their assagais and keeries. On nearing the place they discovered the lion sooner than they expected. His eyes instantly glared with fury, and he began to chase them with all that rapidity for which his species is so remarkable. Keudo fired his piece; but the impression of the shot was so slight that he was instantly under the paw of his adversary. The lion stood majestically on his prey, while the other natives, one excepted, made their escape. He began to gnaw one of the arms of the prostrate Namaqua, who, boldly seizing with his other hand the monster's beard, cried out to his faithful companion, "*Brengt uw mess.*" (Bring your knife). Jantje resolutely drew his knife, and, rushing upon their assailant, succeeded in cutting his throat. The blood gushed from the wound, and the lion became faint, and fell powerless on the ground, leaving the two Namaquas to hear his last tremendous groan. Mr. Shaw knew the two natives

well and often heard old Keudo relate the story, while he showed the marks on the arm which the lion had torn.

This adventure with the king of the desert, remarkable as it may appear, was exceeded in interest by one in which two men named Bucas and Brand, who resided on the borders of Bushmanland, were once engaged. They went in search of a lion that had killed some of their cattle. They were both mounted, and well armed with firelocks. While riding onward at a short distance from each other, unexpectedly a lion sprang upon Bucas, and bore both man and horse to the ground. Bucas immediately took to his heels, supposing that his horse would satisfy the monster. But in this he was mistaken; for the lion left the horse and pounced upon the man. Instantly he began to lacerate one of Bucas's legs in a dreadful manner, and would soon have finished him, had not his faithful companion come to his assistance. Brand, with all the nerve of a lion-hunter, loaded his piece, and took his aim with coolness and deliberation, and shot through the monster's head. Thus was Bucas delivered; but his knee was so torn that for more than twelve months it could not be healed; and ever afterwards the joint was stiff and almost useless. Bucas was at one time employed by Mr. Shaw as his waggon-driver.

More than once Mr. Shaw was lost in the desert, under circumstances of much danger and discomfort. "On one occasion," he says, "when travelling in Bushmanland, night coming on, and being alone, I lost my way. The rain began to descend, and a dense darkness closed upon me. So dark was it that I could



BUCAS ATTACKED BY A LION.

perceive no description of path, but in a state of uncertainty, wandered among the wild bushes, and the straggling rocks of the desert. Thus circumstanced I thought of halting, and began to search for a stone whereon to lay my head, designing to fasten the horse to my foot till daylight. The thought, however, struck me that I had better keep in motion, as lying asleep in the rain would neither benefit myself nor the horse. I accordingly mounted again, and rode slowly, I knew not whither; but to my great joy I soon descried a light, and found a native hut, into which I crept and remained till morning. On arriving at the place of my destination I was informed that only a few days before, a farmer, whilst crossing the same part of the country, was much terrified by a lion. When he was out-spanned, the monster approached, and without ceremony, took away one of the wheelers or shaft oxen, which had been made fast to the pole of the waggon. He dragged his prey to a short distance, and there sat feeding on the carcase, and cracking the bones of the bullock till the sun arose. The farmer and his people remained in the greatest suspense during the whole night. They watched from the waggon the movements of the animal, but only having one gun, durst not encounter him; since the lion, if not shot dead at once, is only enraged by his wounds, and becomes tenfold more furious."

Mr. Shaw had another and still more trying adventure in the desert, when on his way to Khamiesberg from Cape Town, several years afterwards. He proceeded up the coast some distance by sea in a small vessel bound for St. Helena, and was accompanied by

Mr. H. Munting, the son of a merchant at the Cape, and an African boy named William, who was in charge of some sheep given by the Governor to the Mission. In reference to this event, Mr. Shaw says :—" Captain Aam put us on shore some miles southward of the Spooq River. Having supplied us with some ship's provisions, and each a bottle of water, he sailed for the place of his destination. About nine, a.m., we commenced our journey in the wilderness, with the expectation of finding the first farmer's house before the setting of the sun. We travelled onward till mid-day, and then sat down to rest and eat a little biscuit. The sand being deep we had already begun to feel very weary. In the afternoon, in consequence of the high sandhills, we had lost sight of the ocean ; and towards evening, having discovered no dwelling-house, as we had expected, we agreed to lie down for the night. Our water being nearly exhausted, we were faint with thirst. Before lying down in the bushes, a fire was made on the top of a hill, in the hope that if any human beings were near they would come to our aid ; but alas ! it was a land not inhabited. Having scratched holes in the sand, we lay down to rest, but the jackals screamed loudly in the night, and drove away our six merino sheep, which his Excellency General Bourke had sent with us, as a present to the Station."

On the following morning Mr. Shaw awoke his companions early, in order that they might travel forward in the cool of the day. Continuing his narrative he says :—" We tried to eat a little biscuit, but could not, our supply of water being exhausted, except a little that we had saved to moisten our parched lips.

The sheep were gone, but we were too weary to search for them, and therefore we set off again over the hills of sand, and amid straggling bushes; but the exertion greatly increased our thirst, and filled us with anxiety as to the future. Again and again we sat down to rest; repeatedly we climbed the tops of the hills to try if we could discover any flocks or herds, or the smoke of distant fires; but all in vain. At length Mr. M. threw himself on the sand, apparently in despair, and declared he believed we should perish in the desert. Though I had been in that part of the country before, and at the farmer's place which we were in search of, yet we were so completely bewildered among the sand-hills that I was constrained to acknowledge myself lost. In this dilemma I opened my Bible, and read Genesis *xxi.* 15—19, about God's watchful care over Hagar in the wilderness. This account seemed to animate us all with fresh courage. We trudged onwards, and we had not proceeded far when, to our joy, I discovered several bullocks at a great distance. Our hopes were now raised, and we ascended the top of a hill, hallooing as loudly as we were able, and waving our hats; but there was no person to answer us; and, to our great sorrow, the oxen disappeared, and we saw them no more. This circumstance greatly depressed our spirits, and the wilderness became more solitary than before. Our lips were so parched with thirst that we could speak but little. Our weary limbs were stiff and sore with dragging through the sands, and there stole over us a kind of melancholy gloom.

"While thus dejected, I again saw some distant objects, which appeared to me as sheep or goats, but I

scarcely dared to mention them, lest they should prove only to be a number of ostriches. Anxious to be certain as to what was beheld, we quickened our pace so much that I became quite exhausted, and fell powerless on the sands. By this time, however, I was fully satisfied that the objects of my vision were really a flock of sheep and goats, belonging to some farmer of the country. My boy William, though an African born, was completely done up, and lingered far behind. I, also, was unable to proceed any further. It was therefore agreed that my young companion, Mr. M——, should hasten on till he came up with the shepherd of the flock, and bring him to the place where we were lying, that we might make inquiries respecting water and the best means of obtaining assistance. That he might know where to find us, I made a large fire, the smoke of which afforded sufficient direction ; and after a while the Hottentot shepherd came up with Mr. M——, and we began to hope for the best. The Hottentot had seen us for some time, but said he thought we had come out of the sea, and was afraid we should kill him, which caused him to drive his flock onward, in order if possible to keep out of our way.

“ At a small pool, not far from the place, our bottles were replenished with water ; and filthy, as it was, we drank it with inexpressible pleasure. The farmer’s house which had been the object of our search, was at no great distance ; but near as it was, I was unable to walk to it, my strength being quite exhausted. Mr. M—— set off, and though he could walk but slowly he reached the house, leaving William and myself lying on the sand. The farmer’s son soon came

up with two horses, and addressed me thus:—‘My father says, as the one hand must always help to wash the other, he has sent you a horse that you may ride to the house.’ I gratefully mounted the steed, and was kindly received by the family of Engelbrechts, where for some time we feasted on tea and milk. The farmer thus addressed us on our arrival:—‘It is the Lord who has wonderfully delivered you this day. In the morning when I arose it was my design to send my sheep to the northward; but the Hottentot had taken them to the southward, and so far that I could not make him hear by calling to him; I therefore reserved my orders for to-morrow. But had the sheep been sent to the north, instead of going in the direction in which you found them, nothing could have saved you from perishing, as you were going into a part of the country entirely destitute of water and of inhabitants. The Lord therefore kept me asleep half-an-hour later than usual this morning to save your lives.’ Mr. M——, on hearing this, cried aloud, ‘*De Heer, heeft ons verlost!*’ (The Lord has delivered us!) and engaged, as long as he should live in the world, to keep the 8th of January as a day of thanksgiving to God.” Having obtained refreshment, and been supplied with horses, the travellers proceeded on their journey on the following day, and in due time reached their destination in safety, truly thankful to God for His preserving goodness.

On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Shaw had a narrow escape from a venomous reptile. They had gone to the sea-side on the coast of Namaqualand for the benefit of their health. While there they encamped

in the open air as usual, their mattress being laid under a bush. One day towards evening, the wind having changed, Mrs. Shaw said, "We will remove our bed to another place where it will be more sheltered." She immediately began to take away some of the bedding from the place where they had lodged, when, to her great surprise, a large puff adder was seen curled up under the end of the bolster. "I had," says Mr. Shaw, "been sitting within a few inches of this venomous creature more than an hour, this being the place where we had always slept. Had not the wind changed, doubtless one or both of us, would, during the night, have felt the sharpness of the serpent's teeth, of which there are two formed, after the manner of fish-hooks. We could not, therefore, but acknowledge the providential care of Him Who said, 'Even the hairs of your head are all numbered.'"

But the most painful and afflictive event that occurred in Namaqualand during Mr. Shaw's connection with the Khamiesberg Station, was the murder of the Rev. William Threlfall and his companions, Jacob Links and Johannes Jagger. Mr. Threlfall was a zealous and devoted young Missionary who was appointed to South Africa in 1822. He was first employed in assisting the brethren in the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony, and afterwards in attempting to establish a new Station at Delagoa Bay. At the place last named his health failed; and he returned to Cape Town in a very weak and emaciated state. In the hope that the change might prove beneficial, it was arranged that he should proceed to Khamiesberg, which has always been celebrated for its

salubrious climate. He arrived at Lily Fountain, on the 24th of October, 1824, where his health gradually improved; and he became a valuable assistant to Mr. Shaw in the work of the Mission.

Mr. Threlfall might have continued his useful labours at Khamiesberg with comfort to himself and advantage to the cause; but he was of an enterprising spirit and an ardent temperament; and, in his zeal for the cause of God and the salvation of the heathen, he conceived the idea of penetrating into Great Namaqualand beyond the Orange River, and of planting the standard of the Cross among a people who were still sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. One who considers the hazardous and arduous nature of the enterprise, for a Missionary so young and inexperienced, may, perhaps, think the Superintendent too readily yielded to his wishes in consenting that he should go. Be this as it may, Mr. Threlfall selected Jacob Links and Johannes Jagger, two pious native teachers, as his companions, and prepared for his last, ill-fated journey. Their outfit and equipment were of a very humble character, and, apparently, quite inadequate to the purpose contemplated. They had neither waggon nor even horses, but each was mounted upon a trained riding ox; and they had a spare animal and pack-saddle for the conveyance of their meagre baggage.

The young Missionary and his companions, thus equipped, left Lily Fountain about the end of June, 1825, being accompanied for a short distance by Mr. Shaw and a few of the people of the Station. As they soon passed beyond the boundaries of the semi-civiliza-

tion which was beginning to develop itself, nothing was heard of them for a length of time. In the month of August, when Mr. Shaw was beginning to feel anxious about the travellers, he received a note from Mr. Threlfall, written at a place called Korasse, and dated the 4th of July, in which he said :—“ We arrived here safely yesterday morning, and preached twice during the day to about twenty adults, and tasted a little animal food for the first time since we left. We expect to set off again this evening or to-morrow morning. We travel slowly : have heard some alarming accounts of the state of the natives and the country beyond the Orange River. It is reported that Gammap and another chief are dead, and that the people of the Warm Bath are dying of hunger. Some natives, who live near the mouth of the Great River, passed here yesterday. They said all they could to discourage Jacob and Johannes ; but these brave fellows, to use a phrase of Ambrose, had their courage and confidence ‘steeled’ ; and they declare themselves, through grace, fearless, and not only willing to suffer but to die in the cause of the Lord Jesus.”

It would be interesting to know how this courageous little Missionary party got on immediately afterwards, and what incidents occurred in crossing the Orange River, and in grappling with other difficulties ; but no further information was received from them till they reached the Warm Bath, about seventy miles further up the country. From this place Mr. Threlfall wrote a second short note, under date of the 19th of July, in which he said that the chief Tsaumaap, whom they found there, had given them much infor-

mation respecting "the tribes to the northward"; and he added, "It will be impossible for us to be back at Lily Fountain by the 1st of October." They intended to proceed on their journey the next day, and he charged Mr. Shaw and their friends "not to be anxious about them." Another short note, dated the 6th of August, which complained of unkind treatment on the part of the natives and of the difficulty of procuring food, was the last intelligence received of the travellers. At length rumours began to prevail that they had all been murdered; but the whole affair was wrapped in profound mystery until the month of March, 1826, when the Rev. Mr. Schmelen, Mr. Shaw's old friend, arrived at Khamiesberg from Great Namaqualand, and, by his statement of what he had heard in travelling through the country, dissipated the last ray of hope as to the safety of Mr. Threlfall and his companions.

From information afterwards received, chiefly by the confession of the man who acted the principal part in the awful tragedy, it would appear that when the travellers had proceeded about ten miles beyond the Warm Bath, they obtained a guide named Naugaap, who concerted with two other Bushmen to attack and murder the whole party for the sake of the few goods which they carried with them for barter. This they did on the following night, making their attack when their unsuspecting victims were fast asleep. Jacob Links and Johannes Jagger were first despatched by the discharge of poisoned arrows, followed by a shower of stones. Mr. Threlfall was awoke by the noise, and, seeing the danger to which he was exposed, fled to a

bush close by and fell upon his knees. Whilst thus in the attitude of prayer, the devoted Missionary received his death-blow from a large stone which the principal culprit hurled at him, and which struck him on the head. The murderers then divided among them the oxen, the few remaining goods, and the Missionary's clothes and watch, and fled to their village.

As soon as the fact of the murder became known, the murderers were pursued, apprehended, taken before the landrost at Clanwilliam, tried, and found guilty; and Nangaap, the principal culprit, was sentenced to death; and he was ultimately executed at Silver Fountain, where I saw his grave several years afterwards. On their way to the place of execution, the escort in charge of the criminal had occasion to call at the Khamiesberg Mission Station, where a most affecting scene was witnessed. Instead of upbraiding the prisoner with his cruelty and crime, or manifesting a spirit of revenge, as it was feared they would do, the friends and relatives of the murdered Missionaries looked upon him with pity and sorrow, besought him to repent of his sins, and look to God for mercy, and even held a special prayer-meeting for his spiritual benefit. It is painful to be obliged to add, that the culprit remained apparently hard and unmoved until the moment when he saw the grave which was soon to receive his lifeless body. Just before the fatal shots were fired, his courage failed, and he wept and cried for mercy. So he passed out of time into eternity.

In striking contrast with this mournful spectacle were several happy deaths which occurred at Lily Fountain at an early period of the Khamiesberg

Mission. A blessed change was no doubt experienced by the three Missionary martyrs, who so nobly laid down their lives in the cause of Christ. Peter Links, the brother of Jacob, who had also served the Mission well, died some time afterwards happy in the Lord. He had gone to Cape Town with the Mission waggon, and there he was seized with a fatal illness, and finished his course with joy. He was spoken to a short time before his departure respecting his state and his family, when, lifting up his hand with a smile on his countenance, he said, "I leave all; I have done with the world; I am happy, happy, happy!" And he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

Mr. Shaw gives the following account of another happy death, which occurred soon after the commencement of the work:—"A female about a mile from the station was taken ill, and appeared to be approaching her end. The Namaquas in their heathenish state feared to visit the sick and dying, so that they were generally left alone; but now many accompanied me to see the dying person. Several of them entered the hut, and talked to her of the great promises of the Gospel in her own language. We then knelt down and prayed, some inside the hut, and others around it in the open air; and a hymn was sung in which all could unite. It was a most affecting season to me and to the people also; for many of them had never seen a Christian die before. They sung a translation of one of Wesley's beautiful hymns, beginning,

'Ik heb den regten grond gevonden'

*'Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain.'*

The dying woman said, 'I see there is but one way; I see the way open to me; and the angels are ready to bear me away.' She soon afterwards expired, truly happy in the pardoning love of God.

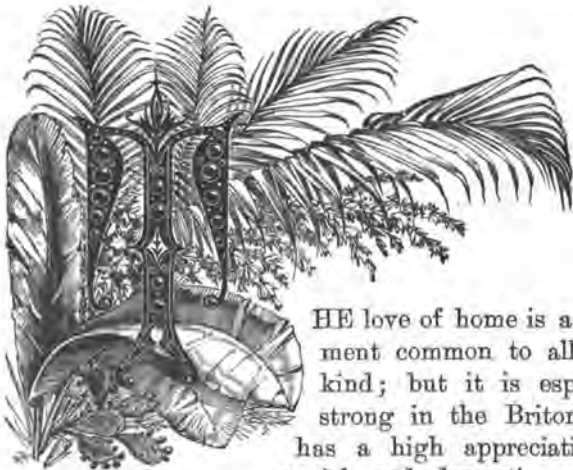
'O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past!
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last.'



Chapter IX.

FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth ; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—PSALM cxxxvi. 5, 6.



THE love of home is a sentiment common to all mankind; but it is especially strong in the Briton, who has a high appreciation of social and domestic comfort.

Therefore wherever the English Missionary's lot may be cast, and however fully he may be devoted to his work, his thoughts will occasionally revert to the land of his birth and to the scenes of his childhood and youth. And when a messenger of the Churches has long toiled among the heathen, and ministered to them in their own language, he is not reluctant to avail himself of an opportunity of visiting his native

country, and hearing again the "tongue wherein he was born."

Mr. Shaw had laboured in South Africa eleven years when, feeling the need of a change for himself and his family, he obtained permission of the Committee to return to England for a season. It was in the early part of the year 1827 that arrangements were made for the voyage, and a passage taken for himself and his family on board the ship *Hussaren*. The only record we find made by Mr. Shaw with reference to his leaving the Cape on this occasion, is the following characteristic note about his eldest son:—"Our little boy Barnabas, then six years of age, sorrowed much at parting with his goat, which he had been accustomed to ride, and which we were under the necessity of selling, together with the saddle and bridle, by public auction."

On the 5th of May the good ship *Hussaren* entered the mouth of the Thames, after a fair average passage, and the Missionary and his family landed at Gravesend, truly thankful for the privilege of once more setting their feet on the shores of dear old England, "Thence," says Mr. Shaw, "we proceeded to the house of our old friend, Captain W. Young, of London, by whom we were kindly received. Mr. and Mrs. Young being acquainted with the perils of the ocean, could enter into our feelings, and united with us in praising Him Who had so long preserved our lives, and Who is 'the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.'"

Having reported himself at the Mission House, where he had some pleasant intercourse with the

directors of the Society, Mr. Shaw proceeded to visit his friends in Yorkshire. With reference to this visit he penned some touching reflections which will be most acceptable to the reader in his own simple and pathetic words:—"On arriving again at my native village, after an absence of nearly twelve years, how peculiar were my emotions! My aged parents were yet alive, though drawing near to the end of their journey. The cottage in which I first breathed the vital air still stood at the bottom of the garden; the little plots of ground where I was wont to plant my flowers were adorned with the beauties of Spring; and my dear mother had led the roses above the tops of the windows. The adjacent hills, where I was accustomed to sit and play my flute, while tending the lambs of the flock, were clothed in living green; the fields I had frequently ploughed were waving with corn, and the beautiful Humber was rolling its mighty stream at the foot of the hills. The morning larks were ascending on high; the doves were cooing in their lofty habitations; and on the Sabbath (sweet day of rest!) I again heard the sound of the church-going bell. What a contrast to the dreary deserts through which I had been travelling in Africa!"

Mr. Shaw spent nearly two years in England on this occasion. He did not take charge of an English Circuit however, but was constantly employed under the direction of the Missionary Committee, in preaching anniversary sermons and attending public meetings. For this kind of deputation work, and for pleading the cause of Missions generally, he was admirably adapted. He was slender in person, with a wiry enduring frame

of body, and a mild, placid, winning countenance. His voice was weak, approaching to the feminine, but its tones were pathetic and touching. He scarcely ever stood up either in the pulpit or on the platform without adverting to his Missionary travels and experience in Africa. This was just what the people expected and delighted to hear from a returned Missionary, and quite compensated for any lack of mental force and energy, real or imaginary, that might be discovered in the speaker. The touching anecdotes and incidents related by Mr. Shaw at the various places which he visited made a deep impression in favour of the Missionary enterprise at a time when the cause was invested with all the freshness of its early stages; and there are persons still living who have a very pleasant recollection both of the speaker and of his interesting themes.

In the course of his travels in the various parts of the United Kingdom, Mr. Shaw collected funds towards the erection of a new chapel in Cape Town, on which he had set his mind, and which was much required. According to the rules and usages of the Wesleyan Connexion he was not at liberty to make direct appeals for contributions wherever he pleased, without the special permission of the Conference. But he had recourse to an ingenious plan which answered the purpose well, and which, I believe, gave offence to no one. He had a manuscript book which he called his "Gleaner," in which he collected the autographs of his friends. In one part of the book he had written a short but earnest appeal on behalf of his new chapel. That appeal was headed with his favourite motto,

“*Pity poor Africa!*” and followed by a list of contributions. This he carried with him wherever he went; and, on soliciting the autographs of his friends, he never failed to show them the specimen of his own handwriting, as presented in the appeal; and he gladly gave them an opportunity of adding their names to the list, in connection with the amounts they felt free to give. In this way he quietly and pleasantly collected the sum of £700; and when he showed me his “Gleaner” several years afterwards, it was indeed a literary curiosity. In addition to the list of contributions for the Cape Town Chapel, it contained a most interesting collection of autographs in the form of original compositions and selections, in prose and verse, from the pens of Daniel Isaac, James Everett, James Montgomery, and a host of others.

Pleasant, profitable, and advantageous to the Mission cause as was the sojourn of Mr. Shaw in England on this occasion, he nevertheless felt an earnest desire to resume his missionary labours in Africa as soon as possible. Towards the end of 1828 he, therefore, according to previous arrangements with the Society, began to prepare for his return to the Cape of Good Hope. Writing of one of the most affecting parting scenes through which he had to pass, he says:—“In the month of January, 1829, I went for the last time to bid adieu to my aged parents. My father’s head was adorned with locks of silver. Both he and my mother had passed the bounds of threescore years and ten, and were gradually sinking into the grave. My engagements with the Committee, the erection of our chapel at the Cape, and some other circumstances

called me to go ; but after all it was hard work. Some of the strongest bonds of affection must be torn asunder. The aged pair frequently kissed their grandchildren, as they prattled around them, having no hope of ever seeing them again in this vale of tears. The shades of evening came on ; the vehicle which was to bear us away approached ; and we prayed and parted, to see each others' face no more on earth."

The devoted Missionary adds with a heart evidently full of emotion :—" ' Pity poor Africa ! ' had long been my motto, and it is so still ; yet it required some fortitude for Mrs. Shaw and myself to bear up under these trying circumstances." In after years I often heard Mr. Shaw relate these touching incidents in his history ; but he never adverted to this parting from his aged parents without deep feeling. He was wont to console himself with a reference to the heavenly meeting and he would quote with tenderest emotion the following stanza from one of Wesley's hymns :—

" O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find
Where all our labours end ;
Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain !
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again."

Painful as it may be for the Christian Missionary to bid a final adieu to beloved parents far advanced in years, and trembling on the brink of the grave, with no hope of seeing them again in this world, it is scarcely less so to leave dear children behind, when

the claims of education or other circumstances require the sacrifice. This was a trial which Mr. Shaw had to endure on the occasion of his second embarkation for Southern Africa. To this event he makes the following touching reference:—"On the 30th of January we were called to leave our dear little boy, who was about eight years of age. He endeavoured to keep up his spirits, and ran with me from place to place; yet he often sighed, and the tears glistened occasionally in his eyes. At four in the afternoon, we went on board the packet at Hull for Barton. The Rev. Daniel Isaac, whom the boy had chosen to be his father during my absence, and who loved the boy almost with a father's love, together with several other friends, accompanied us across the Humber, where the coach was awaiting our arrival. The coachman took his seat, the guard sounded his horn, and we were borne away. Many a time have I chased the big tear, and stemmed the rising sigh; but I never felt anything to equal this. Surely this world is a vale of tears! What a blessing is Revelation, which points to a rest remaining for the people of God:—

‘In that eternal day,
No clouds nor tempests rise,
These gushing tears are wiped away
For ever from our eyes.’”

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw were again favoured to spend a few weeks in London, while the necessary preparations were being made for the voyage. The friendly intercourse and Christian fellowship which they had with some of the Ministers and their families, and with two or three Missionaries, who like themselves were about

once more to leave their native land in the service of Christ and His Church, was long remembered by them with pleasurable feelings. At length the time came when they had to leave those dear friends also. On the 25th of February, the ship on board which their passage was taken having been announced as ready for sea, they left the Mission House, where they had received much kindness from Mrs. Morley, and, accompanied by the Rev. G. Morley and the Rev. E. Brice, they proceeded to Gravesend. Those devoted Ministers saw the Missionary and his wife safe on board the good ship *Henry*, Captain Bunny, bound for the Cape of Good Hope; and, having commended them to God in prayer, they returned to London, and the undaunted voyagers were left to their own reflections.

On the 4th of March they once more lost sight of land, and Mr. Shaw wrote in his journal the pithy sentence: "England, farewell! May the God of Israel be thy God."

After a tedious passage of three months, without the occurrence of anything very remarkable beyond a succession of alternate calms and storms the *Henry* cast anchor in Table Bay on the 30th of May; and friends from the shore soon came on board to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Shaw to Africa. They soon recovered from the fatigue of the voyage, and felt quite at home again in the land of their adoption.

"In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee."

Chapter X.

LABOURS AT THE CAPE.

"I thank my God upon every remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine for you all, making request with joy, for your fellowship in the Gospel, from the first day until now."—PHILIPPIANS I. 3, 4, 5.



R. SHAW'S second arrival at the Cape of Good Hope was regarded by the Missionaries and the people of their charge as an event of great joy, well calculated to promote the best interests of the work of God in that important part of the wide Mission field. The obstacles which had so long stood in the way of the free preaching of the Gospel in Cape Town and its neighbourhood had now, to a considerable extent, been removed, and the brethren were at liberty to hold meetings for divine worship and for the religious instruction of the slaves and coloured people, when and where they pleased.

Availing himself of this privilege, the Rev. E. Edwards had commenced preaching in Barrack Street, both to the military and to the civilians, with good effect; and the effort to establish a Wesleyan Mission Station in the capital of the Colony was followed up by the Rev.

Mr. Snowdall and others, with the most favourable results. When Mr. Shaw took charge of the Cape Town Circuit, according to the instructions of the Missionary Committee, Mr. Edwards resumed his labours at Khamiesberg, and Mr. Snowdall devoted more of his time and attention than he had previously been able to give to Wynberg, Simon's Town, and other country districts; and the work in many places assumed an encouraging aspect.

Towards the close of the year 1830, Mr. Shaw was joined by the Rev. James Cameron, a zealous young Missionary from England. This timely reinforcement led to the extension of the work to several neglected rural districts. "We now begin," says Mr. Shaw, "to preach at Baas Herman's Kraal, Musenberg, Kalk Bay, and the mountains behind Simon's Town. The last time I visited the mountains, a woman began to mourn while I was speaking. At length she fell upon her knees, and continued weeping during the whole service. When asked the cause of her sorrow, she said, "*Myne zonden zyn openbaar, zy, zyn al te zwaar.*" (My sins have been discovered to me, and they are very heavy). I had the pleasure of baptizing at the same place a female about ninety years of age. She had the use of all her faculties, and was hoping for salvation through faith in the great Redeemer."

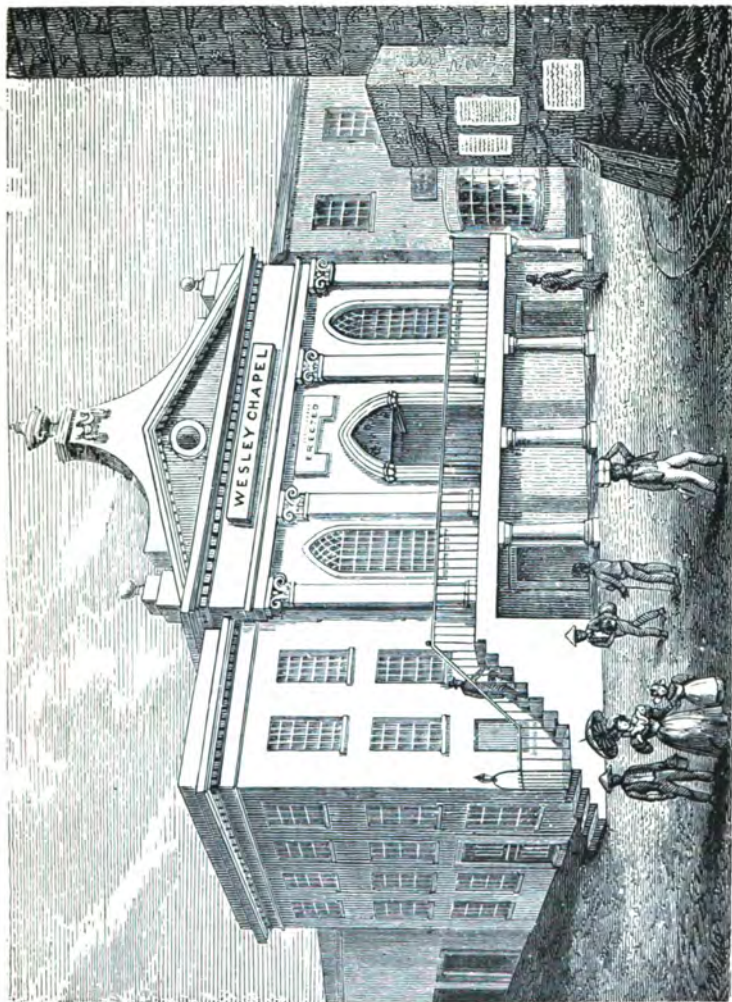
But the great object of Mr. Shaw's solicitude at this period was the erection of the new chapel in Cape Town, for which he had obtained the sanction of the Missionary Committee. A favourable site having been secured in Burg Street, on which were the ruins of an old Mohammedan mosque, the foundation of the

new sanctuary was laid, with prayer and praise, as well as with masonic honours and considerable ceremony, several public functionaries being present to assist on the occasion. The building was completed in due course, and on the 13th of February, 1831, it was solemnly dedicated to the public worship of God. Concerning the opening services Mr. Shaw wrote as follows:—"The Rev. Stephen Kay, who was here on his way to England, preached in the morning, from Psalm lxxii. 16—18. Several respectable individuals were present on the occasion. In consequence of the sickness of the Rev. A. Faure, one of the Ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church, I was constrained to preach in Dutch in the evening. Sermons were afterwards delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Van Staveron, Adamson, Piers, and Beck. All the congregations appeared to feel interested. The chapel is neat and well built. The dwelling-house adjoining is sufficiently large for the Mission family, and occasional visitors from the interior, or the East. Our thanks are due to several Cape residents, who gladly came forward to sign the deed of trust, and especially to some of the Dutch gentlemen who understood the nature of building in this country. We availed ourselves of their advice; and though our chapel stands on the Cape of Tempests, we doubt not but it will remain when this and many other generations shall have passed away."

The only part of Wesley Chapel, Burg Street, which is seen from the public thoroughfare in which it stands is the front, which presents a bold and imposing appearance. It is closely hemmed in by the spacious

Mission-house which stands on the corner lot on the left, and by business premises on the right. The light has consequently to be admitted partly from the front and partly from the back. Several years afterwards; during the present writer's connection with the Station, the chapel was enlarged by the addition of twenty-five feet to its length, and the erection of a commodious gallery to meet the demands of the ever-increasing congregation. This was done, however, without altering the appearance of the front, and it is now a pleasant and convenient place of worship; and, what is better still, it is occupied by a congregation of earnest and attentive hearers of the word.

Weak and feeble as was the Wesleyan Mission in Cape Town at the time when the new chapel was erected, it was considered of sufficient importance by some to warrant steps being taken to secure the services of the great and good Richard Watson at the opening. That gentleman was actually invited to cross the sea for this purpose, several friends at the Cape having generously offered to defray the expense of his passage. Nor did the celebrated preacher treat the affair as unworthy of his notice. In a letter addressed to Mr. Shaw under date of the 15th of June, 1830, he says, among other things:—"I thank you and the friends at the Cape for the invitation to visit you. I laid the matter before the Committee and the brethren, who thought I could not leave my work here. Indeed I felt that I had the City Road Circuit put into my hands so recently, and at a very critical period, owing to various factions in London, that my line of duty was marked out. Otherwise, had the Committee called, I



WESLEY CHAPEL AND MISSION HOUSE, BURG STREET, CAPE TOWN.

would have obeyed. If there is anything I can do for you here, any little commission for anything you want, please write me." Sentiments of this character are an honour alike to the writer and to the receiver of such a communication, and forcibly remind us of our own early Missionary experience, and of similar letters from the same ready hand and warm heart, now alas! long cold in the dust of death.

On the removal of the public services and the Sunday-school from the premises in Barrack Street, which had formerly been a wine store, to the spacious new chapel in Burg Street, the work took a position at the Cape which it had never occupied before. Nor was the Missionary Committee in London backward in strengthening the hands of Mr. Shaw, their faithful representative, as the country presented openings to him and his devoted brethren. In the month of April, 1832, the Rev. E. Cook arrived from England, and although his ultimate destination was the interior, he rendered good service to the Mission at the Cape during his sojourn there. In the meantime, however, the Mission families were called to pass through the deep waters of affliction and bereavement. For a long time Mrs. Shaw was dangerously ill, and the Rev. J. Snowdall sickened and died at Simon's Town. In reference to the event last named Mr. Shaw makes the following entry in his Journal:—"April 10th.—I was called upon to perform the painful task of preaching funeral sermons for our late brother Snowdall in the chapel at Simon's Town, in the morning in Dutch, and in the evening in English. The trustees had put the chapel in mourning, and sorrow was depicted on every

countenance. Brother Snowdall was a man of deep piety and great prudence. At the place where he had preached most frequently, he was most beloved."

Through the zealous efforts of Mr. Snowdall, and the frequent visits and vigilant superintendence of Mr. Shaw, the cause at Simon's Town had now become well established. A substantial and commodious chapel had been erected on a commanding eminence in the rear of the town, which, with its neat little spire, proved useful as a landmark for ships entering the harbour, as well as a place of spiritual refreshment and blessing to many a weary pilgrim in his journey towards heaven. To supply all the places that were now open to the Missionaries, great efforts were required on their part, and to meet the ever-increasing demand for their labours they had to exert themselves to the utmost. At a subsequent date, describing the labours of a single Sabbath, Mr. Shaw writes:—"Preached in Dutch at Simon's Town at half-past nine o'clock, A.M. Rode about three miles, and spoke to the soldiers and convicts. At two o'clock preached at Musenberg; between three and four at Baas Herman's Kraal. Held a short service at Diep Rivier; thence proceeded to Wynberg, where I preached in English; and reached my home at Cape Town about nine o'clock P.M., having held six services and ridden twenty-four miles."

The next place that received special attention was the village of Somerset West, formerly called Hottentot's Holland, about thirty-one miles to the east of Cape Town. The references made by Mr. Shaw to the commencement and progress of the work at this Station

are few and fragmentary ; but they serve to show that at this active period of his life, he was ever intent on his Master's business, and "in labours more abundant." He says:—"In 1834, many and important advances were made in various parts of the Circuit. At Somerset West, or Hottentot's Holland, a respectable Dutch farmer had at first allowed me to preach in his hall (a large room), and afterwards we obtained the use of the village school-room. I subsequently purchased a house and premises in the midst of the village, towards which Mrs. Brackenbury, of Raithby Hall, the steady friend of Missions, kindly gave me £100. The large store connected with the house was immediately converted into a chapel, which was opened by brother Edwards and myself." Of these simple but interesting opening services a sojourner who was present wrote an account for one of the Cape papers, in which he said:—"Soon after eight o'clock in the morning, the various pathways exhibited the church-going faces of the slaves on their way to worship. Many of these had journeyed from afar: some few females rode on horseback, and there was a couple of humble vehicles filled with a few coloured people from the Cape Downs. The chapel was well filled, every seat being occupied. The Rev. B. Shaw performed Divine service, and delivered a most animating discourse. The minister of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Edgar, with his elder, Mr. J. T. Ross, and the Field-cornet, Mr. de Vos, were present on the occasion. In the afternoon, long before the hour of service, the place was crowded to excess, and many were unable to procure admittance. The Rev. Mr. Edwards delivered an impressive discourse to one of

the most interesting congregations that we ever beheld. The exterior deportment of each person at this and the morning service was highly respectable, and the free-will offerings of these hitherto neglected people were conspicuous."

From this small beginning arose a Mission Station at Somerset West, which, for its large and flourishing day-school, model cottages and gardens, and other features of interest, is surpassed by few, if any, similar institutions in South Africa. Nor is it wanting in direct spiritual results. In after years, under the able Superintendency of the Rev. R. Ridgill, the first humble sanctuary was superseded by a neat and commodious new chapel, which is an ornament to the village, and has been the spiritual birth-place of many souls.

Whilst these persevering and successful efforts were being made for the extension of the work in the rural districts, the Mission in Cape Town, where Mr. Shaw resided when at home, continued to grow and strengthen, notwithstanding the many counteracting influences with which it had to contend. Several interesting little incidents were recorded by Mr. Shaw in his Journal which show how the Lord was working with His servants:—

"Going to preach at Roggebay, in the outskirts of Cape Town," he says, "I saw a letter addressed to me lying on the desk. On opening it I found it was from a Bechuana boy, who had come from the interior with the Rev. Mr. Miles. The purport of the letter was, that he had been sick and unable to attend preaching. I insert a few lines of it: 'I was three weeks without food and without speak. I was very ill. It was

thought I should die. I was afraid to die, because I know I am sinful. But I pray to my Lord, and I am not now afraid to die.'”

On another occasion he says:—“A poor black woman whom I visited informed me that the Lord had wonderfully supported her in her affliction. In speaking of the privileges she now enjoyed, she referred me back to the days of her youth (about forty years previous), when it was not customary to instruct the heathen. She said, ‘When a teacher has been at the house of my master, I have frequently lain down on the floor, with my ear close to the bottom of the door, in order, if possible, to hear something about the way of salvation.’ I could not but admire her ingenuity. Zacchæus climbed the tree to see Jesus; the poor slave-girl lay down on the floor to hear of Him.”

A remarkable instance of good resulting from the Wesleyan Mission in Cape Town, and particularly from the Schools which Mr. Shaw established about this time, came to my knowledge several years afterwards, although it probably had never come under the notice of the devoted Missionary himself. A gentleman had in his service as a government apprentice an African youth, named Peter, who had been rescued from slavery by a British man-of-war. He was an active boy, but desperately wicked, and very troublesome. His master tried all methods imaginable, both mild and severe to reform him, but to no purpose. When persuasion and chastisement had proved equally unavailing, the gentleman, hearing of Mr. Shaw’s evening and Sunday-schools for heathen youths, resolved to send Peter, to try the effect of religious instruction on his wayward

and turbulent disposition. This plan was no sooner adopted than the desired result was manifest to all concerned. Peter quickly learned to read his New Testament, and to write a little. He, moreover, attended to the instruction given, and, by the blessing of God upon the means employed for his spiritual good soon became a changed character. The improvement in the conduct and temper of Peter surprised and delighted his master, who, struck with his industry, sobriety, and truthfulness, left everything belonging to his house under his care, with perfect confidence.

Some time after this favourable change in the moral character and conduct of this African youth, the house of his master was attacked by thieves in the dead of the night, at a time when the owner was known to be from home on a journey. Having bound Peter hand and foot, the robbers demanded of him where his master kept his money and his silver plate; but he refused to tell. They beat him unmercifully, but still he refused to divulge the secret. The burglars, exasperated with what they regarded as the servant's obstinacy, actually murdered him, without eliciting from him the information they desired. On returning home the gentleman found his house rifled, and his faithful negro lying dead on the floor; but his money and other valuable property were safe in their secret place of deposit, which had never been discovered by the robbers. The gentleman was much affected; and regarding this remarkable instance of Christian fidelity, as the result of the instruction which his servant had received in Mr. Shaw's schools, he ever afterwards cherished feelings of respect for our Mission. On

reading a book entitled, "Memorials of Missionary Labours in Western Africa, the West Indies, and at the Cape of Good Hope," when he had returned to England many years afterwards, the gentleman in question freely communicated to me the above information, and sent a sovereign for the Mission fund, as a token of his good will, and in memory of this touching event.

During this period of Mr. Shaw's labours at the Cape of Good Hope, the grand boon of freedom was conferred upon the slaves throughout the British Empire. This event gave great joy to the devoted Missionary, as it opened a wide and effectual door to the preaching of the Gospel in many places which had been previously closed against it, and so prepared the way for the moral and social elevation of a class of human beings long neglected and oppressed. Referring to this joyful occasion, Mr. Shaw says:—"I had this evening the pleasure of tolling the passing bell of Cape slavery. After preaching in English, from Psalm lxxxix. 15, "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O LORD, in the light of Thy countenance," I announced that when the clock struck twelve, the monster would expire. The next morning I awoke about two o'clock, with the words 'Africa is free,' powerfully impressed upon my mind and felt a longing desire that all her sons might be free indeed."

The general improvement in the tone of public feeling in reference to the religious instruction of the coloured classes, after the period of emancipation, was very encouraging to the Missionaries, and prompted

them to move forward with greater courage in the noble enterprise of winning souls for Christ. A place which was now promoted to the position of head of a regular Methodist Circuit was Stellenbosch, a beautiful rural village about twenty-eight miles from Cape Town. It had up to this period been a mere outpost of the Somerset West Station. Referring to this movement Mr. Shaw says :—"I had preached at Stellenbosch some years before ; but now we had an invitation, signed by several persons, requesting us to visit that village as frequently as possible. Several English families were residing there, who were altogether destitute of the public means of grace, besides a great number of heathen to whom access could now be obtained for their religious instruction." This resulted in the appointment of the Rev. E. Edwards to reside at Stellenbosch, and in the adoption of measures which laid the foundation of a great and good work which has continued to advance from that day to this. Aided by a kind-hearted and liberal people, Mr. Edwards succeeded in erecting a commodious chapel close to a substantial dwelling-house, which was purchased and fitted up as a residence for the Missionary ; and the place became the centre of an important Mission, which ultimately occupied out-stations, with schools and preaching-places, at Raithby, Sandfleet, and other places, where religious instruction was much required by the labouring population.

Additional agency was also brought to bear upon Rondebosch, Wynberg, Diep Rivier, and Simon's Town ; and a new out-station was occupied at Klip Fontein among the sand-hills on the Cape Flats. As

an illustration of the mixed character of the population of the Cape Colony, affected by the Mission work at this time, we may mention the following little incident which we find recorded in Mr. Shaw's Journal :—

“When meeting the class at Simon's Town, the evening being extremely wet and only seven members being present, I noticed, as a peculiar coincidence, that each of these was of a different nation. The leader Mr. Ranquest, was of Swedish descent, though born at the Cape. Another was an English sailor, residing with the Admiral on the station. The sailor had a pious sister at home, who in her letters had pressed him to attend to his spiritual interests, and her exhortations had been blessed to the good of his soul. One had been brought from Inhamban, as a prize slave, and another from Mozambique. The other three were of Dutch, Malabar, and Hottentot descent. This little company reminded me of the words of the Apostle, that the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs and of the same body, with the Jews in that holy fellowship ‘where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all in all.’ ”

In the course of his travels and labours in different parts of the Cape District, Mr. Shaw met with many interesting and amusing incidents illustrative of the character of Mission life at that early period. The following may be given as a specimen. He had reached the house of “Diana,” a woman of colour residing on the Cape Flats, a little after sunset on a Saturday night; and he says:—“In compliance with her request, I remained there all night, preached

in the cottage early next morning, and then set out for the place of my appointment. As I was on my way thither it began to rain, and while I was crossing the wilderness alone, I was greatly cast down by the thought that I should probably have no congregation, and that our enemies would triumph over us. On my arrival at the place, there was one aged black man walking up and down beneath the trees; but several others soon arrived. The Field-cornet, who had behaved very unkindly the last time I had been here, now sent a messenger with an order that we should go to the other side of the river. I told the messenger to give my compliments to his master and to inform him, that as we should not trespass on any private property, but should hold our service on the king's highway, we did not need his interference on the occasion, and should choose our own place. The Field-cornet himself soon arrived, when the following conversation took place:—

Field-cornet.—“ ‘What kind of a message was that you sent me?’

Missionary.—“ ‘I sent my compliments, and desired the messenger to inform you that we should choose our own place.’

Field-cornet.—“ ‘The other side of the river is the proper out-spanning or halting-place, and there you ought to go.’

Missionary.—“ ‘The last time I was here I engaged to preach beneath the tree, under the shade of which I am now standing.’

Field-cornet.—“ ‘But why not go to the other side of the river?’

Missionary.—“ ‘Because I and the people assembled

have as much right here as you have. These labourers have as much right, being his Majesty's subjects, to walk, or stand, or sit here, as you or any other person.'

Field-cornet.—" 'But this was my father's ground. He only allowed Government the use of this road.'

Missionary.—" 'Your father either gave it or sold it to Government, according to your account; I care not whether of the two. It is now the king's highway. I have measured it, and there is room enough for our congregation; so here we shall remain; and it will be at the peril of any man to molest us. I have permission from his Excellency the Governor to preach through all this country.'

Field-cornet. " 'I know it; but the horses are standing on my ground. If they are not immediately taken away, they will be sent to the pound.'

Missionary.—" 'Place all the horses in the middle of the road, and some one of you (to the labourers) stand by and take care of them.'

"A woman of colour now came through the river well mounted, and rode up beneath the trees, where the other horses had been standing.

Field-cornet.—" 'If you do not take that horse away, he shall be sent to the pound.'

Woman.—" 'You send my horse to the pound! He cost me the sum of two hundred rix-dollars, and I have come all this distance (about fifteen miles) to hear the Gospel, which you wish to prevent from being preached.'

"Addressing herself to me, she said, 'Can we not sing a psalm, Sir, and put a stop to him?' I answered, that our people were not acquainted with the Dutch

psalms, so as to sing them ; but, as soon as they should be collected together, we should commence by singing a hymn. The woman now sat down with the rest ; but it was not long before she rose up and said : ' My beloved sisters and brothers, by your permission I will sing a psalm suitable for the occasion ; ' and after giving out a verse she began and sang with a loud voice, the ninth psalm from the twelfth verse to the end. This psalm for a time drove the Field-cornet from us, and, the weather having cleared up, we commenced our service, while he sat on his horse at a distance of about forty yards. Had the day been fine, we should have had a large audience, as it was known all around that I should preach there. There were, however, many more than I expected. I suppose about two hundred were present, while I proclaimed, ' Behold, now is the day of salvation. ' I returned to Cape Town after the service, having ridden during the day about thirty-five miles, preached twice, and been exposed for three or four hours to heavy rain."

But it was not to the coloured and native population of the Cape alone that Mr. Shaw directed his attention, with the view of promoting their spiritual and eternal welfare. We have seen how anxious he was to do good to European settlers and to the soldiers in the garrison at different times, when favourable opportunities presented themselves ; and, towards the close of his second period of Missionary service in South Africa, the way opened for more systematic efforts for the benefit of British sailors, than had been practicable at an earlier period. Several pious and devoted Christian gentlemen, military and civil officers from India, did

good service in various ways on behalf of religion and morality during their temporary residence at the Cape about that time. Among the foremost of those was Josiah Nisbett, Esq., who was led to take an interest in seafaring men by an apparently trifling incident. The time having arrived when he was obliged to return to India, Mr. Shaw accompanied him one day on board the ship in which he intended to sail. The Missionary held a conversation with the boatmen respecting the neglect of the house of God which he had observed in sea-faring men. During that conversation Mr. Nisbett remained silent; but in proof that he had been thinking on the subject, he asked Mr. Shaw, on the evening before he embarked, to take a walk with him, which was continued on till a late hour by the light of the moon. The subject of conversation was the spiritual welfare of British and foreign seamen visiting the Cape; and as they parted Mr. Nisbett said:—"Now, if after my departure, you can do anything for the sailors, you may draw on me for £50, to help you in the work."

Soon after this there appeared in the Cape papers a letter from a Christian captain making a powerful appeal to ministers of the Gospel of all denominations and to Christian people generally on behalf of the seamen on board the ships in Table Bay. This communication was promptly answered by Mr. Shaw, who expressed his readiness to take his share of the good work and made mention of Mr. Nisbett's promise of aid. This at once led the way to action; and Mr. Shaw was one of the first to preach on board the ships at anchor under the Bethel flag, which was soon seen

floating in the harbour. A correspondent of the *Advertiser* describing one of the services, says:—"I am happy to inform you that since the appearance of the letter on the religious instruction of seamen, a committee has been formed for the purpose of carrying that desirable object into effect; that a Bethel flag has been procured, and was hoisted on Sabbath morning, August 18th at the masthead of the *Undaunted*, the commander of that vessel, captain Miller, having made every preparation for the holding of Divine service on board his ship. A large awning spread on deck afforded a commodious shelter from the weather. At eleven o'clock, the Rev. B. Shaw commenced the service by giving out the beautiful hymn beginning,

'From all that dwell below the skies,'

which was sung with much heartiness. Solemn prayer was then offered up to Him Who is the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea. After the reading of the lessons and the singing of another appropriate hymn, the reverend gentleman preached an impressive sermon from Isaiah xlii. 10. The whole service was solemn and delightful. The tars, consisting of the crews of the barques *Undaunted* and *Clarence*, heard with the greatest attention." This small beginning was not without fruit; and ultimately a Sailors' Home was established at the Cape, and various efforts were made to the great benefit of seamen visiting Table Bay.

Meanwhile the good work was advancing on the various Mission Stations in the district, and a second

chapel in Cape Town had already become necessary. This was erected in Sydney Street, and intended for the double purpose of a school-house and a place of worship for the natives or coloured Dutch-speaking people, the Burg Street Chapel being occupied chiefly by the English settlers and their families. The Rev. William Shaw, having arrived at the Cape in the early part of 1837 on his way to Graham's Town, took part in the opening services, along with his friend the subject of the present narrative. Both these eminent Missionaries preached on this occasion with unction and power to the delight and edification of the people.

About the same time the work was extended in the vicinity of Wynberg. In reference to the cause in that neighbourhood Mr. Shaw says:—"A grant of land having been obtained from his Excellency the Governor, at Diep Rivier, a small building was erected for a school and temporary chapel, which I opened on the 23rd of April, by preaching in Dutch from—"This man receiveth sinners." About one hundred persons were present, and we had a liberal collection." As his second period of Missionary service in South Africa was now drawing to a close, the devoted Missionary looked with feelings of gratitude to God on the progress the work had made, and seemed resolved, wherever his lot might be cast, to live and labour for God and heaven.

"Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of Thy love,
While on in Jesu's steps we go,
To see Thy face above.

“ Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly Thine, shall be ;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to Thee :

“ Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The Jubilee of heaven.”



Chapter XI.

SECOND VISIT TO ENGLAND.

"Only let your conversation be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ: that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel."—PHILIPPIANS i. 27.



NOW when Mr. Shaw had prosecuted his zealous labours at the Cape of Good Hope for about eight years, after his second appointment to that country, circumstances occurred which seemed to render it necessary that he should once more visit his native land. Mrs. Shaw had been frequently afflicted; he himself began to feel the debilitating influence of the climate; and some of his children were growing up to require European education. With the sanction of the Missionary Committee he, therefore, made arrangements for his departure, and took a passage for himself and family on board the *Duke of Northumberland*, the Rev. T. L. Hodgson having been appointed his successor as Chairman of the District.

Mr. Shaw makes a touching record in his Journal, in reference to his departure from South Africa on this

occasion. He says:—"The coloured people of the Cape Society, hearing that our passage was taken, held a meeting among themselves, on the evening of the 1st of May, 1837, to pray that we might be safely conducted across the mighty deep. On the 3rd we were ordered on board the ship, and before we left Mr. Hodgson proposed prayer. One of the Local-preachers was requested to engage in that solemn duty, and attempted to do so but could not proceed. Mr. H— then endeavoured, but his feelings were likewise overpowered; when another friend uttered a few sentences and we departed. Many accompanied us to the ship, to bid farewell; and the next morning we were bearing away between Robin Island and the main-land. My last sight of the land was through the port hole of the cabin, where I was lying exceedingly sick, and able only to drop a tear and say, "Pity poor Africa!"

"Pity Ashanti and Dam'ra,
 Pity Zulus far away;
 Pity all the tribes of Zah'ra;
 O'er their hordes Thy sceptre away;
 Saviour, now stretch forth Thy hand!
 Pity Afric's desert land!"

In England Mr. Shaw met again with that kind and cordial reception from the directors of the Society, and from the friends of Missions everywhere, which is generally accorded to faithful returned Missionaries. Nor did he escape the penalty which has to be paid, in the form of arduous service, by those who are favoured to return to their native land after many years of successful labour in the foreign field. Mr. Shaw readily

responded to the numerous calls which were made for his services, so far as health and strength and other things would permit; and his plaintive plea, "Pity poor Africa!" and his numerous touching anecdotes excited in many hearts an interest which resulted in increased practical sympathy and extended efforts for the support and spread of the good work.

At the Conference of 1837, Mr. Shaw received an appointment to the Plymouth Circuit as the colleague of the Rev. W. P. Burgess, the Chairman of the Devonport District, and it is believed that he endeavoured as much as possible to adapt himself to the claims and necessities of the home work, although it was to him somewhat new and strange. He was ever ready to plead the cause of Missions, which was still very dear to him, both in his own and neighbouring Circuits, and in distant places in England and Ireland, to which he was frequently sent as a deputation from the parent Society. He was never more at home or more happy than when he stood on a missionary platform, holding his audience spell-bound, as was his wont, by his simple and touching stories of missionary life in Namaqualand, and his thrilling statements of the results of the Gospel among a people who had never before heard the joyful sound. He also frequently referred to these topics in his sermons, which gave to them a charm and an influence which they would not otherwise have possessed. Indeed it may be said, without any disparagement to the honoured subject of our narrative, that his genuine missionary spirit, childlike simplicity and general good nature went far to compensate for the absence of some other qualities that

are deemed by some essential to a successful Wesleyan Minister in an English Circuit.

Mr. Shaw spent about six years in England on this occasion, and travelled successively in the Plymouth, Epworth, Pontefract, and Kingswood Circuits; in every one of which the excellent qualities just named secured for him the love and respect of the people among whom he laboured. The members of the Society, and especially the friends of the missionary enterprise, everywhere, "esteemed him very highly in love for his work's sake."

In 1843 circumstances occurred which resulted in Mr. Shaw's re-appointment to Southern Africa. The labours of the Rev. Messrs. Cook and Tindall in Great Namaqualand had been greatly blessed, and in the true missionary spirit they were pushing their conquests to the regions beyond. Each of them had made a journey to the Damara country, in the far distant north, where they had found wandering tribes of natives much more numerous and important than they had expected. Their graphic descriptions of the country and their touching appeals on behalf of these long-neglected peoples were published in the *Missionary Notices*, and excited considerable interest. One of the letters alluded to was addressed by Mr. Tindall to his old friend Mr. Shaw.

In introducing this and the other communications to the notice of their readers the Secretaries say:—"If the funds of the Wesleyan Missionary Society were in such a state as to permit any extension of their work by sending out additional Missionaries, one of the first points to which their attention would be directed

would be the Damaras, beyond Nisbett Bath, and in the neighbourhood of Walvisch Bay. As a liberal offer had already been made to the Society, to assist in the commencement of a Mission, which is acknowledged to be so much needed, and at the same time so promising, the subject is continually kept before the Committee; and it is most desirable that our contributors and collectors should remember that upon them, and their liberality and exertions, it will mainly depend whether the present generation of Damaras shall have that Word whose entrance giveth light."

The discussion of this question of a Mission to the long-neglected Damaras, and the general extension of the work in South Africa, appears to have stirred up the Missionary fire in the heart of Mr. Shaw; for he immediately wrote to the Committee, urging the claims of a country in which he still felt deeply interested. Towards the close of his letter he says:—"I wrote a few lines to Dr. Bunting some time ago, requesting his opinion of my going again to Africa. For years I have been waiting the call of the Committee; but not having received it, I was comparatively easy. The late intelligence from Africa, which I mentioned to Dr. Bunting has, however, affected me much; and I have been led to the conclusion that I ought to go, as the Cape District will soon be in a most destitute state. But I wish to have the opinion of the Secretaries as soon as possible, as I have a dwelling-house and a garden which I should have to dispose of before leaving, that I might have no incumbrances. Will you send me a few lines on the subject?"

The offer thus made by Mr. Shaw was ultimately

accepted, with certain conditions, by the Committee, and on announcing it to their friends and patrons, in the next number of the *Notices* the General Secretaries made the following statement:—"The appeal in behalf of the Namaquas in South Africa, and the Damaras, to which these Missions have also extended, we are happy to say has not been made in vain. The Rev. Barnabas Shaw, whose name has been associated with the Missions in South Africa from the commencement, has addressed to us a letter, offering his services for the work. Our correspondence with Mr. Shaw has resulted in an arrangement for his return to the scene of his former labours. He will be accompanied by his son, the Rev. B. J. Shaw and another Missionary at least. By this reinforcement our valuable Mission to the Cape District will be considerably strengthened; and we trust that the cry of the Namaquas and Damaras will be in some measure responded to. A Christian lady, whose liberality has long been known to the Society, has devoted no less a sum than £700, to aid the Committee in the prosecution of their plans. This noble gift will, we hope, be supplemented by contributions from our many friends who bear in remembrance the valuable labours of Mr. Shaw in former years. He now devotes the remainder of his life to the Missionary work in South Africa, for which his previous experience, and his acquaintance with the prevailing language of the locality in which he will be called to labour, pre-eminently qualify him. We earnestly commend Mr. Shaw and his companions and their work to the prayers and sympathies of the friends of Missions."

The necessary preparations having been made for

the voyage, Mr. Shaw had once more to go through the painful process of taking leave of dear friends and relatives, without any hope of ever seeing them again in this world. The task was rendered more tolerable, however, than it had been on former occasions, by the removal to the "better country" of his aged parents, and from the circumstance that he now took the whole of his family out with him. The Committee announced the departure of the Mission party in the following terms:—"The well-known and highly-respected Missionary, the Rev. Barnabas Shaw, embarked on board the *Persia* for the Cape of Good Hope, on the 5th of September, 1843. He was accompanied by Mrs. Shaw and four children, by his son, the Rev. Barnabas J. Shaw and his wife, by the Rev. Benjamin Ridsdale and his wife, and by the Rev. Thomas B. Catterick. The return of Mr. Shaw to the scene of his early and successful labours as a Missionary, cannot but be regarded with the deepest interest, which is heightened by the consideration, that his intention is to proceed, immediately after his arrival into the interior, to Great Namaqualand and the Damara country, with a view to the reinforcement of the older Missions, and the commencement of a Station for the benefit of the Damara nation. Many fervent prayers will be offered up for the success of his important enterprise."

Soon after the *Persia* had "got under weigh," with the Mission party on board, Mr. Shaw addressed a characteristic letter to the Committee, from which the following is an extract:—"About ten o'clock we left Gravesend. We are going slowly down the river. The water is smooth, and the sun is shining. The

labourers in the fields are reaping, and the harvest will soon be gathered in. So our heathen fields are whitening, and the Lord of the harvest is calling His workmen. While you pray that He may thrust out labourers, I trust our good people will give liberally, that the Word of the Lord may spread into every clime. The wise counsels and affectionate address of Dr. Bunting, before he left us, quite overcame me. There was something so fatherly, and so seasonable therein, that I could not utter a sentence in answer to it. I remember his going to Gravesend with us at our first embarkation in the year 1815, accompanied by the late Rev. James Wood, and Rev. James Buckley. They have gone to their reward. Dr. Bunting is left, and his heart is as much in the work, yea more than ever. May God spare him for many years! We are grateful to the Committee and the Secretaries for all their kindness and attention. May the God of Missions bless you all a thousand-fold!"

The last voyage of Mr. Shaw to South Africa was not marked by any incident worthy of special notice. The young Missionaries by whom he was accompanied gladly availed themselves of his instructions and counsels in reference to their work, and of such aid as he was able to afford them in their study of the Dutch language, in which they expected to have, occasionally at least, to exercise their ministry. In these exercises and in general reading, with occasional religious services on board, the time passed pleasantly; and in due course they reached their destination in safety, thankful to God for His preserving goodness to them whilst so long exposed to the dangers of the deep.

Great was the surprise and delight of many in Cape Town when the good ship *Persia* cast anchor in Table Bay, and they learned that their old friend, Mr. Shaw, had returned by her to the Cape, with the intention of spending the remainder of his days amid the scenes of his early labours. The Mission party received a cordial welcome from the brethren and their families in Cape Town, and from the people generally, and they forthwith addressed themselves with becoming zeal and diligence to the work which was before them. This accession of labourers to the Cape of Good Hope District was very seasonable and acceptable at this time, for the work had just suffered a serious loss by the death of the Rev. Edward Cook, after many years of faithful labour, chiefly in Namaqualand. Moreover, the Rev. E. Edwards was about to return to England; whilst several of the other brethren were said to be suffering from excessive labour.

With regard to the Damara Mission, it may be sufficient to state here that it never fully answered the expectations of its friends and patrons. Nor did Mr. Shaw ever engage personally in it. He was an admirable pioneer Missionary; but when he entered upon his third period of service in Africa, he was too far advanced in years and too feeble in health for work in the interior. It was, therefore, wisely arranged that he should remain at the Cape, and take charge of the Stellenbosch Circuit, whilst Messrs Haddy and Tindall went to Damaraland, and Mr. Ridsdale to Great Namaqualand. In those distant regions the work was prosecuted for several years under circumstances of great difficulty and privation, because of the

barrenness of the country, the uncertainty of the seasons, the wandering habits of the people, and the difficulty of conveying stores to supply the wants of the Missionaries and their families, over nearly a thousand miles of dreary desert. Besides, German Missionaries of the Rhenish Society had entered the country about the same time; and it was ultimately considered advisable to hand over our Stations to them and to concentrate our labours on more promising fields within the colonial boundary, where our efforts were much required.

The character of this work and the share that Mr. Shaw was able to take in it, may be gathered from the following brief extract from his Journal, written a month or two after his arrival at the Cape, and communicated to the Missionary Committee in London:—
“January 10th, 1844. We came to Brackenbury’s Valley, Somerset West; and the Missionary Meeting commenced about seven o’clock in the evening. The Resident Magistrate took the chair, and gave us an excellent introductory speech in the Dutch language. It may be truly said here, ‘What hath God wrought?’ A few years ago this Mission was commenced under discouraging circumstances. I first preached to a lonely family in the vicinity of the village, and most of the farmers were opposed to my going amongst the slaves. In the course of a few months we held our services in a schoolroom, and then I purchased the house and premises at present occupied. The store was at once converted into a chapel, and, becoming too small, was enlarged about a year ago. This evening, however, it was not large enough, as there must have been nearly three hundred persons present. All who

attended were well dressed. The little gardens have been rendered productive by the people, and their cottages are neatly built. Many have been savingly converted to God, and the Mission School contains children who, we trust, will be useful in the Church when this generation shall have passed away. I believe the kingdom of Christ is everywhere extending its boundaries. There are now in this country more Missionaries, more Chapels, more Schools, more Bibles, more printing, more tracts, more prayer, more openings for usefulness than were ever seen before. We only want an enlarged liberality at home and abroad, to enable us to station a Missionary in every central place, who may feed the flock and go to the surrounding population to seek the lost."

With reference to Mr. Shaw's new sphere of labour, the following observations occur in the annual report of the parent Society for the following year, from which it will be seen that the veteran Missionary was not disposed to spare himself:—"The cause at Stellenbosch improves. It having been deemed desirable to commence a regular service in the *English* language, four public services are now held in the chapel at that place every Lord's day. Mr. Shaw is indefatigably applying himself to the work in which he so greatly delights; but he was unable, at the date of his last letter, to meet the wants of the more distant places, in consequence of the absence of Mr. Edwards, who had only recently landed in Cape Town, on his return from England, and would probably be detained there for a short time, in consequence of the personal indisposition of two of the brethren at that Station."

Being now engaged in colonial Circuit work, in which there was less of incident and adventure, Mr. Shaw did not report the progress of his labours to the parent Society so frequently as in former years, when he was breaking up new ground in the interior; but when he did write, there was always a charming simplicity about his communications which caused them to be read with interest and avidity. When he had been for some time resident at Stellenbosch, with that Station and Somerset West under his care, he was induced to engage in new enterprises, which caused him once more to send home extracts from his Journal. In giving these to the public, through the medium of the *Missionary Notices* the general Secretaries introduce them with the following remarks:—

“We are glad to insert in our present number a brief extract from the Journal of the Rev. Barnabas Shaw. It refers chiefly to the opening of a new chapel at Sir Lowry’s Pass, built at the expense of a generous friend, Captain Terrington, whose kindness in presenting it to the Wesleyan Connexion is hereby most gratefully acknowledged; and to the re-opening of the chapel at Somerset West, which had been recently enlarged. The narrative of the journeys and labours of our venerable Missionary on those occasions will be deemed interesting by his numerous and attached friends in this country.” The extract here referred to is the following:—

“April 27th, 1847.—I arrived under the Kloof, at Sir Lowry’s Pass, about twenty-one miles from Stellenbosch, to open a new chapel, built by Mr. Terring-

ton on his own ground. My text at the English service was Luke vii. 5; and in the afternoon, in Dutch, I had Luke x. 37. Collections were made on the occasion; but the generous veteran captain gave the whole to the suffering Scotch and Irish. It had been left with me to give the building a name, though some restrictions were laid upon me by Mr. Terrington. However, at the conclusion of the morning service, all restrictions were broken through, and it was publicly named Terrington Grove Chapel. It is beautiful for situation, and stands on a most romantic spot of ground. It is designed as a house of prayer for all people. A fine-toned bell, which the Captain bought at a sale, was heard through Terrington Grove, with great delight; and the chapel, with all its furniture, is a present to the Wesleyan Connexion. The Captain has been in many storms at sea, and at his wits'-end; but he is now in a delightful calm, and we may join with him in singing, 'O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.'

"June 9th, I arrived at Somerset West in good time, for the purpose of assisting at the re-opening of the chapel. The new wing is thirty-two feet in length, and twenty feet in breadth. The whole chapel will now contain five hundred people. At ten o'clock my labour commenced. At twelve, Mr. Hodgson was ready for the English, and in the afternoon Mr. Ridgill preached in Dutch. Some had come thirty miles, others from Stellenbosch and Raithby, all of whom seemed to feel an interest in the enlargement of the building. Brackenbury Valley chapel was so called in memory of a departed friend, who, if living,

would have been delighted to have preached the unsearchable riches of Christ to this people.

“27th, Sabbath.—Being unwell yesterday, I set off very early in the morning for Brackenbury Valley chapel, designing to be at Stellenbosch to preach this evening. After I had commenced my journey, a dense fog came on, and, the days now being at the shortest, it became so dark that I was in danger of missing my road. As the day began to dawn, I was in the vicinity of Raithby, and on approaching the oak-trees, could distinctly hear the voice of praise and thanksgiving to God. The sound of melody at that early hour, and in a place so lonely, so came upon me, that it led to reflections of a most cheering nature. We have not toiled and laboured in vain. The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light, and those whose tongues were accustomed to cursing, are raising their voices in hymns of praise. The people were singing Dutch hymns to English tunes; but their huts being at a distance from the road, I did not go up to them or in any way disturb them in their devotions. I arrived at Somerset West before the sun got over the mountains. During the morning service I had twenty or more baptisms, some adults and others children, I waited about ten minutes after the dismissal of the congregation, when the bell called the members together to partake of the memorials of their dying Redeemer. It was a beautiful sight as more than a hundred surrounded the table of the Lord. It is now fifteen years since I commenced this Mission: it was then the day of small and feeble things: now we can sing,

' Our conquering Lord Hath prospered His word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken The kingdom of hell.'

I preached in the afternoon at two o'clock, and then set off for Stellenbosch ; but having rode thirty miles, though no worse for my labour, I was too weary to venture on the English service."

The plan adopted by Mr. Shaw and others of naming Mission Stations and chapels after generous friends of the Missionary enterprise, who had assisted in their establishment, no doubt had its origin in the purest motives ; being adopted with the view of expressing gratitude for favours received and of giving honour to those to whom honour was due ; but the places so designated were not often called by their new names, people in the neighbourhood having been long accustomed to other names. When Mission Stations are formed in places that are little known, or that have names which can scarcely be pronounced by Europeans, it may be desirable to give them new designations ; but when the work is commenced in places or in districts that already have suitable names, the attempt to alter those names, from mere caprice or compliment, is a practice of doubtful propriety, and seldom succeeds.

It was during the period now under review, and while Mr. Shaw was in charge of the work at Stellenbosch and Somerset West, and their respective out-stations, that he conceived the idea of forming a Missionary Institution at a place which was originally called Modergaat, but to which he gave the name of

Raithby, in honour of esteemed friends and patrons, Mr. and Mrs. Brackenbury, of Raithby Hall, Lincolnshire. It may be necessary to explain, for the information of the reader, that, in South African parlance, a "Missionary Institution" means not merely a Mission Station, but a place where the natives are congregated together in considerable numbers, and where they live, in separate communities, in villages or settlements, on plots of ground, at a moderate rent, by an arrangement with the Missionary. Such establishments were in many instances very useful when the poor down-trodden Hottentots, and coloured people generally, were just emerging from the long and gloomy night of bondage in which they had been involved; for their former masters were often indisposed to treat them with kindness; and without such a place as a Missionary Institution, where they could find refuge and a home as well as religious instruction, many of the oppressed natives would scarcely have known what freedom meant. There they could live as one family, with the Missionary as their father and head, attending the services of the sanctuary, and sending their children to the Mission-school, whilst they hired themselves to work for the surrounding farmers, and cultivated their garden plots during their leisure hours. We have known Missionary Institutions, when well managed, present to the view scenes of order, harmony and social comfort, as well as of religious progress, calculated to gladden the heart of every true philanthropist.

In process of time, however, when ordinary towns and villages began to spring up in various parts of the colony, Missionary Institutions became less necessary,

and indeed many of the farmers and other colonists began to entertain strong prejudices against them, alleging that they tended to encourage idleness by drawing the people from the farms and from agricultural pursuits. It was whilst this view, whether right or wrong, largely prevailed, that Mr. Shaw purchased the land and laid out the allotments for his favourite Missionary Institution at Raithby. It therefore never became so popular as it would have been if commenced at a much earlier period. Nor did the Chairman of the District or the Missionaries favour the scheme; so that the undertaking became a source of considerable anxiety to its benevolent projector at a time when he should have been free from unnecessary care.

To the natives who settled at Raithby, and to the people of all classes who attended the religious services on the other Stations in the extensive Circuit under his care, Mr. Shaw continued to minister with diligence and success up to the time of his removal to another sphere of labour. I find the following record of the state of the work at the close of the year 1849:—
 “Some improvement has taken place on the Stellenbosch Station, and many of the people at Somerset West also are evidently ‘giving diligence to make their calling and election sure.’ By the regular attendance of our members at the services of the sanctuary, and especially at the Class-meetings, we are encouraged to hope that they are generally desirous of knowing the way of truth, and of walking therein. The School has had much attention paid to it. The unwearied zeal of the teacher, and the diligence and progress of the children, have been highly gratifying. At Terring-

ton Grove there is an increasing congregation, and the Society is in an encouraging state." This pleasing measure of success was, to the veteran Missionary in his declining years, a cause of unfeigned gratitude, and he did not fail to render thanks to the Giver of all good.

"The people that in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel day,
In Jesu's lovely face displayed.

"Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bared Thine arm in all our sight ;
Hast made the reprobates Thine own,
And claimed the outcasts as Thy right."



Chapter XII.

EVENING OF LIFE.

"It shall come to pass that at evening time there shall be light."—
ZECARIAH xiv. 7.



AS Mr. Shaw advanced in years he became physically feeble, and was not able to exert himself as formerly to advance the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom. He nevertheless nominally retained his position in the ranks of the brethren engaged in the full work of the Mission, being assisted and sustained, as occasion required, by those who were younger and more able to bear fatigue. The general estimation in which the veteran Missionary was held, by both Ministers and people, secured for him the cheerful co-operation and aid of all who were in a position to help him; whilst he on his part, continued to manifest in every way possible his deep interest in the Missionary enterprise, and in the cause of Methodism at home and abroad.

When, in the old country, the Church of his choice

was involved in trouble, and rent by discord and faction Mr. Shaw manifested in a manner which is worthy of a passing notice, his loyalty to the cause which he had espoused, and his sympathy with those who wrongfully suffered. Without entering into the particulars of the lamentable agitation to which reference is here made, an extract from a characteristic letter on the subject, which he wrote to the Rev. Thomas Jackson, when that Minister was President of the Conference for the second time, may be given as illustrative of his views and feelings at that eventful period of his Church's history. Writing from Rondebosch, Cape of Good Hope, on the 12th of April, 1850, he says :—

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—Fifty years ago when you and I were Yorkshire lads, neither of us far from the banks of the noble river Humber, you told me once of having lost your little dog at Elloughton,—a circumstance I have always remembered. God has raised you again to the head of our great Connexion, I congratulate you on this occasion, and pray that our heavenly Father may give you wisdom to direct, and patience to bear every trial you may have to endure.

“But to the point in hand. The ‘Fly-sheets,’ so-called, have arrived in this colony. I had heard of them before; but now, having seen them, I am convinced that ‘an enemy hath done this.’ I see three portraits before me in this pamphlet; of Mr. Griffith I know nothing. Mr. Everett, when I was in England, helped me at many Missionary meetings, and with good effect. Mr. Dunn, a brother Missionary, I knew

also, and often took sweet counsel with him. Surely *they* could not write such documents! From what I see of them, no Christian man, much less a minister of the Gospel, could have any hand in them. Let every man purge himself from this abominable pamphlet, as I and all my brethren here can do,—having no lot or part in the so-called ‘Fly-Sheets,’ either directly or indirectly, in any way or shape whatever.

“The insinuations against the Missionary Secretaries are most horrid, but they are ably answered by Messrs. Farmer, Scott, and others. Now, I have had an opportunity of knowing the Secretaries for many years, as it is thirty-four years this day since I first saw Table Mountain. In the year 1815 I became acquainted with the Missionary Committee. All the members of that Committee have shown me kindness; yet I could always discern a watchful eye over the Mission fund, of which I highly approve, so that the Gospel may be more extensively spread.

“On my first going to Namaqualand, I built my own dwelling-house with my own hands. I made a table for myself, of excellent granite; and another for Mrs. Shaw of the same material. After sleeping for some time on the ground, I made a bedstead, of capital poplar; but, having no chairs, we sat on boxes or anything we could obtain. Yet we never murmured, and never were more happy. Now we have advanced to a more civilized way of life. In the year 1843, on leaving England the third time, the Secretaries allowed me to purchase suitable furniture; so that in old age I may have some of the comforts of life. I do not know that any of the lay members of

the Committee ever found fault with this ; but, even now, if they will examine the accounts by looking back, and if they think that I have anything superfluous, and let me know the particulars, I will send them to the first auction after such information, and remit the money to the chairman.

“ In those marvellous ‘ sheets ’ which have lately arrived here, I see awful insinuations against Dr. Bunting and even against Dr. Newton. Robert Newton was in the Howden Circuit in 1802. I was then fourteen or fifteen years of age, and heard him once at the Dissenters’ chapel, South Cave. I felt great reverence and love for him then, and it has been increasing ever since that time. I had thought not a man in the world would ever say anything against him, a man beloved by every true Methodist who ever heard of him, and by thousands upon thousands of individuals belonging to other Churches. If our old matrons in Yorkshire, and the thousands of little children who have learned to lisp the name of Robert Newton, could lay hold on the ‘ Fly-sheet ’ writers, I really cannot say what they would do with them, I am sure they would punish them in one way or another, with the utmost severity. O that I could but hear his voice once more ! If all the finest-toned organs in the universe could be brought together, and harmonize their notes, I had rather hear the voice of Robert Newton reading his text, ‘ Come over into Macedonia and help us,’ than the whole of the musical instruments put together. May our heavenly Father bless him with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus ! Please give my love to him when you see him, and tell

him I have not forgotten his preaching out of doors at Burton Agnes, when the chapel was opened, and the old woman responded to him so heartily while thus engaged.

“Then as to Dr. Bunting—I began to know him in 1815 more than before, and I felt that he was and would be one of the best friends of our Missions. There were several of us young men at that time comparatively raw and inexperienced, in London, about to proceed to different parts of the world. Who then paid us any attention, (the other fathers I think, are all gone) and kindly took us by the hand? Who took us to his own house, as a father would his children, and gave us advice and encouragement? Who prevailed upon good father Benson to give us a most appropriate charge at our ordination? Who went down to Gravesend in the depth of winter to see us on board the ship? Who commended us affectionately to God, and wept over us at our departure? It was Jabez Bunting. And can we forget those acts of kindness? No, rather let my right hand forget its cunning. Let me ask further, who has been labouring since that time (1815) with the greatest assiduity in the cause of our widening Mission field? Who has stood at the helm of our ship for so many years, regardless of every storm? Who shows his affection to Missionaries now, whether young or old, on their arrival in London, in order to embark? Who accompanies them on their departure as far as he can? Who gives them his last and friendly advice? Who offers the last fervent prayer with and for them? Who gives the final farewell to the Missionaries, their wives, and children! It is Jabez Bunting; and we

all revere and love, and pray for him, as a beloved minister and father in Christ Jesus.

“Yet these revered men of God, Dr. Bunting and Dr. Newton, are specially marked out to be shot. However, I have just thought that there are some Bushmen in England, as well as in Africa. The Bushmen hide themselves in secret places, that they may privately shoot their poisoned arrows. So the ‘Fly-sheet’ men are afraid to come to the light. They can shoot far, for their arrows have reached the Cape of Good Hope; but as it respects Jabez Bunting and Robert Newton, they fall powerless. In attempting to shoot these men of God, they have missed their mark. These two soaring eagles are in a region far too high for any poisoned ‘Fly-sheet’ arrows. They can say, ‘God is our refuge and strength. Therefore will we not fear.’

“How differently the late Daniel Isaac acted, when he believed that there were many things in the Church highly improper! He wrote ‘Ecclesiastical Claims,’ and sent his work into the world with his own name and profession attached to it. There, though we may not approve of every sentence, yet we see uprightness, integrity, and fearless intrepidity. Daniel Isaac never hid himself under a mask. Let the writers in the dark hear Daniel Isaac in his preface to the work just named; ‘And what is this Daniel Isaac who volunteers his services on behalf of the Dissenters? He will anticipate all inquiries by an open avowal. Know then that this said Daniel Isaac is an itinerant Preacher in the Wesleyan Connexion. The author is a Dissenter in principle. He is sensible, however, that many sen-

timents contained in this book have no place in the creed of a respectable number of his brethren ; and as some of them have written him on the subject of publishing opinions which are not generally held by the religious body to which he belongs, under an idea that the public might impute his peculiar notions to all the Preachers, and thus include them in the censure, if censure be incurred, which is due only to himself ; he wishes to be distinctly understood, that in publishing this piece, he is not the organ of his brethren in the ministry, and that the praise or blame which may be awarded belongs to himself alone. The liberty pleaded for in these sheets is not a liberty in behalf of individuals to infringe the rights of societies. Every member of a society ought to conform to its regulations, or quietly withdraw. Imposition is more hateful in individuals than in communities, as it is more unreasonable for a hundred to yield to one, than one to yield to a hundred. This is so generally admitted, that factitious persons seldom forget to plead that they are acting in behalf of the multitude, and that their wishes are the wishes of their people.'

"How forcible are right words! If the present agitators are Wesleyan Ministers, why did they not come forward in an open, manly and constitutional manner, and state what they had to say before the Conference? Pardon me, my dear brother, in writing so much in great haste, and on a subject so unpleasant; but I felt it to be a duty to add my testimony to those of others."

This candid and spontaneous expression of senti-

ment is the more remarkable, inasmuch as it is well-known that some of the chief movers in the great agitation were numbered by Mr. Shaw among his intimate friends when he was in England, long before they entered upon their unhappy course of strife and division. No one deplored the sad consequences of the fearful storm which swept over the Wesleyan-Methodist Connexion more than the subject of this Memoir; and no one rejoiced more heartily than he when it had passed away, and the Church of his choice was again favoured with peace and prosperity. Whenever he referred to these things or to Methodist matters in general in after years, it was always in terms which showed how ardently he was attached to our doctrines and our discipline.

The name of Barnabas Shaw as that of a zealous and successful pioneer Missionary, had been familiar to me from my youth up, and in common with many others I had read with feelings of deep interest the accounts which were published from time to time of his travels and labours in Namaqualand; but I little thought that I should ever have the honour of being personally associated with him in the great and glorious work in which he was engaged. But in the order of Divine Providence it was even so. My acquaintance with Mr. Shaw commenced in the early part of the year 1851, when I was appointed to succeed the Rev. T. L. Hodgson as the Chairman and General Superintendent of the Cape of Good Hope District. I landed in Cape Town on Tuesday, the 4th of February, accompanied by my dear wife and the Rev. John and Mrs. Thomas; and we met with a cordial and kind

reception from the Rev. B. and Mrs. Ridsdale at the Mission-house in Burg-street. On the following day the Missionaries and their wives from the neighbouring stations of Rondebosch and Wynberg drove into the city to welcome our arrival. Among the foremost of these were Mr. Shaw and his heroic wife; and I shall never forget my first impressions of the man whose simple and touching narratives of Missionary enterprise had thrilled my youthful heart when I was but a boy, and whose praise was now in all the Churches.

At the time referred to Mr. Shaw was in the sixty-third year of his age; but he had the appearance of a man much older, in consequence of the arduous service he had rendered in the Mission field. He was of middle size, and looked at first sight taller than he really was, from the circumstance that his frame was somewhat attenuated. His figure was slightly bent forward, and when he walked there was a halt or lameness in his gait, the result of rheumatic and other ailments from which he had long suffered. His complexion was dark, his face wrinkled, and his hair gray; and he had altogether, the appearance of a haggard, way-worn, and exhausted old Missionary. I had not been many minutes in his company, however, before I found that there beat within that attenuated frame a kind, warm, and loving heart; and as we entered into conversation about "home," with all its tender associations, and the state and prospects of the Mission, with all their attractions, his keen piercing eye sparkled and his benevolent countenance was all a-glow with genuine Christian emotion. I felt at once that I was in company with an elder brother whom I could not

only respect and esteem but also *love*, and in whom I could confide in any emergency.

When we were alone, I ventured to intimate to Mr. Shaw that I hoped there would not be in his mind or in the minds of two or three other Missionaries who were my seniors in ministerial standing, any feelings of jealousy, on account of the fact that the Conference had appointed a younger man to the charge of the District, as I had had no hand in the arrangement, and should endeavour to treat my senior brethren with the utmost deference and respect. The veteran Missionary replied in a manner which left no room to doubt his sincerity, "My dear brother, you have no need to feel concerned on that head. The fact is, Edwards, and Haddy, and I, are all too old for office; nor have we the requisite business qualifications, and the rest are all too young. You are in the prime of life, and have had considerable experience in other parts of the Mission field. We are all well pleased with the appointment, and now when we have been spared to see you we like your appearance, and think and feel that you are a man of the right sort, and that you will do very well for us." From this time forward, I numbered Barnabas Shaw among my nearest and dearest Missionary friends and associates.

On Monday the 9th, six days after our arrival at the Cape, a Missionary Meeting was held at Rondebosch, when I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Shaw on the platform for the first time, along with the Rev. Messrs. Edwards, Haddy, Ridgill, Godman, Ridsdale and Thomas. In deference to the strangers, whom he wished to have ample scope, the aged Missionary did

not occupy much time with his address ; but what he did say was much to the point, and clearly showed that the missionary fire still burned brightly on the altar of the speaker's heart. I had frequent opportunities after this of hearing Mr. Shaw speak and preach both in Dutch and English, and was often led to admire the beautiful simplicity of his style, language and manner of address. There was a peculiarity in the tone of his voice, which approached the feminine ; but, when his hearers had become accustomed to it, it was not unpleasant, but rather attractive. His sermons and speeches abounded in anecdotes and in references to his personal experience in the Mission field ; and such illustrations were introduced, not at random, but in a careful and methodical way, according to pre-arrangement, as is evident from several of his manuscript sermons, in Dutch, now before me, which I received from his own hands as mementoes of his kind regard, when I was studying the language soon after my arrival.

On the following day we held an adjourned District Meeting, to take into consideration various matters connected with the Damara Mission, the appointments of the brethren, and other business which had been standing over since the death of my predecessor. All the Missionaries were present except one or two who were engaged on Stations several hundreds of miles distant. I was much pleased both at this and at subsequent District Meetings with the manner and the spirit of the brethren and especially with the kindness and amiability of Mr. Shaw and the other fathers in the ministry. If the subject of this Memoir was not

able to render much assistance by any special tact or adaptation for practical business, he never hindered our proceedings by speech or manner. On the contrary, he was always genial and pleasant, and frequently enlivened the meeting by a playful recital of amusing incidents of his early Missionary travels which were called to mind by the discussions that were going on. During the sessions of the District Meetings great honour was given to Mr. Shaw and Mr. Edwards, as the two senior Ministers in the District: and it was always a real pleasure to receive any suggestions that they chose to make as the result of their long experience in such matters as those which from time to time came under consideration.

During the first week or two after our arrival in South Africa, my time was so fully occupied with matters of public interest, that I had scarcely any opportunity for private conversation with Mr. Shaw or any of the brethren. At length, however, it was otherwise; and I gladly availed myself of the privilege of Christian fellowship with my Missionary associates, the sweetness and comfort of which can be fully known only to those whose lot has been cast in heathen lands. On looking over my Journal I find the following entry under date of Sunday, February 16th, 1851:—"Rode out to Wynberg where I preached in the morning on behalf of the Sunday School. In the evening I preached at Rondebosch. Mr. Shaw having no appointment to-day, I had the pleasure of his company during a part of the afternoon, and was delighted with his genial manner and interesting conversation."

This was the first of many opportunities with which

I was favoured, and which I gladly embraced, of private conversation and confidential social intercourse with my venerable friend and brother. Indeed a mutual attachment now sprang up between us, which continued without interruption or abatement throughout the remaining period of his life. Although not so extensive a reader as some Ministers, Mr. Shaw was a man of keen observation and fine sensibility; and his conversation was always interesting, being frequently spiced with amusing anecdotes and characterised by a vein of quiet humour.

From the early portions of this narrative the reader will have gathered that Barnabas Shaw more especially excelled as a pioneer Missionary. In opening new places for the preaching of the Gospel, he felt more at home than in the pastoral work of the older Stations. Indeed pioneering Missionary enterprise was, with him, a passion. Whilst labouring in Namaqualand in early life he acquired such a taste for this kind of work, that, when he was settled in the colony, where there was not the same call for it as in the interior, he could scarcely refrain from trying such experiments for the extension of the cause, as did not always meet with the approval of his brethren. They considered some of his projects unnecessary and likely to draw attention and effort from the regular work in localities in which the utmost exertions were required to keep it in a state of efficiency. One of these experiments was the Missionary Institution at Raithby, of which an account has been given in the preceding chapter.

When I entered upon my official duties at the Cape of Good Hope, Mr. Shaw resided at Rondebosch, four

miles from Cape Town; but he still had on his hands the management of Raithby, and at an early period he informed me of the case. This he did by a note, dated February 12th, 1851, from which the following is a brief extract:—"Dear Brother,—On the 23rd instant I am planned for Wesley Chapel, Cape Town. I therefore thus early request that you or Mr. Thomas may take my place, and set me at liberty for that day. I have a concern at Raithby about twenty-eight miles off; which I should like to visit at that time. The place is a farm which I purchased five or six years ago, with the idea of its being an outlet to our Somerset people, I offered it to the late Mr. Hodgson as Chairman of the District, to have it transferred to the Missionary Society, for the price it cost; but he declined to entertain my proposal, saying, the state of the Society's funds would not admit of it; and so it was thrown on my own hands. There is a chapel of my own; but it is left in my will as a gift to the Society to be settled on yourself and brethren as trustees. There are now about thirty families residing there, with a good Society and congregation, the chapel being crowded on the Sabbath day. It is in the Stellenbosch Circuit, under the care of Brother Edwards, although nearer to Somerset West, yet I feel a pleasure in going there occasionally, and in spending a Sabbath with the people. Besides, my son Daniel has lately had a store there, and has just volunteered to Kaffirland to take part in the war; and everything is left in confusion. I hope to be able to put matters right if you can arrange to set me at liberty for a few days at the time I mention. I write now, lest you should have previous engagements,

and hope that you will, in one way or another, get my place supplied."

I felt much sympathy for my venerable friend and brother in view of the trials to which he alluded, and of others which pressed upon him at this time. I had pleasure in supplying his appointment on this and several other occasions, when he wished to be at liberty; and we had now a more ample supply of ministerial labour at command than formerly, through the detention of some of the Missionaries at the Cape, while we waited to hear from the Committee with reference to the distant Stations in the interior. Mr. Shaw concluded his letter on this occasion with a few sentences which have in them the true Missionary ring, notwithstanding his advance in years:—"I am not afraid of work, for I shall have to travel sixty or seventy miles out and in, and I shall very likely preach three or four times during my absence. Brother Ridgill can tell you all about the place, etc."

On Saturday the 5th of April I availed myself of the kind invitation of the Rev. R. Ridgill, and accompanied him on my first visit to his interesting Station at Somerset West, with its outposts at the Strand and Terrington Grove, and had thus an opportunity of seeing the results of the work which had been commenced by Mr. Shaw so many years before, and to which reference is made in a previous chapter. He and his zealous successors had not laboured in vain in this part of the field. This was evident from the large congregations and prosperous Societies to which I ministered, and from the promising Mission schools which I inspected at each of the places mentioned. I

was much pleased with my visit to Somerset; and on Monday the 7th, Mr. Ridgill kindly accompanied me to Raithby and Stellenbosch, where I was again favoured to behold the fruits of the early labours of my venerable friend. At the place first named I looked with pleasure on the neat cottages and well-cultivated gardens of the settlers; and the little Mission school in active operation under the care of a coloured teacher, proved on examination to be in a prosperous state. I was so favourably impressed with the Missionary Institution at Raithby that I was quite prepared to relieve Mr. Shaw of the burden of which he complained, by taking it over on behalf of the Missionary Society on equitable terms, in order that the evening of his life might not be darkened with worldly care; and I made proposals accordingly; but because of certain entanglements which had gathered around the property, and some objections made by members of his family, a satisfactory arrangement could not then be made. The property therefore remained in his possession until his death, when the land and chapel came into the possession of the Society; and Raithby is now, as it has been for many years, a prosperous out-station of the Stellenbosch Circuit.

The last enterprise of a pioneering character in which Mr. Shaw was engaged was the erection of a temporary native chapel on the verge of the Cape Flats, in a locality called the Camp Ground. There were a few poor coloured people living in miserable huts in the neighbourhood, who, he thought, might be induced to attend a place of worship, if one were thus provided for them at their very doors. This project

was in hand when I arrived at the Cape, and a number of subscriptions had been received or promised towards the comparatively small sum necessary for its completion. I therefore could not find in my heart to discourage it, especially as it was connected with the Dutch work at Rondebosch, of which Mr. Shaw had charge, although, considering its proximity to our existing chapel, and some other circumstances, I had but little hope that it would result in any permanent good. The building was formed of posts planted in the ground, wattled with sticks and plastered with clay, and the roof was thatched with reeds, the floor being formed of mud, and the walls whitewashed. It was truly pleasing to witness the lively interest which the grand old Missionary took in this enterprise. To give the frail structure a proper church-like finish, in the place of a belfry, he had a large conical board fixed to the top of the gable, with the word "*Tabernacle*" painted upon it, having an idea, I suppose, that the temporary building would some day be superseded by the erection of a permanent temple for the worship of the true and living God. This anticipation was, however, not realized.

When Mr. Shaw's "*Tabernacle*" was completed and furnished with a stand and a few forms, arrangements were made for its being formally opened, on Christmas Day, 1852. After the usual morning service at Burg Street Chapel, Cape Town, the Rev. Isaac Harding, who was spending some time at the Cape, on his way to Australia, accompanied me to take part in the service. In the afternoon Mr. Harding preached in English, and I delivered an address; and

in the evening Mr. Shaw preached in Dutch. The congregations were good and the collections liberal; and the veteran Missionary appeared to be in his happiest mood, as he saw his favourite project brought to a successful issue. The "Tabernacle" stood for several years, and was of service to a few scattered people who lived in the neighbourhood. When I had learned a little of the language of the people, I took my turn in preaching in that language, as the services were held in the afternoon, when we could attend to them without interfering with our more important engagements. Ultimately the "Tabernacle" crumbled to the ground, and was not renewed, there being, in the opinion of the brethren, sufficient accommodation in our existing places of worship for the small population of the neighbourhood.

When Mr. Shaw found his physical strength failing, he relinquished the idea of taking any other Station than that which he then occupied, and, having decided to make his home at Rondebosch, or Mowbray, (as that part of the village in which the chapel stood was sometimes called,) when he should retire from active service, he built himself a dwelling house there, and prepared to make the evening of his life as comfortable as circumstances would permit. In this arrangement his friends and family connections rejoiced; and the only thing to be regretted was, that he had not, at an earlier period, prepared for retiring from a position for which his physical strength was quite inadequate, and the duties of which obliged him often to accept the help of his brethren, who were ever kindly ready to supply his lack of service. It



**KHAMIESBERG STATION, WHERE MR. SHAW COMMENCED
HIS MISSIONARY CAREER.**



MOWBRAY STATION, WHERE MR. SHAW FINISHED HIS COURSE,

must, however, be recorded to his honour, that he was a willing worker, always ready to do anything in his power to advance the cause of Christ. Often when he was scarcely fit to do so he took Dutch services, both in town and country, the coloured people especially being always glad to see and hear him.

Cape Town, being situated immediately under the almost perpendicular face of Table Mountain, is exceedingly hot and sultry in the summer season. After the experience of two years, I found residence in the city scarcely compatible with the very arduous duties which I had to perform; for, with the small staff of labourers then on the ground, I had, as Chairman and General Superintendent of the District, and as an ordinary working Missionary, to do the full work of two men. To meet the emergency as best I could, I made arrangements for a residence in a more open, airy, and healthy situation. My zealous and devoted predecessor had intended to do the same, but had not lived to carry out his purpose. He had, however, with this object in view, purchased a small property in Mowbray, and, his widow having returned to England and wishing to dispose of the property, I obtained it from her agent, and then built myself a cottage not many hundred yards from the residence of Mr. Shaw, who with great pleasure anticipated our going to be his near neighbours. Nor was the prospect of this association less pleasing to me and my dear wife; for we esteemed the venerable Missionary very highly in love for his work's sake as well as for his many excellencies of character.

From the commencement of the year 1853, when

we were settled in our new house at Mowbray, we were in almost constant intercourse with Mr. Shaw and his family. Seldom did a day pass without his looking in upon us in the most free and friendly manner. Sometimes he would say to my wife, "Is Mr. M—— at home? If he is not particularly engaged, tell him I have called on purpose to have a little chat with him to prevent too long and too close an application to his studies." On other occasions he would remark, "Now, if I call too often, or stay too long, you must give me a hint, for I know how precious your time is; but I assure you it does both my soul and my body good to come and sit a little while with you." And I am free to record that the pleasure of this happy intercourse was mutual, for when I could conveniently make myself at liberty,—and the visits of my friend were generally considerate and well-timed—I very much enjoyed his company.

On Monday the 21st of March the Rev. Robert Young, who had been long expected, arrived at the Cape on his way to Australia, and we had the pleasure of his company for a few days at our house. This was an event of great interest to us and our Missionary associates, whom we invited to share with us, as frequently as possible, the company of our distinguished visitor; but no one enjoyed the treat more than Mr. Shaw, who was earnest in his inquiries concerning his numerous friends and ministerial brethren in England, and concerning the progress of Methodism at home after the trials through which it had been called to pass. It was Easter, and we were just in the midst of our School Anniversaries. Those at Cape Town and

Wynberg were attended by Mr. Young, who declared himself much pleased with the educational department of our work. At the Wynberg Meeting Mr. Shaw also joined us; and, being in his happiest mood, he took a lively part in the interesting conversation that was carried on in the social circle. In public he said little; but I remember that he exhorted the children to treasure up the Word of God in their memories, in the morning of life, that it might be a comfort to them in after years; and that he remarked, in illustration, that he could remember distinctly many little incidents which occurred when he was a boy at home, whilst he sometimes found it difficult now to recall the names of his best friends, or even what occurred in his family a week before.

About this time an event occurred in connection with our work at the Cape of Good Hope, which greatly delighted Mr. Shaw, although he was unable to take any part in the religious services by which it was signalized. I refer to the present made to the Wesleyan Missionary Society by his friend, James Mortimer Maynard, Esq., of a beautiful new chapel at Wynberg, which had cost about £1,000. The aged Missionary had known Mr. Maynard from his early years, and remembered his arriving in the Cape Colony in 1820 as an emigrant in humble circumstances. He had seen his friend gradually rise to a position of wealth and influence, and had always felt a deep interest in his temporal and spiritual welfare; and now when God had put it into his heart to show his gratitude to Him by this substantial offering, it was a cause of great joy to him, in common with every true friend

of Missions. Nor was Mr. Shaw unmindful of the advantages which the people of the village would be likely to realize from the erection of the new chapel. He remembered the smallness of the beginning of the work in Wynberg and the difficulties which had been felt for many years through the want of suitable chapel accommodation.

Having seen with gratitude and joy the generally prosperous state of the Mission Stations in Cape Town and its neighbourhood, the foundation of which had been laid by Mr. Shaw and his devoted Missionary associates, I soon had the opportunity of inspecting also those in the interior. Wishing to become personally acquainted with the work in every part of the District, that I might be able better to counsel and direct the brethren, I arranged to commence my first journey to Namaqualand on the 4th of July, 1853, a few months after our removal to Mowbray. I had frequent conversations with Mr. Shaw in reference to this journey, in which he felt a deep interest. He gave me much valuable information as to the country and the best mode of travelling, telling me that after I had passed a certain point I should find myself in a dreary wilderness where I should probably not meet with an inhabitant for several days in succession, and where it would be difficult for man and beast to subsist, unless I should go well provided with such things as would be required. When I remarked how dreary and barren a country it] must be, my venerable friend made one of those dry humorous observations for which he was so remarkable. "My dear brother," said he, "the country is indeed in many

places dreary and barren in the extreme. You will travel through regions which consist of nothing but rocks and sands, a blade of grass being seldom seen; and, indeed the land is so barren that it would take fifty acres to feed a goose!"

One of the most interesting incidents of this my first visit to Namaqualand, the scene of Mr. Shaw's earliest labours in South Africa, was that he sent by me a letter to his old friends at Khamiesberg as a proof of his affectionate remembrance of them. This letter was written in Dutch and was delivered to me open, that I might make myself acquainted with its contents before reading it, and handing it over, to those whom it concerned. I was but a beginner at the language, and I spent nearly all my spare time on this journey in its study, and I made myself tolerably familiar with Mr. Shaw's letter during the fortnight which was occupied in travelling nearly four hundred miles with a spring cart and four horses.

Passing over the principal incidents which occurred on this occasion, I may briefly remark that I was accompanied by my friend Mr. James Morris, an African trader, who, being well acquainted with the country, was able to point out to me the spot, beyond the Elephant's River, at which Mr. Shaw met the Namaqua chief and his people going in search of a Missionary, when he was on his way to the interior in search of a Station; the list of names and dates, Mr. Shaw's among the rest, inscribed upon the rock in the famous cave at Herre Lodgment; and other places of interest. At length, having entered little Namaqualand, we beheld with delight, the elevated mountain range, the highest

part of which is Khamiesberg, the scene of the first Wesleyan Mission Station established in South Africa by the subject of this Memoir; and about sunset on the evening of Friday the 15th, we reached Bethel, an out-post of the Lily Fountain Station, where the Missionary and most of the people reside during the winter months. We were received and entertained with true Christian hospitality by the Rev. John A. Bailie and his amiable wife and family, who did everything in their power to make my visit pleasant and agreeable.

This out-station takes its name from a huge stone, about two hundred and fifty feet long, forty feet broad and sixty feet high, which lies in the centre of a narrow valley, and near which the Missionary's residence and the chapel have been erected. Under the mouldering influence of time, or by some convulsive shake of an earthquake, this stupendous boulder has been broken into three nearly equal pieces, which are separated from each other by narrow chasms; but it is still a most striking and picturesque object. It was under the projecting portion of this rock that Mr. Shaw held religious services in 1819, before the erection of the present chapel. On one occasion, an old Namaqua chief, having heard an explanation of the word "Bethel," declared that thenceforth this remarkable stone should bear that name; as the religious services held in its shadow had often made the place as the "house of God" and the gate of heaven to persons worshipping there.

At an early hour on Sunday morning I was awoke by the singing of the natives, who had already assembled in the adjoining sanctuary to hold their prayer-meeting.

I immediately arose and joined them in their devotions. The chapel was half-full of people. The prayers were offered partly in Dutch and partly in Namaqua; and, although I could not understand much that was said, the prayers appeared to be so sincere and were so fervent that I felt it good to be there. At ten o'clock I preached to an attentive congregation of natives, Mr. Bailie kindly interpreting. There was a gracious influence throughout the entire service, and before it closed I read Mr. Shaw's letter to the people, according to his request. I will not trouble the reader with the original of this remarkable document, but simply give the substance of it in a free translation. It was as follows:—

“MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Many years have passed away since I was at Kamiesberg. In this time many of my dear friends have been removed; and I trust they rest with Christ in heaven. You and I are following them, and I hope to get safe home. Let us continue to watch and pray; so shall we obtain help and support from our Redeemer and Saviour. It will be thirty-seven years on the 4th of October, since I met the Chief, old Gert Links, old Adam, Jan Willem, Peter Links, and another, near Riemhoogte, Elephant's river. How good and gracious the Lord has been to us all these years! ‘What shall we render unto the Lord for all His benefits?’ Let us give our hearts more fully to Jesus Christ, and cleave to Him. He will never leave us. He will never forsake us. You old people, walk uprightly before the young ones, and pray for them continually. You young men and women

hearken to the aged, and help them in all things. But I must conclude by praying that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, may be with you all. I hope to see many men, women, and children of Namaqualand in heaven. I remain, your old friend and teacher,

“ B. SHAW.”

The reading of this letter produced a wonderful effect upon the whole congregation, and when I handed it to old Gert Links who received it in the name and on behalf of the rest of the people, he was moved to tears, and with a full heart stood up, and replied as follows :—“ *Ja Mynheer, wy vergeten onze oude Leeraars niet, maar wa hebben ze nog lief. Toen Mynheer Shaw is eerst onder ons gekomen, heeft hy ons eenen kostelyken schat, meer kostelyk dan goud gebragt.*” “ Yes, Sir, we do not forget our old teachers, but we love them still. When Mr. Shaw first came among us, he brought us a treasure more precious than gold.” The treasure alluded to was “the glorious Gospel of the blessed God,” which those valued above all price who had received it in meekness and in love. Nor did they lightly esteem the temporal blessings of civilization and social progress which had followed in its train. They felt themselves deeply indebted to those who had introduced Christianity among them.

Returning from Great Namaqualand, a few weeks afterwards, I ascended Khamiesberg, and visited Lily Fountain, the principal Station of the tribe, and had a better opportunity of seeing the extent of the land under cultivation, and of witnessing the comparative

comfort in which the people were living, under the fatherly care and godly ministrations of the Missionary. The greatest drawback to my pleasure in this visit of inspection was the fact, that it was necessarily made in the winter season, when everything appeared to disadvantage. Indeed, we were exposed to much discomfort and some peril by reason of the unfavourable state of the weather. We were overtaken by a severe snow-storm whilst crossing the mountain, and had to wade for many a mile through the sleet and driven snow. Notwithstanding all our great care one of our jaded horses perished in the cold by night; but, by the blessing of God, we ourselves passed through all in safety.

About two years afterwards, in the month of October, 1855, I had a still better opportunity of inspecting the Kamiesberg Station. I then paid my second visit to Namaqualand, the occasion being the opening services of the new chapel. Mr. Shaw who had been invited was then too feeble to undertake the journey. This time I travelled by water a considerable distance, landing at Hondeklip Bay, where I procured horses. With a Hottentot boy for my guide, I rode to Bethel, a distance of forty-five miles. Finding that the Missionary and his family had left the lowlands for the mountain the day before, I rode forward the next morning, and, overtaking them, joined them at their encampment, before they reached the Station. That night the Missionary's wife and children occupied the waggon whilst we slept with tolerable comfort on the ground wrapped in our skin blankets. After breakfast next morning we proceeded to Lily Fountain where we

found the people assembled together in multitudes, decently clothed, and having the appearance of advanced civilization. The valleys and patches of level ground on every side of the mountain were well cultivated; the fields were waving with corn, and gave promise of a fruitful harvest; and the cattle browsing in the pastures were tended by their hinds with every appearance of happiness and prosperity.

Whilst contemplating the social and moral elevation of the natives of Little Namaqualand, as the result of the benign influence of the Gospel, I could not refrain from contrasting their present condition with that in which Mr. Shaw had found them forty years before, when he first pitched his tent among them. Then their scanty clothing consisted in scraps of skin obtained from the few sheep and goats which they possessed, or from the wild animals which roamed among their native mountains; now they were respectably clothed in European raiment. Then they subsisted chiefly on wild roots, locusts, and the larvæ obtained from ants' nests; now, in favourable seasons, they had abundance of corn, of milk, and of animal food from their flocks. Then they were shut up in the deepest ignorance, superstition, and sin; now they knew and served the true and living God, about two hundred of them being united in church-fellowship, and all the children attending the Mission School. I found the inhabitants of the Lily Fountain Station upwards of a thousand in number living together as one family, in peace and love, in the enjoyment of innumerable blessings unknown to those who are strangers to the Gospel. About seven hundred acres of land were under cultivation, and the

people possessed one hundred ploughs, thirty waggons, two thousand five hundred head of horned cattle, four hundred horses, and seven thousand sheep and goats. What a change since the time when Mr. Shaw made with his own hands the first plough ever seen in the country, and taught the natives agriculture, at the same time pointing them to Christ as the only Saviour of sinful men!

The new chapel, erected to supersede the humble sanctuary built by Mr. Shaw at the commencement of the Mission, was a commodious and substantial stone edifice in the Gothic style of architecture, seating about six hundred hearers. Both in its plan and in the character of the workmanship, it reflected great credit on the native artizans and on the zealous Missionary who had superintended and directed the whole. Nor was the benevolence of the people less conspicuous in the enterprise. The building was erected at the cost of about £1,000, every shilling of which was contributed by the natives themselves, without any help from abroad, if we except the pulpit which was given by a few friends in Cape Town. The first of the opening services was held on Tuesday, the 6th November, and, at the request of the brethren, I commenced by giving out the beautiful Dutch hymn,—

“Halelujah! lof zij den Heer!
 Aanbidt den Fader, geeft Hem eer,
 Dan Schepper aller dingen!
 Den roem van zijn' barmhertigheid,
 Zyn' wijsheid, magt, en majesteit,
 Moet al het schepsel zingen.”

This hymn, which was a great favourite with both

Mr. Shaw and the people, was sung with much spirit by a congregation which crowded the chapel. After I had read a portion of Scripture in the same language, the Rev. J. A. Bailie offered the dedicatory prayer, and the Rev. R. Ridgill preached a most impressive sermon. In the evening the Rev. F. Weich preached, and the Rev. J. Thomas and Mr. J. Mackay took part in the service. Both the services were well attended, and a gracious influence rested upon the people. In the afternoon a tea-meeting was held in the old chapel, now used as a school-room, when several aged Namaqua converts delivered interesting addresses, in which they referred, in the most affecting manner, to the great change both temporal and spiritual which had taken place in their circumstances since Mr. Shaw commenced his labours among them. Although money was but little known in Namaqualand at that time, the collection amounted to £16 4s., the natives having saved up every coin they had met with for this special purpose.

On this and on other occasions when I visited the respective Mission Stations in the Cape of Good Hope District, I rejoiced exceedingly to see the results of those hallowed labours in which Mr. Shaw had been engaged, with so much simplicity and earnestness, in the prime of his early manhood, and which had been followed up by the unwearied efforts of his devoted successors, and crowned with the blessing of God. Nor was the fact that he had not laboured in vain or spent his strength for nought, less pleasing to the grand old Missionary himself in his comparative retirement at Mowbray. As he was never weary of

recounting the missionary toils, adventures, and exploits of his early days in Namaqualand and other countries, so he was delighted to hear from time to time of the permanence and the progress of the work, and to know that it was still carried on in the spirit in which it had been begun. When I returned from my periodical or occasional journeys of inspection, no one hailed my appearance with greater delight, or was more eager in his inquiries about the state of the work on the distant stations, than Mr. Shaw. He would sit for hours asking how I had succeeded in my enterprise, and listening to my accounts of missionary adventures in regions familiar to himself. When I told him that on my last journey from Khamiesberg, as I was descending a steep hill one dark night, the waggon was upset and I and all it contained were thrown out on the road, he was ready with similar incidents which had occurred in his own experience, and observed how careful we ought to be when travelling by night, the so-called roads being often washed away by the mountain torrents. But when the spiritual results of the Gospel, as faithfully preached by the Missionaries, were dwelt upon, the venerable servant of God would frequently evince deep feeling, and, indeed, nothing gave him greater pleasure, in the evening of life, than to hear from time to time of the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom among the different tribes of South Africa.

What an example have we here of indefatigable zeal and diligence in the cause of God, while health and strength are given, and of enduring interest in the triumphs of the Gospel in declining years! And what

encouragement is afforded, by the experience of the past, to all who are engaged in the work of the Lord, to be still more earnest and persevering in time to come! "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

"Lord, if at Thy command,
The word of life we sow,
Water'd by Thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow :

The virtue of Thy grace,
A large increase shall give
And multiply the faithful race
Who to Thy glory live."



Chapter XIII.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."—2 TIMOTHY iv. 6—8.



IN many grounds it would have been well, in the opinion of his best friends, if Mr. Shaw had retired from the full work of the ministry before he was entirely worn out and unable to fulfil his appointments with comfort to himself or advantage to the cause which he held so dear. But many circumstances induced him to continue at his post as long as possible. He was, moreover, so ready to take his part in the good work, according to his strength and ability, that it was a delicate matter to make any allusion to his retirement. It would have been almost impossible to carry on the work, and supply our numerous preaching places, in Cape Town and the neighbourhood, without a change, if we had not been favoured, about the time when Mr. Shaw became more feeble, with the visits of several brethren who rendered

us valuable service during their stay at the Cape. This was the case especially with the Rev. Messrs. Harding, Hardey, and Morris, who remained longest with us, and always showed the most cheerful readiness to assist us in the good work in which we were engaged. By their aid we were enabled greatly to relieve Mr. Shaw.

Whenever he was unable to take part in a service at which he had engaged to be present, Mr. Shaw felt much concerned, as will appear from a passage in a note which he sent after me to Simon's Town, whither I had gone to preach Missionary sermons, and hold the 'public meeting, towards the close of 1854. He had proposed to join me and the other brethren at the Missionary meeting on the Monday night, but finding himself unable to do so he wrote :—

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—I was ill when you were here, and I have been worse since. Under these circumstances, it would be folly in me to attempt coming. I am sorry for this, but there is no remedy. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. I must submit, so must you. But if the Lord will, I shall make my address on Sabbath morning next, when I am appointed to preach ; and tell the people to-night that, though there will be no public collection, yet all which may be put into the box at the door will be given to assist the Mission fund. Let me just have the *gleanings* to help a little. My heart is with you, and beats as fresh as ever in the good cause. My plea is still the same, ‘*Pity poor Africa*’ ; but you must now do my part. I am sure all the brethren will help you ; and the people of your own and other Churches will come forward nobly. Give

my love to them all ; and may the Lord God, even the God of Israel, be in your midst."

At the District Meeting held in Cape Town in the month of January, 1854, feeling that he could not any longer maintain his position, even nominally, in the ranks of effective Missionaries, Mr. Shaw expressed his wish to retire as a supernumerary. This was cordially acceded to by his brethren ; and his name appeared accordingly in the "Minutes" of the following Conference. He said but little on the occasion. Nor was much time spent in expressions of condolence and regret, by those who cherished towards him the sincerest respect and affection. All sympathized with the noble old warrior when the time came for him thus formally to put off his armour ; and many fervent prayers were offered up to God that he might be long spared to aid us by his counsel, that his last days might be peaceful and happy, and that he might ultimately have an abundant entrance into the kingdom and glory of God. Although it was scarcely necessary to do so, since there always existed between us the most cordial and kindly feeling, I did not fail to assure him that his retirement would make no difference in his relations to us or to the work which was so dear to him, and that we should be most happy, as heretofore, to consult him on any matter of importance, and to avail ourselves of such assistance as he might be able to give.

The three remaining years of Mr. Shaw's life were spent in much pain and suffering. He had long been afflicted with rheumatism in one of its most aggravated and distressing forms. It had not only settled in his

limbs, inducing lameness and difficulty of locomotion ; but it frequently occasioned severe spasms and intense pain in every part of his body. During this part of his life he was never free from pain ; but when he caught cold, or there came a sudden change in the temperature which is a very common occurrence at the Cape, he was subject to smart and intense paroxysms which were most distressing to witness. When these occurred in the night, as they often did, the poor sufferer would cry out through sheer anguish, and toss to and fro upon his bed. When morning dawned he often experienced a measure of relief, and with it there returned to him that pleasantness of manner and that touch of humour, for which he was so remarkable. After a distressing night, he would take his stick and walk round to our house to inquire of our welfare, and to tell us his troubles ; and, in his own quaint way he would say, " O, I have been so ill. Did you not hear me in the night ? I had such a glorious shout ; and it seemed to relieve me a little ! "

This continual suffering and these repeated attacks, showed their effects in general weakness. The dear old Missionary became increasingly thin, and haggard in his appearance. His face was wrinkled and emaciated, and he looked much older than he really was. But his interest in the cause of God suffered no abatement ; and, although quite unable to take any part in the work, he constantly inquired how it was going on in the District, and what kind of religious intelligence was coming from England and other distant countries. When the news was of a pleasing character, his sunken eyes would sparkle with delight,

and he would indulge in audible expressions of praise to God for His goodness to the children of men.

In the early part of 1855, Mr. Shaw tried various means for the mitigation of his sufferings. The medicines administered under the direction of the best skill that could be employed proving ineffectual, he determined to try once more a change of air. He had previously been for some time at the far-famed Caledon Baths, without receiving any material benefit from the use of the water. He now resolved to try the sea-side, and accordingly went, with Mrs. Shaw and two of his daughters, to the Strand, near Somerset West. A note which I received from him whilst there was so characteristic and so illustrative of his condition and feelings, that I extract from it a few sentences, which can scarcely fail to interest the reader:—

“DEAR BROTHER,—I have been so poorly since I came here, that I have been good for nothing in any way. Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Blore, and Kitty are better. If Mr. Parker’s bill for forage comes to hand, please pay it for me. If there are any letters for me, please send them by the omnibus; and if you have a few *Oape Mercantiles* or other newspapers to spare, I shall be glad of them, as we are quite shut out from the world here. If I had half the piety of a monk of former times, this would be a delightful place. But I am sadly deficient in faith, hope, and charity, and also in contemplation. When I cannot sleep at night, I try to think a little and employ myself in repeating some of my favourite Dutch hymns. I sometimes experience much peace and comfort whilst musing on—

*“Jezus, kom toch zelf tot my,
En blyf mynen geest naby;
Kom toch waarde Zielemierind
Liefste, wien myn ziel bemint!” enz*

Then I remember some old texts of mine, such as ‘His mercy endureth for ever,’ and find some comfort from them. I do not think we shall remain long here. We are sojourners by the day. Mrs. S—— and my daughters unite with me in kind love to you and Mrs. M——; and I remain, yours affectionately,

“B. SHAW.”

This habit of musing in the night season, and in times of affliction, on favourite passages of Scripture and verses of hymns is worthy of particular notice. It may be cultivated with advantage by all Christians whose sleep is broken. In favour of this godly practice we have the example of David. He says, “my soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips: when I remember Thee upon my bed, and meditate on Thee in the night watches.” (Psalm lxiii. 5, 6.) “Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage. I have remembered Thy Name, O Lord, in the night, and have kept Thy law.” (Psalm cxix. 55, 56.)

It is to be recorded of Mr. Shaw that the sufferings which he experienced and from which he was scarcely ever free during the closing years of his life, were sanctified, and overruled for good. Under the grace of God, those sufferings tended in no small degree to prepare him for the solemn change which was approaching. Whilst he was able to go about with the

aid of his staff, and was still wont, in the intervals when his pain was less severe, to call occasionally at our house, I observed in his conversation increased spirituality, and more frequent reference to that eternal world to which he felt he was hastening. On these occasions we had many interesting and profitable conversations, during which he would seem to forget his rheumatic pains, and his emaciated countenance would be lighted up with heavenly radiance. And many a time did he express his thankfulness to God for such opportunities of social intercourse and Christian fellowship, by which his heart was cheered and comforted at a time when he felt he stood in need of all the help and consolation he could obtain.

Although Mr. Shaw was quite unfit for ministerial labour during the last two years of his life, he was ever ready to speak a word in season to those with whom he came into contact; and, when his numerous ailments allowed, he delighted to amuse and instruct the children and young people who came around him as he sat in the open air by his cottage. Nor was he unmindful of the comfort and welfare of his domestic servants, who were, generally, coloured boys or girls of Hottentot descent. This is evident from a characteristic note which I received from him, and which I here insert:—"Dear Brother,—Can you supply me with an old school slate? Our boy is fond of making men, horses, and other animals; and I want to encourage him, and to teach him a little writing. I brought out many slates from England in 1843; but they have all gone to Somerset West and other schools, so that I have not one left." Of course I had great pleasure in

supplying what was wanted; and when I next called upon the dear old Missionary, I did not forget to inquire how he and his Hottentot pupil were getting on in their scholastic exercises.

At length the time came when Mr. Shaw's weakness and infirmities so increased that he was unable to go from home and was confined entirely to the house, and frequently to his room, being the subject of almost constant pain, arising from rheumatic affection and other ailments. During the weeks and months which elapsed after the veteran Missionary was thus prostrated, I visited him almost every day, when at home. After a night of extreme pain and suffering I sometimes found him very much exhausted; but after a little pleasant conversation he would kindle into a state of gratitude and joy almost amounting to exultation; and, forgetting his pains, he would speak with uncommon life and energy on the inexhaustible subject of Christian Missions and the progress of the work of God. When the visit was on the Monday morning he would make minute inquiry respecting the congregations and services of the Sabbath, concluding with the pathetic observation, which, uttered in his plaintive accents was pathetic indeed, "You see, Brother Moister, I am still a prisoner of the Lord; but I do not forget you when assembled in His sanctuary. I follow you in my thoughts through all the service, and as you are singing, and praying, and reading, and preaching, my poor prayers ascend to heaven that the blessing of God may rest upon you and the people to whom you minister. When the wind is favourable I can hear the happy hum of your united voices praising

God in His house ; and as the joyful sound falls upon my chastened spirit, I feel thankful to my heavenly Father that I can thus participate in your worship.”

In the last week of January, 1857, our usual Annual District Meeting was held, at which most of the Missionaries were present. On former similar occasions Mr. Shaw had invariably occupied a seat of honour on the right hand of the chairman, whilst his venerable friend, Mr. Edwards, sat on the left. To both of these aged and devoted servants of God the brethren were wont to pay the utmost possible respect ; and their wise and judicious counsel was always acceptable. But on the occasion referred to Mr. Shaw was unable to attend, and his absence was keenly felt by all present ; many fervent prayers being offered up to God on behalf of His afflicted servant. When we waited upon Sir George Grey to show our respect to him as the Governor of the Colony and the representative of Her Majesty the Queen, as was our wont, His Excellency noticed the absence of the veteran Missionary, whom he regarded as his friend, and made particular inquiry in reference to his health. Nor did the Governor's solicitude terminate here. He called upon him at his house at Mowbray, when he expressed his sincere sympathy for him in his affliction. Indeed, Sir George Grey was very friendly with all the Missionaries ; and nothing delighted him more than to have a free and homely conversation with the venerable Barnabas Shaw, who was ever ready to entertain His Excellency with amusing stories of bye-gone days.

Almost immediately after the close of the District Meeting, about the middle of February, I had occasion

to leave home on an official visit to Somerset West, Newman Villa, Bosjesveld, and Robertson. This journey occupied me nearly three weeks; and when I returned home on Wednesday, the 4th of March, I hastened to visit my dear old friend, as usual. I found him much the same as he had been for some time before, suffering from acute pain and debility; and, if anything, getting weaker and weaker. He made particular inquiry respecting the incidents which had occurred in the course of my journey, and rejoiced exceedingly at the prospect of the extension of the Gospel in the district of Swellendam.

On Monday, the 28th of May, we laid the foundation stone of our new Chapel at Newlands; and on the following Sabbath I preached at Wesley Chapel, Burg Street, Cape Town, and afterwards baptized twenty children and adults. On Wednesday, the 3rd of June, Mr. Henry Tindall was ordained to the full work of the ministry, the religious services in connection with which were unusually solemn and impressive. Mr. Shaw was, of course, unable to take part in any of these interesting services; but as often as I returned home and paid him my wonted visit, he listened with devout attention to the accounts I was able to give him of our proceedings, and expressed his gratitude to God that he had lived to see the Mission, which he had been the means of planting, in such a state of prosperity.

From this time I observed my honoured friend to become rapidly worse. His appetite failed, his breathing became, at times, oppressive, and he seemed impressed with the conviction that his course would

soon be run ; and when I visited him I generally found him confined to his bed. Our conversations were now confined almost exclusively to religious subjects. He listened with devout attention to the reading of God's Holy Word, and responded fervently to the prayers which were offered up on his behalf. On referring to Christian experience, Mr. Shaw invariably expressed his humble trust and firm reliance on the atonement of Christ for acceptance with God, and as the only ground of his hope of heaven ; and the frame of his mind seemed to be that of calm and settled peace rather than of triumph or exultation. Yet he would at times give vent to expressions of gratitude and joy for the way in which the Lord had led him, for so many years, in the wilderness.

On Saturday, the 20th of June, having occasion to leave home for Simon's Town to fulfil an engagement on the Sabbath, I visited Mr. Shaw as it proved for the last time. Having commended him to God in prayer, I started on my journey, often thinking of the dear invalid. On my return homeward, on Monday morning, I met a converted native at Claremont, who, I thought, would be able to give me the information I wanted, and I accosted him in his own tongue inquiring, "*Hoe vart Mynheer Shaw ?*" "How is Mr. Shaw ?" when he shook his head, and with much feeling replied, "*Mynheer Shaw is gestorven.*" "Mr. Shaw is dead ;" and on reaching the Station I found it even so. I can scarcely describe the feeling of sorrow and sadness which stole over my heart on the occurrence of this mournful event. The devoted pioneer Missionary finished his course in peace at his residence in Mowbray, near Cape

Town, on Sunday, the 21st of June, 1857, in the seventieth year of his age, and the forty-seventh of his ministry.

On Tuesday, the 23rd, the remains of the devoted Barnabas Shaw were followed to their resting-place in the English cemetery at Green Point, by a vast concourse of sincere mourners, after a portion of the funeral service had been conducted in Wesley Chapel, Burg Street, Cape Town, in which his old friends the Revs. Edward Edwards and James Cameron, recently arrived from the Eastern Province, took a prominent part. The pulpits of our principal chapels were draped in mourning, and impressive funeral sermons were preached on the following Sabbath in order to glorify God in contemplating His grace which was displayed in the life of His devoted servant, whose name will be had in grateful remembrance as long as the history of Christian Missions to South Africa shall endure.

In addition to what appears incidentally in the course of our narrative, much might be said on the social, ministerial, intellectual, moral, and religious character of the subject of this Memoir; but instead of advancing anything further of our own we prefer to conclude our story of his life and labours with an extract or two from communications received from friends who knew him well, and who "esteemed him very highly in love for his works' sake." W. L. Blore, Esq., late M.P. at the Cape of Good Hope, writing under date, "Hill House, Sandown, Isle of Wight, 28th August, 1876," makes the following interesting statement:—

"My acquaintance with the late Rev. Barnabas

Shaw extends as far back as my childhood ; when I often listened, with fixed and eager attention to the recital of his missionary experiences ; and to his humorous anecdotes and illustrations in the enforcement of religious truth upon his audience when preaching or speaking at public meetings. His amiability of disposition and exhaustless fund of humour, ever made him a great favourite with children ; and many in South Africa, and not a few in England, still speak of him by no other name than that of ' Father Shaw.' This amiability of disposition characterized him through life, and in a work descriptive of ministerial character, published some years ago by a gentleman who afterwards left the Wesleyan Connexion, the motto allotted to Barnabas Shaw was, ' Harmless as Doves.' His very seal with which he stamped his letters was expressive of his loving and sympathizing disposition in the inscription, " Pity poor Africa." And it may be truly said of him that he died as he had lived—without an enemy.

" But although Mr. Shaw had properly speaking no enemies, he had, in common with other Christian Missionaries, many opponents. When he first landed on the shores of the Cape of Good Hope, and for some time afterwards, his proceedings were watched with a jealous eye, and numerous difficulties were thrown in his way. From Lord Charles Somerset and the State Church, down to the slaveholders of the day, who feared that he had come to destroy their craft, he met with undisguised opposition. No Missionary to South Africa ever landed, or ever will land there under such unfavourable circumstances as the devoted

Barnabas Shaw. Yet he bore it all with patience ; and amidst difficulties which would have appalled most men, he pressed forward, and boldly planted the banner of the Cross upon the southernmost promontory of what will yet become one of the most thriving and productive quarters of the world.

“ In 1816, the Wesleyan Society had but a few British soldiers in South Africa to represent them. But they were *Christian* soldiers, and their captain was a Christian soldier also, who, although a lamb in disposition, could become a lion when called to encounter opposition in his course of charitable service for the benefit of others. Both the Governor, and the State Church were boldly encountered in his first struggle for liberty of conscience in matters of religion, and they retreated before the most powerful weapons ever wielded by the Christian warrior,—‘ Love to God and love to man,’ so well and faithfully wielded by this humble, unassuming, yet resistless servant of God. A great and glorious change has taken place since then. Now, throughout South Africa, the Wesleyan Church numbers seventy-five thousand adherents and their Missionaries hold a high position in the estimation of all classes of the community in that portion of the British Empire.

“ In religious matters, as in general politics, Mr. Shaw was conservative in his views, and at all times advocated a cautious policy in advancing. He was particularly attached to the coloured races, and they respected and loved him as a friend. He took an active and prominent part in the formation of the ‘ Philanthropic Association ’ which was established at

the Cape with a view to procure the freedom of female slaves in their childhood. He also established the Sailor's Mission, which resulted eventually in the erection of the Sailor's Home in Cape Town by the mercantile community, a handsome edifice capable of accommodating a large number of seamen when on shore.

"During the last forty years of his life, Mr. Shaw was a martyr to rheumatic pains ; but, when suffering most acutely, his cheerfulness of disposition never deserted him ; and his friends who visited him during his most violent attacks were often astonished to meet with humour and wit, instead of gloom and complaint.

"As a preacher, Mr. Shaw was most faithful, and his ministry was highly appreciated by all classes. On account of the respect and love with which he was regarded by his audience, he often administered reproof and admonition in the most homely way, which would not have been tolerated from one possessing a less amiable and loving disposition. He was, moreover, at all times a great favourite with young Missionaries, and in his presence, they always felt at home. By his advice and sympathy he not only endeared himself to them ; but they were profited by his counsel, and fortified for the encounter of the numerous difficulties incident to an entrance upon Mission work. As a father, husband, friend, and Missionary, he was a true Christian, and was ever faithful to the interests of the Church, with which he was connected and to which he was devotedly attached.

"Mr. Shaw was very fond of music and could play well on several instruments. On account of this ac-

complishment, on one occasion he came into possession of a valuable violin as a donation to the Society, in a manner somewhat remarkable. When collecting funds for the erection of a new Wesleyan chapel in Cape Town, the instrument was jocosely offered to him as a 'Methodist Parson,' if he would play a tune upon it, which he did to the astonishment of the joker, and to the delight of all present. The violin was accordingly given up and sold for a handsome sum, which was duly entered upon the subscription list to the credit of the donor.

"Whenever he attended a public meeting the devoted Missionary diffused a cheerful and kindly spirit all around. His very presence insured this result, whilst his amusing anecdotes and pointed remarks generally helped forward the object for which the meeting was convened. Nor was his company less edifying in private. Half an hour with 'Father Shaw' did any visitor good, if not always spiritually, yet mentally, socially, and morally.

"He suffered very much during the last year of his life; and a few hours before his death, a French Missionary who was present seeing him in great pain, kindly carried him to his bed from the couch on which he had been reclining. Whilst being thus conveyed Mr. Shaw cried out in his usual plaintive tone, 'Poor Peter! poor Peter!' alluding to the passage, 'When thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thine hands, and another shall gird thee and carry thee whither thou wouldest not.' Amongst his last words were these, 'I have seen the end of human perfection.' Soon after this utterance he gently passed away to be for ever

with the Lord. He died as he had lived, a humble, but firm and faithful follower of his Divine Master, and an ardent and devoted minister of the Wesleyan Church, which he had so long adorned by his consistent walk and conversation. In life he sat at the feet of Jesus; in death he trusted in His atonement; and being found in Him he no doubt departed to dwell in His presence for ever.

“This is the sincere and heartfelt estimate of the Rev. Barnabas Shaw’s character and disposition, by one who was intimately acquainted with him for thirty years, and who had the honour of familiar intercourse with him as a member of his family for thirteen years.”

To this emphatic and honourable testimony to the ministerial, religious and social character of the subject of this Memoir, we have pleasure in adding that of his esteemed friend and Missionary-associate the Rev. Benjamin Ridsdale. As stated in a former chapter, Mr. and Mrs. Ridsdale accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and family to the Cape of Good Hope, in the latter part of the year 1843, and had consequently an opportunity of observing the venerable Missionary under various circumstances whilst travelling with him both by sea and land. Writing from Stockton, under date of September 20th, 1876, Mr. Ridsdale makes the following remarks:—

“As to my dear old friend, the venerable Barnabas Shaw, I am very glad you are preparing a memorial of him, as I consider his character and labours worthy of being more widely known by the friends of Missions

generally, and especially by the rising generation. I have a very pleasant recollection of many happy hours spent in his company, both during our voyage together and afterwards. On the passage from England to the Cape, Mr. Shaw suffered much from rheumatism; but, notwithstanding this, he regularly assisted those of us who had to acquire a knowledge of the Dutch language. Our little party formed a class, and we practised our reading with him, frequently on the quarter-deck of the ship, which we preferred for the sake of the fresh air, especially whilst passing through the sultry regions of the tropics. We all looked up to him as a loving father; and, such was the gentleness of his spirit, the simplicity of his character, and the kindness of his heart, that he endeared himself to us more and more as time passed away; and, though unconsciously to himself, drew out the fullest confidence of our souls.

“For four years after our arrival in South Africa, and whilst labouring in the far distant interior, Mr. Shaw and I saw but little of each other. But after our return to the Colony, for nine years we were constantly associated in the work of the Lord; and throughout the whole of that period, the same characteristics were constantly shown, accompanied by a natural cheerfulness and vivacity that made him an exceedingly pleasant companion. The affection which his amiable character awakened at a very early period of our acquaintance, continued and grew till, in 1856, on our embarkation for England, we bade him farewell, till we meet again in the ‘better country.’

“I cannot close these few remarks without a similar testimony to the memory of Mrs. Shaw, who was in

many respects a noble woman,—always cheerful and vivacious,—and from whom I always received a treatment truly kind and maternal. I trust in due season to greet them both again ‘on the eternal shore.’”

Mrs. Shaw survived her lamented husband a few years, and then peacefully passed away to her heavenly rest,—one of many devoted Missionary-wives who have nobly aided their partners in their arduous work, and who will undoubtedly share with them their glorious reward. In the joyful hope of a happy meeting above with those with whom we have toiled and suffered below, so touchingly expressed by my old and esteemed colleague, Mr. Ridsdale, I most cordially unite. In the meantime, be it ours to wait and watch, and labour till the Master calls us to Himself. May we be found ready to enter into the joy of our Lord !

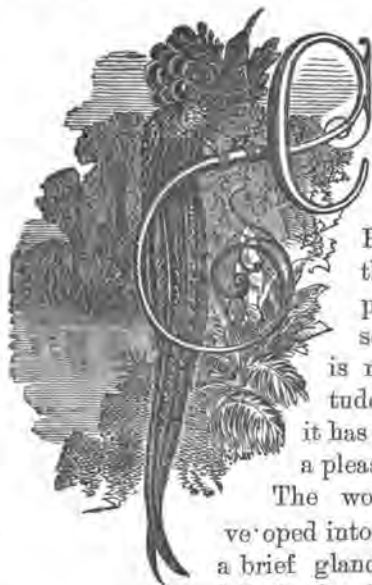
“O let us still proceed
In Jesu’s work below ;
And, following our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go !
The vineyard of their Lord
Before His labourers lies ;
And, lo ! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.”



Chapter XIV.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

“As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall My Word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.”—ISAIAH lv. 10, 11.



CONSIDERING the numerous difficulties with which the Wesleyan Mission to South Africa had to contend when first planted by the Rev. Barnabas Shaw, in the early part of the present century, and on several occasions since, it is matter of sincere gratitude to Almighty God that it has at length arrived at such a pleasing state of prosperity. The work has gradually developed into five separate Districts, a brief glance at which can scarcely fail to inspire feelings of devout admiration of the providence and grace of God which have marked its various stages; whilst at the same

time it forms an appropriate sequel to our narrative of the devoted pioneer who so nobly led the way.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE DISTRICT.

Methodism was introduced into the Eastern Province of the Cape of Good Hope under circumstances very unfavourable to its rapid growth and development. The Colony had but recently come into the possession of the English, and the Dutch language and Dutch ideas everywhere prevailed, with strong prejudices against every form of religion other than that of the Dutch Reformed Church, which was clung to as a mere matter of form, with scarcely anything of the life and power of godliness among the people. The cherished institution of slavery was, moreover, in the zenith of its power, and its influence for evil on the morals and social habits of all classes of the community can only be fully known to those who witnessed it. The religious instruction of the slave population was strictly prohibited, and the immorality, ignorance, and superstition which everywhere prevailed were perfectly alarming. Hence it was found necessary to commence the Mission in the distant interior among the aborigines and wait with patience till the way opened for Missionary operations in the capital of the Colony, as already stated in our narrative

A wonderful change has taken place, however, during the past fifty years. The English portion of the population has greatly increased; the Dutch inhabitants have become liberalized; slavery has been abolished; and religious liberty has generally prevailed. Openings for the spread of the Gospel have from time to time

presented themselves in various directions, of which the Wesleyan Missionaries have promptly availed themselves ; and, in some instances, the results have been of a very pleasing character. The progress of civilization and social improvement has also been very gratifying. On landing in Cape Town the visitor is struck with the resemblance of many things to those he has left behind in Europe. The busy scenes which present themselves to his view at the wharfs and docks ; the familiar sound of the railway whistle at the station near the parade ; and the splendid buildings which are every year increasing in number, can scarcely fail to attract his attention. If it were not for the flat-roofed houses without chimney stacks ; the presence in the streets of the lumberly ox-waggon, with its long team of patient animals ; and the mixed character of the population with their varied costumes, we might fancy ourselves in a respectable English town of thirty thousand inhabitants.

If a stranger on arriving at *Cape Town* wends his way on the Sabbath morning to Wesley Chapel, Burg Street, he will see an English congregation which for devotion, intelligence, and respectability, would compare favourably with those with which he has been associated in the mother country. If he attend Sydney Street Chapel at the eastern end of the city, or Hope Street Chapel to the southward under Table Mountain, he will find respectable native congregations worshipping in a tongue which to him may be " unknown ; " but he cannot fail to be impressed with the fervour of the worshippers, and with the fact that the Gospel of Christ, as preached by the Missionaries, has achieved

a glorious triumph among the class of persons who assemble from time to time in those plain but commodious sanctuaries. In Long Street also he would find a large room occupied for school purposes and religious services where the work possesses many features of interest. From these four centres of population the operations of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in Cape Town are carried on with a zeal and earnestness worthy of the highest commendation. Perhaps the educational department of the work is the most important and interesting, for both Day and Sunday schools are conducted with vigour on most of the Stations occupied, and we have often looked with gratitude and joy on an assemblage of nearly a thousand scholars and teachers on the occasion of a school anniversary. When the new Wesleyan Church in course of erection in Green Market Square, at an estimated cost of £11,000, is completed, few Mission Stations in South Africa, or in any other part of the world will surpass that of Cape Town as an instrument of good to the people.

The country Stations of the Cape District also possess many features of interest, and give evidence of the good work which is going on in those localities. On proceeding eastward, at a distance of four miles from Cape Town, we come to the beautiful rural villages of *Mowbray* and *Rondebosch* near together, where the neat Wesleyan Chapel may be seen to the right, just above Elloughton House, the residence of the late Rev. Barnabas Shaw. The work is carried on here both in Dutch and English, and the Mission schools have proved a blessing to many. We travel

two miles further and pass through the village of Claremont where we see the neat little Wesleyan chapel on our left. The cause has not been so prosperous here as at some other places ; but the chapel is well situated for the convenience of a considerable population of Malays whose rigid Mohammedanism has hitherto proved a barrier to their attendance on our services, and only a comparatively small number have been gathered into the fold of Christ.

The beautiful and healthy village of Wynberg so often resorted to by invalid visitors from India, is situated eight miles from Cape Town, with which it has in common with the intermediate places, been recently connected by a railway. The Wesleyan Mission at this place was commenced at an early period, and the commodious English chapel with its elegant tower, the gift of the late J. M. Maynard, Esq., may be seen on the right, while the old chapel, now used for native services, is situated on the left, in that part of Wynberg known as *Plumstead*. The population of this part of the colony has not yet increased to the extent anticipated, and the English department of the work is but feeble. It is otherwise, however, with the native congregations and Societies. Both at Plumstead and *Diep River*, an interesting Station at a distance of two miles, a considerable number of coloured people, speaking the Dutch language, have been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and united in Church-fellowship. At the place last-named a Day-school has for many years been in active operation, which has proved a blessing to many, there being no other means of instruction in the neighbourhood.

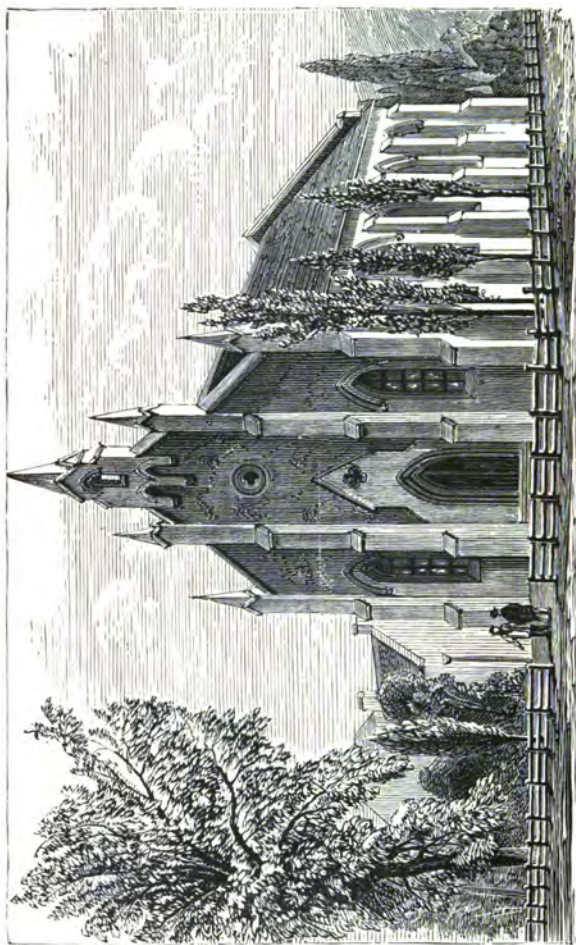
On leaving Diep River and passing through Munsberg and Kalk Bay, along the margin of the sea, *Simon's Town*, twenty-two miles from the capital, is seen in the distance, the most prominent building in the place being the Wesleyan chapel which stands on a hill above the town. This compact little sanctuary, with its spire pointing towards heaven, has long served as a landmark to pilots steering their ships into Simon's Bay. And, what is better still, the Gospel preached there has been the means of conducting many a tempest-tossed soul into the haven of eternal bliss. Simon's Town derives its chief importance from the circumstance of its port being a harbour of refuge for merchantmen proceeding round the stormy Cape, and a principal station of H. M. ships of war when visiting these regions, with its dockyard and residence on shore for the Admiral, and everything complete. The Wesleyan Mission at Simon's Town has for many years proved to be a great blessing to all classes of the community, naval, military, and civil; and, with its out-station of *Elsjies Rivier* in the hills above the town, it affords an interesting and useful sphere of labour for a Missionary.

Stellenbosch is an ancient and picturesque Dutch town, situated in a fertile valley about twenty-eight miles from the capital of the colony. Its wide streets, lined with umbrageous trees, and streams of clear water running down the *slutes*, so refreshing to the weary traveller in the sultry season of the year, make it altogether an interesting place. The Wesleyan Missionaries extended their labours to this locality many years ago; and a large congregation of coloured

persons, who speak the Dutch language, has been gathered, a prosperous native Church organized, and schools established. The present chapel was built in 1840; but it has become too small to accommodate the rapidly-increasing congregation, and a new and more commodious place of worship is in course of erection. The Stellenbosch Circuit comprises also the interesting out-stations of *Raithby* and *Sandfleet*, and affords an ample field of labour for the resident Missionary and the zealous teacher by whom he is assisted.

The rural village of *Somerset West* is situated thirty-two miles from Cape Town, on the direct road to the eastern frontier. The good work was commenced here in 1834, just as the coloured people, for whose benefit the Mission was chiefly established, were emerging from their long and dreary night of slavery. The persevering efforts of Barnabas Shaw, who nobly led the way in this as in other localities, were ably seconded by his Missionary associates and successors; and, as the result of their united toil a large congregation has been gathered, a prosperous native Church organized and excellent schools established. The old chapel which was fitted up out of an unoccupied wine store, has long since been superseded by a handsome and commodious sanctuary, and this place, together with the interesting out-stations of *Terrington Grove* and *Strand*, form an excellent Methodist Circuit.

In 1859 a Missionary was appointed to *Robertson*, a new and important village in the centre of a large agricultural population, about one hundred miles from Cape Town. Previous visits had been occasionally made by the agents of the Society to this place, as



WESLEYAN CHAPEL, ROBERTSON.

well as to *Bosjesveld*, *Lady Grey*, and *Montique*, with encouraging results ; but when the locality was favoured with a resident Minister, and a regular Circuit formed, the work progressed in a very satisfactory manner. The original school-chapel was superseded by an elegant church building, a convenient Minister's residence was erected, a native Church organized, schools established, and congregations gathered, both at the head-quarters of the Mission and at the respective out-stations. From this place the work was subsequently extended to *Swellendam*, an ancient Dutch town at a distance of one hundred and forty miles from the capital. This Station was also favoured with a resident Missionary for some time ; but when the work had assumed a very promising aspect, the Mission premises were consumed by fire, and the depressed state of the Society's funds prevented the re-establishment of the Station, to the great regret of all concerned.

In concluding our brief and hasty survey of Wesleyan Missions in this part of Southern Africa, it only remains for us to notice the Lily Fountain Station on *Khamiesberg* in Little Namaqualand, at a distance from the Cape of nearly four hundred miles. As stated in the course of our narrative, the work was begun here more than sixty years ago by the devoted Barnabas Shaw, and during that long period the Institution has been a centre of light and influence to all around. The out-stations of *Bethel*, *Norap*, and the *Copper Mines*, have also been the means of blessing to many. If the native Hottentots connected with the Mission Stations in Namaqualand have not made such rapid progress in civilization and general knowledge as some

other tribes in the interior, it must be remembered that as a people they do not possess the energy of character which distinguishes the Kaffirs, Fingoes, and others; that the country they occupy is comparatively sterile and unfruitful; and that they are frequently scattered far and wide from the Station in quest of grass and water for their stock, during the long-continued droughts which prevail. It is a matter of gratitude that the Mission has been the means of salvation to multitudes of the once degraded natives, and that hundreds can now read the word of God in their own tongue, many of whom exemplify the beauty of holiness by their consistent walk and conversation.

For several years important Stations were occupied by the Wesleyan Missionary Society beyond the Orange River, in Great Namaqualand and also in Damaraland; but the difficulty of carrying on the work in these remote regions, and the claims of other more promising fields of labour, induced the Society to transfer their Stations in those countries to the German Missionaries, who were labouring in the neighbourhood. It must not be supposed, however, that no harvest was reaped in those fields of labour, which, for economical and prudential reasons, were thus handed over to other Societies. For many years the Nisbett Bath Station was in a very prosperous state, and proved the means of spiritual good to thousands. The writer will never forget the pleasure with which he visited the native Churches and Schools in Namaqualand, in the discharge of his official duties many years ago, and he sincerely prays that the blessing of God may still rest upon them.

In connection with the respective Stations in the Cape of Good Hope District, which we have thus briefly surveyed, there are now *eleven Missionaries, one thousand three hundred Church members, and three thousand, two hundred and sixty-three scholars* receiving instruction in the Mission Schools.

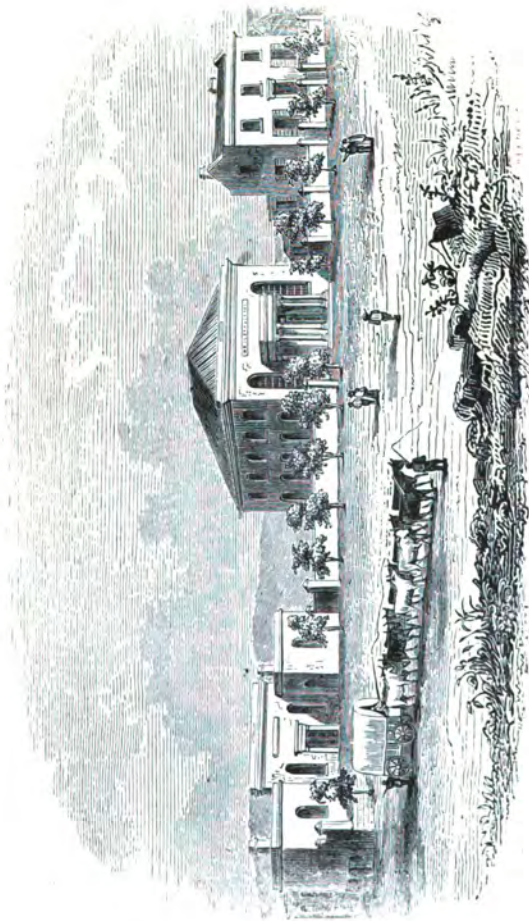
GRAHAM'S TOWN DISTRICT.

The Rev. Barnabas Shaw and his devoted colleagues had been labouring successfully in Namaqualand for about four years, and the way was opening for the commencement of a Mission in Cape Town, when circumstances occurred which led to the introduction of Methodism into the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony. These were the organization by the British Government of an extensive scheme of emigration to South Africa, and the appointment of a Wesleyan Minister to take the spiritual oversight of a large party of emigrants, who claimed to be Methodists. The Minister who was thus honoured to be the Missionary pioneer in that portion of the vast continent now under review was the Rev. William Shaw, who was not the brother of Barnabas as erroneously stated by some American writers, nor any way related to him; but a devoted herald of the cross, of the same name who was admirably adapted both by nature and grace for the work to which he was called in the order of Divine providence. The party of emigrants alluded to, with the zealous Missionary at their head arrived in safety at Algoa Bay, on the 15th of May, 1820, and after passing through various hardships and privations, they succeeded in forming a prosperous settlement, to which

they gave the name of Albany in memory of the old country.

Mr. W. Shaw had not been long in South Africa, when he became deeply impressed with the conviction, that he was called of God, not only to minister to the spiritual necessities of the British settlers, but also to attempt the evangelization of the degraded aborigines, both Hottentots and Kaffirs, who inhabited the country in the regions beyond. He accordingly solicited help from the Missionary Society at home; and, when reinforcements arrived, he and his zealous associates entered upon a course of aggressive missionary labour, which, in its character and results, has scarcely a parallel in the history of the enterprise. We shall now take a bird's-eye view of the development of this wonderful work.

In the course of a few years *Graham's Town*, at a distance of nearly six-hundred miles from the Cape, became the capital of the Eastern Province and the head-quarters of the Wesleyan Mission in that part of Southern Africa. From an inconsiderable village it has in a little more than half a century risen to the position of an important colonial city, with a population of about ten thousand. Preaching was commenced in a large room which soon became too small for the congregations; and on the 5th of December, 1821, the foundation-stone of the first chapel was laid. As the work still expanded, additional accommodation was required, and after a while, the second chapel was built. In 1850, the present beautiful and commodious sanctuary was erected, and received the name of "Commemoration Chapel," in memory of the arrival



WESLEYAN CHAPEL AND MISSION PREMISES, GRAHAM'S TOWN.

of the British settlers. The new edifice was henceforth used for English services, while the old chapel was given up to the native congregations, the work being carried on here, as on most of the colonial Stations, in three different languages. From the very first the blessing of God attended the labours of His servants; souls were won for Christ and united in Church-fellowship, both among settlers and natives, and Graham's Town, with its numerous out-stations, soon became an important and flourishing Methodist Circuit.

At an early period the work was extended to *Salem*, the foundation-stone of the first Chapel in that village being laid on the 1st of January, 1822. The Station called *Farmerfield* was next occupied; and before many years had passed away Missionaries were appointed to *Bathurst*, *Fort Beaufort*, *Port Elizabeth*, *Uitenhage*, *Craddock*, *Somerset East*, *Graaff-Reinett*, *King William's Town*, *Mount Coke*, *Peddie*, *Newtowndale*, *Annshaw*, *Heald Town*, and other Stations. At most of these places the work is carried on in two or three different languages, for the benefit of British settlers, Hottentots, Fingoes, and Kaffirs. The five last named are for the most part native Stations, and the work is purely of a Missionary character.

In the Graham's Town District *thirty-two Missionaries*, several of whom are converted natives, are usefully employed; *five thousand six hundred and seven* members are united in Church fellowship, whilst *five thousand four hundred and forty-seven scholars* are receiving instruction in the Mission schools.

QUEEN'S TOWN DISTRICT.

When the Rev. W. Shaw and his devoted colleagues had made provision for the spiritual wants of the British settlers and the scattered tribes of Hottentots in the immediate neighbourhood of Graham's Town, they entered Kaffirland and made arrangements for the evangelization of the most warlike, but noble and generous, race of people to be found on the continent of Africa. The plan was to form a chain of Mission Stations through the centre of the country, right away from Albany to Natal; and, in the course of a few years this was done to the great advantage of the native tribes themselves, and to the Cape Colony with which they were in constant communication. Some time ago this portion of the wide field was organized as a separate Mission District, and it has recently been favoured with a cheering measure of prosperity.

Queen's Town, which has been made the head of the District, is about seven hundred miles from the Cape, and it became an important centre a few years ago, when a number of European settlers removed thither to engage in agricultural and mercantile pursuits. Among these, as well as for the benefit of the native tribes in the neighbourhood, the work of the Mission is carried on in two or three different languages. This is the case also at another settlement in the neighbourhood called *Dordrecht*. All the rest of the Stations in this District are of a purely Missionary character, being established for the benefit of native Kaffirs and Fingoes, which are very numerous all over the country.

The first Mission Station planted in Kaffirland was called *Wesleyville* in honour of the founder of Methodism. Then followed *Mount Coke*, *Morley*, *Butterworth*, *Olarkebury*, *Buntingville*, *Shawbury*, *Lesseyton*, *Osborn*, *Mount Arthur*, and others, so named in honour of men who in their day and generation distinguished themselves as the zealous friends and patrons of the Missionary enterprise. Some of these Stations have been repeatedly desolated by Kaffir wars, but they have as frequently been rebuilt when the storm had passed over. Others have been removed to more favourable localities; but through all the changes which have taken place the Missionaries have prosecuted their important work with perseverance and success.

In passing through Kaffirland the traveller can scarcely fail to be struck with astonishment at the change which has been effected by the introduction of Christianity. Formerly both life and property were very insecure, but now those who are peaceably disposed, whether Europeans or natives, need fear no harm. Christian sanctuaries and schools may be seen in connection with every Station; the Scriptures have been translated into the language of the aborigines; hundreds can read and write with tolerable fluency, and thousands of native converts have been gathered into the fold of the Redeemer by the blessing of God upon the faithful preaching of the Gospel.

The number of *Missionaries* now labouring in the Queen's Town District is *seventeen*, several of whom are converted Kaffirs who have been educated and trained for the sacred office. *Three thousand nine*

hundred and forty-seven members are united in Church fellowship, and *four thousand three hundred and eighty-three scholars* are receiving instruction in the Mission schools.

BLOEMFONTEIN DISTRICT.

Whilst Barnabas Shaw and his noble band of Missionary associates were labouring at the Cape of Good Hope and in Namaqualand, and William Shaw and his brethren were toiling in Albany and Kaffirland, Edward Edwards, Thomas L. Hodgson and Samuel Broadbent were working their way into the far-distant interior, and planting the Gospel among the Bechuana and other wandering tribes beyond the boundaries of Colonial civilization. The difficulties with which they had to contend were truly appalling, but with the blessing of God they surmounted them all, and the results of their labours, and of those zealous men of God by whom they were succeeded, are seen in the flourishing Mission Stations now comprising the Bloemfontein District.

Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, is six hundred and eighty miles from Cape Town. In consequence of its central situation and other circumstances, it has recently been made the head-quarters of the Stations formerly comprehended in the Bechuana District. It is a small but flourishing town, with well-planned streets, and some good public buildings. The new English Wesleyan Chapel is a neat and substantial structure, with seats for about six-hundred people, and ample accommodation for Prayer-meetings and Class-meetings. The native chapel is also a commodious

building, and it is generally filled with earnest worshippers. *Smithfield*, *Fauersmith*, and the *Diamond Fields*, are also Stations where the work is of a very mixed character, and as yet comparatively in its infancy. A good foundation is being laid, however, and more cheering results may be expected in time to come.

Most of the other Stations in this District have been established for the benefit of the native tribes, with the exception of *Colesberg* and *Burgher's Dorp*, where the work is carried on among the Dutch and English, as well as the Aborigines. *Wittenbergen* and *Bensonvale* are both native "reserves," where large numbers of Fingoes are located under the paternal care of the colonial government. *Thaba 'Nchu* and *Moshaneng* are also important native Stations, the one first named being perhaps the largest native settlement in South Africa. At all these places a great and glorious work has been going on for many years, and the results are such as are calculated to gladden the hearts of all the true friends of the Missionary enterprise.

The number of *Missionaries* in the Bloemfontein District is *thirteen*; *Church members*, *three thousand one hundred and eighteen*; *Scholars* in the Mission schools, *two thousand seven hundred and twenty-five*.

NATAL DISTRICT.

In the year 1841, as the first steps were being taken towards making the territory of Natal a British Colony, Wesleyan Missionaries entered the country to provide for the spiritual necessities of all classes, both native and European, when there were no other means of religious instruction within the reach of a

large population. That portion of the wide field thus early occupied by the pioneers of Methodism is more than a thousand miles from Cape Town. The work was prosecuted at its commencement under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. The persevering efforts of the zealous men of God who have from time to time laboured there, have, however, been crowned with a pleasing measure of success. Important and prosperous Stations have been established at *Durbun*, the seaport of the colony; at *Pietermaritzberg*, the capital; and at *York*, *Harrismith*, *Edendale*, *Zwartkops*, *Indalini*, *Verulam*, *Inanda*, and other places where the work is carried on with vigour and success, for the benefit of both the European and native inhabitants. Many sheaves have been reaped from among both those classes, and there is a prospect of still greater blessing in time to come.

Nor has the good work been confined to the extensive area which has now passed under review. Wesleyan Missions have been established at *Potchefstrom*, *Pretoria*, *Kronstadt*, and the *Gold Fields*, in the far distant Trans-Vaal Republic, and there is reason to hope that in time to come they will extend quite away to the river *Zambezi*, the great *Lakes*, and to the recently-discovered portions of Central Africa.

In the Natal District and the Trans-Vaal Stations, *twenty-three Missionaries* are employed; *one thousand nine hundred and fourteen members* are united in Church fellowship; and *two thousand four hundred and seventy-two scholars* are receiving instruction in the Mission schools.

Thus widely has the work been extended in the

comparatively short space of sixty years, since the first Wesleyan Mission Station in Southern Africa was established by the Rev. Barnabas Shaw. The total number of Missionaries now employed on the respective Stations which have passed under review is ninety-four. Church members, fifteen thousand eight hundred and eighty-six; scholars in the Mission Schools, eighteen thousand two hundred and ninety.

In concluding our brief sketch of Wesleyan Missions in Southern Africa, we may with propriety refer to the testimony of the Rev. G. T. Perks, M.A., one of the General Secretaries of the Society, who in 1875 paid an official visit to that country by appointment of the British Conference. In the course of his tour he travelled through the five Districts which have been briefly described, preaching to the people as he had opportunity, inspecting the Mission Schools, and counselling the Missionaries and teachers on various points connected with the important work in which they are engaged. He was everywhere received with the greatest pleasure and enthusiasm both by Ministers and people, and returned to England evidently well pleased with what he had witnessed. The impressions of Mr. Perks as to the state and prospects of Wesleyan Missions in South Africa may be gathered from the following sentences extracted from the report of a speech which he delivered at a Missionary meeting of the London Districts, held in Exeter Hall, on Monday evening the 28th of October, 1876:—

“He had met, he said, with the most cordial reception, not only from the Ministers and members of the Wesleyan Church, but of all the evangelical

Churches throughout the length and breadth of South Africa. He had seen Missionary work in all its departments, and he was prepared to say that Missionary work in South Africa by Wesleyan Missionaries, and those of kindred Churches, had resulted in encouraging success. He was very graciously received by the sons of the great chiefs. One great chief came down with his weapons, and with his counsellors to see him, and gave him a long account of his anxieties and troubles, acknowledging his great obligation to Christian Missionaries. He had visited the primary schools, and listened with delight to the Kaffir children singing almost as well as the children behind him that evening. He thought as soon as possible the Churches should be placed under native pastors: he was sure they could find men to do the work. The members attended Class-meeting regularly, and always paid their penny a-week to the funds of the Society. Many of the native Churches were self-supporting, and he hoped the time would come when they would help to send the Gospel of salvation to the regions beyond. There were many prosperous colonial Churches in various parts of South Africa—Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Graham's Town, and different parts of Natal, all of which were self-sustaining, and which had as intelligent and respectable congregations as any he had preached to in this country.

“He had come back more profoundly convinced of the truth of the ‘glorious Gospel of the blessed God.’ He had seen abundant evidence that God had made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon the face of the earth. He was rather curious when he entered some

of their Day-schools, as to whether there was any difference between the respective tribes of South Africa. He saw Bushmen, Hottentots, Kaffirs, Bechuanas, and Basutos, and tried, by question and inquiry, to ascertain if there was any appreciable difference in their mental calibre, but he could not discover any difference at all, or any difference in that respect between those children and the children of our Day-schools in our own country. He was astonished to find that their memories were as retentive and their judgments quite as sound as the children of our own nation. At one of the schools the master commenced a lesson in English history at the Norman conquest, and came down, year by year, asking questions about the different kings and events, and they reproduced the names and dates with the most perfect accuracy.

“Nothing impressed him more than the tender reference made by the Africans to the sainted and illustrious dead. They did not forget who fought and fell on their behalf in years gone by. They spoke well of philanthropists who served them by pen and tongue, in endeavouring to redress their wrongs, and of the Shaws, Shepstones, and others who pointed them to the Saviour. He commended the great work in South Africa to the sympathy, liberality, and prayers of the Connexion, believing it was destined, in the order of Divine providence, to extend its influence over the whole of the vast continent.”

“See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace !
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze :

• • • • •

Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought ;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

“ Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand ?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land ;
Lo ! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above ;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of His love.



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