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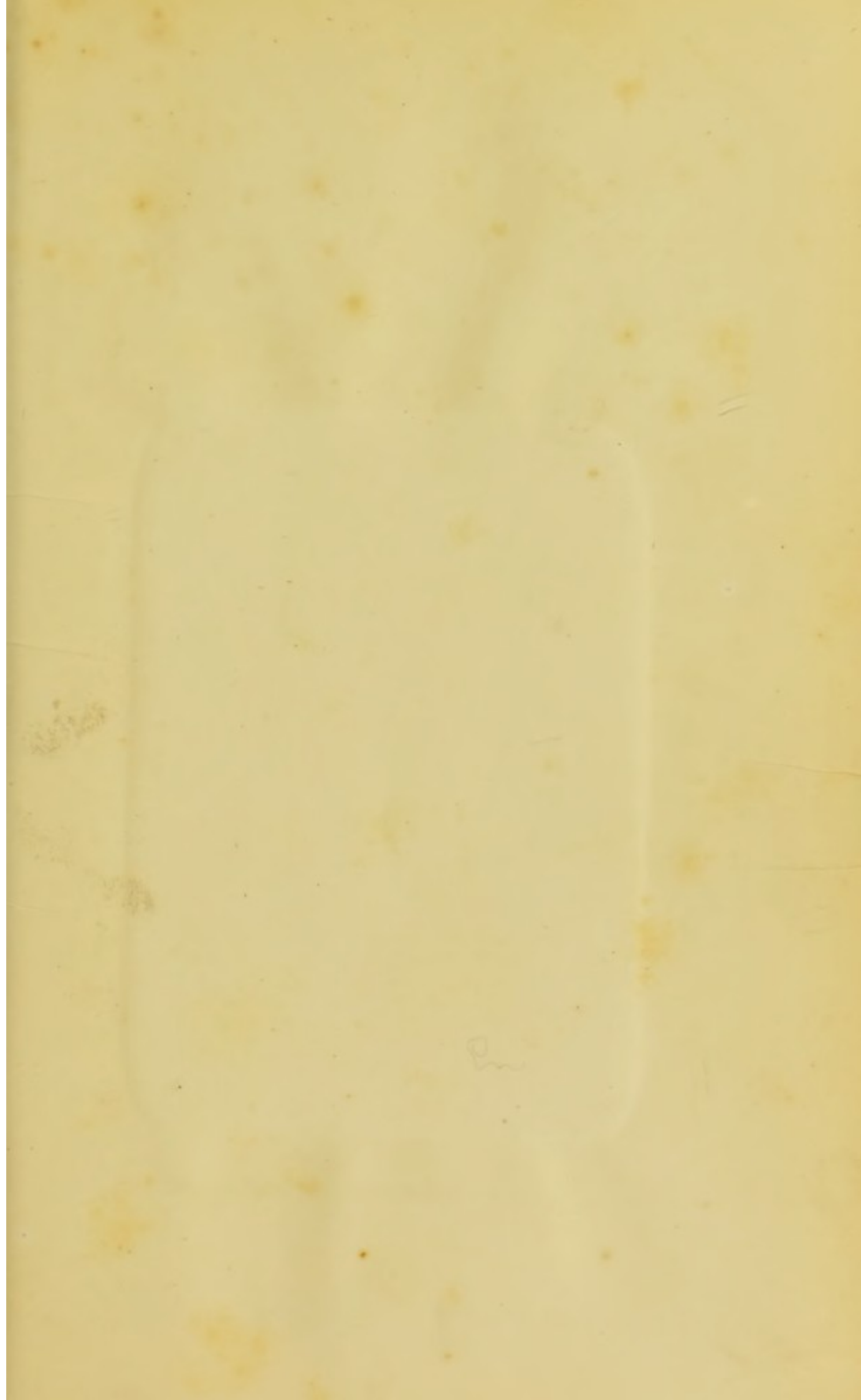
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A NARRATIVE OF INCIDENTS
IN THE
EVENTFUL LIFE OF A PHYSICIAN.



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Your sincere friend
John Singleton M.D.

June, 1891.

A
NARRATIVE OF INCIDENTS
IN THE EVENTFUL
LIFE OF A PHYSICIAN

BY
JOHN SINGLETON, M.D.

Melbourne:
M. L. HUTCHINSON,
305 AND 307 LITTLE COLLINS STREET,
NEAR ELIZABETH STREET.

MDCCCXCI.

BZP (Singleton) (2)

THOMPSON AND M'CUTCHAN,
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TO
CHRISTIAN VISITORS,
AND WORKERS AMONG THE MASSES OF THE NON-CHURCH-
GOING PORTION OF THE POPULATION, THIS BOOK IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR.

A certain man made a great supper and bade many. And he sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come ; for all things are now ready.

And they all with one consent began to make excuse.

* * * * *

So that servant came, and showed his lord these things. Then the master of the house being angry said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room. And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled. For I say unto you that none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper.—Luke 14 : 16-24.

He that is not with Me is against Me ; and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad.—Matth. 12 : 30.

I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.—John 12 : 32.

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PREFACE.

MY DEAR FELLOW WORKERS,—

In offering you this Narrative of my life, I would wish to tell the motives that have induced me to compile it, and the ultimate object I have in view in publishing it. The incidents I have related are of a very varied description, and I have often thought they might prove encouraging and suggestive at least to those just entering on their Christ-like, noble, and unselfish work among the masses, in seeking to save the lost ones outside the pale of the churches, telling them the wondrous story of God's love to fallen man, and sympathising with them in their various afflictions, temptations, and discouraging surroundings. The impossibility of concealing my name, even for a time, and the fear of subjecting myself to the charge of self-praise, were obstacles that long prevented the publication of my book. But now, in advanced age, the hope of being useful to those in whom I have taken so deep an interest, and of awakening a deeper sympathy towards them, and in their reclamation and their everlasting welfare, has obliterated any feeling of that kind; and I can trust my motives with Him to whom I have for so long committed my eternal interests. For many years past God has given me an intense sympathy and pity for the position of the masses—the intemperate, the criminal, and the fallen, as well as the aged, the widow, and the friendless poor—and while practically trying to elevate them heavenward, I have

been enabled to make reasonable allowance for their early neglected training, followed by exposure to manifold temptations and bad associations, and their ignorance, as a rule, of the glorious gospel. I have had no gifts for public speaking, but I tried to awaken the sympathies of christian men and women, and to induce them to devote their one brief life to this (to my mind) most blessed and happy work; and I succeeded, as I hope many of you may, in gathering around me a number of faithful fellow-workers of various sections of the Christian Church.

The work was entered upon in the following way:—In 1827, after a long and painful experience in trying to get some solid assurance of where I should spend my eternity, and after making many fruitless efforts to obtain salvation by a rigorous attention to the forms and ceremonies of the church, when I was almost driven to despair, God in a remarkable manner showed me that salvation was free; that what my own efforts could not do Christ had done for me and for all mankind, on the condition that I felt my need of such a Saviour, and that I believed what He says is true, and thankfully accepted it as the all-sufficing warrant of my trust in Him; thus inserting my name in place of “whosoever,” in the charter text of the gospel as, embracing it, I read the declaration (John iii: 16.) thus:—“God so loved me, that He gave His only begotten Son that I, if I believed on Him, should not perish, but should have everlasting life.” When I fully realised this my heart was filled with unspeakable joy and with love to Christ, who loved me and gave Himself for me. All slavish fear of death and eternity was removed, and I gladly consecrated my future life to do His will and to promote His glory. I was then nineteen years of age, and learning my future profession of medicine with a gentleman residing in a populous but poor part of the city of Dublin. I had chosen the profession

from a hearty love for it, as well as for the great openings for usefulness which it presents; and I would, were I to commence life again, choose it far above any other. My desire to glorify God soon found opportunity among the sick, the aged, and the friendless poor, with very encouraging results, as I told them of God's love to sinful men, and His willingness to do for them what I explained to them He had done for me. Thus the incidents in the following Narrative commenced, and thus they have continued through a long life. I at once practically became a medical missionary. I found opportunities for drying sorrow's tears, comforting those in affliction, or ministering to their bodily diseases or necessities. Perhaps the most encouraging part of my life's work has been among the criminal classes. For twenty years I visited Newgate in Dublin, and for over forty years here in Victoria I have labored among the same class continuously. I had often been requested by christian friends who had heard of some conversion under very unpromising circumstances, or of deliverance in the time of greatest need by the providence of God, to write an account of it, as likely to encourage christian visitors and workers. In response, I jotted down brief notes from time to time, and with these, and some extracts from a diary of christian experience which I kept for nearly twenty years of my earlier life, with incidents recalled to memory, I have compiled this Narrative. It possesses no pretention or claim to any literary merit. Neither is it well arranged, although the facts are nearly in the order of the time in which they occurred. I cannot, at my advanced age, re-write them. Allowance will therefore be made for deficiencies, and many will join me in prayer that God may add His blessing, and use what I have written in awakening among professing christians a feeling of their responsibility as witnesses for Christ and bearers of the

gospel to those whom they can influence, and for practical sympathy towards the great mass of the population everywhere outside the churches in lifting up to them the Christ of God, the Life, the Light of the World, who has said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." And now let me say to all, Be not discouraged, whether cheering results are seen or not. Sow beside all waters—God will give the increase. Be faithful in all things, little as well as great. Live in loving union with all christians of every section of the church militant. Walk closely with God our Saviour, and the God of Peace will be with you. Whether you meet frowns or favors, are deemed enthusiasts or fanatics, whether wrong motives be attributed to you or right, you will have the smile and presence of the Great Head of the Church, and will meet in the glory many you have had no idea of ever meeting again, but who will welcome you to your home in the everlasting habitations.

J. S.

Ormiston, Grey-street,

East Melbourne, June, 1891.

A NARRATIVE OF INCIDENTS
IN THE
LIFE OF A PHYSICIAN.

EARLY LIFE.

I WAS born in Dublin on the 2nd of January, 1808. My parents were strictly moral, and with tenderness and wisdom brought up a large family of nine children—six sons (of whom I was third) and three daughters. Home was made as happy and comfortable as possible. The recollection of a mother's never failing love, and of a father's thoughtful consideration and self-denial for our home enjoyment and welfare, as well as for our education and general moral training, has to this hour specially endeared their memories to my heart.

One of the earliest things I remember was the *feu de joie* in proclamation of peace after the Battle of Waterloo in 1815. An event which made a deep impression on my young mind occurred not long after, when I saw from a window a number of dead and wounded men carried by the house to their families or to the hospitals. Great crowds had climbed on the stone balustrades in front of the Royal Exchange, Dublin, to witness the public flogging of a master sweep, from Newgate to the Exchange, as part of the punishment awarded to him for his cruelty in burning straw beneath the feet of his apprentice, in order

to force the boy to ascend a narrow chimney. The structure fell, and I was horrified at the sight of the injured men, and felt much for the sufferings of the poor boy. This helped, thus early, to draw out that sympathy I have ever since felt for the helpless, the friendless, and the oppressed. I was very desirous to advance in true knowledge, and longed even for a severe teacher from whom I could satisfactorily learn, instead of the kind one who told me everything that was difficult, but did not impart nor teach me how to obtain solid or true information. In this I was soon gratified. At the new school to which I went I kept head of my class, and passed in the classical examination at the Apothecaries' Hall at fourteen years of age. I had gone there without informing my parents of my intention until I returned home with my certificate rejoicing. I had read the course for matriculation at Trinity College before I was fifteen. I had been a leader in our school expeditions, in our little opposing armies, and especially in seizing boats in the river, or in the docks, for a sail, often working them with a lath or paling as an oar, until pursued by the sailors, when we would escape up the side of the nearest ship—to perpetrate the same tricks over again on the next chance. When about nine or ten years of age I and an elder brother had stolen cherries from an orchard contiguous to a country house which my father had in the suburbs for a summer residence. The marks of our shoes betrayed us, and the timely and judicious correction administered, as well as the good advice given on that occasion by my respected father, were not by any means in vain with either of us.

I had an early partiality for the medical profession, and at fifteen years of age, was duly articled for three years to a licentiate apothecary—a tenant of my father's in Kells, County Meath. My mind became impressed here with serious thoughts of my accountability to God. I was saved from many outward sins, to which I was then exposed, and from following the evil example of those around me. At this time I read the Bible throughout, attended the church, and took the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, but I still

remained ignorant of the way of salvation. During my first year an event occurred which, though seemingly trivial, became, under God's blessing, of very great importance in influencing my after life.

A TURNING POINT IN LIFE.

One of my brothers came from Dublin for a few days to see me, and in his company I visited on the Sabbath one or two acquaintances. We each took two wine-glasses of spirits mixed with water. Never having taken a tenth part of this quantity under my father's roof, I became greatly excited. On the following day I was very sick. I then firmly resolved never to taste spirits again. Over sixty-six years have since passed, and my resolution has never wavered. It had often been greatly tried but is more decided than ever before. For all eternity I shall feel grateful to God for this, as, from the nature of my profession, I might, like numbers of my acquaintances, have been drawn into habits of intemperance, led others the same way, and perhaps have gone down long since into a drunkard's dishonored grave.

I had a cousin in the town connected with the Primitive or Church Methodist Society with whom I often conversed on religious subjects, and with him attended prayer meetings and other services held in the house of the pious clerk of the church. In my solitary walks by the riverside, or in the groves and green lanes, I mused on eternal things, and could not but see the goodness of God in everything around.

In the early times of which I am writing there was a great absence of spirituality in the church. It was the time of foxhunting and dancing parsons, and many things were done that would not be tolerated now. For instance—in my walks I passed through the Archdeacon's grounds and was painfully reminded of his worldliness, and of his unfitness for the post he occupied, by the barking and howling of a pack of hounds which he kept contiguous to his residence. He was a great huntsman, and often, in the excitement of the

chase, used, as I was informed, very profane language. His pathetic sermons on Sundays, naturally, did me but little good; and this, and the observing an aged clergyman from a neighboring parish dancing at a ball in aid of one of the dispensaries, proved a stumbling block to my mind. I had many opportunities of getting an excellent training for the profession I meant to follow—especially in having to compound the medicines for the fever hospital and for two dispensaries of the sick poor, and being present during the examining of the patients. I thus gained a considerable amount of useful knowledge, and it was with no little pride that I succeeded in setting a dislocated jaw, and in prescribing successfully for children. On the expiry of my term of apprenticeship I returned home, and shortly after was placed with a general medical practitioner—formerly a navy surgeon—for four years. I had now the opportunity of attending medical lectures.

RELIGIOUS AWAKENING.

It was while here that the Holy Spirit awoke me from the deadly sleep of formality, and convinced me that I was a sinner. I had previously regularly attended the services of the Church of England and Ireland and taken the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. I now read the Bible regularly through; also a book called "The Whole Duty of Man," "The Week's Preparation," Blair's "Sermons," and other such books, to ease my conscience. I fasted so rigorously as to injure my health. I said prayers night and day, and performed many other acts of will-worship. I was, however, anything but satisfied with my reformation. I now read Alleine's "Alarm," and Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," "The Saint's Rest," and Dodridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." Still I could not see the way of salvation, nor did I open my mind to anyone. For over a year I was deeply distressed in mind—my promises and resolutions being broken again and again. At length I one day opened the New Testament for some comfort when the two great commandments, "Thou

shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind, soul and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself," powerfully arrested my attention, and dispelled all hope of my fulfilling these commands or of keeping the law perfectly, much less of atoning for my past life. In tears I fell on my knees, and cried, "Lord! I have never done this, and never can." My eyes now, by the Holy Spirit's teaching, were gradually opened till I saw the Gospel in its beauty—its fulness of Divine favor, and its adaptation to my case—that Christ died for my sin and rose again for my justification. Thus, having cast myself helpless and hopeless on the mercy of God in Christ, I found, when ready to perish, the open arms of my adorable Saviour to welcome me—a weary and heavy-laden sinner. Gazing by faith on Him, and my heart overflowing with grateful love; seeing Him dying on the cross for me, filled me with loving wonder and gratitude for my great deliverance, and I was possessed with a desire to live henceforth for His glory and in His blessed service, and to tell the story of His redeeming love to all around. Had I a thousand lives or a thousand worlds I could gladly have laid them at His feet. I even longed to go home to heaven where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." But I knew there was work to be done, and felt resolved by God's grace to do it, as I saw that time was short and I was passing to eternity as an arrow through the air, to account for my life.

My first anxiety was for the conversion of my beloved parents. I pleaded earnestly with God for them, with tears and strong supplication, that He would not call them away until they were brought to know Him and to love Him. My father was very fond of country scenery, and in the summer used, on the Sunday, to drive all the family to some distant place of interest, bringing a cold dinner, etc., thinking this to be quite allowable, as he and some of his family had attended church in the early morning. Although I only had each alternate Sunday to myself I declined, after my conversion, thus to spend the Sunday, and remained at home—and my self-denial, for conscience' sake, struck my parents

much. One Sunday I wrote out in large characters Isaiah 58th chap., 13th and 14th verses; and, on leaving for my master's home, stuck the paper in the pier-glass in the sitting-room. This, by God's blessing, decided them to give up Sunday excursions, and to employ the day in a more suitable way, in reading and conversation on the subject of personal and practical religion.

Having the early mornings to myself I arranged with my father, who dearly loved me, to walk in the suburbs, and then we conversed on the great realities of eternity, and on the love of God in His gift of eternal life through Christ. The Lord opened his heart to understand the wondrous plan of redemption and the boundless love of God in it; and, in a very short time, while the hymn "Jesus! Lover of my Soul" was being sung, he accepted the offered gift, and rejoiced in God his Saviour. I then procured for him Newton's "Cardiphonia," and Archbishop Leighton's "Life of God in the Soul of Man," which, with his Bible, made chiefly his future library. For seven years he never slackened his pace on the heavenly road, but was instant in season and out of season in promoting the temporal as well as the eternal welfare of those he came in contact with. We took sweet counsel together, and carried out in unison many little plans of usefulness to those around us, as well as materially strengthened each others faith by our communion and prayers together. Previous to his death he lay ill for three weeks. A day or two before that event he called all his children around his bed, and gave to each his dying advice. Addressing me last as his spiritual father, in terms I cannot forget, he asked me to give a helping hand and to have a watchful care over the others. On the day before he departed, I sang for him, at his request, his favorite hymn—"Jesus! Lover of my Soul." The day following, as I sat beside him, when looking at me he pointed with his finger upwards and cried, "Oh! the angels, the angels," and in less than an hour entered into the joy of his Lord whom he so much loved. He was in the seventy-third year of his age.

I may mention the following for the encouragement of

others :—He used in his walks to say he greatly apprehended he might, on his death bed, find a hard struggle with the enemy of souls, and that his faith might then fail. I cheered him by saying he had not the grace now, but would, when he needed it, as God gave dying grace for a dying hour, and martyr's grace for a martyr's hour, according to the need of each special occasion, as he had said, "my grace is sufficient. My strength is perfect in weakness." And so it proved, for he was kept in perfect peace throughout his entire illness. Shortly after my father had embraced the gospel, I was sent for in haste one morning by my mother, who was suddenly seized with powerful convictions of her unsaved condition. I found her in deep anguish of mind and dread of the loss of her soul. I told her the old, old story—that Jesus was her substitute, and had purchased for her and me, and for all who believe His word, pardon of sin, "Eternal Life." We prayed together, and very soon she trusted, rested on, and rejoiced in Christ, and continued a humble, loving, useful servant of His until her death.

Her naturally amiable, benevolent qualities, sanctified by grace, made her a comfort and a blessing to many—especially to the sick and the afflicted. She loved the followers of Christ, and every year, at the Conference of Church Methodists, invited the entire attendance to breakfast, on which occasions half-an-hour additional was always granted by the president. These were times of remarkable refreshing coming from the presence of the Lord. On the the last occasion, three months previous to her death from cancer in the stomach, the subject of conversation was Revivals. The Rev. Adam Averell, a fellow-laborer with the Wesleys, and then over eighty-four years of age, told some anecdotes of his early life for the encouragement of the faithful in christian work. The last night she spent on earth I slept in the house, and she requested me to be called as she felt worse. On taking her hand I saw she would soon leave us ; I said, my poor dear mother you are going to Jesus. "Do not call me," she said, "your poor mother, but your rich, rich mother. Do you think I shall soon be with Christ?"

On my saying, "Yea, though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death," she finished the verse saying, in a trusting manner "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." She and all the family then commemorated the dying love of Christ, by having the Lord's Supper administered to us by my eldest brother, at that time curate of Finglas church. She kept me beside her to the last, holding my hand, and remarked, "John, it was for this hour I so watched over you in your severe illness from typhus fever." She lovingly bade us all farewell, and just at daybreak resigned her spirit into the hands of her Creator. As in the case of our dear father so with her—four of her sons bore the coffin from the hearse to the grave in the Mount Jerome cemetery.

My fellow apprentice had been a Roman Catholic, but, from our conversation and from reading the Scriptures together at night, he became changed. His apprenticeship being ended, he married a protestant young lady, and opened a medical establishment in another part of the city. Some time afterwards he took fever and died, first telling his wife that he had peace and forgiveness through Christ, and that it was caused by my example, and by our constantly reading together, that he was brought to Christ. All my pocket money I spent in purchasing at the book-stalls second-hand Bibles and Testaments, to give to those poor people whom I met who had none, or in supplying some plain food to the distressed and destitute.

'Tis worth living for this,
To administer bliss,
And salvation in Jesu's great name.

One poor, deaf old Roman Catholic woman, I remember often having relieved, and when I heard of her last illness I went to the room where she resided, in the liberties of the city, to minister to her wants, and to teach her that Jesus was "the way, the truth, and the life." She lay on a pallet on the floor, friendless, and alone. I prayed with her, and heard from her dying lips that all fear was gone. She trusted in Christ, and soon fell asleep in Him.

In the same locality there lived an army pensioner, who supplemented his little pension by letter-writing for those unable to write for themselves. One night he ruptured a blood vessel in his lungs. His wife, alarmed, went, a perfect stranger, to ask Dr. D—— (my master) to hasten and see him. I was standing by, when he declined going out at night and said she must look for medical aid elsewhere. The poor woman wept bitterly at the refusal and left. I quietly followed and overtook her, and asked her to lead me to her husband, who she said lived in Marybone Lane, where I found Clinton sitting up in bed, with a basin half-full of blood before him, and with every cough expectorating more. I quickly tied up his arm and opened a vein, and soon the symptoms abated. Meanwhile I spoke of the efficacy of Christ's blood as the atonement for sin, and recited the well-known verse "There is a fountain, etc." It pleased God thus to awaken my patient, and to lead him to flee from the wrath to come. I subsequently visited him several times, and he found Christ both able and willing to forgive his sins and to cleanse his unrighteousness. Thenceforward he lived for God's glory, though confined ever after to his room. When in practice for myself I was again instrumental in saving his life on a recurrence of the hemorrhage. A third attack a year after, however, proved fatal before I could arrive at his house. He had that morning witnessed for Christ to the tract visitor who had called upon him.

My desire for the salvation of the other members of my family caused me to persuade two sisters and a younger brother to go to the Sunday-school, and I joined a Bible-class myself, for a time, until I got a class of boys. My sisters soon after became decided followers of Christ, and they continued to teach in the same school until they and my other sister left Ireland for Victoria. Here the two elder afterwards died in perfect peace, and I had the joy of being with each in their last triumphant moments. The other continues to the present a consistent follower of Christ, together with her family. Although then, and all my life, a member of the Church of England and Ireland I attended the Sunday evening services

conducted by the Methodist Society, and have now before me a note of invitation from Mr C——, a timber merchant, the leader of the class I had joined, asking me to breakfast with the other members on a Sunday morning in June, 1829. On the back of this note I find I had written an account of my then religious feelings, and mentioned the time when I had been delivered from the burden of sin and guilt and found rest in Christ, to be October, 1827, a time to be ever remembered.

Oh, the infinite cares, the temptations and snares,
 Thy hand has conducted me through !
 Oh, the blessings bestowed by a bountiful God,
 And the mercies eternally new !
 My remnant of days I shall spend in His praise,
 Who died the whole world to redeem.
 Be they many or few, my days are His due,
 And they all are devoted to Him.

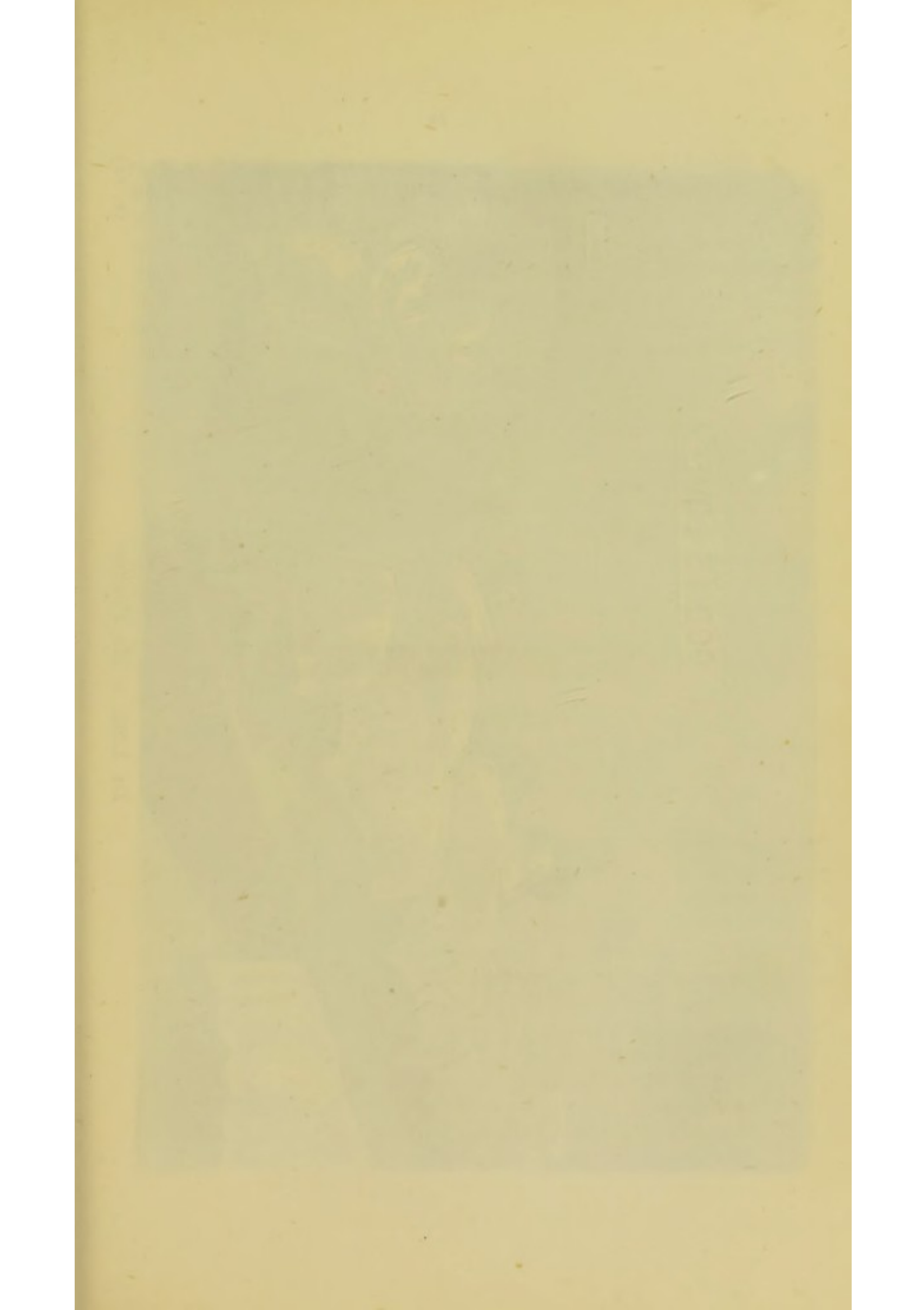
I now call to mind the delightful intercourse I enjoyed with those devoted followers of the Redeemer, and preachers of the gospel of peace, when they assembled in Dublin at their annual conferences, and I look forward to meet them again in our Father's house above, where there is fullness of joy, and pleasures for evermore.

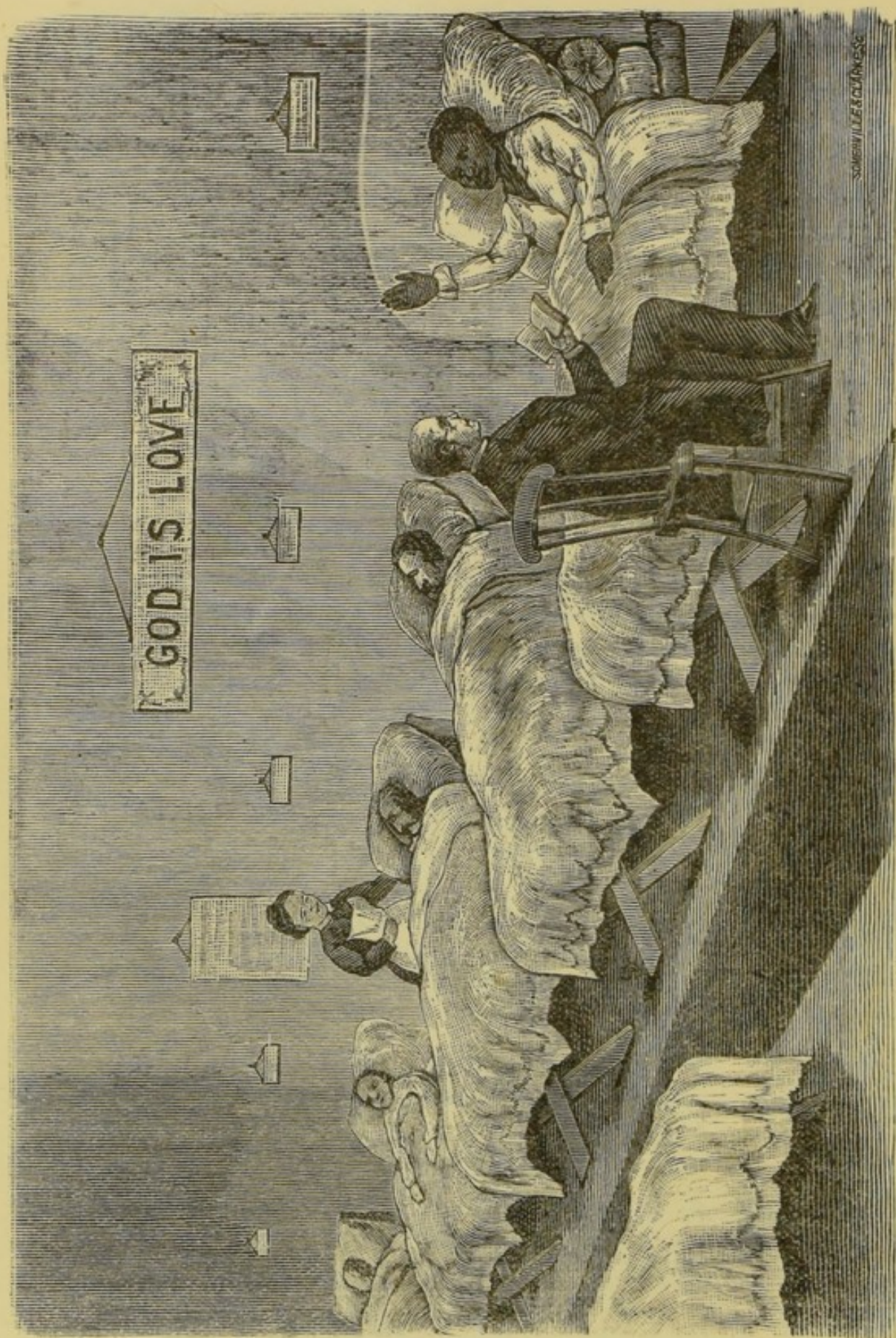
COMMENCEMENT OF PROFESSIONAL LIFE, AND OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

Go labor on : spend and be spent ;
 Thy joy to do the Father's will.
 It is the way the Master went ;
 Shall not the servant tread it still ?

Go labor on : enough while here,
 If He shall praise thee ; if He deign
 Thy willing heart to mark and cheer.
 No work for Him shall be in vain.

With a hope to be useful to the sick in the hospitals, I procured some religious tracts, and visited the Meath Infirmary on Sundays, and I often witnessed the glorious





DE LORD IS MY PORTION.

results of faith in the name of Christ during my occasional visits for the twenty years following. Soon after my first visit, I was one morning accompanied by a christian friend, who had breakfasted with me. We prayed silently, on our way, for the Holy Spirit to guide us and bless our visit. That Sabbath morning we met several remarkable cases, and among them that of a woman suffering from jaundice, very ill, and anxious about her future state. We pointed her to Christ, and before we left she rejoiced in God her Saviour.

While going through the large fever ward, I was attracted to the bedside of a dying negro. I thought "he is a stranger and probably friendless"; so I sat down, spoke a few kind words of sympathy, asked him had he peace; he replied no, that he was very miserable. His countenance indicated alarm and wretchedness. I read the third chapter of John's Gospel, to the sixteenth verse; and, while I and my friend explained the origin and scriptural meaning of the brazen serpent, and urged him to look then to Christ for healing for his soul, a heavenly peace overspread his dark features, and he raised his hand and cried out, "De Lord is my portion!" "De Lord is my portion!" We left him praising God. I went in the morning to see him again, but his spirit had gone to the land where all climes, and colors, and grades of the redeemed are one—without difference in Christ Jesus. The nurse told me that as long as he had the power he praised God.

I soon got a second, and a third to help me in the work of tract lending till we had a large number, each of whom professed to be justified by faith in Christ, and to have peace with God through Him. We had nearly an equal number of devoted females and males, amounting in all to about fifty, who for many years visited the poorest localities, the courts and lanes, and in the Liberties of the city, also the shipping, and the prisons. I took the latter, especially Newgate, as my special work, where, for twenty years, I had the privilege of telling the story of the cross, and leaving religious tracts with the inmates. I saw some of the happiest results; and the visits will, I trust, bring glory to my divine Lord in the

day of his appearing. The eagerness with which the tracts were received, the groups I saw listening to some good readers of them, the bitter tears of repentance I saw shed, all encourage me to hope that many would, with the blessing of God, receive lasting benefit. We had in our Tract Distributing Society a few simple rules, such as that no one should be accepted as a worker unless he were a decided follower of Christ ; to meet once a week for prayer for blessing on our work, and for exchange or supply of tracts ; to have a quarterly tea meeting, when reports from each district would be read, and united prayer be offered for God's blessing on all. From its commencement until my departure from Ireland for Victoria I had been president and secretary, having to open the various districts for the female visitors in the low and poor localities given to them to visit, and to provide for emergencies, such as illness, removals, etc. The self-sacrificing labor bestowed by the workers led them to find out numbers who had not entered a place of worship for many years, many families without Bibles, and numbers of children unaccustomed to go to Sunday-school. These were all seen after, and much enduring good continually resulted to the glory of God. Numbers from time to time were brought into the fold of Christ by these earnest prayerful efforts. On Sunday night, after the services of the day, we assembled in my house, when our mutual experience of our success that day was related, and the prayers of faith were offered and answered, so that these gatherings were to us none other than the house of God, and the very gate of Heaven. Some having visited the hospitals, others the shipping, the barracks, the debtors' prisons, the widows' alms-houses, or the cellars and garrets in the poorest courts, alleys, and lanes of the city.

On one occasion, while he was in Newgate under remand, I conversed with a young Englishman who, under very deep conviction for his past sinful life, gave me the following account of it :—"Six years ago," he said, "I resided with my parents on a large farm, in ——— shire, England. Being an only son, I had too much of my own

way, and when my only sister was about to be married to the curate of our parish, I asked my parents' consent to my being married on the same day with my sister, to a servant girl to whom I had been attached. This they decidedly refused, as it would be both ruinous to my future prospects in life and degrading to the family. Never having been accustomed to have my will opposed or my requests refused but to have all freely gratified, I felt angry, and resolved to quit home and never to return. I that night took from my father's desk four pounds, and went to London by railway. There I served three years to the tailoring business, and eventually became a foreman in a respectable establishment, with an excellent salary. I lived for the world and its pleasures, but never wrote home. At length a cunning and unprincipled man, lately arrived from Ireland, said to me after gaining my confidence, 'Your great abilities are wasted here. You can at least get double your present salary in Dublin, where business is so good and foremen scarce.' I had hardly left my place and got on board the steamer when he applied for and got the situation I had vacated. When I arrived in Dublin, with but little money, having lived up to all I received, I went at once to the leading houses, only to discover that I had been grossly deceived. Trade was very bad, and foremen and workmen also in numbers unemployed. I was then obliged to seek work at the smaller shops, but failed there also, or even to get a temporary engagement. God then spoke loudly to my conscience, bringing up before my mind my ingratitude and ill-treatment of my too indulgent parents. I walked about the streets all night without money to procure a lodging or food. My neglect of God, of prayer, and of His house and day stared me in the face. I wept bitterly as I paced the lonely streets. I cried to God for mercy and forgiveness." His sin had thus found him out, and he now thought that unless he made restitution by undergoing the punishment which the law would inflict for his stealing the money from his father, he could not expect God to forgive him. In the morning, therefore, he went to the city police

magistrate and confessed his having taken the money. The worthy magistrate sent him to gaol for his protection, as he had no means of support. There I met him and learned his history. The magistrate wrote to the father to know whether he would prosecute him or otherwise. The reply came saying—"By no means; I have long since forgiven him and would gladly welcome him home again." I took him from the gaol to a lodging, and wrote to his father to send money to defray his expenses home. This he accordingly did, enclosing a kind note to his son. The young man was at my house when the letter arrived. He wept with joy. He was now afraid that his fond mother must be dead, as no mention was made of her in his father's hasty letter. The next post, however, brought a loving letter from his mother. He was at my house again when this arrived, and wept tears of gratitude to God for his mercy. I saw him on board the vessel, and had a letter from him giving an account of his reception and forgiveness, and resolution to follow Christ and to make his parents' home a happy one.

In going through the gaol hospital one day my attention was arrested by seeing a book on one of the beds, where a young man lay unwell. I found it was Pike's "Persuasions to Early Piety," and this led to an interesting conversation. I found that this young man was son to a rector in the South of Ireland. He had been a student in Trinity College, but, having spent his allowance of money, and written to his father for more, on its being refused till the regular time arrived he wrote that unless the money were sent directly he would quit the college and enlist. No reply came, and he enlisted two years before I saw him, and was sent to join his regiment in England. He now bitterly repented his rash act and his disobedience, and especially his severance from a beloved and only sister, who had always corresponded with him. He handed me her last letter to read, which gave evidence of a well-cultivated mind and a heart consecrated to God. He had obtained a furlough, but his money had run out, being spent foolishly, and he had been in the gaol hospital for a few days, but was now sufficiently recovered to leave next day.

I showed the letter to one of my brothers and I arranged with the young man to call at my house on leaving where he was, telling him that my brother and I would send him home by the mail coach. He called on me accordingly, and I afterwards received a letter from his father—also one from the young man himself—thanking us for our attention. His father wrote to Lord Hill, the Commissioner of the Forces, and obtained permission to procure his son's discharge. I met the young man again while he pursued his studies at college. He was ordained soon after, and for more than forty years had done good service as an evangelical minister of the church, till it pleased God to remove him to the church triumphant. A few years after my first meeting him I had taken lodgings at the seaside for my dear wife, who was then delicate. I spent most of the Sunday with her and invited the other residents to a bible-reading ; and, hearing the name of a young lady who was present to be that of the young soldier, I made inquiry and found her husband (who also had come from the country to see her) was the rector's son. We had a pleasing interview, and I found he had become a decided follower of Christ. In the order of Providence my brother, who had been much impressed with his sister's admirable letter, became acquainted with her, and she afterwards became his wife. Few lived happier and more for God, till ten or twelve years after he died in the Lord. That brother had been brought to Christ by my wife's means, principally, a few years previous to his marriage. I was early taught by the Lord to promptly attend to what appeared to me to be a duty, and not to defer it for ease, pleasure, or any trifling cause ; and thus I have escaped many sorrows. Also, if I did what I should not, or left undone what I should have done, I early learned to go at once and tell the Lord about it, and renew my peace with Him. This helped me to preserve a tender conscience. As an illustration of the former, I may relate a circumstance which helped to confirm me in the wisdom of doing with my might what my hand found to do.

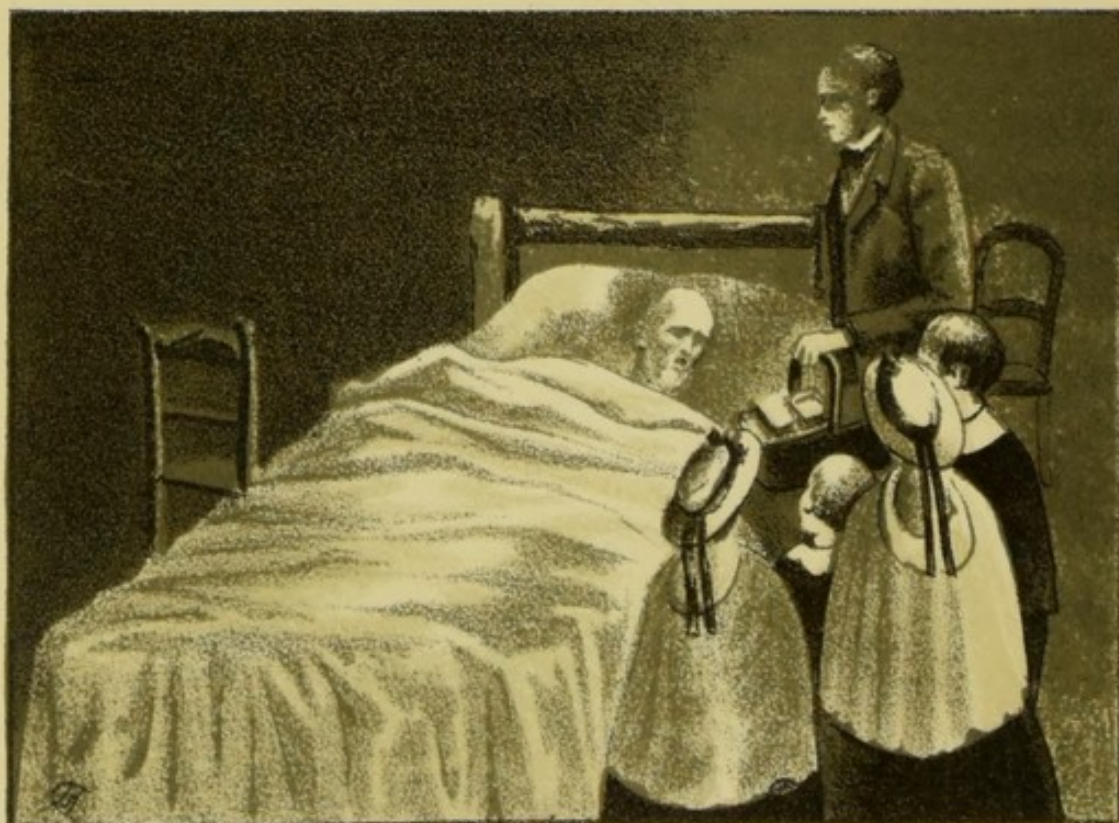
One Sunday morning, after one of the public breakfast

meetings of the Benevolent Strangers' Friend Society, a lady of deep piety asked me to visit, in the Richmond Bridewell, an old family servant of her son-in-law, a country clergyman. Some time previously, after leaving this service, the man was employed as a porter in the Bank of Ireland; but, having committed forgery, he was sentenced to be transported to Tasmania for seven years. While on board the vessel, before leaving, he discovered a plot among the prisoners to rush the guard, seize the vessel, and take her to America. On his account being substantiated, his sentence was commuted to two years imprisonment in the penitentiary. His wife and children, meanwhile, had been sent to the poor-house. On receiving the request I felt a strong impression that I must abandon the work I had intended to do that morning, and go directly to the suburb where the prison was situated. On my asking the turnkey to let me have an interview with the man he went for him, and, after some delay, brought him to me in the corridor. He at once said, "Well, sir, what do you want with me?" Subsequently he told me that when he heard the turnkey about opening the door of his cell he had been in the act of hanging himself; and that, to prevent discovery of his intentions, he quickly concealed the string, but felt indignant and annoyed at the interruption. The turnkey mentioned my name, and said I wanted to speak with him. He replied he did not know me and did not wish to see me; but the turnkey insisted on his coming, and much against his will he did. I at once told him I came not to enquire into his affairs, or to upbraid him with the past, but to do him good if I could; that a lady who knew him, and felt interested in his welfare, had asked me to call and speak with him about his eternal future. He here interrupted me, and said, "Well, sir, you may save yourself the trouble, for you can do me no good. My heart is as hard as that stone," striking at the same time, with his knuckles, the granite wall of the corridor. I looked kindly in his face and told him I was glad to hear him say so, for that satan would not give him such a feeling; that his own heart could not; and that it must be therefore from God, and that it was an evidence He





"LENNON RESCUED FROM HANGING HIMSELF"
 A providential visit by which Lennon was saved from suicide in his cell



"BOWMAN" DEATH BED

had not forsaken him, but was willing to show him mercy for Christ's sake now. On this he burst into tears and sobbed violently. New thoughts and new feelings arose, and hope sprung up again. The turnkey seeing this, asked me to take him into the governor's waiting-room, which I did, and asked him to kneel down while we prayed for a full, a free, a present pardon. I remember he knelt in a corner, bowed his head on a coal scuttle, and wept profusely, acknowledging his sins. Two days afterwards I received a letter which he was permitted to write, saying he now rejoiced in the forgiveness of his many sins; that he awoke the previous night repeating some lines of a hymn he had formerly learned—

Jesus, Thy timely aid impart
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

He sprang from his bed and cried for salvation till he obtained an assurance of reconciliation through the atoning blood of Christ. I went to see him, and he said he could bear to be hewn in pieces then and there for the love he bore to Christ his Saviour. He at once became my helper in doing good in the gaol. I furnished him from time to time with parcels of tracts for the other prisoners, and so good was his conduct that he got promoted to an office where he could be still more useful. At the end of his term of imprisonment he came by my request to my house, and as a brother in Christ I welcomed him and we had tea together. I had arranged with the kind lady who had sent me to him to pay his passage to America, with his wife and children. She also gave them clothing, etc., and we parted until the morning of the resurrection.

One Sunday morning I spoke with a prisoner who was deeply contrite, and in tears. He recognised me at once, and I found he had been in my first Sunday-school class some years prior. Although he had sinned, the lessons early learned had not all been lost, some of the good seed had at length sprung up, and now he acknowledged his folly and wickedness in forsaking the way of peace. On my way to

the gaol that morning (strange to say) I met another young man who had also been a member of the same class, and who was now a useful and happy member of the Wesleyan church. He told me of two other members of the same Sunday-school class who were doing well, both for this world and for the next. Thus the Lord gave me encouragement to sow the good seed, and not to be weary in well-doing, knowing that I should reap in good time, if I fainted not.

About the same time a young man who had previously known me requested me to visit, as an act of charity, a poor woman dangerously ill in a poor but distant part of the city. I went directly and found her very ill of inflammation of the lungs, for which I treated her until she recovered. Meantime the Lord blessed the efforts I had made to induce her to surrender her heart to God and to trust in the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ for salvation, as he had given his life a ransom for hers. She soon entered into the glorious liberty of the children of God; never faltered in the heavenly race; and seven or eight years afterwards she entered into the joy of her Lord. She had for years been much tried by a weak-minded and drunken husband; and, often through his neglect and his absence for months from his home, she had been brought to great extremities to support her two children and herself. She managed after her conversion to keep these at school under all difficulties; and from her little daughter she learned her letters, and eventually learned to read—so great was her desire to read for herself the word of God. She attended me as a nurse when I had a bad attack of typhus fever, and watched with intense interest over me. My recovery, for which she had fervently prayed, gave her great joy. A year or two afterwards she was taken ill with a similar fever, and in order to her comfort and recovery I had her removed to the fever hospital in Cork-street, which was nearly two miles from my residence. There I continued to visit her. Her last night on earth was both dark and stormy. On my arrival I found the time of her departure was at hand, and I heard from her lips her dying but glorious testimony to the faithfulness and goodness of God, and her

full assurance of hope through the merits of her Redeemer. I knelt beside her in prayer for her husband and for her children, whom she most earnestly commended to God's care. This I afterwards told them of, and I am happy to say both the children followed in her steps and, when grown to maturity, were well and happily provided for. After a while I shook hands with her, spoke of our meeting with the Redeemer, and I left her. Before daylight she fell asleep in Jesus. Next evening I brought a little hearse I was in the habit of hiring for poor believers, and with the aid of her husband and a mutual christian friend now living in Victoria, placed her in her coffin and conveyed her to St. Mary's churchyard. In the twilight of a summer evening she was interred in the ground allotted to the poor. The little company that followed her there consisted of her husband, her two children, a pious man—a member of one of my classes—and myself. Before closing the grave I offered prayer for the family, and that we all might so follow her as she had faithfully followed Christ, and that our last end might be as triumphant and as peaceful as hers.

One night a little boy very poorly clad called on me to prescribe something for his father, who he was afraid was dying from "spitting of blood." I at once went with the child; I found the family in poverty, the father in bed ill of tubercular consumption. I prescribed so as to relieve his present dangerous symptoms, and we then soon recognised each other. I had seen him when ill with cholera during the visitation in 1832; when, although previously tainted with infidel principles, he listened to the truths of the gospel which I spoke to him, and to the scriptures which I read and expounded during his recovery. I had not seen him in the interval, but I now found his conviction of the truth of christianity was clear, and his mind enlightened, but he had not received Christ as his Saviour, though he felt his need of salvation. I had him removed to the Adelaide Hospital, where I visited him each Sunday for some months, and ere long I found him rejoicing in the fact that "he whom the Son makes free, is free indeed." His wife, by needlework

and washing, earned with difficulty a bare maintenance for herself and her children. At length, his disease being incurable, he had to be removed to the South Union Workhouse, where I continued to visit him occasionally till his death. He died calmly resting on "the faithful saying that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners of whom he felt himself chief." While in the workhouse he wrote a memoir of his life, which he had dedicated, he said, to me. He had been possessed of both education and talent, that would have redounded to God's glory if they had in early life been consecrated to His service.

My dear wife and I always taught our children to sympathise with the sick and with those in poverty or trouble, as well as to observe the kind hand of God's good providence in using each as an instrument of some good to the afflicted. The result of this teaching, I am thankful to say, continues with each child until the hour in which I write this. While I was still a medical student I walked out early one frosty morning for exercise, and on the bank of one of the canals I passed a woman poorly clad, and looking very disconsolate. I then felt a strong impression to return and speak to her. I found that she and her husband, who was old and then unwell, from want of work had been without money or food; that he tried to cheer her with God's promises, and in his prayers last night said he relied on God's faithfulness and goodness. I gave her some coppers, inquired her address, called on this devoted old Christian, and for many years after had the privilege of being to him a friend in times of need, while I greatly enjoyed much Christian intercourse with him. In later times he often called at my house, and my children from infancy were glad of his visits, and to make him such presents as they could. When they heard that the old man, then over eighty-years of age, was ill and needed help, they asked for money to buy things for him. To test them, I said if they loved old Bowman, and wanted to bring him presents of food, etc., they ought to do it with their own money; and that they might earn it by using no sugar for a week. Their ages were

then from four to ten years. They all agreed at once, kept their bargain, and got their money. Each then selected as he and she liked, and in a large basket were soap and candles, meat, butter, bread, vegetables, etc., etc. This the servant carried to the cellar where the old couple lived, Mrs. Bowman paying a nominal rent for it in some work which she did. When Bowman saw the children, and heard from me of their practical sympathy, he sat up and wept, praying earnestly for their future happiness. They sang several hymns which we were accustomed to use in our family-worship, and we came away. The impression made on the minds of the children, as well as on my own, will never be effaced. A few weeks afterwards old Bowman went to his rest in perfect peace.

My hands were now pretty full between my practice in a poor and thickly populated part of the city, attending medical lectures by day, my connection with societies for the relief of the poor, and in the evenings attending to appointments in Widows' Homes, etc., leaders' and other society meetings, and by my many engagements on the Lord's Day. Yet, by judicious management of my time, I seldom omitted any. The professional night-calls, however, invariably caused me to suffer the day after with severe neuralgic-headaches, and occasionally from feverish attacks of a few days' continuance. Previous to my marriage I had been near death from erysipelas in the face and head. My mind was, however, kept free from all anxiety as to the result, for I felt assured God loved me, and was interested in all that interested me, and I knew that he would do all things well. In the course of life I have often observed how much it adds to our happiness to attend promptly to present duty, leaving results with God; to resist temptation; and to enjoy the society of friends, or domestic quietude. When calls of duty to the sick and the dying came, or others that I felt I ought to attend to, or that I was expected to attend to promptly, I experienced inward peace and happiness a hundred times greater than I might have had by yielding to indolence, and making some trifling excuse.

Taking God's name in vain had always been very painful to me to listen to, and throughout life I have felt it my duty to reprove those who swore in my presence; and I never recollect a single instance in which the reproof was not received with an expression of thankfulness and some kind of apology—such as the force of habit, forgetfulness, etc. I generally took the offender aside, told him of his sin and ingratitude to the Giver of every blessing we enjoyed, etc. I have had to return a considerable distance under a deep sense of duty, in order to speak faithfully to the transgressor. I recollect one very wet night seeing two men in close conversation loud enough for me to hear—one frequently taking God's name in vain. I waited a short time in the rain, until they separated; but before I could speak to the transgressor he ran off quickly to escape the rain. I followed as quickly, and overtook him entering a large lodging-house in Chancery Lane. I mildly tapped him on the shoulder in the hall, told him my errand, and the dreadful sin he had so often committed, for which he would not be held guiltless. He looked alarmed, and, convicted of the greatness of his sins, supposing me to be a clergyman, he asked my forgiveness on his knees. I told him I could not forgive his sin; that none but God could; and I begged him to go at once to his room, confess all to Him, and He would freely forgive him for Christ's sake. "I will your reverence," he said; and, while he was thanking me, I withdrew unknown to him.

My practice now lay among a dense and poor population. The calls I had to attend were numerous and often of a very diversified character. I remember a man calling on me one day to thank me for saving his life. I said, "I do not remember you. To what do you allude." "Oh, your honor!" he replied, "Don't you remember me? I'm the man whose throat you cut in Golden-lane three or four weeks ago. I'm just discharged from the hospital, and I called to thank you." I then recollected being hastily called on the occasion he referred to, to a man who lay on his back on the flagging—his face purple, and he, apparently, dead.



SURE YOUR HONOR REMEMBERS CUTTING MY THROAT IN
GOLDEN LANE. I CAME TO THANK YOU. (P. 22

A by-stander told me he had a hamper strapped on his back, and had been eating some food, when he suddenly fell and gasped for breath. I in a moment procured a cane from a gentleman in the crowd, cut a slip from it, wrapped the end of it in a piece of my pocket handkerchief, and passed it down the œsophagus or gullet. Finding no obstruction I concluded the food had entered the windpipe; and, aided by a fellow-student standing by, I drew out my lancet case, and in less than a minute an incision was made in the trachea, when he slowly breathed and animation was restored. I then got a neighboring shopkeeper to lend one of his shutters and had the man carried on it to Mercer's Hospital in the immediate neighborhood. While receiving the poor fellow's grateful acknowledgments when he called on me on leaving the hospital, I thought how few generally thank one for throat-cutting in the open street.

On another occasion I had been to see a young man suffering from a bad attack of *delirium tremens*. He was a tall and powerful fellow—a tanner by trade; his sister, a delicate young woman, had come to nurse him. One day I had scarce entered the room when he sprang from the bed, got between me and the door, seized a heavy oak chair, and raising it over his head said he would kill me, as I was one of the men under the bed tormenting him. Instinctively I had grasped the bed-covering and held it up as a very poor defence from his crushing blow, and cried out, "You foolish man, get into your bed. I am come to take all these men to gaol." "All right," he said, and got into bed, thanking me for coming to apprehend his enemies. He soon got better, but after one or two subsequent attacks of a similar character, as he would not abstain from drink, he died insensible.

I had another remarkable providential deliverance from a lunatic in Newgate, who had managed to get hold of a razor, and rushed at me with it in an excited state. I fixed my eyes on his without moving; and while he for a moment hesitated some by-stander seized his hand and I was saved from injury.

Not long afterwards while teaching in the Sunday-school,

I was hurriedly summoned to see a woman who was supposed to be dying. I found her in a state of partial strangulation, from a large piece of meat impacted in the gullet; and, by its pressure on the back of the windpipe, obstructing her breathing. I quickly tore out the rib of an umbrella that was standing by, and with a knife from the dinner-table formed a probang with which I dislodged the food, and I returned to my class. I treated a similar case a few years afterwards with the same favorable result. I also recollect being in the country one night, and hearing through an open door a little cry I suspected some accident had occurred. I hastened over the rocky ground and found a child nearly strangled from having a portion of a chicken's neck, which the mother had incautiously given it to suck, stuck fast in the œsophagus. I saw a coil of fuze hanging on the wall for blasting rock, cut a piece for a temporary probang, and immediately relieved the child. I mention these cases to encourage others by a little promptitude and presence of mind to do their duty in dangerous emergencies. At another time, while passing along the lower castle yard as I came by the Pound or Record Tower, I heard a sound as of a cry of sudden distress. I opened the door and saw a man lying on the floor of the office in an apoplectic fit, and a fellow clerk in a state of alarm beside him, not knowing what to do. I hastily removed his necktie, opened a vein, and had the satisfaction of seeing him recover. Some time after he was suddenly called away by a similar attack. In these, as in every case of dangerous character which I met with, I spoke more or less on eternal things, urging the necessity there was for each individual obtaining a saving interest in Christ.

I was called on several occasions to attend professionally a gentleman who was suffering from *delirium tremens*, and who, at one time, became so deranged that, for his own sake, and his family's, I was obliged to get him removed for a short time to a private lunatic asylum. Afterwards, when sober, he expressed his thanks to me for doing so; but again coming under the influence of drink, he was transformed from a grateful patient into a murderous madman. One

night he watched my house for two hours, with a knife or some other deadly weapon in his pocket, waiting for my return home. He had previously gone into his kitchen and was taking away the large iron poker. On the cook asking him what he wanted with it, he replied, "To kill Singleton." She persuaded him to return it, as she said, "none but a Tipperary man would use such a weapon as that to kill any one with!" On seeing me enter the door of my surgery, he quickly followed, and, closing the door behind him, he looked fiercely at me and said, "I will kill you,"—his hand being in his coat pocket on the weapon. I saw that he was insane and that a struggle with him might be fatal; I knew that to attempt to escape by the other door would only give him a deadly advantage. I looked at him, and, folding my arms, I said "What would you kill me for? Am I not your best friend, and the friend of your family?" He kept advancing, and said, "Only you have a family I ——," when the door handle was turned and his servant man, who had been watching for him, entered and drew off his attention, while I passed through the door leading into the house. At about three o'clock the following morning I was called out to see him and found him dead. He had refused to go to bed after leaving me, and lay in the drawing-room on a sofa. His affectionate and pious wife came to the drawing-room in the night to try again to persuade him to go to his bed, when she discovered that he was lifeless.

At various times I met in the practice of my profession some strange cases. I was once called to attend a professed infidel for an alarming attack of acute inflammation of the bowels. I treated him promptly and actively; but, in a few hours, seeing the disease increase, I advised a consultation. Meanwhile at the request of a relative of his, who told me of his and his two brothers' infidel principles, I spoke to him very plainly, yet kindly, about his eternal welfare. He evinced a marked dislike to this, and spoke to his brothers—also unbelievers—about it. They called in as consulter a doctor who was a known Deist. We agreed on the treatment; he however adding, in presence of the brothers, that

the patient should be kept perfectly quiet, and should not be spoken to. I understood the meaning, but not the propriety or need of this in any respect, and continued to speak to him now and then, while prayer was silently offered for his conversion. The next morning he died while I was in the room. I had requested a minister of the gospel to call, and he did so, but the sick man begged him to leave him for the present, but to call some other time. With a friendly warning and a declaration of God's love to the sinner in giving his Son to atone for his sins, and for those of the whole world, the minister withdrew. A few minutes afterwards the patient raised himself in the bed, uttered a loud groan or roar, vomited, gave a second groan so loud and terrible that his poor wife hurried to the room, but the vital spark had fled. She got on her knees in the bed beside him and, in deep anguish cried out, "He is gone! He is gone for ever! Oh, William! I often told you this would be your end!" How different from the death-beds of the righteous that I have so often witnessed. Surely Godliness is profitable for this life as well as for the next.

On another occasion I was hurried from home to see a man who was said to be taken suddenly ill. He also was an infidel; a book-binder by trade, and, among his fellows, very profane. While at work, and in the act of uttering some fearful oaths, he dropped lifeless on the floor. So I found him, his stalwart figure extended, his shirt sleeves tucked up, and paper cap on his head; but he did not need me. His soul had been required of him, and his spirit was called to stand before his God.

Again I was called in to see a young man who was attacked by fatal illness. He had been in delicate health for some time, but was not so unwell as to cause any apprehension of the immediate approach of death. I found him a corpse, in the midst of a company of terror-stricken women, with whom he had but a few minutes before been dancing. I took occasion from the sad event to speak to them about the judgment that is after death. Such scenes as these deeply impressed my mind with the the uncertainty

of life and with the value of time, and caused me more diligently to improve the passing opportunities for eternity ; for I felt more than ever the truth and force of Wesley's words:—

No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone ;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne !"

I was once in attendance on an old gentleman, a solicitor, who was in imminent danger from an acute inflammatory disease. As I had some delay, awaiting the result of remedies I had administered, I mentioned to him his danger, and recommended to him the gospel as alone able to give rest to the weary, heavy-laden soul. He made no reply. I saw, however, that he was evidently not pleased. As I looked about my eyes rested on a half-written page of foolscap paper, and on my looking over it I found it was a critique on the scriptural account of David's numbering the people and of the judgment of which it was the occasion. The remarks were those of an infidel, and I at once conjectured that my patient was the writer. He seemed ashamed, drew my attention away, and apologised in some sort. The Lord spared his life. On my last visit he referred to the paper, and said he did not believe in the Old Testament. I reasoned the matter with him, pointing out that both Old Testament and New must stand or fall together ; that our Lord and his apostles quoted from almost any book ; and that the scriptures could not be broken. Our conversation, I think, from a conversation we had on a subsequent accidental meeting, unsettled his opinions. I lost sight of him soon after, but I very willingly leave the result in God's hands.

I dreamed one night that as I passed through the city I saw an old gentleman dying on the flagging ; that I approached and feelingly spoke with him on the state of his

soul, and asked him was he happy; and that he replied, "Christ says, 'I am the resurrection and the life; whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die, etc.'"

While visiting in the Meath Infirmary a day or two afterwards I felt much liberty, especially in one small ward, in speaking of the grace and compassion of Christ. Just then a young woman in a bad fever requested the nurse to turn her, that she might see and hear me. I approached her bed, and encouraged her to come to Christ, and with much earnestness repeated the above text of Holy Scripture, without any reference to, or even thinking of, my dream. She at once laid hold on the promise, and, with much affection and deep feeling, said, "Now I am not afraid to die." She believed in and loved Christ and felt that He loved her. She had been careless and worldly until laid on her sick-bed. Strange to say as I looked at her countenance I beheld in her's a strong resemblance to the face I had seen in my dream. On the same day, in another part of the hospital, I spoke to two dying men about their salvation and reminded them to seek Christ, the sinners' friend, in the spirit of love. One of them, a Romanist, was apparently much impressed, and saw a beauty in Christ he had never before perceived; and a few hours after his spirit left its earthly tenement for "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The other, a Protestant, heard the same truths but seemed unawakened to his need of Christ. When I went back on the following day, he also had died. How sad and strange that in these two cases the same saving truth should be so differently treated. It presents a Saviour. One accepts and embraces Him to his present peace and everlasting safety. The other sees no beauty in Him that he should desire Him, feels no need of Him, and dies without Christ and without hope. Perhaps being a Protestant he had heard so much about Christ as a Saviour, that to him it was as a tale thrice told—it had ceased to have any effect upon him. Where the truth is not "a savour of life unto life" it hardens the spirit, and becomes "the savour of death unto death."

Once about midnight I was requested to see a man who

had been seized with a convulsive fit in a neighboring cook's shop. On my arrival I found life had departed, and I was no little surprised to recognise him as having an hour or so previously been to consult me at my own residence about some slight ailment. He was at the time somewhat under the influence of drink ; and, as was my custom, I had urged him to become an abstainer and seek the religion of the gospel. He had gone to this shop to make some purchases when death so suddenly overtook him, and removed his spirit to the world beyond. I solemnly addressed the bystanders on the necessity of preparing to meet their God. On enquiry I found the man had resided with his aged, widowed mother in a neighboring street, and was her sole support. I thought to lessen the shock she must otherwise receive when his dead body would be conveyed home, and so I at once went to the house and tapped quietly at the door. It was opened by a neatly-dressed old woman with a candle in her hand, who said " Oh, sir, I thought it was my son who had knocked ; I have been expecting him for some time." I told her who I was, and that her son had been to consult me that evening for some slight symptoms of indigestion. She seemed at once uneasy, and asked me into her apartment—a large back parlor, having a bedstead for herself and a sofa-bed for her son, who was a tradesman. A cheerful fire was burning on a clean hearth, and a family bible open on a little table beside her chair. I remarked on the preciousness of the promises in the bible, and the peace they gave amid the chequered scenes of life. Upon this she asked me some questions about her son. A knock just then came to the door, and I apprehended it was for the admission of the dead body of the young man, so at once asked could she submit to God's will even if her son's illness were fatal, and say from her heart, " Not my will, but Thine be done." She instantly understood the whole, and dropping on her knees cried, " The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away ; blessed be the name of the Lord." I went to the door and found it was only a messenger who had come to tell her the sad news of her son's sudden death. I remained a while. She

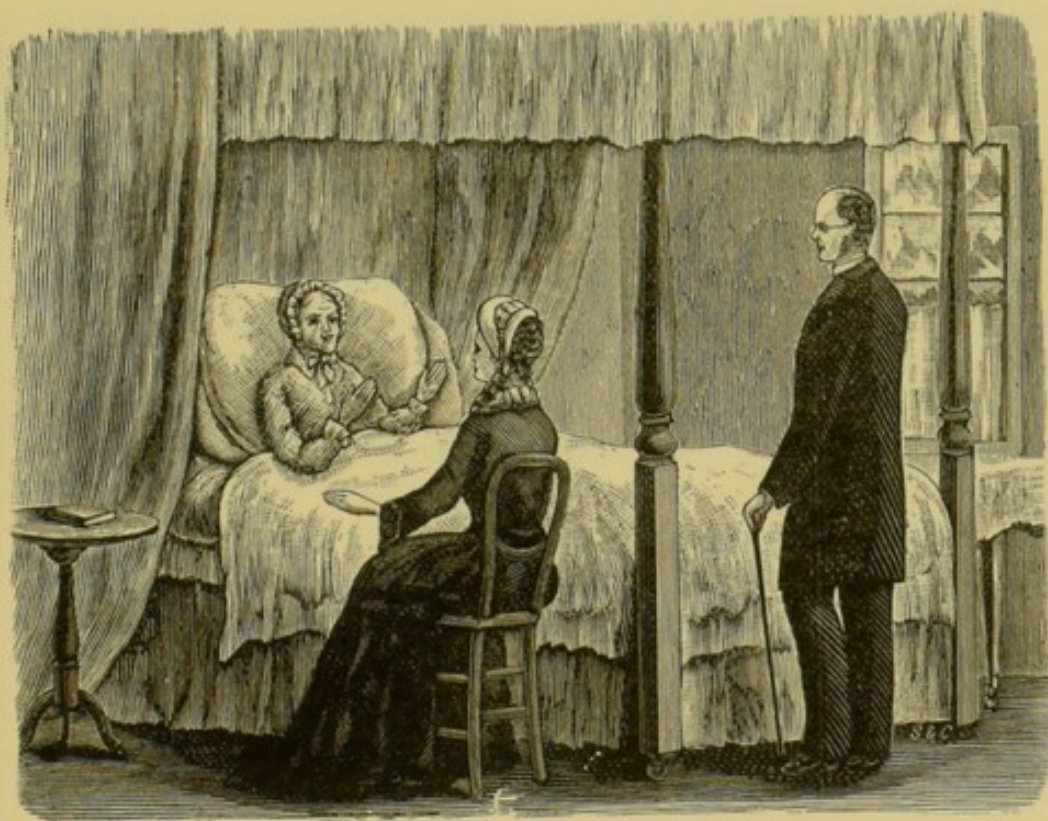
mourned over the death of her kind, good son who had remained unmarried for her sake, but chiefly least his heart might not have been renewed by Divine grace, and he fitted for the better land. During many subsequent years I used to visit her in a Widows' Home, to which I had been instrumental in getting her admitted; and here, I should like to say, some of my happiest hours were spent in visiting the excellent of the earth in these and other such almshouses for aged women and men. Among those I remember, previous to and after my marriage, visiting the aged widows Stewart and Smith—sisters, naturally and spiritually. Stewart was eighty-six years old at the time of my marriage, and her sister some years younger. Both had walked with God from their youth. Often my dear wife and I would take some tea, sugar, and cakes and go to spend an hour so with them, to their great comfort and our spiritual profit. We sang the songs of Zion, and spoke of the sweet promises of the gospel, and they recounted the many acts of God's loving kindness to them in the past. I recollect Stewart when ninety singing a piece she must have learned when John Wesley was living. One stanza, to the air of "God Save the Queen," is as follows:—

Whitfield is dead and gone,
Wesley is left behind
Seeking his dear Lord to find;
Christ still in view.

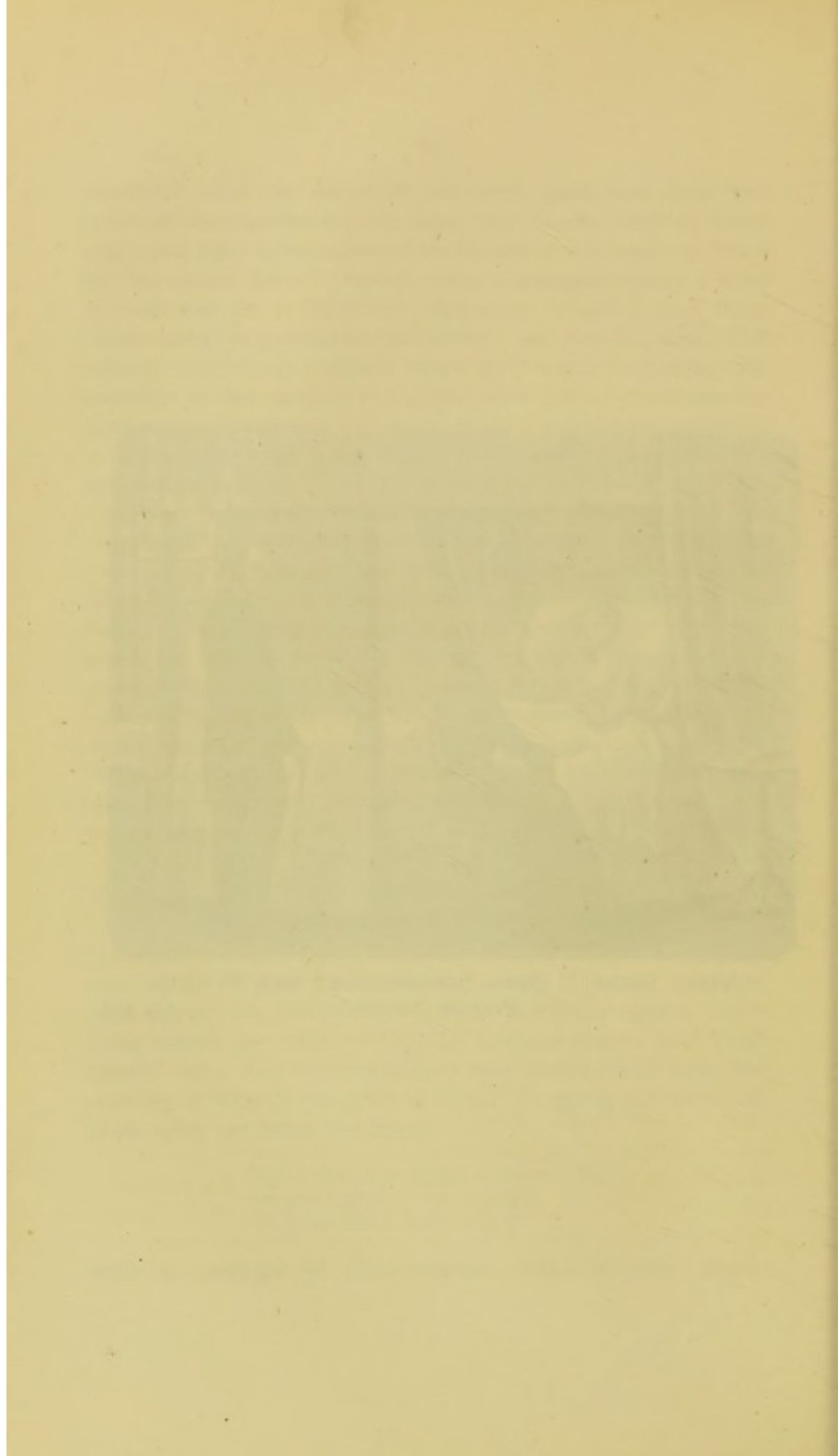
She could read her Testament to the last without the aid of spectacles. Widow Smith first fell asleep in Jesus. Stewart aged ninety-two, full of faith and of the Holy Spirit, when dying asked my wife to sing the anthem known in "Vital Spark," etc. On this occasion I was present and saw her exulting in hope of the glory of God. Clapping her withered hands with joy when she heard

Lend! lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
Oh grave where is thy victory?
Oh death where is thy sting?

With a number of the widows, Fox, Weldon, Platt,



"VITAL SPARK!" MRS. SINGLETON AT THE BEDSIDE
OF WIDOW SMITH. (P. 30)



Graham and others, we had often similar happy hours, especially when they became sick. My dear mother on one occasion said to the widow Graham, who had to use crutches, "Sister Graham, when we next meet you will not need the crutches." Soon afterwards she entered her rest. We also visited the widows of James', Catherine's, and Bridget's Parishes in their Widows' Homes; and the Wesleyan's Home for Widows, in Whitefriar-street. I felt it a privilege to attend them in their sickness in my professional capacity, as well as to attend upon all God's poor generally. I remember meeting a few pious soldiers on one or two occasions in the Wesleyan Widows' Home, who told how they were brought to Christ, and sang and prayed with the dear old women; some of whom recounted anecdotes told in the adjoining church after Mr Wesley's sermons at 5 o'clock a.m., when they were young women. These were seasons of holy joy to all concerned. For some years I visited two old widows named Head, laundresses to the Hospital for Invalid Soldiers. One of these had been deeply exercised by doubts and fears for the last few months of her life, but she finally overcame them all. I had many interesting conversations with her, and she found God was true to His promise and could say "I fear no evil, for Thou art with me." In the hour of need she used to cry—

Keep me, oh keep me gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

Her end was *perfect* peace; so was that of her sister some years after, whom I continued to visit in the Wesleyan Widows' Home, till she entered into the joy of her Lord. The daughter of the former inherited the situation of the mother. She had married a man with a weak mind and little fixedness of purpose, and had conformed with him to the spirit of the world. I attended her in her last illness; and, on the last night of her life, I went a couple of miles to see her. I found her dying, in great anguish of mind on account of her backsliding condition, as having forsaken the

fountain of living waters. This was two years after I had attended her husband who, before his end, expressed deep repentance for the past. The accuser of the brethren sorely harrassed this poor woman. She had been a kind and attentive daughter, and a fond and enduring—perhaps too enduring wife. She had also been a good mother, and had taught her only son and daughter in the fear of the Lord. And yet she told me she was afraid she should be rejected at last. She could not find peace. She had, I found, been looking into her own heart, and at her past sins and unfaithfulness, instead of “looking to Christ who bore her sins in His own body on the tree.” For some time I spoke to her of the fullness of Christ; showed her that no exception was made in the Bible to any class of sinners, and urged her to lose sight of herself and to look to God her Father through Christ for the fulfillment of His promises *now*. At length I knelt in prayer with her, and while so engaged she cried out “Glory to God,” and praised Him for the forgiveness of sins He had given to her, and for the sure hope of eternal life she now had through the atonement of her Lord. I spoke to her then of her two children. She committed them to the care of the widow’s and the orphan’s God; and ere daylight she had gone to be with Christ. I would here mention that both her children turned out well. They feared God, who well provided for them in after years.

One evening in autumn as the sun was going down I was requested by an aged woman to visit another who was very poor, and who, she feared, was dying. I found her in the upper room of a lodging-house, lying on a mattress on the floor, in the last stage of consumption, and it was clear she had not long to live. I gently told her so, said I would give her some medicine to relieve the suffering, and then spoke of her spiritual condition. With deep emotion she said, “I lived once near your house, and used to hear your family singing at family worship; and I often longed to have the opportunity of being present, as I felt I was a sinner, and had neglected my salvation. One evening I called on some errand, and asked to see you, hoping you might ask me to go

in to prayer, as I had heard you singing. You did so ; and on my saying how pleased I was you invited me to come again. This I did not do, as my husband soon removed to another neighborhood, where he died from the effects of drinking, and I fear without hope. I had married him knowing it was against God's word, as I had been brought to Christ when I was very young. And now," she added, "neither have I any hope, since I have forsaken God and His ways." I prayed with her and encouraged her to return to Christ, who would in no wise cast her out, since He came *to seek* and to *save the lost*. It pleased God to give her some hope of mercy before I left. I had set before her a full, free, and present salvation for even the chief of sinners, which was offered to her just now, and to be accepted by faith, and I encouraged her to rest her weary, heavy-laden spirit on Him who says, "I am married to the backslider. Return unto me, and I will return unto you." I sent her some restorative medicine, and in the morning went again to see her. I found that during the night her spirit had taken its flight to the eternal and unseen world. I inquired of the old woman who was in the room with her two children, and had sat up with her, as to her end. Her reply was, "I never witnessed such a scene. She prayed hard all night for mercy from her God till two o'clock this morning, and then continued to shout out praises and thanks to God until she died." I found she had a brother in good circumstances and went to him. He had disowned her on her marriage ; but he now promised me to have her interred, and to provide for the two children. I was pleased to hear some time after that he did so. What sorrows have I often witnessed to result from christians being unequally yoked with unbelievers, contrary to the teaching of God's holy word !

There was living, not far from the place where the poor woman just mentioned died, a widow who gained her living by selling rabbit skins. She had known the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, but for fourteen years previous to this time had back-slidden from the happy service of God. Her only daughter, who was a servant in the country, had found

rest for her spirit by believing in Christ, and had written to her mother about the mighty change she had found, and prayed her to be also reconciled to God. Thus, for a week previous to her last illness, she had been led to repent and to do again her first work of believing, and had again found rest and peace. When I visited her she had fever of a malignant kind, and soon became delirious. But she had first told me how she was awakened by her daughter's letter, and had been restored to God's favor by a simple trust in Christ. On my last visit I found her wandering in her mind, and death fast approaching. I took her by the hand and said, "Mrs. R—— do you know me?" Her reply was, "No." I did the same as to each of her children who stood by, and her reply was, "No, I do not know who they are." I then said, "Do you know Jesus." She clapped her hands together, and in a joyful voice cried, "Yes I do! Yes I do! Glory, and honor, and praise, and power be unto the Lamb forever," and soon after fell asleep in Jesus.

MURDER DETECTED.

There lived not far from my house, in a small two-storied dwelling, a letter-carrier and his wife. They were without family, and the man was hump-backed. About two o'clock one morning the night-bell rang—a rough, powerful man had come to request my attendance on the letter-carrier. On examination I found him dead, and from some marks on his chest, from the silence and apparent want of interest shown by the messenger, and from the bearing of the man's wife, who, while I examined him, sat beside the fire, not uttering a word, I was led to suspect that his death was not the natural result of disease. I asked how long he was ill, the symptoms etc., and rather incautiously said, "It is very strange that you did not seek aid while the man was alive. Those marks seem to me very extraordinary." On this the man (who proved to be the woman's paramour) moved between me and the door, having a heavy brass candlestick in his hand. Observing this, I remarked that men **often** died suddenly,

and that it could not now be helped. He then opened the door, said I would be paid my fee in the morning, and showed me out through the passage, being profuse in his thanks. I knew nothing of the man or the family before. In the morning I saw the landlord, who gave me a bad account of the woman, and on hearing my statement he concluded that some foul means had been used to hasten the man's death. I had an inquest held that day. As I stooped down beside the bed I found a strong scent of laudanum on the floor where he had vomited. The medical gentleman who accompanied the coroner said he could not detect the smell of laudanum, and the inquest went on quite satisfactorily for the prisoners, until I asked the man what they had for dinner the previous day. He would not reply until ordered to do so by the coroner. (I may say the inquest was held by my permission in my house, as the apartments in the other house were small.) He replied bacon and cabbage and cold mutton, and that they drank beer. The woman was then brought in, and to the same question replied, "Hashed mutton and cold bacon, and good whisky for drink." The issue was the removal of the stomach for examination of the contents, and the inquest was postponed until the next day. That evening I found that on the day of the murder a rough-looking man had bought arsenic twice, and laudanum three times, at a druggist's store at some short distance. I brought the young salesman to see the man, whom he identified, to the purchaser's dismay. He had told me he intended to bury the deceased in the morning early, about ten miles from the city. The same night I had brought to me a phial bearing the druggist's name, and marked "Laudanum—poison." It was found in a yard adjoining that of the prisoners, and had been thrown over the wall in the night. The analysis showed a large quantity of arsenic found in the stomach, and now reduced to its metallic form. The prisoners were both executed on that day month for the committal of the murder. They had the bank-book of the poor letter-carrier; £200 which he had lodged was the incentive to their crime.

SUICIDE PREVENTED.

One evening, as I stood at my door, a low-sized, elderly man, wearing a fur cap and with the appearance of one who had been in better circumstances, stopped to ask me some question—I think it was, “Is this the way to the river?” I felt impelled to speak to him, especially as from his English accent I judged he was a stranger. I invited him into my surgery and said, “you seem to be a stranger in a strange land. I hope you are not a stranger to Christ and the gospel, but that you are serving the good Lord.” Deep and poignant convictions in a moment seized him and he fell on the ground in an agony of mind. At first I thought he might have been seized with an apoplectic fit, but soon learned the truth. I brought him to my parlor, and laid him on a sofa; where, at length, after a flood of tears, he gave me the following account of himself:—“For many years I and my wife lived happily together in London, serving God. We were Wesleyans. My wife, some three or four years ago, made up her mind to join the Congregational Church. She was an excellent woman—a decided christian—and had always been a comfort and help to me. But I violently opposed her change to another church, and at length became a bitter persecutor. I lost my union with Christ, then left His church, lost my business, and fell into a sinful and careless course of life. I went from one married child to another, could not bear to meet a godly man or woman who had previously known me, and would turn down another street if I saw one whom I had been acquainted with, lest he should speak to me on the subject of religion. I came over here to see a married daughter. I spent the money given me by her for my fare to England, and I was on my way to the river to end my miserable life when I addressed you, and now God in mercy has stopped me from destroying myself and awakened my slumbering conscience.” I conversed and prayed with him frequently during two or three days, during which he sought, and found, rest for his troubled spirit. When the London steamer sailed, the Strangers’ Friend Society having

obtained for him a free passage, I supplied all his wants, and he returned to his home a humble and renewed man, having obtained forgiveness through believing in Christ. I heard of his arrival, and of his resolution to seek forgiveness from his wife again, whom also he had offended.

THE BENEVOLENT STRANGERS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

" Thus some have entertained angels unawares."

I have several times mentioned the Benevolent Strangers' Friendly Society. It was instituted for the purpose of affording aid to strangers, by sending them to their homes in the country or to England, by assisting the industrious poor to start in some way earning a livelihood; by supplying, if necessary, to sick families aid in other ways that might appear desirable; to help those who needed help. We met once a week to receive and dispose of applications. No case was relieved without being first visited and carefully investigated. Religious instruction was offered and advice given. The members also held meetings on week evenings in various parts of the city, for reading and expounding the scriptures, and for prayer. They met in Widows' Homes and in other similar asylums; and once each month on Sunday mornings they had breakfast together at their mutual expense, when in rotation a few were privileged to invite friends or strangers. These meetings were very edifying and spiritual in their results. A subject for consideration having been fixed on, the conversation became general. About sixty to eighty were the numbers usually present, and the meetings were closed at a quarter to eleven o'clock so as to allow all present time to proceed to church. I had at that time a large house situated in a densely-populated, but poor, part of the city, where for about three years, with hard work and strict economy, I "provided things honest in the sight of all men." At the same time I attended to a variety of duties; holding cottage prayer-meetings on Sunday afternoon; acting as a

prayer-leader and tract distributor, and as a member of the Benevolent Strangers' Friendly Society until married in 1834.

THE CHOLERA.

In the year 1832 the Asiatic cholera first visited Dublin, and was attended by a very great mortality. The treatment was at first but little understood. A panic had seized the masses, and the mental and physical systems of those attacked were prostrated. When called on I refused no case, however poor, and during the visitation I attended about as many gratuitously as those from whom I received a small remuneration, often supplying the former with some medicine, etc. I found abundant opportunity of speaking to the sick about God's great love to men, and of immediate salvation by faith in a crucified Saviour. I have been out in the night to visit three, four, and five cases in succession. As in treating this alarming disease so much of success depends on the prompt application of remedies, I always carried with me a small pocket case of the medicines I thought best suited for its different stages, and at once prescribed for the patient, saw heated jars or bricks, mustard poultices, etc., applied where requisite before leaving, and then returned to the patient as soon as possible to do what else might be necessary. By this means I have reason to believe that many lives were saved, and much sorrow and suffering prevented. Otherwise, while a prescription was sent to a chemist and prepared the disease rapidly advanced another stage, before the remedy could reach the patient, and it might then be too late to be of any use. The death rate of about 250 patients whom I attended did not exceed that of the Cork-street Fever Hospital, as stated in their annual report. I state this as it may prove a useful hint to many.

On one Sunday, in place of visiting the general hospital or Newgate, as my usual habit had been, I visited the cholera hospitals in Townsend-street in the south of the city. I had gone previously to that in the northern portion, in Grange-Gorman Lane, formerly a female penitentiary. But I was

compelled to relinquish my work there. This was how it came about. I procured an order from the head physician to visit the patients, and felt the more interest in them as I had learned that the parochial minister did not visit unless specially sent for. I went from bed to bed, speaking a few words to each, urging them to accept and trust in Christ's death as an all-sufficient atonement for the sin of each personally, and thus to secure eternal life, in some cases only repeating a promise to the heavy laden, when the agony or peculiar circumstances of the patient seemed to demand brevity. The rapidity of the course of the disease often prevented a messenger from reaching the clergyman in time, and his attendance generally, even when a wish was expressed for it, was too late. Indeed, it required one to be constantly present, in season and out of season, to tell those poor perishing creatures that "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness so was the Son of Man lifted up, that whosoever believed in Him should not perish, but should have eternal life." The priest was there, and evidently watched me. So did the sisters of charity, who braved the dangers of contagion with a heroic zeal worthy of any cause. I knew not who were Protestants or Romanists, and cared as little, since Christ was the Saviour of all men, and each was welcome to come to Him for forgiveness and rest. The priest sent for the physician, and told him I had been interfering with his people. The doctor then requested me only to speak with Protestants. I asked for a guide. A Roman Catholic nurse was given, who was prepared to mislead me; and, after visiting a few patients, I was led to the bedside of one who was convalescent, and a chair was provided for me. This person proved to be a Romanist, and while I was unfolding the treasures of divine grace the sisters of charity entered the ward, and cried out, "So you are at it again?" In vain I appealed to my guide, who had disappeared. The doctor was once more sent for. He saw and understood the case, and said to me, "There is but little use in your continuing under the circumstances. The minister will be sent for in case any one requests it." I then withdrew, first telling

those ladies that they would be responsible at the bar of God for preventing my declaring the way of salvation to the poor dying sinners around. They placed their hands over their ears, and said they did not want to hear such things. I replied I did not doubt it, but that, nevertheless, I had spoken the truth—they were responsible, and must answer for it to God, the righteous Judge.

One night I was called out of bed to see a girl aged ten years—her father, a tinsmith, and the mother being from home. There was no fire, no comforts, and the child was rapidly passing into the collapse state. After administering to her the best remedies I could, I had hastily to light a fire and with the aid of the diminutive messenger to put on it a kettle of water. I was then about to carry the little girl in a blanket to place her opposite the fire, when the parents returned drunk, long after midnight. The father insisted on carrying her to the fire, and in the attempt to do so fell, and I had to perform the office myself. I spoke to the dear child about Jesus, prayed with her, doing what I thought necessary, and withdrew. As might have been expected she died at break of day. The father and mother took the temperance pledge from me some time after, and became greatly changed for the better in every respect.

A few months prior to the visit of the cholera I attended professionally a woman who, in a fit of jealousy had taken a large quantity of opium to destroy her life. It pleased God to bless my efforts, and she recovered. When she took ill afterwards of cholera, I was sent for to attend her, and after the prompt application of suitable remedies I called in the husband, a confectioner, and urged him to get a minister to see her, as the disease might speedily cause her death. He was a man of the world, and although professedly a Presbyterian, knew no minister, but begged me to get one. I called on a clergyman who came with me at once. He spoke loving truthful words, and prayed with her. As the house was tenanted by a number of Romanists the news of a Protestant daring to pray there spread, and a messenger was speedily sent for a priest. He returned with one soon after

the minister had left, and I was going down the stairs when the priest passed me on his way to the sick-room. He sent a message requesting me to return, and the following conversation took place, a number of people being collected on the landing and at the doorway :—

Priest : “ Was it you, sir, who brought a person to pray with this woman ? ”—“ Yes.”

Priest ; “ Did you not know that she was a Roman Catholic ? ”—“ I applied to her husband and he left it with me to get anyone I liked.”

Priest : “ Sir, you ought to mind your medicines and leave these matters to whom they belong.”—“ My religion, I replied, teaches me to love the souls as well as the bodies of my fellow-creatures, and while I live I will not cease to tell them the truths of the gospel.”

Priest : “ Pray what is your religion ? ”—“ The religion of the bible.”

Priest : “ Is it the bible in Hebrew, or Greek, or Latin, or French, or Italian ? ”—“ In English, I replied.”

On this he stamped his foot angrily on the floor, and said he would not allow his people to be interfered with. I turned to the crowd around the door and said, “ Good people, you may always know a christian by his having and showing a christian spirit.” On this he ordered me to leave him alone with the woman, and to quit the place. I replied, “ I will ; but first let me tell you, you will be held responsible at the judgment seat if you point this woman to any other way of salvation but through her Saviour Jesus Christ.” I left, and on my return to see the woman in two or three hours found her much better. She then told me that the priest had said he would make her an example, and would not give her the rites of her church ; that she told him she wished he would go away and not be disturbing her ; she did not want him there. He said, “ Did you not send for me ? ” “ No,” she replied, “ I do not want you.” After muttering threats against any “ who should have those fellows to pray with them,” he withdrew. Mrs. Frazer recovered, but she did not attend the Roman Catholic Church afterwards.

There was a poor heart-broken woman whose family I had attended professionally on several occasions, and had spoken to about the great salvation. Her husband was a drunken fellow, though a good workman. Her conscience had been enlightened to know her need of a Saviour, but the wretched home she had, and the trials of life, seemed to have kept her from deciding for Christ. One day I was sent for to see her. I found her almost in a state of collapse, from a rapid attack of cholera. I did my best to relieve her, and then asked her could she trust her all with Christ, who died to redeem her and all mankind. She said, "Oh, doctor, I was dreadfully afraid of death. My sins were ready to crush me to hell; but this morning early I cried and continued to cry to God for mercy through Christ, till He gave me peace through a full trust in His Son, and the knowledge of my salvation by the forgiveness of my sins. Then knowing the temptations I was exposed to and fearing lest I might at any time go back to the world, I again prayed, if it was His holy will, to take me home to Himself. Immediately the symptoms of cholera set in, and I am dying and will be with my blessed Lord soon." I knelt beside her, and commended her to His care; and in an hour or two she passed away.

In Townsend-street Cholera Hospital on Sundays I had many opportunities of meeting sick and dying ones glad to hear and receive the truth, and, with thankfulness for the opportunity, I told them the story of the cross until the cholera ceased to be epidemic. I have been called out to cholera patients—the drunkard, the outcast, the infidel; to poor people in cellars and in garrets, amid sounds of lamentation and woe, and in scenes of the greatest distress; but the love of my divine Lord and Master made the work easy and the toil blessed, while I pointed out the suffering and the dying to the only Refuge for sinners.

The only Name to sinners given,
That lifts poor dying souls to heaven.

I noted with much interest that I attended during the epidemic very few believers who died of this disease. I would also remark that all through this visitation of cholera I observed that every case I inquired into particularly was preceded by diarrhœa, lasting for a shorter or a longer period. By reducing this knowledge to practice I was often able to prevent the disease from spreading through families where I had been called in as the medical attendant, by promptly administering a sedative and an astringent. In numerous instances I thus prevented its further development. With the hope of its being useful to others I mentioned this fact to Dr. Jackson, head physician to the Cholera Hospital in 1847-48, on the occasion of meeting him in consultation with a lady in a moribund condition from cholera, and asking him if he had observed the same symptoms. He at once said his experience in 1832, as well as then, quite coincided with mine. At that time Dr. Jackson himself had diarrhœa. He went on his duties to the Cholera Hospital, became very ill on the following day, and died the next, of Asiatic cholera, through I fear not attending to the warning symptoms of which he said he was aware.

I was once called to see a soldier in cholera in the Richmond Barrack. The man had been a favorite with his officers, several of whom stood by his bedside. On this occasion I observed that the sodawater he drank was deeply tinged with blood each time he vomited—the blood being in perfect solution. I had then the idea that the serum of the blood so largely secreted, left the crassamentum (or remaining portion) so thick as to be with difficulty transmitted from the heart and returned thither by the veins, and that the symptoms of cramp indicated an effort of nature to aid in propelling the blood through the veins back to the heart again. I published shortly afterwards a letter detailing my observations and views, with the hope of leading to fuller investigation for the general good.

MY MARRIAGE.

Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing,
 And obtaineth favour of the Lord;
 The heart of her husband safely trusteth in her,
 And he shall have no need of spoil.

In 1834, having then a fair practice and having a home of my own, I had for some time thought of marriage. I asked the Lord to direct me to a companion who would help me on the heavenly road. I asked neither for riches nor for honor, but for piety and good common sense. After some time I heard from a minister of the gospel of a lady whom he had known intimately, who, he said, had been a good daughter, was greatly beloved by her acquaintances, was of deep consistent piety, and who was engaged in many benevolent and useful works. She lived in the city of Cork, 120 miles from Dublin. This so engaged my thoughts that I resolved to go to Cork to see her for myself. I went and returned in a week. I found that we had each been led in a very remarkable way through the trials and temptations of life. I spoke my mind and told her my history, and declared my wishes; I was accepted, and we were soon after united. Need I say to those who have known her since then, now over fifty-six years ago, what a blessing, comfort, and help she proved to me for over fifty-two years; what a loving, devoted life she led till her departure to be with Christ in perfect peace in 1886, beloved by all, useful to very many, surrounded by six of the ten dear, affectionate children whom the Lord had given to us, four having gone to the glory some years before. During my visit to the south I formed two or three Tract Distribution Societies, visited the gaol, hospitals, and asylums, and went with my future wife among the poor, the almshouses, the widows, and sick christian people whom she had been accustomed to visit. When we got settled at home, the Leaders' Board of the Church Methodists, hearing that my wife had conducted two classes in Cork, and a female's prayer-meeting, etc., as well, invited us each to collect if we could from the

world those who were desirous to flee from the wrath to come, and to form classes. I had a few converts who had attended a meeting for prayer previous to my marriage. These I formed into a class for religious experience, soon after a second, then a third; and after some time a fourth and a fifth, counting for many years to over 140 members. Some of these I found while visiting for the Benevolent Strangers' Friendly Society, others in my professional visits, some at meetings for prayer, but the greater number were persons who formerly had made a profession of religion but had through temptation fallen back. I heard of and sought out many such. None seeming to care for these poor backsliders, wretched and miserable in their minds, my wife's sympathy was much drawn out towards them. I encouraged and invited them to repent and to do their first works, namely, to return to Christ and to follow Him. Some, who afterwards became the brightest and most devoted christians, I thus found who helped me in visiting absent members and in various works of mercy and love. Some became useful members of the society as prayer leaders, tract distributors, and Sunday-school teachers, and a few became ministers of the gospel. In process of time when I was worn down by illness, one of my classes was divided into two, and two leaders appointed over them. Two other of my classes were soon after, by my wish, given to two devoted young men as leaders. Two I kept until leaving the country many years later.

My dear wife took a class in the Sunday-school. It soon increased, and the elder girls, who had become concerned about their future-welfare, were formed by her into a separate class. On another evening she collected a number of married and single women into a second class; and, on Sundays, she accompanied me in the afternoons to the suburban hospitals—she taking the female wards while I went through the male wards, leaving tracts and speaking to the inmates separately about Christ and His love to men. And thus she continued, my unfailing helper in all Christian work for years, until we left Ireland for Victoria. In this

country also she continued a devoted and consistent life of Christian activity, until on the 7th of December, 1886, sitting in her chair, she fell asleep in Jesus, in perfect peace, and rejoicing in the hope of a glorious immortality. Her last intelligible words were, "My Jesus. Yes! 'tis life everlasting." She was in her seventy-ninth year.

DREAMS.

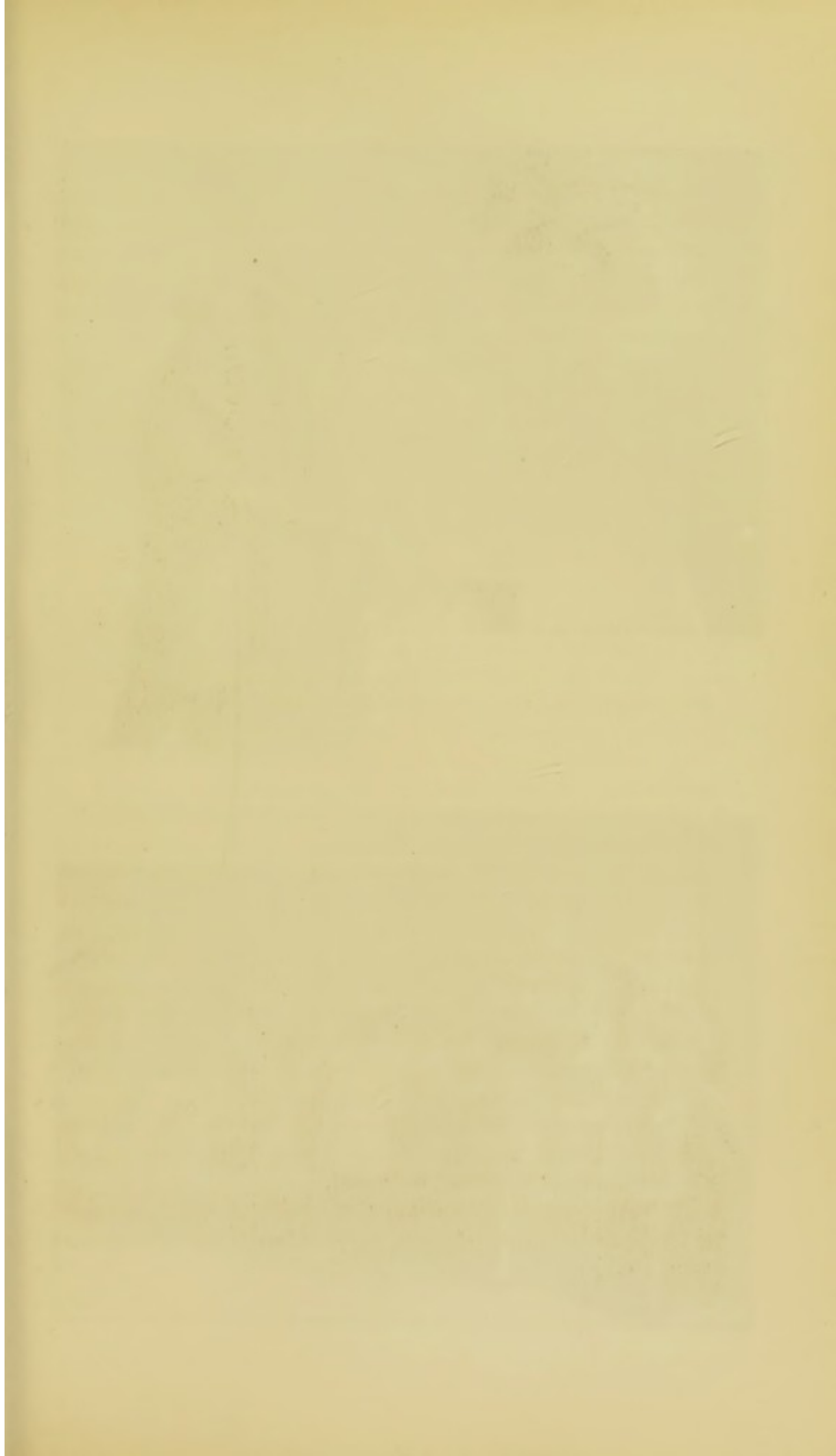
In a dream, in a vision of the night,
When deep sleep falleth upon men—
In slumberings upon the couch—
Then openeth He the ears of men,
And sealeth their admonition.

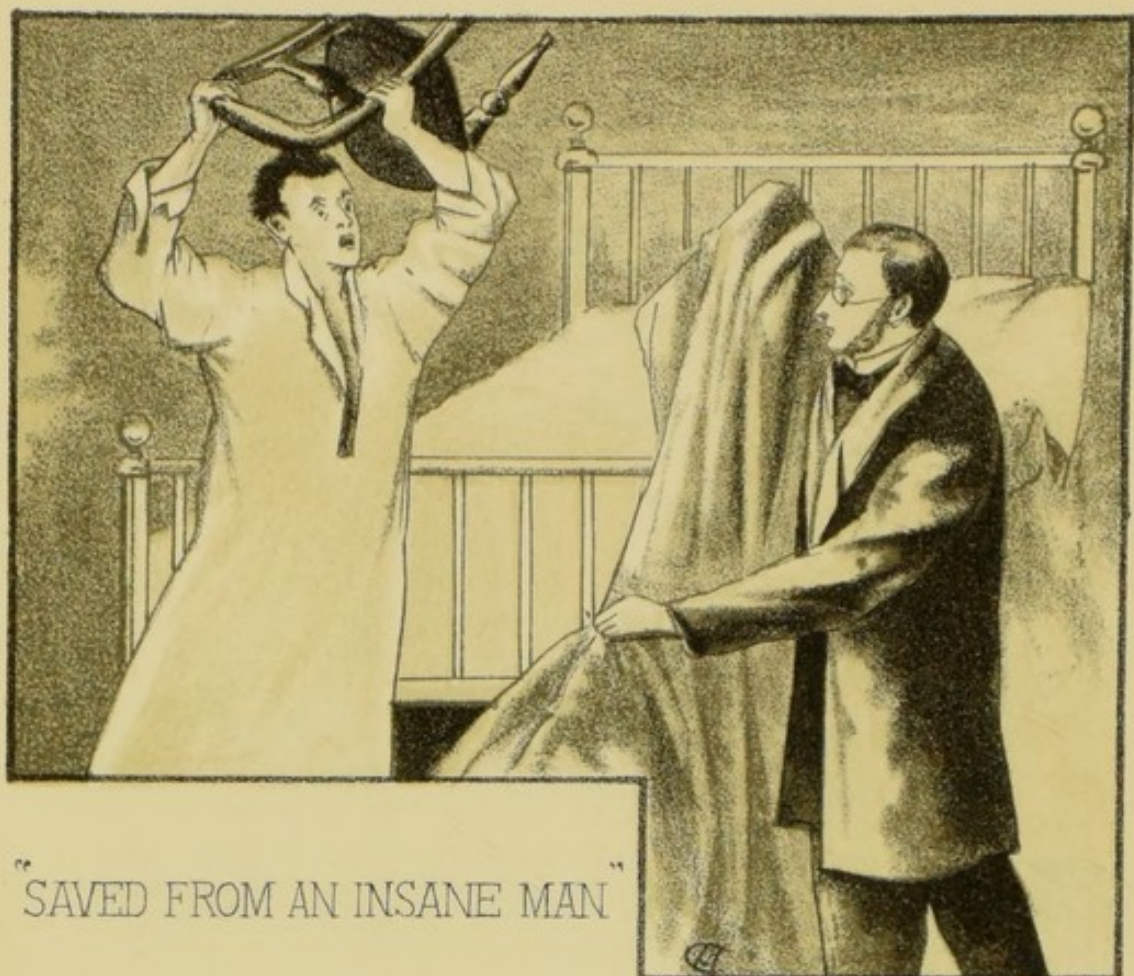
* * * * *

He restraineth the soul from the pit [sheol],
And his life from perishing by the lethal weapon.

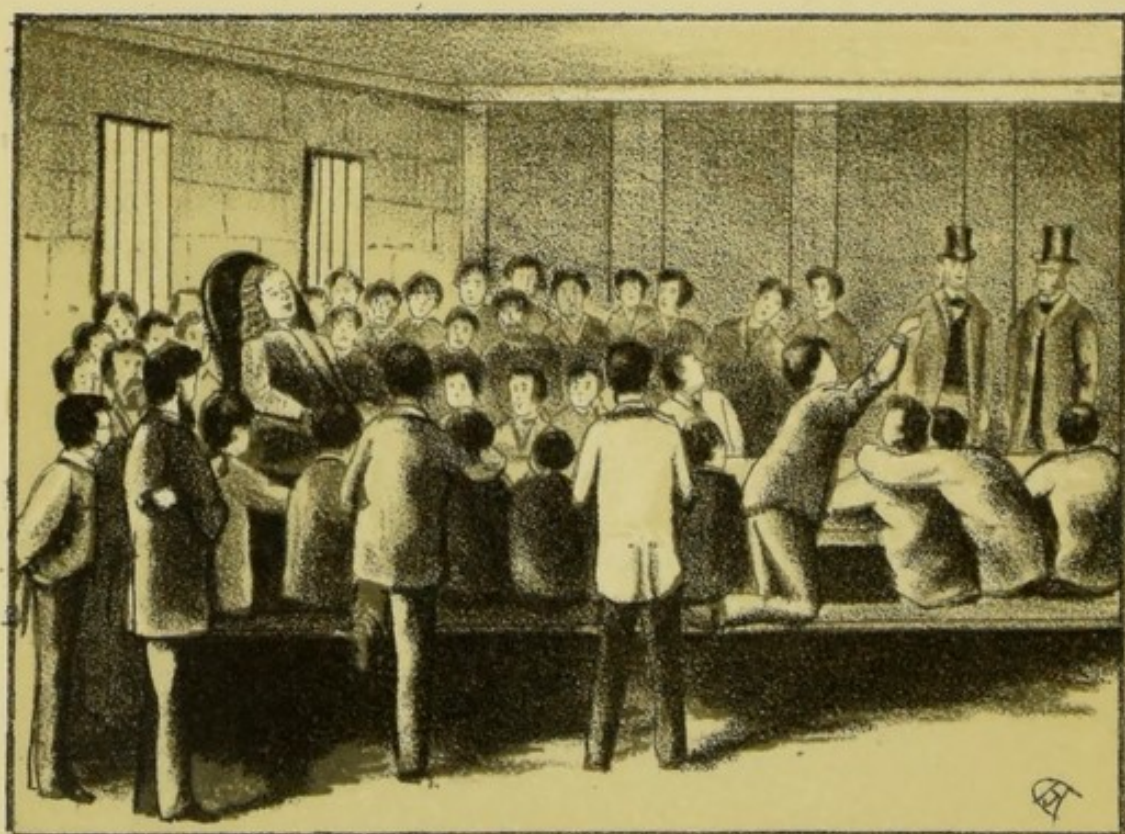
I once attended a man in a very protracted illness, and frequently urged him to decide for Christ, and to become His follower, but without apparent success. His stepson, however, whom I was also attending professionally in the same house, did "attend to the things that were spoken," received the truth, and I witnessed his triumphant departure to glory. I had occasion afterwards to send the elder patient to the Dublin mountains for change of air. While there he one night dreamed that he passed by a cave in the mountains, and, looking in, saw satan writing in a book and his eyes fixed on him as he wrote. He then thought he looked at the writing, and found the words were—"Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." He awoke deeply convicted of his sins, and soon after found by faith in Christ rest and peace, and died a pardoned sinner.

An interesting and educated young woman, a member of one of my classes, felt weary of sin and heavy-laden with its guilt, and longed for rest in Christ, but could not understand the simplicity of finding it by faith, till she dreamed one night that she saw the Saviour who held out to her a paper to take, on which she read, "Look unto Me all ye ends of





"SAVED FROM AN INSANE MAN"



LORD MAYOR'S DEBTORS PRISON

the earth, and be ye saved." In a moment she looked, believed, and rejoiced in her sleep, and awoke praising God. She continued to be a happy, trustful believer in Christ, and was so when I left Ireland, being then the help-meet of a dear, devoted christian friend of mine. I remember while passing through some deep exercises of mind, one night dreaming that I saw the Lord walking down one of the avenues of Trinity College Park, towards me. When he drew near I thought He smiled on me approvingly. This certainly gave me encouragement under the circumstances in which I was placed.

On another occasion I dreamed I was sitting in company with a number of high professing christians, and thought I felt deeply grieved at their light and trifling conversation and worldly conformity. I was much distressed; when suddenly I thought Christ appeared before me, and gave me a look of tender sympathy and approval, that much strengthened my faith, and encouraged me to work for Him. Trifling as these things may appear to some they for a long time helped me to cultivate a sense of the presence of my Saviour, and to act with a single eye to His glory.

The Tract Distributing Society which I had formed proved to be a blessing to the visitors as well as to the people; but though sometimes the visitors had rough treatment and many disappointments. I remember an excellent young man, a member of one of my classes, being greatly discouraged in his visits to the Dublin Debtors' Prison in connection with the Lord Mayor's Court. (Debtors were then imprisoned there, and sometimes for sums of less than two shillings.) I went with him to his work on the next Sunday, to encourage him, and found about eighty men in a large room with beds over each other, as in a ship. While speaking with some of them I heard the door closed and fastened, and soon learned that a mock-court was to try us for some supposed offence. One man representing the Lord Mayor sat in a chair on the large table. He had a piece of sheepskin on his head for the usual wig, and an enormous spy-glass with which he looked at me, and at my friend who

trembled with alarm. I told him not to mind what occurred. The judge said to a man who held a few old pieces of paper as a brief, "Are these the prisoners? What, Mr. Attorney, do you bring as a charge against them?" I then addressed the mock-judge and the court, solemnly, on the judgment following death, and on the change of heart necessary in order to enjoy heaven hereafter and God's favor here. In vain the crier called for "Silence in the coort." As he did not succeed in silencing me, the judge dismissed the court, and the door was again opened; but for the future the tract visitor had no more trouble. On another occasion the visitors to the sheriff's prison (where were confined probably 150 or 200 debtors from all parts of Ireland) were threatened by some young men that if they came there again they should be placed under the pump in the centre yard. As they did not like to meet those roughs I encouraged them by going with them, and went from room to room, until suddenly a number of men rushed from the rooms, by concert apparently, and called out for their companions in riot to help drag us to the pump. I took no notice, but quietly held on my work of visiting from room to room, and presently one prisoner, evidently a gentleman, rebuked them sharply and told them we came to do them good at an inconvenience to ourselves, and that they ought to be ashamed of such treatment being offered to us. Soon their ardor cooled and they returned to their rooms. The visitors had no further annoyance.

The priests gave us opposition and much discouragement when they could, and invariably directed their flocks not to receive or read our tracts, but to destroy those they found. As a sample of this. One Sunday morning on going round the Meath Infirmary with a young friend (many years since the incumbent of a large English parish) who had been one of our tract visitors, the nurse of a large ward told us the priest had been there that morning to hear confession, and to anoint some dying man, and that no doubt hearing something from the dying man that had disturbed him, he had, with his vestments on, hastily called the nurse, when the following conversation arose:—

Priest: "I say, nurse, why do you allow *fellows* to come here with their tracts, and to speak to my people about religion?"

"Nurse: "Sir, there are no fellows coming here. Two young gentlemen come every Sunday."

Priest: "I say they are fellows. Why don't you prevent them?"

Nurse: "I cannot interfere."

Priest: "Well, why don't they do as I do? Whisper or speak in a low voice in their ear what they may have to say to their own people."

Nurse: "Oh, sir, I suppose, they don't want to put their light under a bushel."

The priest very angrily said: "I will have you turned out of this hospital."

She replied: "I don't care. I will never, while I am in it, prevent anyone doing good to the sick and dying."

On several occasions the priest in attendance made efforts to have us excluded, and even threatened to have the Government grant to the fever wards stopped, unless their requests were complied with. His last proposal was, "That no one should be allowed to see a patient on the subject of religion unless he were sent for by the patient." This was granted by the committee, and on the following Monday the matron, who was a decided and intelligent christian lady, saw the priest enter the gate, and as he was coming towards the entrance door, she went to meet him and asked him what patient he was going to see.

"None in particular," he replied.

"Did anyone, sir, send for you?"

"Oh no!" he replied.

"Then," said the matron, "I have only to point you to the rule passed as you proposed at the last board meeting, in order that you may see the propriety of observing it."

The priest, caught in his own net, had to retire. The visitors always withdrew when they were complained of by the priests to the committee of management, but in a week or two those visitors returned and made known the blessed

word of reconciliation to the weary and the heavy laden, sick in spirit as well as in body, and as much in need of help from the heavenly healer, as they were of the services of the earthly physician.

INFLUENCE.

In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that.

I had a young man as an assistant who was studying for the profession. The Lord opened his heart by means of our family worship morning and evening, and when he received the truth he became an earnest worker for Christ. For many years he has been a successful and useful surgeon, and continues to be a consistent christian. I have heard occasionally from him for forty years. A fellow student frequently came to my house, and by my wife's conversation and my own was powerfully awakened to a sense of sin, and having fled for refuge to Christ, found in Him all that his spirit longed for—rest and satisfaction. He also long adorned his profession in Ireland as a medical man, by his consistent christian conduct and principles, but has since fallen asleep in Christ. Both these helped me subsequently in carrying out many plans of usefulness to the souls and bodies of the poor, as well as in Sunday-school teaching.

I recollect one of the Sunday-school scholars, a youth of about seventeen years of age, whose brother, a manufacturing silversmith, had a painful history. The young man was under the delusion that he could not go to heaven unless he cut off his right hand and his right foot, and plucked out his right eye, thus literally complying with what he thought the Holy Scriptures taught, "If thy hand offend thee, etc." One morning in the workshop, when the men with one exception had left for breakfast, he literally plucked out his right eye, and cut off his right hand, and was proceeding to cut off his right foot when he fell back, probably from loss of blood, and thus attracted the attention of the other man who, being

engaged, had not noticed what he was doing. I was sent for. The eye and hand were "cast from him," and lay under a bench. I grasped the stump, so as to compress the blood vessels, and while bandaging it, desired a cab to be sent for to take him to the hospital. I can never forget the placid way in which, while looking at me with his one eye, and his face covered with the blood streaming down his cheek from the other, he said—"Dr. Singleton had we not better have a prayer first before I go to the hospital?" It was clear, from what his sister-in-law afterwards said to me, that he ought to have been placed under restraint at least a fortnight before this time. He was left, one Sunday, to mind the house of business in another part of the city while the family were absent for the day. When they returned at night they found the house shut up, no response could be obtained to their knocking, and the locks had to be forced in order to allow of their entering. The young man had left, and did not return for two days. This lady then saw him peeping into the shop, called him in, and asked him how he could have acted so. He said he thought God was going to destroy the city with fire and brimstone, and he fled to the Dublin mountains. She very quietly asked him did he look behind. "No," said he, "do you think I would be such a fool?" intimating his persuasion that if he had he would have been turned into a pillar of salt. The priests made much of this case, as illustrating the danger of reading the scriptures without authorised explanation. I met the young fellow frequently afterwards. He was quite insane, but quiet and inoffensive.

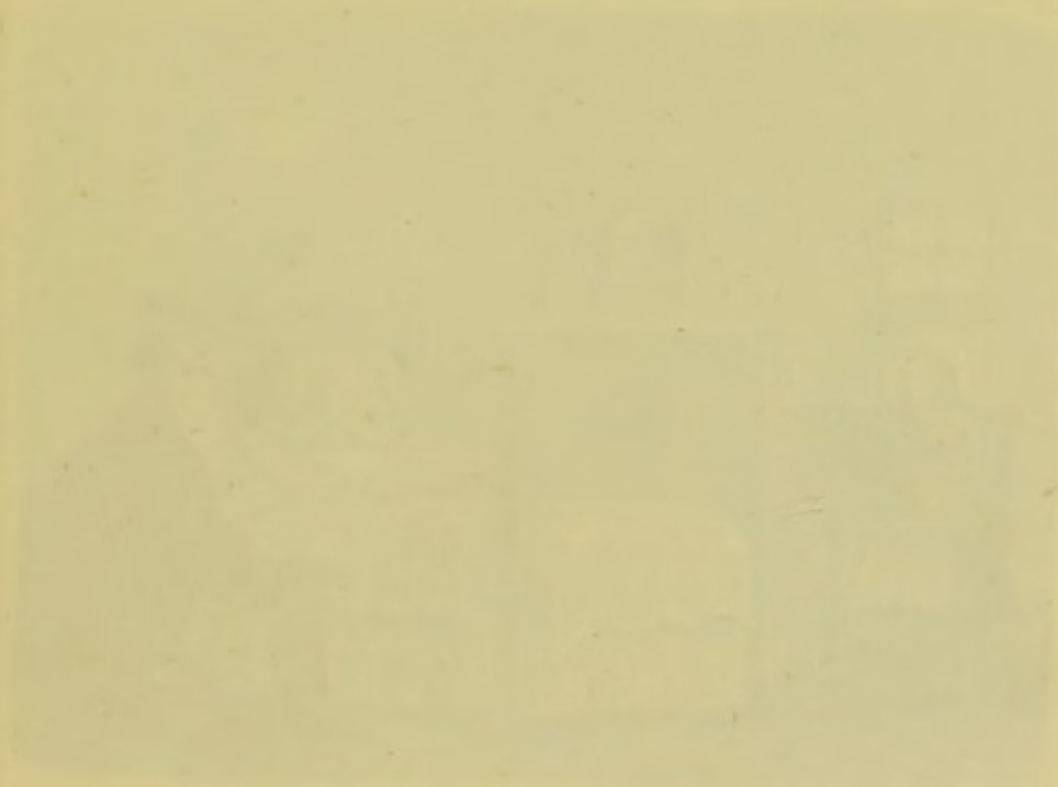
When my health required a day or two's rest from the harrassing night duties of my profession, I felt that I should still improve passing opportunities for christian work, and in my resting times I went on most occasions to Ballygannon, in the County Wicklow, where dear old Mr. and Mrs. Faucett and their amiable family lived, and with whom I spent, on several occasions, some very happy hours. This patriarch trained his family in loving obedience to their parents, and in loving union with each other; they had also

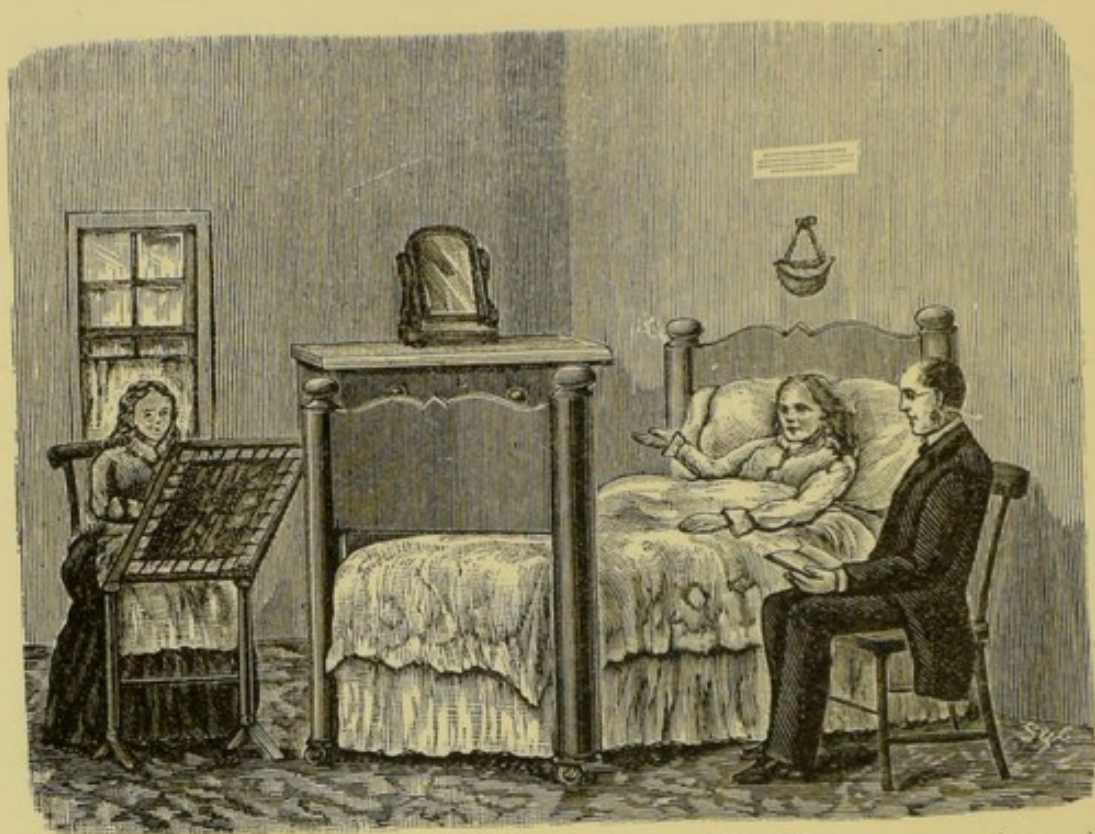
a careful training in the knowledge of the holy scriptures as well as in regular habits of industry. I noticed that at family worship each of them, including the father, read a verse alternately, being encouraged to ask an explanation or make an observation. He either appealed to a commentary, or explained scripture by scripture, and concluded with prayer, frequently a hymn being sung before it. I drove with them some miles to the nearest church on Sundays, and on the same evening generally held an out-door service or meeting amidst the surrounding mountains or in a barn or schoolhouse. At some of these I witnessed the conversion to Christ of many sincere, simple-minded seekers of salvation. Amongst these were some of my friend's children, who, in after life, adorned their profession as followers of Christ. On one occasion I went to Enniskerry, about a dozen miles from Dublin, with two of my fellow-workers, and while there we obtained permission to hold a prayer-meeting among the police at the barracks. Fourteen years subsequently, under very peculiar circumstances, I met with one of those policemen, then engaged in another occupation, who had on that occasion been led to accept Christ as his Saviour, and had remained from that time His faithful follower. At the period mentioned he proved a friend to me. In this, as in almost numberless other instances, I have found that faithfulness to present duties will assuredly be followed by results which will redound to the glory of God.

THE CHILDREN OF THE JUST.

As for Me, this is My covenant with them saith the Lord. My spirit that is upon thee, and My words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever.

I have noticed on many occasions the providential dealings of God with christian widows and their children. Let me give one or two illustrations. I was attending an old lady who had been dangerously ill, and whom I found on enquiry





MY STAY, MY SUPPORT, AND MY COMFORT. (P. 53)

to be a humble, happy christian. She gave me the following interesting account of herself. Her husband, who belonged to the Moravian Church, was a truly pious man. "While he lay on his death bed one day, seeing me weeping bitterly as I paced the room, with an infant in my arms, and six young children around me, he said, 'Mary, why do you weep? It grieves me to see you so distressed,' I replied, 'Why should I not weep, when the Lord is taking you from me; leaving me in the world with these six little children, and this dear baby on my breast?' He fixed his eyes on me, and said, 'Mary, God will be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow, and when I am gone, and your other children scattered and provided for, *that babe on your breast will be your stay, your support, and your comfort.*" He soon after breathed his last. She went on to say, "I never have wanted for any good thing since. My children are all provided for and are away, some in America, some married in the country, but all provided for, except the babe then on my breast. She is twenty years of age, and during all that time she has been with me, and for several years has been my stay, my support, and my comfort." Pointing then to an interesting young woman working some fancy work of a useful and ornamental kind on a frame, the widow exclaimed "There she is, as my godly husband in my hour of trouble told me she would be." The room was comfortably furnished, and extremely neat and clean. Four years later I was again called in to see the widow in her last illness, and was privileged to witness her grateful and triumphant joy as she rested on Christ, supported and attended on her dying bed with the greatest solicitude by a loving daughter. She commended her to God's care, saying, "Mary, you are now no longer to be my *stay, support, and comfort.* My God will be yours, and will bless you." She soon after entered into the joy of her Lord. This young woman had, during her mother's lifetime, refused several offers of marriage. But she afterwards married well, and was living happily with her husband when I met her, about two years subsequent to her mother's removal. She told me then of God's special care and blessing, and of her trust in her mother's God.

In the Adelaide Hospital I met a shoemaker whom I had previously known and often spoken to about his eternal welfare, giving him also religious tracts, etc. He now lay dangerously ill. For some time he labored under deep exercise of mind, but at length, while in the hospital, he found rest for his soul in Christ. He had a wife and four children, and often the thought that they might suffer want after his death distressed him, but at length he was able to commit them to His care, who feedeth the young ravens when they cry, and who careth even for the sparrows. He died soon after in perfect peace. Through interest made on behalf of the children, some were taken into the Parochial Schools, and others into the Protestant Orphanage. Each year at the annual meetings of the Protestant Orphan Society, the mother used to bring the children to see me, and show what God had wrought. They were healthy, well clad, well instructed, and happy; probably much better provided for than they would have been if the father had lived.

GATHERING THE LAMBS IN HIS ARMS AND FOLDING THEM IN HIS BOSOM.

It has frequently been my joy to meet with young persons who were made partakers of the Divine nature, glorifying God by triumphant deaths, and others living holy, self-denying lives. Among these were several members of my wife's and my own Sunday-school classes. Some of them had joined one or other of the christian churches.

Eliza Brown, aged ten years, while dangerously ill, replied to a question I had asked her—"Eliza, have you rest and peace through Christ?" "Yes," she replied, "I have." "How do you know that Christ died for *your* sins?" Laying her hand on her heart, she replied, "I feel it here, sir." Susan Dudgeon, about the same age, who, while I was professionally attending her, exhorted all who came near her to give their hearts to God. She pressed her brother much to yield himself to Christ then and there.

She died soon after, and the brother, two years older, died about two years later of the same disease—consumption. When I saw him he was rejoicing in God his Saviour, going home to die no more. Edward Davenport, whose end was perfect peace when but eleven years old. Rebecca Bates, aged twelve, whom I attended during her last, long illness, through the whole of which she bore testimony to the preciousness and loving-kindness of God her Saviour. Addressing all her young friends and others who came to see her with tender sympathy and faithfulness, she begged of them to love and to obey the Lord Christ. She often entreated her mother to give herself, body, soul, and spirit to Him, and to meet her in heaven. With touching words of kindness she divided her little library, giving a book to each of former young companions and friends, as a token of love. I wrote, at her father's request, a little memoir of her, which was printed, and was much read by Sunday-school children at the time.

I mention these cases to show that the peace, happiness, and safety which Christ offers both for life and death are not reserved to adults only, but can be understood, accepted, and enjoyed by children of tender years. And I hope that any children who may read these pages will be encouraged to give their hearts to God while they are young, so that as long as they live, and they won't die any the sooner for believing in Christ and loving Him, they may enjoy true happiness, and that when they die they may be taken to the beautiful home of the blessed in heaven. The cases of early conversion to Christ which I was privileged to witness were many and blessed.

I have frequently been invited to tea-meetings and other assemblies for promoting practical godliness, and when at all convenient, I have usually accepted such a call as from Divine Providence, and with a hope of being in some way useful. On one of these occasions, I attended on a Sunday morning, a breakfast-meeting in a farmhouse, three or four miles from the city. After breakfast I proposed, as there were some devoted christians present, as well

as a number of unconverted persons, that some of the former should tell, for the edification of all present, how they had been led to Christ for salvation. We had earnestly prayed for the Holy Spirit's power to rest upon us on this occasion. A deep interest about their eternal safety was awakened in many, and an earnest cry from several for salvation induced us all to unite in prayer. These, under deep agony of mind on account of their sins, looked to the all-atoning blood of Christ for forgiveness. Some would not rise from their knees until they had found like precious faith and rest in Christ. Among those present were an aged and retired minister, with his son and his son's wife and their two young daughters, ten and twelve years old respectively. The younger of the two experienced a change of heart first, and while I was encouraging her to look through her tears to her loving, all-atoning Saviour, she was filled with unutterable joy. She at once arose and ran to her sister, told her what God had done for her, and entreated her to trust all to Christ and he would receive her now. She also at once believed and entered into the same rest. These dear girls threw their arms round each other's necks and wept with joy, and then around their pious grandfather, who, with tears, asked us all to unite in singing a verse or two of a hymn of praise, the countenances of the girls beaming meanwhile with holy joy. Their parents were deeply convinced of sin and were also brought fully to rest on God's promises, with several others before the termination of that memorable meeting. The good work was afterwards carefully attended to, and the converts watched over by christian friends.

It was about this time that I asked to address the children of a Sunday-school in Brown-street, in the Liberties of the city. The pious teachers had carefully and prayerfully taught and applied to the children the truths of the holy scriptures, and had waited for an answer to their prayers. While I, with a christian friend, spoke to them of Christ's love and compassion for sinners, and invited them to come at once to Him for rest, a powerful awakening

took place, and fifteen or sixteen that evening found peace through believing. On the third evening after I witnessed eight or nine more new converts rejoicing in the Lord. The grandmother of one of these girls, who had come to take care of her on returning home, was also awakened, and brought to experience the liberty of the children of God. These continued to adorn the gospel of God, their Saviour, being carefully watched by their christian teachers.

Several boys in my Sunday classes had found rest and peace through Christ, and expressed their anxiety for the salvation of some of their young friends. I invited them to meet and pray together, and on the first occasion I united with them at their earnest request. I soon left them to themselves, and a number of lads were brought to accept salvation by faith in Christ. In after life with great satisfaction I have traced the course of several of these, until they finished their earthly journey with holy joy ; and that of others, who still occupy with credit posts of honour and trust in the world.

As my beloved wife, owing to the cares of a young family, could not now accompany me as much as she had been accustomed to do for the first two or three years after our marriage, I kept more at home in the evenings, and we had frequently a christian friend with us, with whom we took sweet counsel and sang the songs of Zion. At other times we invited young persons who had few friends, or were anxious inquirers for salvation, with the hope of leading them to a saving knowledge of Christ.

OPEN-AIR PREACHING.

The master of the house said to his servant, go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed and the halt, and the blind. And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room. And the Lord said unto the servant, go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.

About this time one of the preachers of the gospel, Mr. W. C. Rice, expressed to me a wish he had to proclaim

the gospel in the open-air on a Sunday afternoon. I proposed to him to hold his first service on the canal banks, at the Richmond Barrack gates, as numbers of people promenaded there about that time. Mrs. Singleton and I accompanied him to the place. After a hymn had been sung he preached with remarkable unction and power. On the Sunday following, he did the same at the Monument, opposite the post-office, in Sackville-street. He preached again, on the third Sabbath, at the statue in College-green; and, on one occasion, at the corner of two leading streets, not far from my residence. With a few friends I accompanied him, bringing with me from my house a chair for him to stand on. He preached an awakening discourse; but, before its close, a number of men present became very troublesome; and, rushing through the audience, threw some of those near the speaker to the ground, and pressed hard to injure this good servant of God, and I then persuaded him to retire to my house. He had scarcely moved when the chair on which he had been standing was broken in pieces, and then the audience dispersed. Mr Rich, when in my house with a few who sympathised with his work, expressed his gratitude to God that no one had been injured. We then united in a hymn of thanksgiving, and in prayer. A year afterwards this man of God was taken ill with fever, of which he died much regretted, and followed to the grave by large crowds, composed of every christian denomination.

About three years subsequent to his death I was called to attend to a gentleman of property some miles from the city. On one occasion, while I had some necessary delay in his house, I learned from this gentleman's mother that she had a faithful servant whom she had thought to be a Roman Catholic, but found her attending the same church that she and he attended. The lady asked her was she not a Roman Catholic? when the girl gave her the following account:—
 “I was servant to Mr. K——, who lived at the corner of A—— and P—— streets some years ago; and, one Sunday afternoon, I heard a number of persons singing close to the hall door. Leaving the kitchen, I listened and heard a

minister telling of God's love to man and of salvation through Jesus Christ. His words reached my heart. The crowd treated him so badly as to drive him away; but I have never forgotten the words I heard him speak. I went to the church where I found that good man was the minister, and I have true happiness now. Thus satan was disappointed and foiled in his efforts, and "the wrath of man was made to praise God, while the remainder of wrath he restrained."

DREAMS AND VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

I have already in these pages spoken of dreams, and have shown how God on special occasions has used them (as He often did in olden times) for the good of men and for the glory of His name. I believe also that there are times when He makes a deep impression on the minds of His servants directing them to the performance of certain duties. I have sometimes found myself the subject of such impressions, and when this was the case I have generally attended to the duty at once, if possible, as I considered it might be a providential call and that, by deferring it, I might defeat some design of an all-wise God. I remember one or two circumstances which seem to illustrate this feeling. While visiting professionally in a part of the city at a distance from my residence, I suddenly felt a strong impression to go and see J. Deale and his wife, who had been members of my classes for some years. They resided in a court-yard in the district. Being pressed just then for time, I tried to set the impression aside, with the intention of calling on another occasion, and proceeded homewards. But so powerfully did the impression return that I had at length to retrace my steps until I arrived at my friends' residence. To my surprise they did not give me as cordial a welcome, or seem as cheerful and happy, as usual. I saw Mrs. Deale's brother cording a large box or trunk and that her bonnet was on, whilst her husband was working at his trade of shoemaking. I inquired what was the occasion of this. Was she going on a journey? Deale then told me they had had a quarrel concerning some

domestic matter, and had agreed to separate, and that she was then going to Gorey to her relations by the canal boat, while he would remain where he was. I saw in a moment that the enemy of souls had done this, and said "We will kneel down and ask the Lord's directions and his blessing, if this is from Himself." They all said the boat was to leave at such an hour, and seemed not to like me to engage in prayer then. I, however, persevered, and while thus engaged I heard the wife sobbing bitterly, and presently the husband also. On rising from our knees he said, "It was all my fault; won't you forgive me Rebecca?" While she replied, "No Joseph; it was mine, and God sent the doctor to us." They lived happily together till I left the country, and they afterwards wrote to me inquiring if I would advise them to come to Victoria. This I discouraged them from doing, as they had no children and he could get work at home. Since then I have ascertained that both of them have departed this life in perfect peace, leaving only the earthly home when called to dwell in "the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens"—the palace of angels and God.

THEY COME FROM THE WEST AND FROM THE EAST.

I went once to one of the suburbs on a Sunday afternoon, accompanied by a christian friend, to look for a place in which to hold a cottage meeting. We did not succeed in finding what we sought, but as we were returning through the village we heard the sounds of music and dancing, and seeing a crowd of people outside the door of a dance house, I asked my friend whether we ought not to speak to those people about the profanation of the Lord's Day that was going on? He declined, as he thought it would be attended with danger to us. I, however, made my way through the crowd till I got into the room, where a large number of people were assembled, when I at once charged them with breaking God's holy laws and profaning His Sabbath. The people ran out on every side. The

fiddler put his violin under a form, and attempted to justify what they were doing, as they had heard mass in the morning. After a plain, but kind and faithful, declaration of the gospel, I rejoined my friend, who said he thought me mad to enter the house, and expected I would have been badly treated. Kind words, however, never die, and faithful words, prayerfully and kindly spoken, under a feeling of duty, may save a man from death and bring glory to God.

About this time I became acquainted with an interesting young man named Abdul Hassan, a Hindoo, who told me he had been on board ship with the Rev. Mr. Williams, "the Martyr of Eromanga," and by his means was brought to Christ; that when a child, not four years old, his mother had taken him to the Great Assemblage, when the Car of Juggernaut was dragged along by thousands of the heathen Hindoos, and as she believed in the transmigration of souls, and thought he would be in a far higher position in his next existence if he were offered to Juggernaut, while the crowds were shouting as the car passed she flung him before the wheels. He, however, managed quickly to creep aside and was saved. Afterwards, having arrived at man's estate, he married a christian wife. He often called on us to sell his Indian wares, and having always at hand a supply of tracts, ready for any opportunity and offering one where he considered it suitable. On one occasion Hassan requested me to see a countryman of his who was very ill, living in a court-way off a retired street. I went with him and found the poor fellow in a dying condition. He could neither speak nor understand English, but, by the aid of Hassan as interpreter, I examined him and prescribed for the alleviation of his suffering from his disease, which I now saw must soon prove fatal. I asked what were his prospects for an eternal world, and found that although he had acquired some scriptural knowledge, he had a burdened conscience. I asked him was he ever at sea in a storm. "Yes." I then described as vividly as I could the ship filling with water, sinking—sinking—sinking. A boat, a lifeboat, now coming alongside, able to hold all who were in danger, and inviting

all to drop in without delay. "Yes." "The boat," I said, "*is Christ*; the sailor in the sinking ship is *you in your sins*. Will you drop into the lifeboat, trust the *atoning merit of Christ* who died *for you*, and *be saved now*?" His look of intense earnestness and his clasped hands showed he fully understood the whole; by the Holy Spirit's teaching he ventured himself on the promise of eternal life and safety in Christ, and at once rejoiced with exceeding joy. I desired Hassan to get the minister of the next church to see him, and, on my return next day with one of my children, bringing him some little delicacies for his comfort, I found the minister had called, and had questioned him, through Hassan, as to his faith and hope, and, being quite satisfied, had baptised him in the name of the glorious Trinity. A day or two more and he entered into the joy of his Lord, and joined the great company that "no creature can number," gathered from every nation and people and kindred and tongue, in the mansions of bliss, where

People of every realm and tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And with united voices sing
Hosannas to their glorious King.

One day a young woman in a state of intense excitement begged me to accompany her to see a lady dangerously ill. I hurried with her through several streets, till we arrived at what I found to be a well-known brothel. On entering the house I found the proprietress in bed. She was a fine intellectual looking woman, of about thirty years of age. On examining her case I found she was hopelessly ill of an acute inflammatory disease, in its last stage, but clear and collected as to her mental faculties. I told her my opinion candidly, referred to her sad mode of life, begged her even then to ask God, for Christ's sake, to forgive her the past, and assured her that He would do so. I left the house and entered one on the opposite side of the street, occupied by a cabinetmaker, whose family I had occasionally attended. I told him where I had been. He informed me that the

woman was highly educated and had been respectably married, but that since becoming a widow she had entered on her immoral course of living. With this information, and having learned her name, I immediately returned, and found a number of young women, residents in the house, assembled in her room. Mentioning her name, I approached her, took her hand in mine, and kindly said, "O, Mrs. — ! I know all about your early life, your marriage, etc., and I feel for your dreadful position. Do while time lasts, call on God for mercy!" She seemed to be impressed with the need of salvation, and I asked might I pray with her. "Oh, yes!" she replied, and, amid the sobs and tears of the young women present, I earnestly besought God to create in her a clean heart and to renew a right spirit within her, to show her herself a sinner, and Himself the justifier of the ungodly who believe in Christ. I also prayed for the young women, that, before *too late*, they would abandon a life of sin and shame, and live for eternity. After this I left, and in two hours the window blinds were closed. The vital spark had fled, and thus ended a sad, degraded life.

I was asked on another occasion to see a young woman, ill in a garret, in a poor street. Her mother, whom I found at the bedside, had been once in very comfortable circumstances, and was much respected where she had lived in the West of Ireland. I found poor Charlotte, an interesting looking girl of eighteen, on the eve of her confinement, having been seduced and deserted by a heartless villain. Covered with shame, she kept to the room, constantly working for the support of her mother and herself. I attended her in her illness, and she soon afterwards believed the simple record God has given of His Son, found rest for her weary spirit, and wept for joy. After her confinement she fell into rapid consumption, and then the circumstances of the family became greatly straitened, and their means of support were at length exhausted. I got them relief from the Benevolent Strangers' Friendly Society and from some other sources, and from private friends from time to time. At last, at her own request, I gave the mother a note to a

wealthy christian gentleman (Mr. Arthur Guinness, the brewer at James' Gate). He read my note, containing a short resumé of her history, and then called her into his private room and handed her three pounds. The poor woman was so overcome and astonished at the old gentleman's liberality that she nearly fainted. He then unlocked a little press and gave her a glass of wine, telling her in parting to call on him again if she ever got into difficulties. Both mother and daughter have long since passed away in peace to the saints' everlasting rest.

One night a young woman, recently fallen, accosted a young friend of mine in the street. He spoke to her about her future welfare, and begged her to abandon the life she was living. She said if she could she gladly would. He then took down her address, and came to me about it. We called next day and saw her, and that evening I procured from a lady who had considerable influence in one of the refuges an order for her admittance. After a year's residence there I got her a situation, and in about a year or two she went to another situation in Liverpool. This was my first attempt at the reformation of the fallen, if I except having invariably warned those whom I attended professionally, and one or two cases of suicide, that I had met with in brothels, when I always faithfully addressed the bystanders.

I met with a great variety of cases. One industrious and well-to-do family I had attended for some years, and had had the happy privilege of leading the mother and her two daughters to the foot of the Cross. One of the latter married a pious, intelligent young man, a member one of my classes. This young man also had been led to Christ by my instrumentality, and lived in the house with the family. The father, a thoughtful, moral man, had not decided for Christ's service, although he often felt his sinfulness. He fell into consumption, and during a long illness, I had opportunities of conversing with him, and of pressing on his attention the salvation of the gospel, until he found Christ to be his Prophet, Priest, and King. I was sent for in haste

one day to see him at his lodgings in one of the seaside suburbs, whither he had gone for quietness and change of air. When I arrived I found him dying, sitting on the side of his bed, his faithful, pious wife supporting him in her arms, where I quickly took her place. He had a short time before I entered walked up and down the room again and again, repeating aloud—

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath:
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler power.

He then staggered to the bed. He died in my arms, and I gently laid him back on some pillows, "safe in the arms of Jesus." The business now devolved conjointly on his only son and the son-in-law whom I have mentioned. The son had made some profession of religion, and had been a prominent member of a church choir, but he secretly indulged in a sinful course of life, often remaining out until a late hour at night, to the grief of his good mother. He became diseased, and I was requested to see him, when I found that his illness was the result of his vicious life. No means that I could devise seemed to have the slightest effect in checking the steady advance of his malady—phagadenic ulcer. I called in in consultation one of the oldest and most experienced hospital surgeons in the city. His efforts were equally ineffectual, as mine had been. Restless, sleepless, and in much pain, the young man listened to my telling the Story of the Cross, but no peace, no joy, no evidence of any change of mind appeared, beyond sorrow for the sin he had committed, and a desire to be prayed with. His mother dressed his wounds, and urged him to rest his weary spirit on Christ, until he breathed his last, and was laid in a dishonored grave. Poor J—— B——! I have often thought since, that he had "sinned the sin unto death," the death of the body. Let other men be warned, and escape by Christ from the grip of the destroyer.

A SIN UNTO DEATH.

A wise son maketh a glad father :
But a fool despiseth his mother.

The violation of the fifth commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," is at all times a grievous sin in the sight of God, and when cruelty is added to disobedience it becomes unspeakably terrible. But when such cruelty takes the form of the coward's blow which strikes a woman to the ground, and that woman the coward's mother, it becomes a crime of the most aggravated type. No brave man will lift his hand against a defenceless woman. A woman-beater, or a wife-beater, ought to be faithfully warned as to his unmanly act, and ought to be punished commensurately, for only in this way can he be made to understand something of the suffering he inflicts upon others. At the period to which I am referring I wrote a few verses and published them in the form of a tract, under the title of "The Disobedient Son." The subject of those verses was a lad, the son of an under-sexton of one of the cathedrals. There were besides two daughters. The son, the youngest of the family, was about sixteen years of age when his father fell sick. He had given the boy a good education; but had always felt very anxious about him, and he gave him much good advice before he died. After this the lad would not work, nor go to Sunday-school. He got into bad company and became fond of drink and late hours. He drew on his too-indulgent mother for supplies of money, which he squandered on his sinful amusements. I have seen his sisters working hard at needlework to aid in supporting the family, as the mother's small salary derived from the office she then held was quite inadequate. At length, on one occasion, he came home after midnight, half-drunk; asked for his supper; and then demanded more money from his mother, as he was again going out. She told him she had paid all she had that day for rent, begged him to reform and alter his course of life, with many tears and entreaties. In a

rage he cursed her over and over again and then struck her a severe blow from which she fell bleeding on the floor. As he then attempted to turn the handle of the door to go out he found his hand was bereft of power. He tried the left hand and it was also powerless. He then in alarm cried out "Mother!"—the last word he ever uttered. His sisters aroused from sleep came to the room and aided the mother in removing him to bed, his legs also being now paralysed. Before morning his sight and hearing failed, and after three weeks' suffering, in spite of medical effort and incessant nursing by his poor mother, he died—a warning to all young persons of *his having sinned a sin unto death*. The last stanza of the verses I printed on the subject is as follows:—

Near to the spire a willow tree
Marks a white tombstone, where, they say,
All who pass by may read thereon—
"Here lies the Disobedient Son,"
Who cursed his mother o'er and o'er,
Then struck her bleeding to the floor;
Whose hands and feet, deprived of power,
Became quite helpless that same hour.
Whose hearing, eye-sight, power to speak,
Did each after other him forsake.
Reader! take warning by his fate
Shun disobedience ere too late.

I would here add another incident of a somewhat similar character. I attended a young policeman in rapid consumption, which seized him soon after he had severely beaten and otherwise ill-treated his poor widowed mother, who was well known to me. His eyes were opened to his sin, and he was led to confess it, and I hope to find redemption and pardon in the blood of Christ.

It is remarkable how any work, however small, done for Christ while we are in health and strength, and perhaps scarcely thought of then, comes back in the hour of sickness and imparts to the sufferer a peculiar confidence and attachment towards the person so benefited to the glory of God in

His cause. It may be only a word dropped, or a prayer offered, but like the bread cast upon the waters it is found after many days.

I HAD MANY ILLUSTRATIONS.

An interesting young woman was taken ill of typhus fever. It had pleased God to use me as an honored instrument in the conversion of her parents, by bringing them from a backsliding careless state to a saving knowledge of Christ. She had been married to a Roman Catholic, and with him had attended the Romish services in London, where they resided. She had come on a visit to Dublin to her mother, and while there she became ill, as I have said, and at her earnest request I attended her. Observing that I, when I visited the house, had prayer with her parents and family, she would not hear of any clergyman being sent for to visit her in her illness, but begged her mother to ask me to talk to her about her eternal interests. I did so, and found that she was much troubled about the past and saw her need of a Saviour. While I lifted up Christ, the Light of the World, full of love and compassion for the lost one and explained the full and free redemption of the sinner by the death of a substitute, she accepted the gift of eternal life through Christ, and believing at once rejoiced with unspeakable joy. She continued in perfect peace for a few days, praising God continually. A few hours before her death, when unable to speak, I said, "Mrs. O'Toole, if Christ is with you, and you trust in His atonement, lift up your hand." With a dying effort she raised her hand and arm, and soon after fell asleep in Christ. Her mother wept at this last confession of her daughter's faith, and praised God for His unspeakable gift of "Christ a Saviour."

She had a brother, a moral but unconverted young man, who remained so. His mother and I had often sought to lead him to Christ. He was taken ill with disease of the lungs, when I had more opportunities of conversing with him on the necessity and privilege of enjoying a living and

personal interest in Christ. The Lord now opened his heart, and he became a happy believer. In his debilitated state he often used his cultivated voice in singing Zion's songs with me, and in prayer for his family and friends, until his heavenly Father took him home to glory.

Another sister of his had been married some years before, but her husband had forsaken her, and she returned to her mother. After a lapse of seven years, during which she had no intelligence of him, she got married to an engraver. One day during his absence and while she was in charge of his shop, a gentleman came in to give some order when they immediately recognised each other. He said, "Bless me Ellen! is this you?" She replied, trembling and astonished, "It is so, James, and I am married again, thinking you must have been dead." "I am glad to hear it Ellen, he said, for so am I." After assisting her to recover from a fainting fit he departed, and never afterwards was heard of by her. The engraver afterwards turned his talents to bad account, forged a plate for printing bank-notes, and was convicted and transported. Poor Ellen was brought into great distress of mind about her condition. I often visited her and soon she sought rest in Christ and found it. She was for many years after the principal support of her mother in her declining years.

I attended on one occasion a widow who ultimately died of liver disease. Just previous to her death she told me that at one time she had been a servant in the household of the Rev. Robert Daly, then rector of Powerscourt, and afterwards Bishop of Cashel, and that at the daily worship of the family she was led to see her lost and sinful state, and to receive Christ as her personal Saviour. For herself, she could still trust in Him, but she had an only daughter, then about eight years of age, and now that the mother was dying, the thought of leaving this child friendless in the world was a great distress to her mind. I promised to write to the clergyman and to ask him to look after the little girl, and this promise greatly relieved her and helped her to trust her child to the widows' God and the orphans' Father.

She trusted and fell asleep in Christ. I mentioned the facts in a letter to the Rev. Robert Daly, who, in reply, offered ten pounds for the first year towards the girl's support, and directed me to a titled lady in the country, with whom the mother had also lived as a servant, as one likely to befriend the child. I wrote accordingly, and this lady sent for the child, and had her educated and fitted for domestic service. When grown up she became a fine young woman, and after a time she called on me to thank me for the interest I had taken in her mother and in herself, and to tell me how happily and comfortably she had been provided for.

I was requested to see a young woman, ill with typhus fever, in the garret of a house in a poor locality. I found her to be a happy, trusting christian. For her own safety, as well as for that of her mother and her little sister, I had her removed to the Cork-street Fever Hospital, where she died. Her mother too fell ill a few days afterwards, and I sent an order for her removal also to the hospital, but just previous to the arrival of the fever car, in her delirious state she went out of her window, which opened on the gable roof at the rear of the house adjoining, whence she fell into the street, where she was taken up dead. My wife took charge of the little girl, six years of age, until we got her admitted to the Chartered School, where we called to see her from time to time, till she had arrived at an age for service, when we took her as children's maid. She was greatly afraid of the sea, otherwise she would have come with us to Australia, but the orphans' God still watched over her for good. She had been brought while with us to know Him whom to know is life eternal.

About this period I was professionally called to attend a Mr. H——, whom I found dangerously ill. After adopting the measures I thought necessary I enquired of him as to his hopes for an eternal life. Alarmed, and in great distress of mind, he told me he was very unhappy; that once he had been a pious and useful man, but, beguiled by the love of the world, he had sought riches as his chief end, and had forsaken gradually the house and service of God and the

society of good men. I saw that a few hours would probably terminate his life, and therefore urged him to repent and do his first works, namely to confess his sin to God and to look to Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, *for the free, full, and present pardon which he needed*; that now was the accepted time; that God had said "He was married to the backslider," and *by this affliction called him to Himself again*. Pierced with many sorrows through the love of money, he bitterly lamented his folly and ingratitude, and before I left him, while I knelt in prayer he seemed to gather some small hope of mercy from the gospel promises. I called on the following morning and found him perfectly calm and sensible, evidently hopelessly ill and near death. In answer to my enquiry, could he now trust his eternity with his all-atoning and all-sufficient Saviour? his looks bespoke his inward peace and happiness. He made one dying effort, raised himself on his elbow in the bed, and at broken intervals slowly said—

Fixed on this rock will I remain,—
 Though my heart fail—and flesh decay;—
 This anchor shall—my soul—sustain—
 When earth's foundations melt away.

He could utter no more, fell back on his pillow, and, saved by faith in

That only Name to sinners given,
 Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven—

this brand, plucked from the fire by God's free grace, fell asleep in Jesus. His widow inherited the property, being childless. This proved her ruin. She fell into sinful selfish habits of intemperance, became soon a confirmed drunkard, and in about a year, heeding no remonstrance, she died drunk. Thus, as in many other instances that I have met with, the love of money became to the husband a deadly temptation and snare, and the money he gained proved the wife's utter ruin.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

About and before the time of which I am now writing, it had become a subject of common remark among christian people that intemperance had been increasing very much during some years, in Ireland as well as in other countries; and the long train of vice and crime, misery and madness, disease, poverty, and wretchedness, which everywhere followed it was but too plainly obvious. As a remedy associations known as Temperance Societies were originated in America and elsewhere, and were at first accompanied by extraordinary results. The principle adopted was the rejection of the habitual use of ardent spirits, while wines and fermented drinks might still be indulged in. The effect was excellent for a while. Distilleries were closed in great numbers, and drunkenness abated everywhere. But it soon swept back again, and with, if possible, increased force and violence. The remedy proved, after a very brief period, to be but as a rope of sand, and it became clear that something else was needed to stay the torrent. Then it was that in various countries societies were instituted whose principle was total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors—a principle which speedily commended itself as the only effectual one with which to meet the prevailing vice of indulgence. In 1833, '34, '35 associations of self-denying philanthropists sprang into existence everywhere, and claimed audience and adherence. They were met by ridicule and contempt; by the apathetic coldness or by the direct opposition of the churches; and by the active hostility of those who were engaged in the demoralising traffic in intoxicants. But in spite of it all Total Abstinence Societies sprang up on every hand, and spread over Great Britain, Ireland, and America; christian men everywhere feeling bound to take the lead in the new reform. In my professional visits, as well as in my connection with the several benevolent societies with which I was associated for the relief of the suffering, I became painfully aware of the vast amount of penury, destitution,

domestic misery, sickness and premature death, the losses of property and of character ; the crime and the insanity which continually resulted among the poorer classes of the people from the indirect effects as well as from the direct use of intoxicants. Even among professing members of churches I witnessed with pain the sad havoc that was made, and saw that neither education, nor talent, nor position, nor even religious profession, saved men from the baneful influence of these liquors. Fascinated by the taste and by the pleasurable excitement produced, or betrayed by the customs of society, men were imperceptibly led within the fatal maelstrom and engulfed in ruin. I therefore resolved to throw all my influence on the side of this self-denying movement, and for many years I was officially connected with the Total Abstinence Societies in Ireland.

At one time a minister whose teaching I loved and profited by became a confirmed drunkard, and perished suddenly by a fall on his head from a horse while intoxicated. In another case, a devoted and earnest and successful worker for Christ, a class-leader and for many years superintendent of a large Sunday-school, a man with whom I took sweet counsel, and with whom I worked for seven years in harmony for the benefit of others—this man cut short his existence by his own hand while in delirium from drink. He fell into the common snare of satan gradually—the snare that all think they can never fall into, being able to mind themselves and use the drug in moderation. But at last, like so many others, he sinned openly, lost his position in the church, disgraced his family, injured the cause of God, and, in the end, cut short a miserable existence in a suicide's death and a drunkard's grave. When I heard of his grievous fall I wrote him an earnest appeal, entreating him to stop while there was yet time, but he died before my letter could reach him. But I afterwards had a letter from a mutual friend of his and mine, who was with him some hours before the end, and he assured me of the unfortunate man's deep repentance and of his earnest calling on the Redeemer for the restoration of His favour and His salvation.

I have known even some female Sunday-school teachers and members of churches, once useful and respected, who fell by drink, became a byword and a reproach to religion, and then went down to a premature and dishonored grave. One of these, the interesting young wife of an eminently good man, a particular friend of mine, from using these drinks while nursing her first child, contracted a love for stimulants, so that in the end she proved that "they bite like a serpent and sting like an adder." I saw her quite drunk beside her dying husband, who loved her, and was broken-hearted at her degraded slavery. For her children's sake, as well as for her own, I and another friend, before his death, became trustees of his small property for their benefit, and we had the happiness of seeing his two boys trained in strict temperance principles, and afterwards placed out as apprentices with christian families, and we visited the widow until her death, which occurred a few years after. She repented and drank, again and again, until at length consumption ended her days. It is pleasant to be able to say that she was a sincere penitent and an abstainer for over a year before her removal. I knew three women who used to associate together to drink, each of them of a religious family, and two with christian husbands. One of these had been a nurse. I had been instrumental in her conversion, and rejoiced over her consistency and usefulness for some years, until a rich brother died, and left her brother (a working shoemaker) £1000 and £200 to her. This proved ruinous to both. He got into extensive business, fell into habits of drinking, and soon lost all he possessed. I visited him frequently in a small lodging place, working at his trade, a wiser and I hope a happier and a better man. The sister took apartments for the sale, on time payment, of goods for ladies' dresses, and she was prospering, but secretly indulging in a little drink. She became its slave, was eventually seized with *delirium tremens*, and in great alarm, sent for me. I was distressed to see this ruin of a once pious woman. She begged me to pray for her and with her. Notwithstanding all the means tried she lost her reason, and was removed to

the Richmond Lunatic Asylum, where she died some years subsequently. In some lucid moments she saw her state, and called on God to be merciful to her a sinner. The second of these, a once amiable, gentle, kind-hearted woman, the wife of a truly good man, was beguiled to use and indulge in intoxicants. This led to much domestic unhappiness. I often spoke to her kindly, and warned her of the danger she was in, but in vain. My wife and I met her one day and had a conversation with her, in which Mrs. Singleton told her she believed she would yet see her a happy child of God. Consumption seized her. God blessed my wife's visits to her, and mine also in her long illness. She grieved over the past, her neglect of her home, her sin against God, her wasted life; but faith in Christ made her to rejoice exceedingly in the grace that brought pardon and peace and heaven to her soul. She sent for the two other women to her bedside to tell them of God's marvellous mercy to her, and to entreat them to abandon the use of drink, give their hearts to God, and meet her in glory. One took her advice, the last of the three, and became a changed woman, making for herself and her family a sober and happy christian home.

I felt from the first that a social reform, to be permanent, must lead the reformed one to Christ for regeneration, and I have invariably, for over sixty years, advocated total abstinence on the principles of the gospel. The wisdom of this course may be exemplified by the following case:—

I knew a man who for some years was called in Dublin "The King of the Teetotalers," from his devoted, energetic, and successful advocacy of the cause. When I first saw him he was begging with two children on Essex Bridge, Dublin, without hat, shoes, or coat, and shivering with cold. For a long time he had been a slave to drink. Eventually he was rescued from this state by the advocates of total abstinence, and being a good workman as a shoemaker, he saved money, got into business, and from his temperance connections and business tact made money rapidly. I saw him head an annual procession of the various Total Abstinence Societies

on horseback, and observed him shake a large purse of sovereigns before the crowds, saying, "See what total abstinence has done for me." His great success in business unfortunately proved a source of temptation, and he again took to drink. His daughter, about seventeen or eighteen years of age, who loved her father, used to go to a neighboring public-house to bring him home. After a time he induced her to take a little—little at first, of course, but soon she became paralysed from its effects, and went to an early grave. I had heard his clever, animated platform speeches, in which he did not in any way refer to God as the Author of his change, but trusted in self, and looked to total abstinence as the only great requisite for happiness. I heard of his fall, and went at once to his house, which was elegantly furnished. I remember he sat beside his daughter's piano, while I reasoned with him on his fall, on the example he was setting to his family, and on the disgrace he was bringing on a cause he professed to love so much. He met all my arguments with the excuse—the doctor had ordered him to take some for his health. I showed him that other stimulants could be ordered if the doctor thought a stimulant necessary, and pointed out that if he persevered it would certainly bring ruin on himself and others. Soon after, as he neglected his business, and had gone deeply into debt, all he had was sold by his creditors. I next heard that he was lodging in an upper room in one of the bye-streets. I hastened to visit him again. He was then working with his son as a journeyman shoemaker. He now again became an abstainer, but too late for his health, which soon failed, and he had to seek an asylum in the South Union Workhouse, where again I visited him, and where he died. His name and character as a former prominent abstainer stimulated the medical students to procure his body for dissection. They accordingly took it from the grave at night, and for a number of years they had his skeleton in the lecture hall of the museum, marked "The King of the Teetotalers." He had relied on his own power and resolution to abstain, instead of resting on Christ to keep him.

SEASONABLE WORDS—EVEN AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name:
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

I met with some remarkable cases of conversion about this time and subsequently, which made my heart rejoice at the amazing condescension, goodness, and faithfulness of God. I had been in attendance on a tallow chandler, who was ill of bad typhus fever. He was a Unitarian, a man of the world, and I felt deeply for his condition, and spoke to him once or twice on the subject. He showed evident signs of disapproval. I had recommended as nurse a pious and sensible woman, and had asked her, when opportunity offered, to speak to him of Christ and of his need of such a Saviour. She did so, but with an oath he ordered her to mind her own business, and not to repeat such stuff, or he would at once send her away. I called in an eminent consulting physician to confer with me in the case. One morning we found him apparently insensible and dying. I remained after my friend withdrew, seeing he must shortly die. I gazed on the dying man, and deeply pained at his awful position as an impenitent sinner, I said to the nurse—"Mary Anne, if ever a man was lost it will be he. He denied the divinity of Christ, refused instruction in the way of salvation from both of us, has been a blasphemer and a Sabbath-breaker, and has shown no sign of repentance during his illness, and he is now insensible." I then checked myself, as having gone too far, and said, with deep emotion, while looking at him steadily, "Poor soul! *Even now*, if you were sensible and called on Christ as God over all, blessed for ever, you might find mercy, die in peace, and go to heaven." I left the house, went home, and was sitting thinking over his wretched state, when a messenger called me in haste to return. The nurse met me on the staircase,

saying, "Oh doctor! He is praying and in an agony of distress for his sins. I have spoken to him and prayed beside him." I said, "Mary Anne, you would wish it to be so I am sure, but he is insensible and I cannot believe it." She persisted that it was so, and I entering the room took his hand in mine and said, "Mr. H——, if you are sensible, press my fingers." He did so. I then said, "If you understand me, look up at me." He groaned deeply and looked me in the face. I then spoke a word of counsel and comfort, showing the all-sufficiency of Christ's atonement for him and for all, and then fell on my knees as the best means available, and with the good nurse offered up prayer on his behalf. Soon his piteous groans ceased, and I heard him cry, "Glory! Glory! Glory!" When Christ's name was mentioned, His Godhead, and power and goodness to save, the cry became still louder. In an hour or so afterwards he expired, but to the last he uttered the word "Glory!" as if he would crown his Saviour God Lord of all.

I had on another occasion called on an eminent physician to arrange for his meeting me in consultation on an urgent case. While waiting for him I found a young man in the room wishing to consult him. We conversed together till the doctor returned from his afternoon visits, when I requested him to see this patient before I spoke with him. On the patient leaving I made my arrangements, and then asked the doctor what was the matter with his patient. He replied, "Consumption. He has an abscess on one lung and will die in the autumn." A few days subsequently I met the young man in the street, and he recognised and spoke to me. In reply to my enquiry, he said he felt better, and would soon be able to return to Liverpool to his situation. I felt it to be my duty cautiously to undeceive him, and to tell him the true state of his case, and I then asked him about his eternal welfare. He expressed great thankfulness for my candor and kindness and faithfulness in speaking to him about eternal things, and we parted. This was in March or April. One afternoon in the following October an old lady called at my house to make enquiry if it was I

who had spoken to her son some months ago, after having met him while waiting to see Dr. S—— in York-street. She said he had long wished to see me, but did not know my name or address. I went at once to see him, and never shall I forget our meeting. He put out his wasted arms to welcome me, and blessed God that we had ever met, and that I had dealt so kindly and faithfully with him. He had been ruddy and stout when I had seen him before, now he was worn, emaciated, and pale. He told me how, after leaving me, he had sought the salvation of his soul, and had found rest in Christ; that he had attended the ministry of a clergyman whom I knew, and had often longed to depart and be with Christ, but that now he was willing to wait His Lord's good time. He told me one day that his fond mother could not give him up to the Lord, and thought it hard the widow's only son should be taken from her. He begged me to speak to her and I did so. The poor mother, after a struggle, said from her heart, "Thy will be done." I was beside his bed with her when at length, in the full triumph of faith, he fell asleep in Jesus. There is a feeling which is by far too common, especially among the relatives and friends of the sick, when they know that the patient's days are certainly numbered, and that he cannot recover, that he must be deceived and buoyed up with false hopes, lest the shock of knowing how soon death must come should shorten even the short time that remains. And so no word is spoken about death, or the need of preparing for it, and the sufferer is allowed to sink into eternity deceived and unsaved. Had I so acted with this young man, letting him believe he would soon get well, even though I had presented to him Christ and His salvation, he would not have been so ready to receive the message. Let christian friends gently break the sad news, and then set Christ before the sufferer as the sinner's refuge, and affectionately urge an immediate acceptance of the Saviour by faith for forgiveness and eternal life. The joy and happiness that will result from such acceptance will much more than repay the pain of the candor, and may even add some days to the passing life.

But above all, a redeemed man may be saved from his sins, and guided into the presence of God's glory.

It is extraordinary how many are tempted by satan, through pride, jealousy, poverty, fear of disgrace, the detection of some crime, or in a state of depression of mind from drink or other causes, to commit suicide, thus cutting short the life that God had given them to glorify Him, and forcing themselves unbidden into His presence. I once met in the street a solicitor's clerk whose family I had attended professionally on several occasions. He was passing rapidly along, seemingly much excited, when I caught him by the arm and asked him where he was going. Aroused from his lethargy he told me had had a quarrel with his wife, which so excited and annoyed him that he resolved to end his life and was just then on his way to the river. I led him aside for quiet conversation and prayer, and for many years after I had the happiness of seeing him and his wife living happily together, and training their children in the fear of the Lord.

On another occasion I met a Mr. H——, an educated and intelligent young man (who subsequently died of consumption). For a long time he had been convinced that he was a helpless, guilty, unpardoned sinner, and had been so depressed in mind, and so hopeless from the failure of all his own efforts to obtain peace and inward happiness, that he had purchased poison in order to end his life. Just then he was induced to join one of my classes, and soon afterwards he found rest for his spirit. One day, when I was visiting him he opened a secret drawer in his shop, and took from it a bottle of laudanum, which he handed to me, saying that I might understand for what purpose he had intended it; but that now the Lord in mercy had not only removed the temptation to that dreadful act, but had also removed his load of guilt and sin, and given him rest in Christ his blessed Saviour. I went to see him when he was dying, and found that all was perfect peace.

One rainy night late on my return home I found, waiting to see me, a young man of whom I had some slight knowledge. He had been editor of a public journal. On meeting

him, he told me he did not want to see me professionally, but to consult me about some matters pressing heavily on his mind, adding, that as it was so late and I must be anxious for rest after the day's work, he would call again. I told him I would now willingly converse with him if he thought I could be of any service to him. I offered to go with him to his lodging, as he said it was very near. It was raining and I raised my umbrella over us both till we arrived at his door, which he opened with his latch key. A light was burning on his table, and beside it a bottle of laudanum, and a letter to a young lady to whom he had been attached, but from whose friends he had that day received a sudden and decided repulse to his proposal. This half-written letter, I found subsequently, stated his determination not to survive the disappointment, but at once to end his wretched life. Residing some time previous in Paris he had been an unbeliever. He then told me his history, and said that while writing to her he felt an overwhelming impression to go at once and see me. Thus we met. I reasoned with him, then prayed for him, and he was rescued from a suicide's end, and led to seek the truth.

I was called in haste to see a woman who, in a fit of jealousy, had taken poison. As it happened, the chemist had some suspicion of her object from her excited manner, and gave her a much less dangerous poison than she had asked for. I asked her to tell me what she had taken. She refused and would take no remedy to decompose or eject it. I had then by force to make her swallow an emetic, which I had brought with me, and I sent her to the hospital where she, of course, recovered, and on inquiry I discovered what poison it was she had taken.

Another time a messenger told me that a young woman in a brothel had poisoned herself, and gave me the address, but refused to accompany me, as she was sent for the doctor and for the priest, and must go for the latter. (This is the usual custom in Ireland in cases of sudden severe illness.) Arrived at the house I had to make my way through a number of women in the entrance, half drunk, and dancing to

the music of a violin. The young woman was alone. I asked her what she had taken, and she showed me the paper with the name written—sulphate of copper. I at once got some soap and water close by, made her drink it, and with a feather down her throat caused the decomposed poison to be discharged. She was now sorry for her rash attempt, and when I spoke to her, of giving up her wicked life, and seeking salvation through Christ, she promised to do so.

One morning while engaged at family worship the wife of a poor laboring man, living in a lane some distance off, begged me, in haste, to see her husband, who, being out of work and having no food for his children, had pledged his coat, bought a quantity of corrosive sublimate, and had swallowed it in a glass of whiskey, and then came home and told his wife. Accompanied by a young medical friend, who had that morning breakfasted with me, I soon saw the poor fellow. He was hurriedly walking up and down the room in an excited state. In vain I asked him what he had taken, but at length he threw down the paper in which the poison had been, and I saw the name written on it. I at once got from next door a number of raw eggs, the whites of which I made him swallow and then discharge from his stomach. After doing this repeatedly I made him walk with me to the nearest hospital, where the same course of treatment was persevered in, and in a few weeks he recovered. So determined had he been on suicide, that, from the whole of his mouth being perfectly white, he must have masticated and swallowed as much of the poison as would have killed fifty men had it not been promptly removed. We afterwards got him permanent employment at a horse bazaar, where I occasionally saw him, a grateful and a better man.

Late on another evening a crowd of people came to my surgery, bearing a man who had hanged himself with wire, being by trade a wire worker. A tailor passing his shop heard a noise as of some person being strangled, pressed open the closed door, and found him suspended by the neck from a staple in a wall. With his shears he cut him down. I saw them deeply gapped by the effort he had made in

cutting the wire. After some time animation was restored, and I asked him what caused him to commit so dreadful a crime as to attempt to take away the life his Maker had given him. On his knees he now thanked God for his spared life, and said his wife was the cause of it, as she continually upbraided and annoyed him. Just then a woman pressed through the crowd, and shaking her clenched hand in his face, said, "You wretch! Do you say it was I made you do this?" One or two ejected her from the surgery before she could finish her unseemly harangue. The poor fellow was soon after conveyed home, I trust to be wiser and happier for this world and the next.

I have been called to see others who died by their own hand—by the razor, by hanging, and by poison. One of the latter was a man who, after a reckless and immoral life, took poison. He was dead when I arrived. I addressed a dozen immoral women who resided in the house, on a future judgment, and warned them to flee from the wrath to come.

I knew a man, a shoemaker, who was induced by me to attend a place of worship, and who led a seemingly moral, if not a God-fearing life. On one occasion he secretly stole a pair of boots, and was discovered and lost his employment. His sense of guilt and his depression of mind for his disgrace on account of his conduct, were taken advantage of by satan, who urged him "to end the matter," and (as he said) escape from all his troubles by suicide. Yielding to these temptations he went one evening to the river, and had one leg over the battlements of the bridge, intending to drown himself, when he thought he heard a voice distinctly say, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, do yourself no harm!" I looked after him, and he became a devoted christian, and was a useful man to others for many years afterwards.

One of my brothers, who at the time was yet unsaved, had two or three dreams which greatly alarmed him, as he thought they had been sent from God. Some time afterwards while I was with him one evening he was seized with vomiting of blood, and to such an extent that I greatly feared

it would have proved fatal. I urged him to seek the Good Physician whose blood cleanseth from all sin. He set out in the narrow way and soon after found Christ a refuge for his spirit. A second attack came on about a year after, ending in convulsions and death, after only twenty-four hours' illness. I had the privilege of being with him during the time he was ill, and I witnessed in his case the triumph of faith over death and the grave through the blood of the Lamb.

I was called to see a young man who had been seized with dangerous hemorrhage. During some unavoidable delay I found that he was alarmed about his safety for eternity. I explained to him the way of salvation by faith. As he knew the scriptures tolerably well it pleased God to open his mind to understand, and his heart to receive the truth in Christ, and the truth made him free from all condemnation. He died in a day or two in the assurance of hope. I learned that his father had formerly been much employed by my father. I found him out, visited his family, and soon saw his wife a peaceful believer, also one of his sons and his son's wife, and the old man likewise was awakened to see the need of spiritual religion. Thus the illness and death of one led to the salvation of others of the family.

I found at this time a professor of religion who for two years had become worldly and cold in the cause of Christ, but whom I was happy to see savingly brought back to the fold through the accident of a broken leg.

HOW CHRISTIANS LIVE, AND HOW THEY DIE.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.

This same year I attended the dying beds of quite a number of the members of my various classes, many of whom were aged or infirm, and also poor and without necessary comforts on sick beds from a severe visitation of influenza. Here I, with tears of gratitude to God, witnessed the holy joy and unshaken trust of these faithful disciples of

Christ, in the merits of their once crucified but now risen Saviour. I heard their testimony and ministered to them in nature's last struggle—dear ones whom I hope to meet in the heavenly Jerusalem, and to be with them forever with the Lord. I also visited other old companions on the heavenly journey, and fellow-laborers in the vineyard. One of these, old Mr. Sparling, after a long and consistently useful life, I visited on his death-bed, and was much struck by his reply to my question, "Do you feel Christ with you now?" he said "He will fail first Himself before He fails me." His end was perfect peace. I also visited old Mr. Bell, a humble and unassuming follower of Christ, and in reply to a question of a similar kind which I put to him, said, "Dear doctor, I have taken refuge in the atonement, and hid myself in Christ. He has graciously kept me and led me for many years, and I believe it would now be impossible He should let me perish." Thus full of faith and of the Holy Spirit this good man resigned himself into the hands of a faithful Creator.

I also very frequently visited during his long illness, old Mr. Minnett, a former class-leader and highly conscientious man. From the injustice of others, as well as from age and illness, he was in comparative poverty, but would neither complain nor apply for help. He had a delicate daughter who attended him, and by her needlework assisted towards their scanty support. The Lord enabled me by collecting monthly subscriptions from a few old friends to smoothe his declining years. He begged me to have his body interred in "the Cabbage Gardens," an old burying-place in the city where his wife had many years before been interred, and gave me directions by which to find the spot, although no headstone marked it. He also requested me to have a hymn sung going to the grave. His end was peace. I attended to his directions implicitly. His daughter was married to an excellent man in good circumstances, and I frequently saw her during some years subsequent, living very happily.

Poor old John McConnell from the west of Ireland, when greatly reduced in his circumstances, had procured partly by my means admission to the Old Men's Asylum,

where, as in former years, he was useful to those around him. But the matron—who had no sympathy with vital Godliness, being prejudiced by some of the inmates, became his persecutor, and by untruthfulness and cunning so influenced the minds of the committee that he had to leave it. I knew his worth, his deep piety and singleness of object in wishing to live—namely, for God's glory and for the good of his fellow men, and I made allowance for his peculiarities. John Martin, now living in Victoria, a consistent, devout christian known to me for fifty years, a member of one of my former classes, received the old man (who was in failing health) into his house until, on his becoming seriously ill, I got him admitted to the hospital. He died there soon after, and I fulfilled his last request by having him interred in a certain churchyard, and by singing some favorite verses at the grave. He had one daughter, who for years gave almost all her small wages towards her dear old father's support and comfort. She was led to Christ, and became a very devoted woman, and was married after her father's death to one who tried to make her happy, and who travelled with her to the heaven of eternal blessedness.

An amiable and pious young woman, a member of one of my classes, asked me to visit her father, who was seriously ill in one of the hospitals. She told me that he and her mother had disagreed, and lived separately, and that her father was not changed in heart. I went frequently to see him, and to converse with him. He repented deeply of his past wayward life, cast himself guilty and helpless on the promises of the gospel, and was filled with tranquility and peace. Until he died he loved to talk of Jesus and the resurrection. I called upon his wife to tell her of his happy end. To my surprise she became very indignant, and would not believe that a man who had lived a careless life should all at once be placed on a level with her who (she said) had committed no sin, but always led a godly, righteous, and sober life. Her pious daughter's life and prayers at length prevailed, and I saw this self-righteous woman soon after greatly changed and enlightened; and thus, as I had foreseen the Lord would teach her, so it happened.

MY VISIT TO LONDON.

One of my brothers who, by my wife's influence had been led to consecrate his life to the service of Christ, being about to visit London on business by way of Bristol, and to return by Manchester, invited me to accompany him. I was just then overworked, both in mind and body, and agreed to go for a change; also to see an aunt and cousins who were resident in London. During my ten days' absence from home I spent two Sundays in London, and took the opportunity of visiting several hospitals and other institutions. On one of the Sundays I held a meeting at Peters-street at six o'clock a.m., among the inebriates of that locality. After breakfast I visited Bernard's Mews with tracts, where in almost every house I found infidelity and immorality abounding. Shoemakers, bird-stuffers, tailors, farriers, etc., were all working at their trades. I was so struck with the abounding iniquity that, although unaccustomed to public speaking, I went again to the Mews after dinner, procured a chair from one of the inhabitants, and standing on it began, with the aid of my cousin, to sing a hymn. Soon the windows were thrown up, and the people gathered round to hear what was said. At the conclusion I told them that at the same hour next Sunday my friend would conduct a religious service there. It was his beginning of a work which he continued until his recent death; and no little good resulted from his visits to Bernard's Mews. In the evening as I went through Smithfield, to where the Rev. Mr. Akins purposed preaching, I was grieved to see infidels and others holding meetings to the injury of those who heard. I therefore stood beside some sheep fences in the market and sang a hymn, drew a number of people from the infidels, and spoke to them from the Parable of the Ten Virgins. Some asked would I come again, and said that if I did they would attend. After a solemn appeal from the Rev. Mr. Akins to the immense congregation which he addressed that evening in his church, a large number waited for the after-meeting which was held for those seeking peace and pardon. I helped at this, spoke

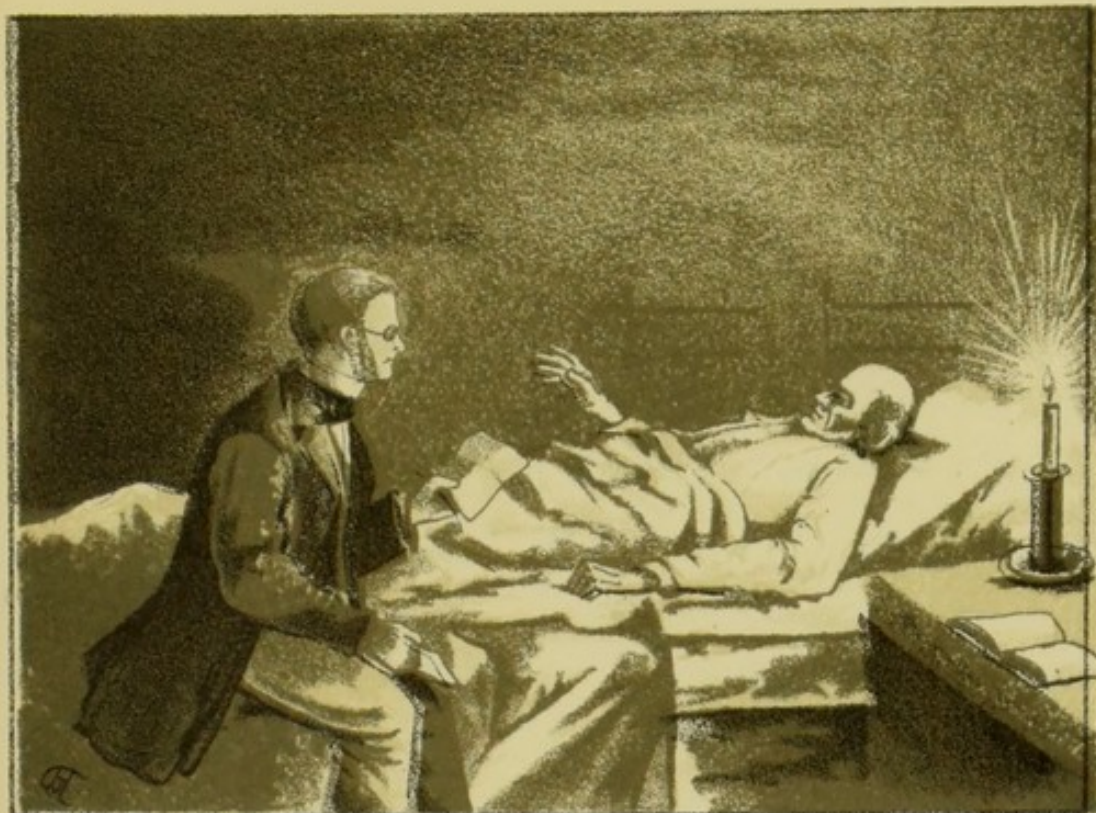
with Mr. Akin, who invited me to call on him, and that night a number of men and women professed to have found Christ. As my brother had some necessary delay, and having to buy goods at Manchester, I took the coach to Bristol with only sufficient money to convey me home by that direction, expecting to be only a few hours in Bristol before the steamer sailed. I was too late, however, and found I should have to wait a week, or go by Bath and Manchester to Liverpool. I had travelled all night, and had a violent headache; although without money to pay travelling expenses I wrote in the fly-leaf of a hymn-book I had in my pocket that I was in perfect peace, knowing that the Lord would supply my need. I paid my fare to Manchester by the coach, and then made my way through lanes and narrow streets to the river Severn to a place where my brother and I on our out journey had stopped for a three-hours' rest and some tea. In going there while passing a narrow street I was engaged in prayer for the Lord to guide me, and on raising my eyes with gratitude to God and trustfulness in Him, a brass-plate on a hall-door met my eye. I then called to mind the fact of my brother directing my attention to it as we passed together, and his saying the owner was the friend to a gentleman in Dublin who knew some of our family. I immediately knocked and asked the gentleman, who himself opened the door, if he knew such a person in Dublin. He said he did, and adding that he was then in the house, he at once called him. On hearing that I required a few pounds until my return, the good man laid down a number of sovereigns and bade me take what I wished, saying that I could leave the amount with his servant when I returned home. Thus God answered and delivered me; and often since has He in a very marked manner answered prayer for myself and others, as to temporal as well as to spiritual matters.

A NOBLE WITNESS FOR CHRIST.

While visiting one day in a narrow side street in Dublin I found an old man, a shoemaker, at work. I entered into conversation with him, and found that he had once been a

member of a christian church, but through some offence had left it, and for nineteen years had been an unhappy backslider. With some difficulty I induced him to attend the church, and to come to one of my classes. Before long I rejoiced over him repenting and returning to Christ, and finding unutterable joy and peace by faith in his blessed Saviour's atonement offered for him. He proved a most devoted christian, and a very great help to me for many years, by assisting me in visiting the absent members of my classes. His holy, loving life shed its influence around. His wife had been some years dead. He had three daughters, one when young was induced to enter a convent; a second held a situation as a servant; the third (Lucy) about fifteen years of age, now attended my wife's Sunday-school class. She was unconverted, and rather vain of her beauty; and after some time she fell into a snare laid for her by a bad man, and who afterwards, when I called upon him, refused to marry her. He died suddenly a very short time afterwards. The shame nearly broke the old man's heart. Lucy repented of her sin and felt very keenly the disgrace she had brought on her family. In order to redeem her character she begged to be sent to Canada, and her pious, afflicted father consenting, she was sent there by the help of some friends. Meanwhile, his strength failing, he got admitted to one of the parochial alms-houses, where he lived on the smallest possible sum, devoting his savings to relieve those poorer than himself. He had three shillings weekly, and some bread and coals. What he could not himself do for poor christians he did by collecting small sums for their relief. I have known him, in order to save the feelings of industrious poor people, to buy on credit for a week—till he got his next instalment—potatoes, meat, tea, sugar, etc., and to place what he had in a bag, walk silently up the dark staircase, fasten the parcel by a cord to the door handle, and descend as quietly as he had gone up. He had a loving manner in speaking to people about their salvation, and thus won many to Christ. I always called to see my old friend when in the vicinity of the alms-house, and we prayed

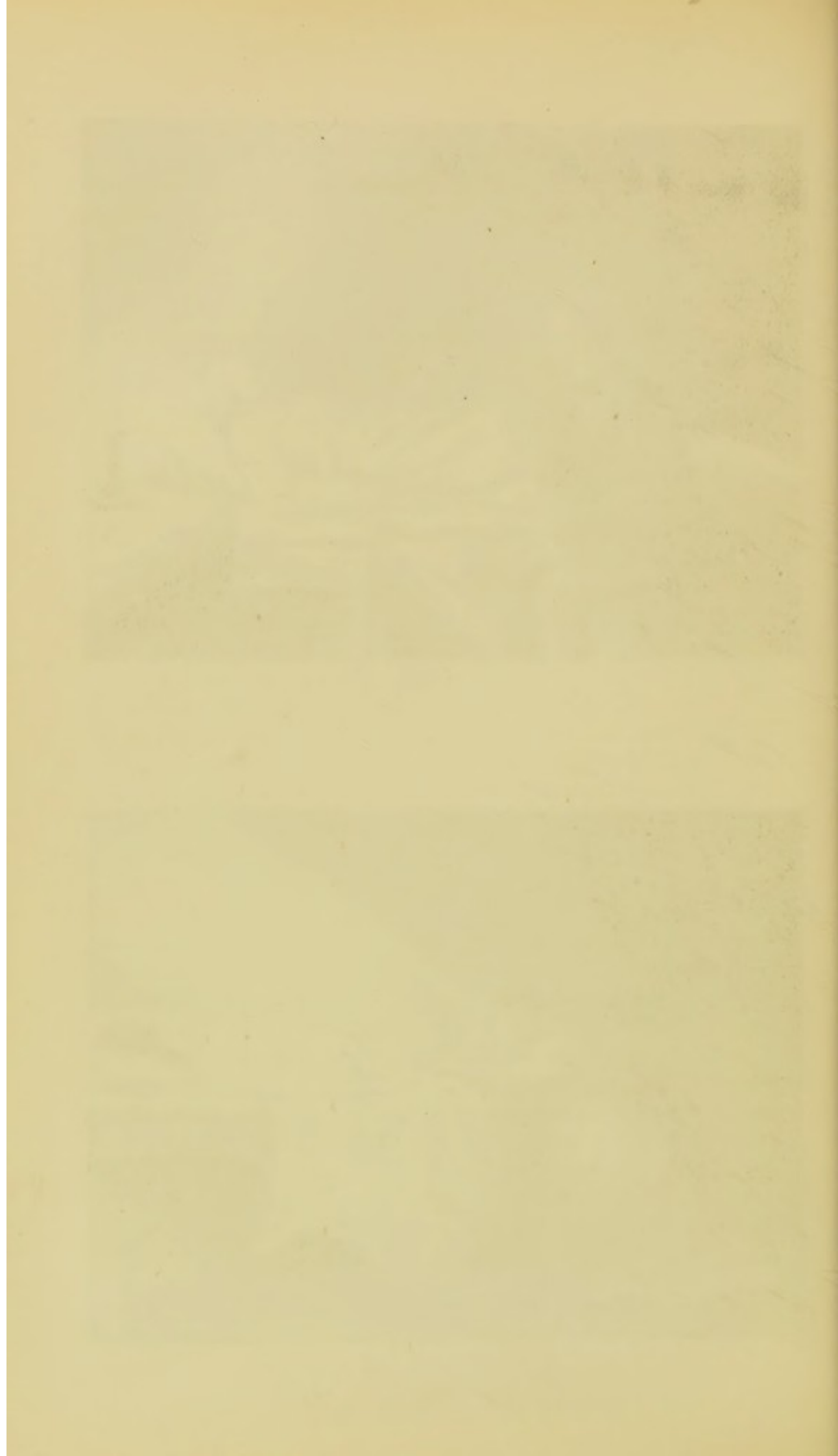
together for our children. Lucy had a large interest in these prayers. We felt assured they would be answered. Old George constantly expressed his assurance of Lucy's conversion and happy future. One evening a letter came for him from America, directed to my care, and as I knew it had news about poor Lucy, I hastened to the alms-house, where I found the old man ill in bed. I lighted a candle, and told him I had brought a cordial to do him good and help to cure him. "Anything, he said, doctor from your hand must do me good." I then produced the letter, and at his request I opened and read it. It described his daughter's remorse during the voyage, for the affliction she had caused him, as well as for her sin against God. It told how, after her landing, she had providentially been hired as a servant into a pious family; of the instruction she had from them; of their family worship; and of her being brought by them to a camp-meeting, when the Holy Spirit shed abroad the love of God in her heart, and in the hearts of many others; and since then she had rejoiced in humbly following her Lord and Saviour. And now she asked her father's forgiveness for all the sorrow she had caused him, and begged him to accept the enclosed bill, being the first wages she had received, and to buy warm clothing, flannels, and some special articles named which she knew he would require or like. As I read, old George wept much, and when I had finished he cried out "Lord, it is enough! now let Thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen Thy salvation." I knelt beside his bed to thank our prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God for healing the leper, and to praise Him for the mighty change wrought in Lucy's heart and life, and for His ten thousand gifts besides. George had a special desire to look after backsliders, as stray sheep from the fold, and many a one to whom I directed him will bless God for all eternity that they ever saw his gentle, loving face, and heard the gospel from his loving lips. His perseverance in not giving up his object even after repeated repulses was often crowned with success. He would, at my request, bring such persons to the quarterly tea-meetings of my classes, and many in this way were



"OLD GEORGE RECEIVES GOOD NEWS"



"THE DISOBEDIENT SON"
The Widow mourning for her son



restored to the joy of God's salvation, joined the classes and were in their turn useful to others. He, with many more, accompanied me to the ship; and, with tears, saw me leave Erin's Isle. Two years afterwards he fell asleep in Jesus.

THE WONDROUS POWER OF FAITHFUL PRAYER.

The energetic prayer of a righteous man hath much prevalence.

Soon after I first met old George — I was taken ill with typhus fever. I recollect exhorting Kennedy, the barber, while he was shaving my head, urging him to come to Christ for his salvation. For a fortnight I was delirious, and I had such a combination of bad symptoms that the two medical men in attendance thought my case almost hopeless. At this time the Primitive Methodist Conference of the Church Methodists was sitting in Dublin, and my relatives and friends, the members of my classes, and many who had but little personal acquaintance with me, were engaged in prayer that my life might be spared. The conference, at its opening, and again in closing, engaged in special prayer on my behalf. It pleased the Lord to rebuke the fever, and it left me. My beloved mother, over whose conversion I had rejoiced a few years previously, now watched over me night and day, and her unremitting motherly care conduced much to my ultimate and rapid recovery. My life being thus given back at the entreaties of God's dear servants, I could not but feel a stronger attachment to them and to the cause of my Divine Master, and being impressed with the uncertainty of life, I consecrated myself anew to God, and devoted my every power and hour to His glorious service. The barber I have spoken of was a simple-hearted, benevolent man, who had a pious wife. He lost much of his business by closing his shop on Sundays, many of his customers deserting him for others less scrupulous than he. And here I cannot forbear relating a noble, unselfish act of his. His benevolence was on this occasion not a little taxed by the

widowed mother of a boy about eleven years of age, who was under sentence of transportation for selling to some brokers a quantity of lead that had been stolen by others from the roofs of houses. The widow had formerly been a kind friend of the barber's, and in her trouble she went to him as a sympathising friend, and told him her sad story, and that Jem was to leave Ireland for Van Dieman's Land on the following day. The barber at once said he would go to the Marquis of Normanby, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and as he knew Jem had not stolen the lead, he would ask his lordship for his pardon. On going to the Castle the barber found that the marquis had gone to Kildare to the Curragh races. Kennedy, however, was equal to the occasion, and resolved to see his lordship. He therefore hurried after him, pushed his way to the grand stand, and watched to catch the marquis's eye. This he soon did, on which, doffing his hat and pulling his forelock, he forced his way through the line of dragoons between him and the stand, and cried—

"A word wid your honor! Is it fair that Widow Malone's only son sh'u'd be thransported for nothin'? 'Twill break her heart; an' if he goes 'twill kill her entirely."

His excellency, in great good humor, said, "Who are you? Who is the Widow Malone? I hope she is not dead."

"I'm called Tom Kennedy, the honest barber, your honor, and Jem never stole the lead at all! The thieves guv' it to him to sell."

"Well, Tom Kennedy," said the marquis, "go home. Jem shall be sent to his mother."

"Give it undher your honor's hand, if you plase," cried Tom, "for Jem is to go to-morrow."

"He'll be home before you," replied his lordship.

Tom shouted his thanks, and putting on his coat, cried, "We'll thry the race, your honor," and started full speed for home.

A trooper was immediately sent with Jem's pardon, and an order for his discharge; and when Tom arrived at his own door Jem and his mother were already there rejoicing over Jem's unexpected liberation.

A LAPSE AND A RECOVERY.

Rejoice not against me, oh my enemy! when I fall I shall arise again.

In my professional visits I became acquainted with Mr. A —, a man of accurate and extensive acquaintance with the sacred scriptures, and possessing no little facility in communicating knowledge by holding public services and in conducting bible-classes. While I was yet single I induced him to conduct a bible-class in my house, and got about a dozen christian young men to join it. This, for seven years, he managed with remarkable success, creating among the members a deep interest in the scriptures and in their careful study, so that they attained an accurate acquaintance with the various doctrines which the scriptures contain. His kind manner and lucid teaching encouraged and won the hearts of all, and many of the young men afterwards became either missionaries or ministers of the English Church or among the Wesleyans. Mr. A — kept a school, but getting into money difficulties, he madly passed a bill of exchange, to which he had forged a name, most certainly intending to meet it when it fell due. He was arrested, however, at the instance of the broker who had cashed the bill for him. I received a message to that effect from his heart-broken, good, and amiable wife, and went at once to the watchhouse to see him. He had been remanded by the magistrates until the next day. I went, previous to the opening of the court next morning, to the money-lender, who said that if he got his money he would withdraw the charge. The amount of the bill was £20, which I paid, though I could badly afford it just then; but it saved the family from disgrace and him, probably, from transportation. Poor fellow! He was so utterly ashamed that he arranged to go to America, where he repented of his sin, sought forgiveness from God, and consecrated himself anew to His service, and subsequently he became a minister in one of the Wesleyan Churches in Canada. From there he used to send what money he could to the family, hoping to have them once

more, ere long, with him. Two years afterwards I attended his excellent wife in her last illness. She had many sorrows, but faith in Christ caused her to triumph over all, while she committed to God the husband and the family she so much loved. It is pleasant to be able to add that her children pursued a steady course and followed her good example and excellent christian training.

CHANGES.

Now the Lord had said unto Abraham, get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee. And I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing.

Commit thou all thy ways
And works into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye
So shall thy work be done.

What though thou rulest not?
Yet earth, and heaven, and hell
Proclaim, God sits upon the throne,
And He rules all things well.

Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own His way,
How wise, how strong His hand.

My eldest brother, who had a family of nine children, which he found it would be difficult to educate and provide for on the small stipend of a curacy at Finglas, had resolved to give it up, if he could get appointed by the Commissioners

of the Bishop of Melbourne to some church in the colony. He succeeded, and left Ireland with his family in 1848. I had received letters and papers from him, giving flattering accounts of the climate, the many openings for industrial pursuits, and also for usefulness in Christ's service, especially in the life of a medical practitioner. I was revolving in my mind the propriety of removing with my young family to join him in his new home, and had already consulted several judicious friends on the subject, when a chain of providences occurred which seemed clearly to mark out my way before me. In order to supplement the small income derived from my profession in a very poor locality, I had given fines and small rents for house property for renting to others, on which I had expended a good deal of money. From a variety of circumstances these proved incumbrances rather than helps. Again, a worldly man connected with some of them suggested to me to do an act which I knew to be dishonorable. I firmly but mildly told him I could not conscientiously do what he proposed. He then became my bitter persecutor, and caused me much pain of mind and inconvenience; but, eventually, the wrath of man was made to praise the Lord, and the remainder he restrained. Again, a christian man, and a friend for many years, asked me to do a certain act for his sole benefit. I would gladly have done almost anything for him, but after prayer for a right judgment and direction I felt that as a matter of conscience I must decline, though it would pain and inconvenience him much. The mental trial these things caused me was greater than can be easily imagined. That old friend was my friend till his death some years ago, and he ultimately became convinced of my sound principle and conscientious conduct on the occasion referred to. Many other special providences also I met with, all tending to clear away difficulties, and making the course I had thought of plainer and easier. I therefore finally made up my mind to leave my native land, with my dear wife and seven children, and to commit my life to God's guidance in new and distant scenes across the sea. To this end I applied to the English Government for appointment

as surgeon to the *Harpley* emigrant ship, which was then about to sail from Plymouth, bound for Melbourne in Victoria. This appointment I received, and immediately entered on the preparation necessary to our new departure. This involved much that was painful, and especially in the parting with many dearly loved friends, with whom for years I had taken sweet counsel, and had laboured in the cause of our common Saviour and Master.

Previous to our leaving I received a testimonial of a high character as to my medical attainments and success in practice, as well as to my general standing as a citizen, signed by nearly all the leading physicians and surgeons of the city. I received also letters from some of the principal physicians with copies of their later works published, and numerous letters from clergymen to whom I was personally known, or whose families I had attended professionally. One especially I received from the chaplain of Newgate prison, at which I had for twenty years visited weekly as a volunteer. This I prized very highly. I received also a letter from the Dublin Leaders' Board of the Church Methodists, of which I had been a member for many years. All these spoke of me in terms far more flattering than I felt to be by any means warranted or deserved. They all, however, proved very highly useful to me on reaching Victoria.

The evening before sailing I had an interesting social meeting with about sixty members of my classes and a few old faithful friends, when, for the last time on earth, we spoke together of what our loving Father in heaven had done for us and in us, of the glory which should be shortly revealed to the redeemed, and of the country where they meet to part no more. On this occasion they presented me with the family bible which I have since used, accompanied by an affectionate address, signed by each member of the three classes I had then conducted. They also gave me some useful surgical instruments. We concluded by commending one another to God in prayer—a meeting and a parting which I shall ever remember with thankfulness to God.

Nearly all of those then present, with scarcely an exception, have fallen asleep, while I am still spared here a little longer before I go hence and am no more seen. On the afternoon of this day I took my leave of several valued friends, and not the least amongst them some poor widows, with two of whom, in a distant part of the town, I partook of a cup of tea, all the materials of which I, as usual, contributed. One of these good women, who used a crutch, said, "When I last conversed with your dear departed mother she said, 'When we next meet, my dear Sister Graham, you won't need your crutches.'" We commended each other to God in prayer, and parted until the morning of the resurrection. A large number of friends, the members of our families, members of my classes, and other old attached comrades, dear beloved ones, brethren and sisters in Christ, accompanied us to the steamer that was to convey us to Plymouth. I have often thought of them with fond affection, and with prayers for "the blessings of the upper and the nether springs" to rest upon them. My reminiscences of the multitude of dear christian friends and fellow-laborers, the sweet counsel we had taken, and the labors of love we were engaged in, have been to me to the present hour a source of pleasure and of thanksgiving to God; and the blessed and sure hope of rejoining them on high, together with many others equally beloved, and of uniting with them in singing "Worthy is the Lamb" is an unfailing delight and blessedness.

We left the Irish shore on the 18th of September, 1850, joined *The Harpley* at Plymouth on the 20th, and sailed for our destination on the 23rd. My dear wife, who was then delicate, and seven children, the eldest but fifteen, the youngest one year and a half, accompanied me. I felt the change, but my dear partner proved herself equal to the occasion, and bore well the many inconveniences and trials, from various sources, throughout the whole voyage. When I reached *The Harpley* I found an equality of charges for all passengers, 120 in number, exclusive of seamen. The good health maintained and the absence of death during the

whole voyage was, under God's blessing, mainly owing to timely precautions adopted to remove all obstacles to free ventilation between the cabins, the free use of disinfectants in the pumps and between decks, the use of bathing in the warm weather, and timely application for medical aid in case of illness. On board I was at once recognised by the Rev. Dr. Fry, an old schoolfellow, who, after leave of absence, was returning to his charge in Hobarton. We read the New Testament together in the original, formed plans of usefulness, such as distributing tracts among sailors and passengers, which I was enabled to do through the liberality of the London Tract Society, which, in answer to my application, sent me a grant of tracts to take out with me to Australia, as they had previously, on several occasions, done in aid of the Tract Distribution Society in Dublin, with which I had been for so many years connected. Dr. Fry also held two services on Sunday, one at noon on deck, the other in the evening, and in fine weather a short service every evening between decks. It pleased God to bless our intercommunion, not only to the present and lasting benefit of some of the passengers and crew, but to our own present spiritual good. Dr. Fry came on board a strict ritualist, as he had been for many years previously, but left the ship a devoted evangelical minister of Christ, and afterwards in Hobarton maintained the glorious doctrine of free grace, which Bishop Bromby, the author of "Steps to the Altar," had practically ignored and discouraged. While many fell from their steadfastness, allured by promises or deterred by a silent discouraging course; while some either left the colony to enjoy liberty of conscience and action in the service elsewhere, and others succumbed to the opposition, Dr. Fry remained faithful to the end. On board were several professed sceptics and intemperate men. We encouraged innocent amusements, such as music, singing, lectures on useful subjects, and in other ways. After a lecture of mine on temperance we formed a Total Abstinence Society, to which we soon had a large number of adherents. Some of the female passengers asked permission to attend at our

family worship. A weekly newspaper was written, of a humorous character, a condensed copy of which was printed in Adelaide when *The Harpley* touched there, and I had the honor of presenting a copy to the Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria soon after while visiting him. We spoke, during the voyage, with several vessels, witnessed several magnificent tropical sunsets, sighted the Canary Islands, and saw icebergs, whales, albatrosses, and many other sea-birds; and during the whole period of four months, passengers, officers, and crew had more than the average general comfort, health, and enjoyment experienced in such cases. The voyage looks long now, but was not extravagantly so in the early fifties. The good hand of our God was upon us all the way, and brought us in safety, and without the loss of life or limb, to our desired haven and future home.

ARRIVAL IN AUSTRALIA.

In January, 1851, we reached Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, where we had to land some of our passengers. Here from the pilot we learned that a bottle containing a written paper with an account of our shipwreck, and the escape of a few on a raft, had been picked up on the English coast about a week or ten days after our departure from Plymouth, which we all knew must have caused our friends much uneasiness. I visited my old friend Dr. Eades, who was in good practice. He offered me a partnership with himself if I would remain. This I declined, as I had promised my brother to go to Victoria. After a severe gale of two nights we entered Port Phillip Heads, narrowing the entrance to the bay to about a mile and a half in width. The bay, the mile-wide channel of which is buoyed, is about forty miles in length, and from four to ten miles wide. The shores were then fringed by native evergreen acacias and eucalypti. Geelong and Williamstown lay on the west, while Brighton and St. Kilda lay to the east. The then fishing village of Sandridge is now a populous and a busy city, while the shores of the bay are now studded with

towns and villages between the heads and Melbourne. The view of the town as we lay at anchor was highly picturesque, the background being a series of romantic mountain ranges. A small steamer conveyed us up the Yarra, fully seven or eight miles, to the wharf, a distance in a straight line of about one mile and a-half, and on the 30th of January, 1851, we first set foot on Australian soil. On landing I remarked to a christian fellow-passenger from Adelaide, "Hitherto the Lord has helped, and here we will raise an Ebenezer and give praise to Him!" A gentleman just then on the quay, being struck, as he afterwards told me, by the word Ebenezer, got into friendly conversation with me as to the voyage, and then asked where our destination was, and then kindly directed me to the only person I had any knowledge of in Melbourne. He also invited my eldest son to abide with him till I should be settled, and ever after proved a valued christian friend. I found the lady whom I had known when a young girl in Ireland, and who had recently become a widow. I presented to her a letter from a pious widow whom I had long known as a mutual friend, with whom she had formerly lived, and who now asked her to direct me to a suitable lodging. At once she with genuine kindness insisted on Mrs. Singleton, myself, and six children making her house our home, while I should look out for a suitable house in which to practice my profession. Thus God gave tokens of His kind care of me and mine, though we were but comparatively strangers—for I had only known this lady while showing some acts of courtesy and kindness to the christian family with whom she had resided some twelve years before.

On the day so well known as Black Thursday my brother came from Kilmore, where he was incumbent of the English Church, to Melbourne, on hearing of my arrival, and accompanied me in search of a house. A fierce north wind, indescribably hot, blew all day. The heat was intensified by thousands of acres of burning forests over the country, while numerous homesteads and farms, much produce, many sheep cattle, and even human lives were that day destroyed. I

now had time to survey this strange and wonderful Australia, where I had resolved to make my future home—the land of my adoption. Its area is three millions of square miles, or fifty times the size of England. It was then divided into the colonies of Queensland, North Australia or Alexandra Land, New South Wales, South Australia, Western Australia, and Victoria, the latter a few months prior to my landing having been separated from New South Wales, and called after Her Majesty. It thus became a separate colony, and was governed by the Hon. J. C. Latrobe, who had been previously known as Superintendent. It is 500 miles broad by 200 miles long, and contains 90,000 square miles, nearly equal in extent to Great Britain. The Island of Tasmania, then known as Van Dieman's Land, lies 150 miles south, and New Zealand 1000 miles east of Australia. Melbourne, which is built on a series of seven hills, was laid out with streets a chain and a-half wide (with some exceptions), intersecting each other at regular intervals at right angles.* The climate is perhaps as fine as any under the sun, with the exception of a few hot wind days, which occur during the summer season, and these appear to become of a milder character as cultivation advances. The erroneous supposition that they were caused through the absorption of the sun's rays by an interior sandy desert has long since been dispelled by the discoveries of a noble band of explorers. The winters are mild, the spring and autumn truly delightful and healthful, and the heat of the summer may be avoided by invalids removing to the neighboring Mt. Macedon, 4000 feet above the sea, or to the mountain districts of Daylesford, Gippsland, and Woods Point, or to

* This width of ninety-nine feet for the principal streets, and thirty-three feet for the smaller, is now found to be not only most inconvenient, but also exceedingly dangerous. It is interesting, but rather annoying, to know that the original survey contemplated a width just double of this; but on its being submitted to the Governor of the day he laughed at the absurdity, declared that a chain was an abundant width for the very best of the streets, and as for the smaller, half a chain would be quite sufficient to enable the people to take their milking cattle in and out, the only purpose for which those streets would ever be wanted. Those who know what Flinders-lane and Little Collins-street now are must admire this far-seeing view. The surveyor (Mr. Urquhart) succeeded in getting a chain and a half for the larger streets, but the smaller remained at half a chain.

Tasmania, and may be modified generally by double roofs, or by an underground room with good light and ventilation. The hot winds themselves prove to be factors of health, by drying up the stagnant waters, and sweeping away noxious vapours of various kinds. The soil in Victoria is the richest, and the temperature the mildest, of any of the Australian colonies. The air is remarkably clear, dry, and bracing, and although the country is devoid of large rivers, yet those that are in it from their tortuous course, and the very numerous creeks equally tortuous from the undulating nature of the country, irrigate a vast extent of territory. Dams have been erected, and reservoirs formed, near the large inland towns, and national plans of irrigation established, and an abundance of wholesome water is supplied throughout the year for mining and manufacturing industries, and for pastoral and agricultural purposes, as well as for domestic use. The land, previous to and after my arrival, was used almost wholly for grazing purposes by the numerous squatters, who had the option of purchasing a few hundred acres round their homestead at one shilling per acre. There had been very little cultivation, owing to the mode of disposing of land, which was by auction in blocks of 160 to 640 acres for cash. Thus, then, and for some years afterwards, the wealthy alone possessed the land, with very rare exceptions. The purchaser in some cases had it divided into smaller sections, and by selling it derived large profits, until at length wise legislation provided a remedy, and liberal land laws gradually exerted in this respect a most salutary influence on the community. Through the agency of nurseries, and also by the liberality of the trustees of the large Botanical Gardens, many varieties of beautiful shrubs, trees, and flowers were planted over the country; also farms, orchards, and plantations sprung up, and even the roads, and the streets of many new towns were furnished with shade-producing English and native evergreen trees. Railways were built, and telegraphic communication was speedily opened with all the other colonies and with England. Manufactures of various descriptions were established, and an extensive

exportation of wool, gold, preserved meats, hides, tallow, and wines arose. The vine grows most luxuriantly in Victoria, the soil and climate being peculiarly adapted to it.

ROUGH TIMES, AND HIGH PRICES.

At the time at which I landed very few streets had been macadamised, few footways flagged, and very few were even formed. There was no gaslight for some years subsequently, neither had pipes been laid for a supply of water. The latter was pumped from under the Yarra bridge into casks on drays, and sold to the inhabitants at high prices. The purchasers were in very many cases obliged so to economise its use that in the summer its scarcity became highly injurious to health. This fact led me to investigate the sanitary condition of the country and city, particularly for the causes of the great mortality I had observed in such a salubrious climate. There had not previously been kept any Government register of mortality, but from the book kept by the officials of the Episcopal Church at the cemetery, supposed, and subsequently proved, to represent one half the entire population, I learned the astounding fact that the mortality of Melbourne, *ceteris paribus*, was much greater than that of London itself. Doubling the returns I made up for the previous six months, and comparing it with that of Great Britain (the first census had been just taken but was not made known or published till March), I found the population of Melbourne and suburbs to have been 23,000, and of Victoria 73,000, while in 1890 that of Melbourne and its suburbs was 460,000, and of Victoria nearly 1,100,000.

When we removed to the house in which we resided while in Melbourne my rent was £110 per annum. The second year, in consequence of the goldfields being discovered, it was £280, and the next £400. The house was but a two-storied verandahed erection, one of a row built by a respectable saddler in the city. Ground in the city two years after our arrival became so valuable that it was sold at from £50 to £200 per foot frontage to business streets.

Everything else increased in value in proportion. The testimonial presented to me by the captain and passengers of *The Harpley*, with some notices that appeared in the newspapers, and letters of introduction which I had brought with me, made me somewhat known. But my little store of cash had nearly run out before I had a single case to prescribe for. Meanwhile I became carpenter, and turned our packing cases into tables and ottomans, made a few temporary bedsteads, etc., and looked forward for success, and upward for God's blessing. My dear partner one day felt particularly desponding at the prospect, when, as she paced up and down thinking on our position, suddenly the beautiful lines of the 23rd Psalm were applied to her mind with unutterable comfort and relief,

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care.

I think it was on that day or the next that I was called on to attend a case of considerable danger, which gained for me some credit, and from that time my practice increased, so that at the close of the year I sent upwards of £60 to my brother in Dublin, to discharge some debts of gratitude and honor to friends there. I also sent several small nuggets of gold as gifts to dear ones I loved, as memorials of affection.

I now went to the bishop, showed him my letters of recommendation, and told him I and my wife wished to visit the prisons on Sundays, as I had done in Dublin for twenty years. He procured for us from the Governor free access to them all. At once I commenced to visit the Melbourne Gaol from cell to cell, conversing when I could with the prisoners separately, lending them books, and seeing that they had bibles; and very seldom was I absent at my usual hour on Sunday afternoons, although I had for some time the most extensive practice perhaps in the city, as the medical men had gone with the rest to the goldfields. To remedy the great mortality existing, having carefully

investigated the causes of it, I wrote a letter for publication in the daily papers. Those causes I gave as being principally the three following, which could be remedied, in addition to the common causes existing elsewhere, and more difficult to deal with. They were:—1st. Impure water in casks, containing as a rule animalculæ and other impurities, producing dysentery, etc. 2nd. The want of cleanliness in the back premises of the crowded parts of the city, and the utter neglect of drainage, producing fevers, etc. And 3rd. The greatest cause of all—the utter neglect of ventilation in the dwellings of the people. I directed attention to houses of five, six, or more apartments with but one fireplace, no ventilators either in ceilings or walls, and no provision of any kind for the supply of fresh air to the rooms in which the inmates lived. I explained the quantity of air consumed by each adult per hour, as well as the chemical changes it underwent from respiration, offered some suggestions for the residents in small houses, and urged builders to attend particularly to the supply and circulation of pure air in all new houses erected.

DANGEROUS EXPERIENCES.

He shall give His angels charge concerning thee.

I have frequently in my early practice had dangerous rides at night, as well as by day, seldom if ever refusing a call at any hour. One night, after having attended a sick case in the suburbs, about one or two o'clock in the morning, as I was returning under heavy rain, my horse in the darkness carried me in the direction towards the old homestead where he had been bred, and brought me to the steep banks of a creek, where I heard the waters rushing among the rocks. I did not know the locality, and so drew up till daylight, when, drenched in rain, I descried the dangerous pass which the horse would have attempted. I then met another horseman, who also had been benighted, and we rode to a cottage some distance off for directions as

to our journey. I have crossed the Yarra in punts, and in a little boat by the aid of a lantern. I have repeatedly ridden across rocks and over slippery stones in the pursuit of my profession. In my first year I had generally to hire a vehicle or a riding horse when I required conveyance, and I had several providential escapes. Once, while riding to Brighton to see a patient who was dangerously ill, the hired horse "buck-jumped" and threw me over his head. I was much bruised, but again mounted him. On his trying to throw me a second time I dismounted and led him to the bazaar where I had hired him. I had several falls from stumbling horses and from horses slipping and going over with me. I remember a man calling on me in haste to see his wife. I had no horse in the stable just then, and he offered me his, "a kind and quiet beast," as he said. He begged me to hasten, as his wife might be lost by delay. While I mounted I was struck by his clinging to the opposite stirrup. He then urged the horse on, at the same time calling out, "Hold on, doctor, for the saddle has no girths!" I took his advice, while he ran by my side for a couple of miles urging the horse on. At another time I was called out of bed on a dark and very wet night by a man ringing the night bell. He told me his wife's servant had taken poison, and begged me to hurry and go with him. While dressing he called out, "Quick, doctor, for mercy's sake, and bring your stomach pump!" Soon I was running with him through the roadways and lanes in the heavy rain, he keeping ahead, until he brought me to a wretched hovel, at which he loudly knocked. A weakly voice said—"I'm in bed and very ill, and cannot get up." The husband begged her to open quickly, that he had brought the doctor, who might save her life yet, although she had poisoned herself. A pale, delicate woman, with a candle in her hand, opened the door, and said, "I took no poison, sir," and then blamed the husband for bringing me out on such a night. He said, "Oh, sir! she took the poison; use some remedy at once if you please." I begged her to return to her bed, and then told her if she had taken anything deleterious to tell me, and

I would apply remedies to recover her. Again she denied having taken anything but a little castor oil. Her husband most positively averred she had, and said, "Doctor! if you have the heart of a man do your duty and use the stomach pump." I asked him how he knew it was poison she had taken, when in a most solemn manner pointing to a clock on the mantelpiece he said, "I knew she took it, for the clock told me!" I felt somewhat angry at being called out of bed on such testimony and on a fool's errand, but made the best of it seeing his mind was astray, and was glad for the poor woman's sake it was no worse. In one of the papers three weeks afterwards I saw an account of the unfortunate man's committal to the lunatic asylum.

GOLD FOUND.

The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills. A land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey. A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass. When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which He hath given thee.

About three months after my arrival the discovery of the New South Wales goldfields took place, and a couple of months subsequently of those in Victoria—discoveries fraught with interest to the whole civilised world. The powerful attractions of gold opened up the fine agricultural country of California for the teeming populations of Europe, as did also those of Australia since then. Melbourne became almost deserted when the wealth of Mount Alexander, Forest Creek, and Fryer's Creek became known; and from the neighboring colonies of South Australia, New South Wales, and Tasmania multitudes of the active and enterprising inhabitants wended their way to participate in the advantages which the discovery of these goldfields held out to them. From Tasmania, which then had about an equal

number of free and convict inhabitants, a great immigration took place, and the natural results of crime, drunkenness, and reckless living prevailed. For, as a rule, when men easily found gold, they as easily parted with it, or they were robbed of it by the more criminal classes. Vice and immorality abounded at the diggings (as they were popularly called) as well as in Melbourne, to which place the diggers paid periodical visits, recklessly to squander thousands of pounds at a time. It was common to invite the passers by in the streets to drink freely of intoxicating liquors, and frequently have a dozen or two of champagne been emptied into a bucket for a general treat. Some lighted their pipes with bank notes; others ate them between slices of bread and butter. Many hired expensive equipages, and drove about with their mates or female companions. Some got married to young women never used to wealth, and these, most gaudily decked out in expensive silks and shawls, paraded the streets with their golden ornaments, watches, and chains, which, when contrasted with their conversation, rendered them extremely ridiculous. In a few weeks, often within as many days, necessity obliged the latter to part with their finery and again to seek situations as servants, while the miners betook themselves once more to the goldfields to dig for new supplies. I and some others feared lest the scenes enacted in California on the discovery of its goldfields should be renewed here, if on our goldfields facilities were given for obtaining drink, and we therefore waited on the Governor to request him to withhold licences from public houses then being erected on the diggings for its sale. He acceded to our request, and in order to further the comfort and requirements of the miners and others travelling to and fro, we proposed that blocks of land at intervals of fifteen and twenty miles should be set apart for the erection of lodging-houses, where every class of travellers might, at a fair remuneration, be supplied with what they should need, and where also paddocks should be kept for the bullocks *en route*, with necessary supplies for the miners. We also suggested that there should be placed on the

estimates a sum for the erection of these houses, to be leased for two or three years under the above conditions, and then to revert to the Government, as it was likely that by that time supply in the legitimate way of trade would meet every demand. Mr. Latrobe agreed to this proposition also, and at once sent a Government officer to select the sites and set them apart for the purposes intended; but as the estimates had already gone in, and a strain must be made on the income of the country to get the necessary funds, he reluctantly deferred the vote until the following year, and by that time the necessity no longer existed. Soon after, however, at the earnest request of Mrs. Chisholm and some others, shelter sheds were erected on the principal routes, and these proved a means of great comfort to many. The quantities of spirits clandestinely sent to the diggings brought large returns to the merchants, notwithstanding the risk of heavy fines on their being seized by the police, together with the loss of drays, horses, and loading, these being forfeited by law. After a few months first one and then another house was licensed. The drunken orgies practised were often most revolting, and all rightly disposed persons sought some means to diminish this fruitful source of crime, insanity, misery, and death. An instance of the daring wickedness of the times took place within the first year of the gold-diggings. The ship *Nelson* lay in the bay at anchor waiting to convey freight to England. Some thousands of ounces of gold in cases had been put on board for transmission, and the vessel was to weigh anchor on the following day, when, in the stillness of the night, rowing with muffled oars, eight or ten daring thieves drew up alongside the vessel. Knowing that the captain was on shore, and some of the crew also, these men, with their faces blackened or covered with crape, compelled the chief mate to show them where the gold had been deposited. They quickly transferred the cases to their boat, cut the ship's boat adrift, and made for the Brighton shore, where, some days afterwards, the empty cases were discovered, but the thieves, with one solitary exception, escaped. Several were arrested on

suspicion, but they had each provided an *alibi*. About the same time among the daily arrivals was a vessel from Sydney with passengers for the mines, some of whom went to a lodging-house on the wharf. In order to lose no time, some of the party went to purchase a cradle for washing the alluvial golden soil, tin-dishes, tea, sugar, flour, picks, shovels, etc. Some remained, and of course to drink. Among the latter was a young man named Barlow, who, from the heat of the weather, had become intoxicated with but a small quantity of drink, and in this state, while the waiter was bringing in the dinner, he stabbed him with a knife from the table, saying, "There, take that, Yankee fashion." In the morning he found himself in the lockup, but could not imagine why, not being conscious of what he had done. The wounded man died. Barlow was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. As I visited the gaol every Sunday, I saw him on my next visit. I soon found that the Lord opened his heart to see his guilt and his need of a Saviour. I left him a bible and some good books from week to week. Among these books was Dr. A. Clarke's "Commentary on the Gospels," on the blank page of which he wrote in pencil the following sentences, which remain, and which I now copy from it:—"I believe that Jesus Christ died for me. I believe that He came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief. I believe that when I die I shall go to heaven, to that place of rest appointed for them that love and serve the Lord. This faith brings peace to my mind, and makes me rejoice in the hope of everlasting life through our Lord Jesus Christ. May 16th, 1852. JAMES BARLOW." I had several interesting conversations with him previous to his execution, and was convinced of his sincere repentance and faith in Christ.

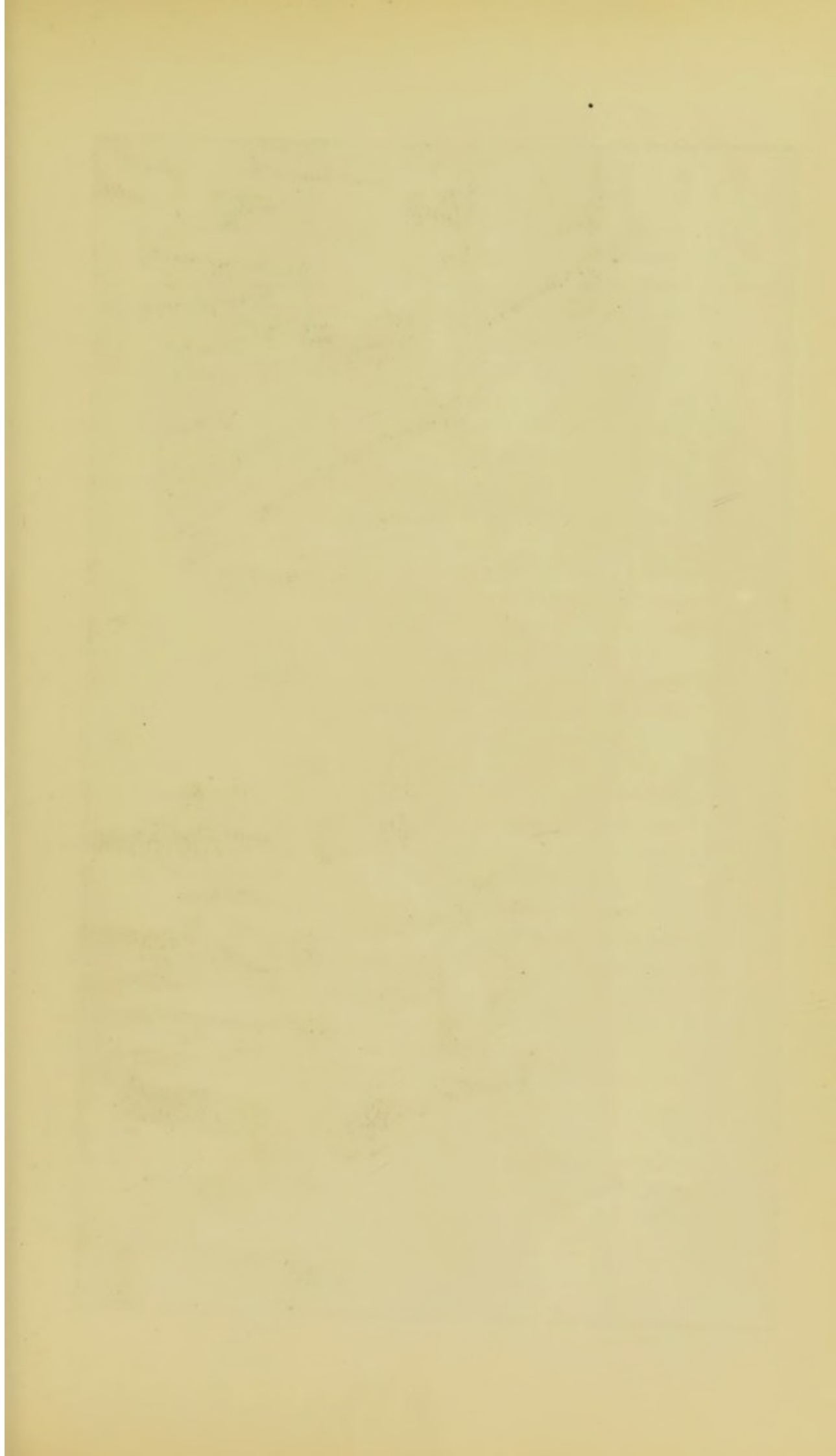
The diggers had at this time to pay a monthly royalty for licence to dig for gold. Some of them being unsuccessful were unable to pay, and those employed to collect the payment of the licences, or rather to see that each digger had a licence, armed with a little brief authority, dealt very arbitrarily with defaulters, conveying them manacled to the

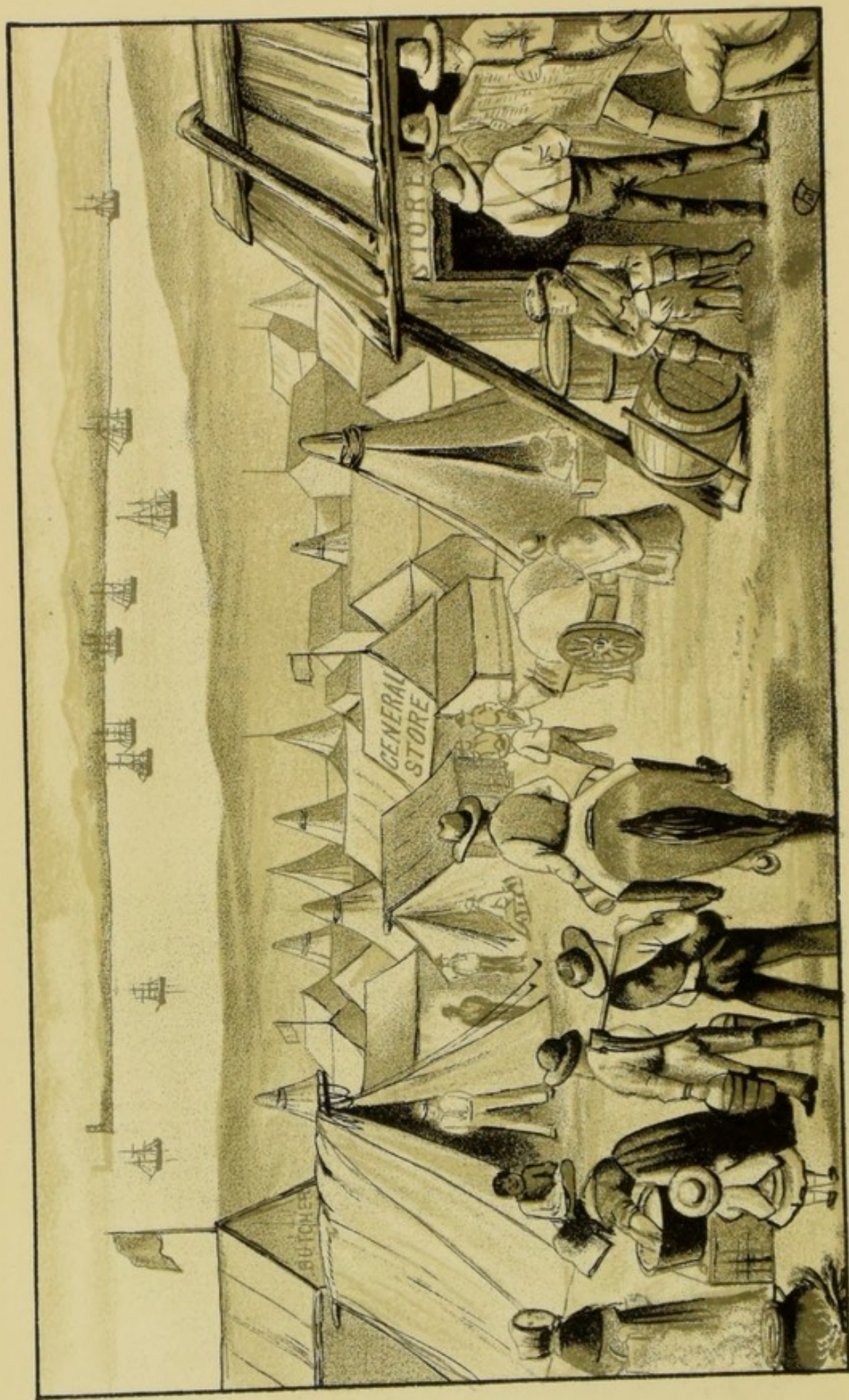
police camp, chaining them to logs when no prison had been provided, and subjecting them to indignities which the Government never intended. At the Ballarat goldfields this conduct at length excited a spirit of insubordination. The miners felt insecure as to impartial justice being done to them by men appointed to offices of rule, not on account of their fitness for the position, but from interest. Just at this period a digger was killed in the Eureka Hotel at Ballarat, which was owned by a man named Bentley, and who was supposed to be the homicide, but who was acquitted at the magisterial enquiry, and discharged. Under the circumstances the miners, greatly excited, took the law into their own hands, burned the hotel to the ground, and it was with some difficulty that Bentley escaped being lynched. Subsequently Bentley was convicted of manslaughter in this case, and received three years' imprisonment. Four of the miners engaged in the destruction of the hotel were also sentenced to imprisonment. This excited the indignation and anger of the men, who felt assured that if the Government officials had at first done their duty, the subsequent necessity of Judge Lynch's rough justice would have been prevented. They held large meetings, protested against the treatment they received, and demanded the abandonment of the licence system on the diggings of the country. Mildness and judgment on the part of the Government would have calmed the storm; but the contrary were shown by Sir C. Hotham and his Government, and this soon led to an armed, organised opposition, with a determination to pay no more licence fees. On the military being ordered from Melbourne to compel them, and to apprehend the ringleaders, a conflict ensued. The malcontents erected a stockade, and a sanguinary struggle took place. The military were ordered to storm the fortress, and in doing it Captain Thomas and a few soldiers were slain, with some fourteen or fifteen of the defenders, and a number on both sides were wounded. The Government promptly modified the severity of the condition of the law by reducing the amount of the licence fees so as to suit miners, but they never afterwards

attempted to enforce the fee, or to collect a single shilling. Prosecutions followed, but they completely failed in securing a single conviction against any one of the prisoners who had been taken, and thus ended the Eureka Stockade riots.

Carriage of goods to the various goldfields from time to time rose almost to fabulous prices, owing to the lack of formed roads. From £30 to £180 per ton were the usual charges to the various diggings, and thus the cost of living in those localities was enormous. Robberies became frequent, and not a few perished of want, or fell victims to disease induced by hard labor and exposure to the weather, sleeping on the ground in calico tents and often in the open air, and in wet clothing, while the absence of vegetables and fruit, and in fact of every kind of food but meat (mutton principally) and flour, with pickles and ardent spirits, produced dysentery, rheumatism, fevers, and other diseases, which hurried many fine young men, the children of many prayers and anxieties in distant lands, into untimely because preventable death.

The wisdom of the Wesleyan bodies in employing lay help in their christian work was now very manifest at the various goldfields; for, while few ministers could be spared to visit and hold services even occasionally there, their local preachers (now engaged in mining) held religious services with the best results, and thus in a great measure became the maintainers of law and order, of virtue and piety, until ministers of the different denominations came and found the way prepared for them and were cheerfully supported. Bishop Perry, so universally esteemed for his catholic spirit, and deep, consistent piety, was among the first to hold services beneath a gum tree; but for a good while the intelligent and pious laymen visited the sick and dying to administer to them the comforts of the gospel. These also held numerous spirit-stirring services, and the sound of hymns of praise in the evening issuing from the tents offered a pleasing contrast to the boisterous mirth of those indulging in drinking. The mighty fusilade kept up by the miners discharging their guns and revolvers in order to show what marauders might





CANVAS TOWN

expect, was particularly striking, while the cooking and watch fires, extending for miles in every direction, together with the occasional burning of a great gum tree lighting up the scene, was magnificent and exciting in the extreme. So rapid was the influx of population to Melbourne that there was soon, literally, no accommodation to receive the new comers. I have had, in my own house, sometimes six and eight strangers sleeping from this cause—bringing notes of introduction from friends in the home country. A gentleman and his wife, refined elderly people, came ashore late one afternoon, and proceeded in search of accommodation for the night, but were quite unable to find shelter anywhere, and were obliged to spend the night in the streets. The lady, in delicate health, and quite unable to “rough it” thus, died before the morning. All this led to the formation of the well-known “Canvas Town,” which occupied the locality on which the Homœopathic Hospital now stands, near the suburb afterwards called Emerald Hill, now South Melbourne. It was regularly formed in streets of nearly a mile in length. There, in my professional capacity, I witnessed strange and heart-rending scenes. Immigrants totally unfit for the colony, induced to come to Victoria under a vague idea that they could easily acquire wealth; the few pounds they had brought with them speedily expended; then their chattels sold or pledged; and many too proud to let their poverty be known, sank into a state of apathetic despair, and in some instances died broken-hearted. Delicate females and children, living and sleeping by night in small calico tents, with coarse fare, which, in many instances, they had to learn to cook, sank, the victims of disease induced by these vicissitudes. Clergymen of all denominations, and benevolent ladies and gentlemen, nobly did their part to alleviate this state of things. The Benevolent Asylum, not long opened, received a number of invalids, and the Melbourne Hospital those who needed its assistance. The Wesleyans erected a large Immigrants’ Home on ground given to them for the purpose by the Government, principally for those of their own church who might arrive in the colony, although excluding

the squatters, where he held religious services each night. My first journey was in the month of October, the sheep-shearing season, and then, for the first time, I had an opportunity of seeing the great mountain scenery of the interior of Victoria, the profusion of flowers along the beautiful creeks, the lovely plumage of the parrots, paroquets, cockatoos, and other birds, and hearing the singing of the magpie, and the laughing of the "laughing jackass" was a pleasing novelty to me. The large eagle-hawks, which constantly carried off the lambs were then numerous, but have since been thinned by the rifle or strychnine, as also were the dingoes or wild dogs. The spurs of the mountains, often running to a point, with tremendous declivities on either side, clothed with peppermint, blue gum, and various other species of eucalypti, made the journey delightful to me; while the hospitality of the squatters, the opportunities not only of witnessing the sheep-shearing then going on, but much more of speaking to those engaged in it and others about the great salvation, all left an impression on my mind of a truly pleasing character; and I returned home quite refreshed, and more favorably impressed with the natural beauties of the colony and its numerous attractions for settlers than I had any idea of before.

PROVIDENTIAL BENIGHTINGS.

In my professional calls I had often to go by night into the country very long distances. On one occasion, having to proceed near Mount Macedon, nearly forty miles from Melbourne, to a dangerous case, I hired a carriage and pair of horses. As I reached the Deep Creek (about half way) the horses refused to ascend the hill. The sun was sinking, and I procured at the inn a saddled horse, but was benighted while yet some miles from my destination, to which was no regular road. I came to the neighborhood of a station which I had observed on a former visit to that locality; but in vain for some time I sought it, until at length I was fortunate enough in that wild district to hear a voice in the distance,

and as I had learned to "coo-e-e" I was soon escorted to the home station, when, after partaking of the refreshments hospitably provided by the owner, he rode with me to my patient's residence. On my return in the morning at the inn at Deep Creek I met with a young lad whose thigh and leg were frightfully wounded by an accidental gun shot. The publican had refused to allow him into his house until I insisted, under a threat of representing the occurrence to the licensing magistrates. I then examined the poor fellow, staunched the bleeding from the torn vessels, and thereby doubtless saved his life, after which I had him carefully laid in a cart and conveyed to the Melbourne Hospital.

DRINKING IN THE EARLY DAYS.

Drunkenness abounded to an alarming extent, and the quantities of spirits consumed, on which a high duty had always been paid, from 7s. 6d. to 10s. per gallon, vastly exceeded that of any country in which a statistical return had been taken, in comparison with the number of the population. It seemed as if it were for the multitude the sole source of enjoyment. In its train it brought its usual accompaniments, with frightful interest. No class of the colonists seemed free. I had at that time an immense practice. About the second year of the gold discovery I attended not fewer than 300 midwifery cases, besides the very numerous cases of general disease for which I was constantly consulted. I attended a publican who died from *delirium tremens* in the house where his predecessor, a couple of months prior, had perished of the same disease. There was a constant influx of immigrants *en route* for the gold-fields, most of them young men not long arrived in the colony; and of these, great numbers, between the heat of the climate and strong drink, were deprived of reason and were sent to the lunatic asylum, or were carried off by fever or dysentery, or *delirium tremens*, brought on by this curse of Victoria and of the world.

The medical men themselves were as strongly attracted to the goldfields as any other citizens, and went off in rapid pursuit of wealth. Under the circumstances I could not but become painfully aware of the extent to which drunkenness prevailed, and of the sorrow and destruction it everywhere caused. I had, therefore, for some time taken an active part, both publicly and privately, in the total abstinence cause. The meetings of the committee were long held in my house, our principal object being the forming of a "Maine-Liquor-Law League," and the obtaining of legislative action for the restraint of intemperance. We circulated information by means of printed documents, and by paid advocates, and we had largely-signed petitions presented to the legislature to suppress the prevailing Sunday traffic in intoxicants. It was a few months, I think, prior to the passing of the "Forbes-Mackenzie Act" for Scotland, that, as a result of the petitions, and of the public advocacy in its favor, we Victorians, through the action of Judge Pohlman, a truly good man and an abstainer, obtained from our then single legislative body a Sabbath clause in the "Licensing Act" similar in character to that in the "McKenzie Act."

As an illustration of the cases I was called to attend professionally, I may mention the following:—Two families, related by inter-marriage, came from the diggings with a quantity of gold in their possession. They took a small brick house in a right-of-way, where they drank till one of the women became dangerously ill. I was called in, found her disease to be incurable, and begged her to abstain as the only hope of even a short prolongation of life. In vain I warned her to repent and seek the Saviour, and urged her to send for a clergyman. She would not, but to the last sent her little daughter, about eight or nine years of age, for rum. She had no sooner been buried than the second woman lost her reason from excessive drinking, and was conveyed to the lunatic asylum. One of the husbands, the father of the girl, now finding poverty coming, deserted his child and his former mate, and again made for the goldfields. The other committed some robbery, for which he was convicted, and

the poor unprotected child had to be taken charge of by the police—one case of many.

I was sent for to see a woman in Collingwood, who had indulged in drinking for some months, neglecting her interesting little family of three or four children. Her husband, who had been “a lucky digger,” got drunk occasionally, but so employed a portion of his gold as to purchase ground and erect a few houses, the rents of which were considerable. I found her seriously ill from the constant excitement caused by brandy. After using in vain every influence I could to induce her at least to diminish the quantity she daily used, I gave up the case, telling the husband my reason for doing so. He was then drinking himself, the children being constantly sent by one or the other for that which, in the end, “biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.” On the same day, and in the same bed, they both died, her face severely bruised by the blow of an empty brandy bottle, with which he struck her on the morning of the day on which, within a few hours of one another, they ended their wretched existence. Some good people took a kind interest in the children, the property was placed in safe hands, and they sent them to be educated by suitable persons.

I sometimes had employed as a nurse-tender the wife of a policeman who had saved a good deal of money, and had built three houses in great Lonsdale-street. On rents rising in value, he left the police, and, having nothing to do, soon fell into habits of intemperance. He drank daily one bottle of rum. One day he drank it all early, and soon became comatose, and in this state, on being hastily summoned, I found him. I had taken the precaution to bring a stomach-pump, and my assistant accompanied me. I used it, together with external stimulants, etc., for two hours, before the first ray of hope of his life being spared appeared. On the following day I begged him to abstain for life, found he had once been a religious professor in Ireland, and entreated him to give his heart to his offended God, and to live to His glory. He

cent.) of 80,000 inhabitants; whereas in London in 1851 the number was one in eighty-one, or less than one-eighth of that of Melbourne.

2. From the City Coroner's reports it appears that for the half-year ending 30th June, 1853, there were—Deaths from intemperance directly, 8 cases; while from the same cause death resulted indirectly in 39 cases; in all 47 cases.
3. Nearly half the lunacy of the colony is traceable to habits of intemperance.

4. The following is an account of the spirits and wines on which duty was paid for three months, ending June 30th, 1853:—

Duty on spirits	£98,209	17	3
Duty on wine	17,907	13	11
<hr/>					
Revenue for three months	116,117	11	2
Or for year a total £464,470 4s. 8d.					

This amount of spirits at 7s. per					
gallon duty gives					
	1,122,398		gallons.
And of wines at 1s. per gallon duty					
			1,436,615		„
<hr/>					
Total consumption	2,555,013		„

This, at the estimated retail price of 20s. per gallon, would show that two and a-half millions of pounds were expended in Victoria in one year on spirituous liquors, exclusive of ale, beer, and other beverages, and for a population then amounting to 250,000, would allow ten gallons for each inhabitant at an outlay of £10 for each man, woman, and child in the colony.

A number of gentlemen had subscribed £100 each to purchase ground, as a site for a model coffee lodging-house, with lecture room, etc. The rapid development of the city, and its various new sources of accommodation, soon rendered the proposed plan less necessary, but a series of lectures were given, and there is no doubt that, through the exertions thus made, a salutary influence was brought to bear with much success against the ruinous drinking habits then so prevalent and so destructive.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT AND ITS DANGERS.

In visiting the cells in the Melbourne Gaol one Sunday I found a man imprisoned for murdering his mate, a bullock driver like himself. I offered him some tracts to read, and spoke to him about his eternal state. He replied to me hastily, "If I am cast for death I'll die a Roman Catholic." I found that his family had been Protestants; but, saying little more, I went for a bible, which I handed to him, and on the following Sabbath I succeeded in gaining his confidence. He then told me he had known his mate in Tasmania; also the woman who charged him with the murder; that she had lived with him, but of late with his mate; and that here, by carting, both had made much money. Coming home through the Black Forest they had their guns but no ammunition, and had borrowed a charge each from some parties passing them, as it was then dangerous travelling from frequent robberies; that they camped, and his mate, who was on one of the drays, told him to drive the bullocks a little way off to feed, and that while receiving his gun from his mate to take with him, the trigger caught in something on the dray and shot his friend. The woman charged him with having done it purposely, and, with the aid of one or two accompanying them, tied his hands and fastened him to the dray, when she took from his pockets his roll of notes, and took also his gold, which she knew had, for safety, been put in a pannikin and covered with melted suet. He was a man of few words, his voice was harsh, and his manner abrupt, unless his confidence had first been gained. He was thought by the ministers who visited him to be hardened and impenitent; the more so as he constantly denied that he had shot, or would on any account have shot his mate, with whom he declared he lived on good terms. He was brought to trial, and, having no money to pay counsel, was allotted counsel by the judge. As the advocate who was to have made himself conversant with the case that day in order to defend him at the trial taking place on the day following, never spoke a word

with the prisoner till he was in the dock, the man had no opportunity of telling him what he had told me. The woman's word was believed, the accused was found guilty, and he was sentenced to be hanged. Some days previously he had found peace with God, and rejoiced in hope of eternal life through Jesus Christ his Redeemer. I was with him early on the morning of his execution, when he told me where his parents lived in England, and asked me to write to them, saying that he freely forgave the woman and everyone, and had no fear of death or its after consequences. I stood beside him while his irons were struck off, and gazed with pleasure on his calmly happy face. We were engaged in prayer together when the attending minister arrived, to whom I mentioned that R—— would have no objection to commemorate his Lord's death by partaking of the sacrament. He called me outside the cell and said, "I could not on any account think of giving it to him! He is impenitent and hardened in his crime, and will not even now acknowledge it." I replied, "He is not particularly anxious for the sacrament if you do not wish to administer it, but merely to comply with his Redeemer's last command to His disciples. I believe him to have repented of his sins, to have believed on the Lord Jesus, and to have the forgiveness of his sins. But would you have him to say he committed a deliberate murder which he did not commit, and had no intention of doing any such thing?" He seemed much struck, and entered the cell with me, when the following scene took place :—Addressing the prisoner he said, "R——, I charge you before God, in whose presence you shortly must appear. Did you not deliberately shoot your mate?" R——, "No." On the same being solemnly repeated, R—— said, "No, God knows I did not, nor would I have hurt a hair of the poor fellow's head." Satisfied now, the minister sent for bread and wine, and stretching out his hand to R—— he said, "I give you the right hand of fellowship as a christian brother, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." We three then, with tears, commemorated the dying love of Christ, and each prayed,

R—— giving simple utterance to his own deep emotions. Just then the sheriff knocked to say the time had arrived, 8 o'clock a.m., when, bidding him a loving farewell till the morning of the resurrection, I hastened home. In a few minutes R—— entered into the joy of his Lord.

The circumstances of this case, and of some others I had witnessed and heard of, deepened in my mind the conviction I long before had formed, that the principle of capital punishment is, under the gospel teaching, erroneous; and I learned from the statistical information on the subject that the abolition of death punishments for numerous offences against the laws in Great Britain satisfactorily showed that, instead of an increase, there was subsequently a manifest decrease of those crimes in their ratio to the population of the country, while the statistics of some principalities and states where capital punishment, even for premeditated murder had been abandoned, showed similar results. I wrote some letters on the subject and sent petitions, numerous signed, to the Governor on behalf of various men condemned to die for robbery under arms, rape, and attempted violation of young children. In the following cases about this time I had the results I mention:—

There was a woman I had attended professionally two years previously, whose husband, a carrier, while intoxicated fell from his dray, and the wheel passing over him deprived him of life. She resided on the goldfields, where she subsequently lived in a state of concubinage with a miner. Four or five men came to rob their tent and she stated one of the men had used violence with her and committed a capital offence. Only one man was apprehended, an old man named Smith, over sixty years of age, and on his trial she swore he was within hearing of her cries and afforded no help. He was formally sentenced to be executed but no one believed the extreme penalty would be carried out. To my surprise I soon afterwards saw in one of the morning papers that the Executive Council had fixed the following morning for his execution. I called on the Rev. Mr. Ramsey, whose views on capital punishment were similar to my own, and he

accompanied me to the treasury. His Excellency had left. We then went to his own house. He had gone from home in his carriage for a drive or visit. We then conjointly wrote a note expressing our views, and stating that a painful impression would be felt very generally as the extreme severity shown in this case, especially under all the circumstances, and praying for a mitigation of the sentence. On his return in the evening his Excellency sent me a letter saying that the Executive had decided, and he could not alter the decision. The Rev. Mr. Ramsey and I had read over the reply and we were engaged in prayer in my parlor for the condemned man, that he might find mercy through his great Intercessor, when a gentleman called to see me. He had been at Government-house with a memorial signed by a number of petitioners on behalf of the condemned man, and, on presenting it, was told that the reply had been sent to me. He had with him the opinion of Judge Wrixon; that as our laws were the same as those of New South Wales, had been received from Great Britain *verbatim*, and were acknowledged as such to be binding; that now, as the death punishment had, by a certain act referred to, been for such crimes removed from the Imperial Statute Book, it was consequently repealed in the colonies mentioned, unless it could be shown that they had made fresh laws on the subject, which up to that time had not been the case in Victoria.* The inference was obvious. Mr. Ramsey and I went to Government House with this opinion, and took the precaution of writing a last appeal, enclosing with it the judge's opinion, lest an interview should be denied. His *aide-de-camp*, Captain C——, said the Governor was at dinner, but that he would convey to him a letter. This we left, and I have reason to think it was not opened until the following morning, when the man at 8 o'clock had already suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Comment is needless.

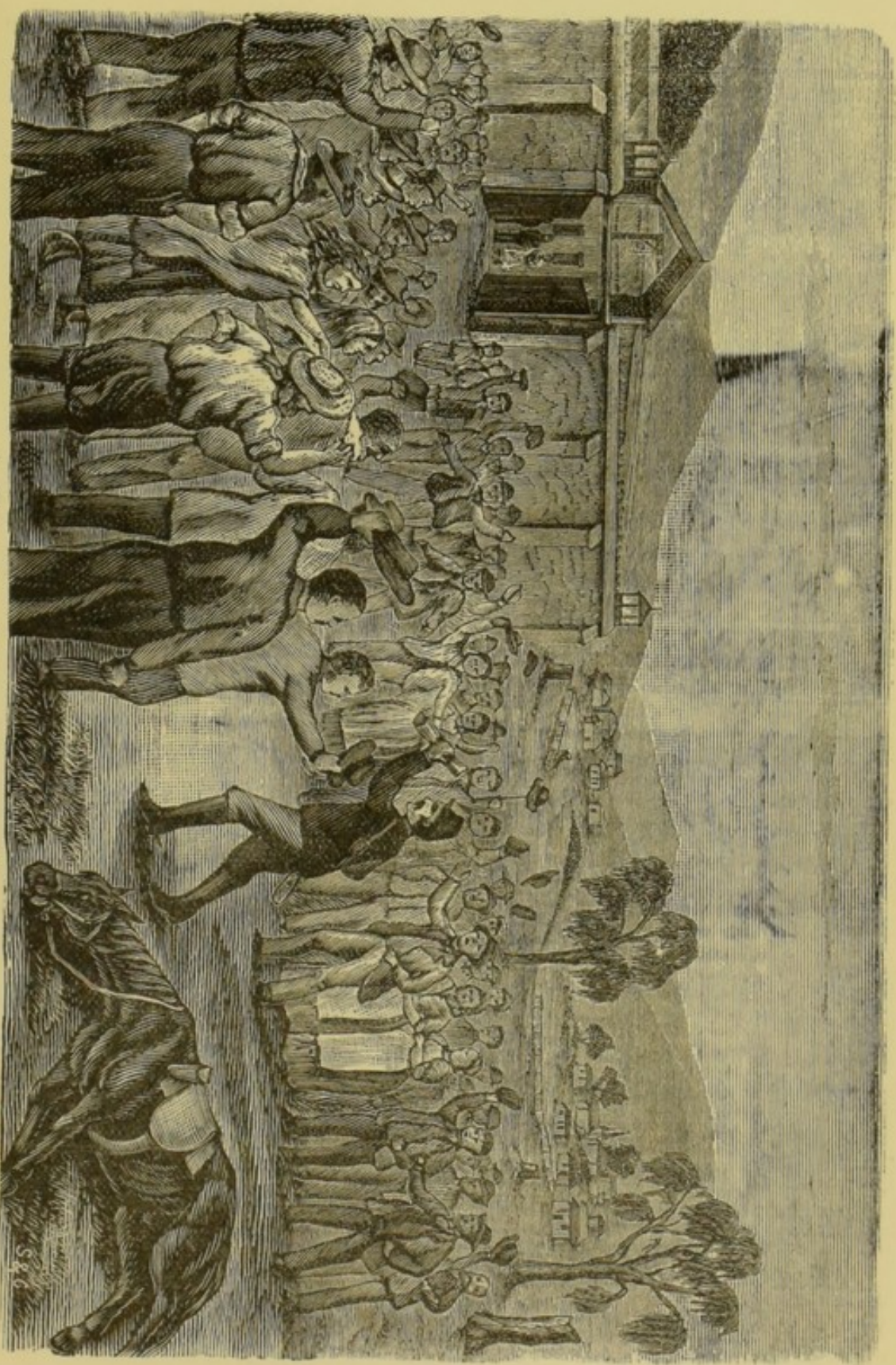
A young foreigner (a Russian) had for some time acted as a cadet in the mounted police force. Having some

* I have by me a copy of this opinion.

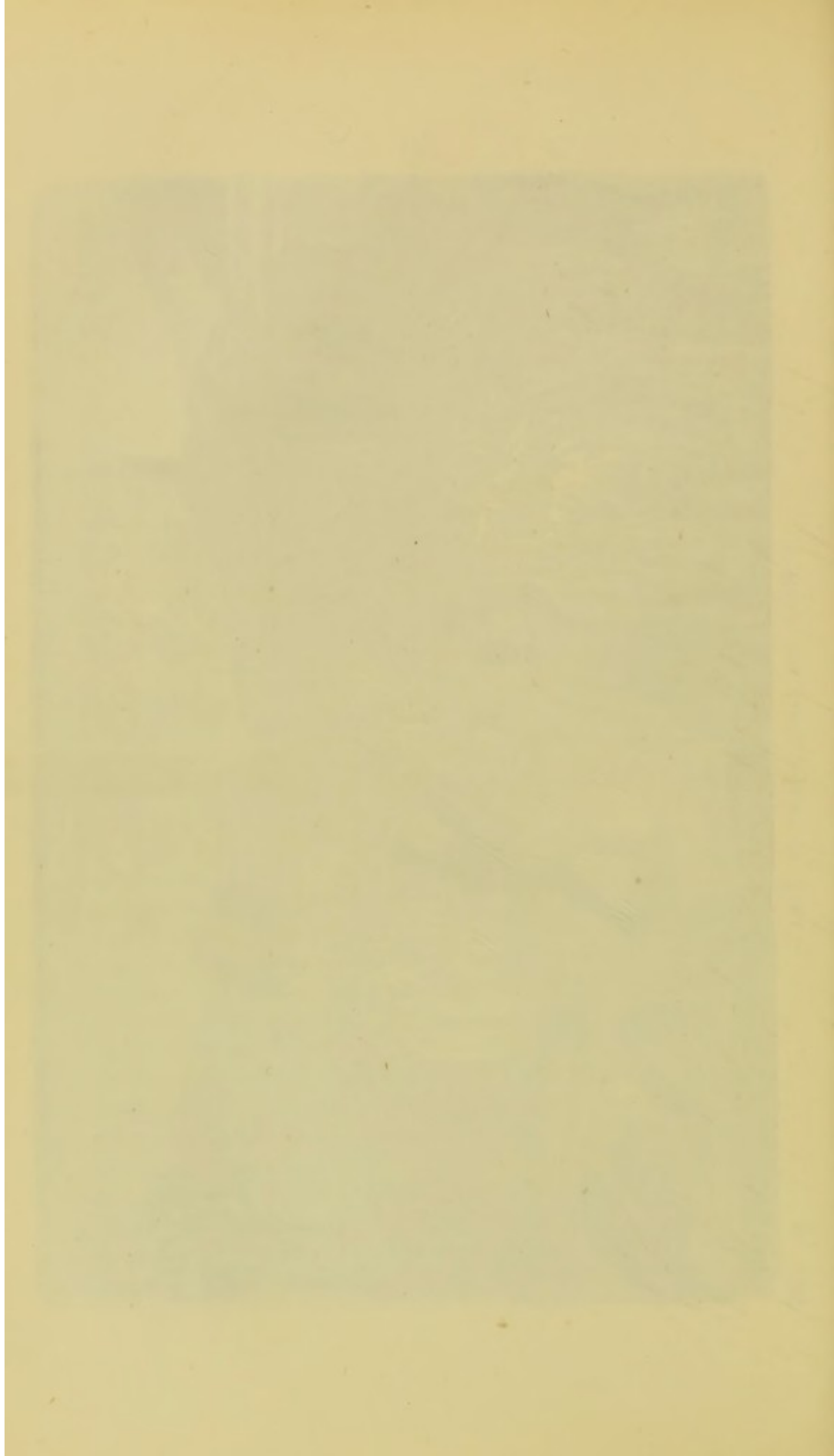
difference with the sergeant, the latter forcibly laid hold of the young man's trunk to eject it from the sleeping-room, he declining to remove it himself. Indignant, he remonstrated, but in vain, and on the sergeant persisting in removing the trunk, the young man fired at him and wounded him in the leg, and the man subsequently died of the injury. The young man was tried and found guilty by a jury at Geelong, who thought his punishment would be as for manslaughter, but he was sentenced to die. On the day previous to that fixed for his execution, on my way from St. Paul's Church in the afternoon, a gentleman on a short visit to the colony, to whom I had been recently introduced, spoke to me of the case. He had made himself conversant with the facts brought out on the trial at Geelong, which made it appear doubtful whether the revolver had not been accidentally discharged. I offered to go with him to the Governor and state these circumstances, and to ask for a respite, if a mitigation of the sentence could not then be had. My brother-in-law, a barrister, and another mutual friend accompanied the gentleman and I at 4 o'clock, having first endeavored to collect from persons present at the trial what intelligence we could. The Governor received us cordially in his garden, and when seated in his house we told our object and our reason for requesting a minor punishment. We laid great emphasis on the fact that there was, even at the worst view, some provocation, and that the act was sudden and unpremeditated. His Excellency seemed deeply distressed, and said he had had a deputation with a petition signed by the jurymen and others, had laid it before his Executive Council in vain, and that it was unfair to address him on the subject now when he could not possibly collect the Executive Council in time, as in the morning at 8 o'clock the sentence was to be carried out in Geelong. There were then no railroads or telegraphs in the colony, but we offered to get his own letter transmitted. He ultimately sent for a trustworthy police officer, and granted a reprieve, with mitigation of sentence. The road to Geelong was then a mere track through the wild bush, sixty odd miles. The

urgency of the case was explained, and the trooper was dispatched on an excellent horse, and charged to make such speed as life and death demanded. The ride is still remembered and is spoken of as one of the finest, if not the very finest thing of the kind in the story of the colony. It is referred to as such in the *Leader* newspaper of that week. But with all the speed that could be used it was not until eight o'clock next morning that the jaded horse was seen hasting to the gaol. The prisoner's irons had been removed and he was actually on his way to the gallows, accompanied by the clergyman, and some hundreds of people had assembled to witness his death. When the reprieve was announced, the young man fell, almost lifeless, at the minister's feet, and the horse fell dead almost immediately after his work had been finished. The latter fact I did not learn until some years afterwards.

A man named Murphy, of whom I had some slight knowledge as a warder in the gaol, and who had opened the cells for me when visiting, removed to the gold mines, at one of which he commenced the trade of butcher. Two miners came one evening to the neighborhood to spend a little money they had made, indulging in the usual orgies. Each of them had been in the army, the larger man as an officer, the smaller as a private. Each had also a tolerable education. They hired a hut from the butcher, a quarter of a mile from the shop. They had at length nearly got rid of their money, when one evening, after a long practice at fencing with sticks, and having as usual drank deeply, they retired to the hut and lay down on two separate stretchers. In the morning when the baker with his cart called, he saw an axe covered with blood at the door, and on entering found the smaller man in a deep sleep, and the larger man dead and frightfully mangled. The butcher was taken, and on slight circumstantial evidence was sentenced to be hanged, the principal witness being a medical man, who for a short time had held the post of analytical chemist, the first appointment of the kind in the colony. He stated that he had examined the blood marks on the butcher's trousers, and



A RIDE FOR LIFE.—JUST IN TIME.



that they were of human blood, not that of oxen or sheep. Two or three men had been executed a short time before on his testimony as to certain symptoms in cases of violent assaults of a particular nature. Most of this information I had afterwards from the small man; and also that he had been in a nervous excited state from drink for some days; that they had been fencing frequently with walking sticks prior to his mate's death; and I suspected, and still believe, that he had in the night, under some temporary delusion, killed him, and was afterwards not cognizant of it. I found he had once been a christian professor, who, like many in this golden, sinful land, "had forsaken the fountain of living water, and hewn out to himself broken cisterns that could hold no water." Tuesday morning was fixed for the butcher's execution, and on the Monday two deputations were received by Sir C. Hotham. I spoke with the leader of the first, who was Dr. Murphy, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, about the test of the blood as a most uncertain one, and the absence of any object or motive on the butcher's part for killing the man, there being no money to be gained, and no previous quarrel, of his good character up to that time, and of the generally peculiar circumstances of the case. Two medical men and a clergyman accompanied me as the second deputation, and the result, after some representations made, was that the man's life was spared.

ADVENTURES—PERSONAL AND OTHER.

Robberies in the streets and suburbs were then very common, and some terrific struggles took place between gangs of desperate men and the police. One was on the bridge*, when that efficient police superintendent, Mr. Bloomfield, attempted to capture some men on their way from Sandridge to town, and severe wounds from firearms were received on both sides.

It was about this time that I was requested to go to Brighton, six miles distant, on an urgent case. The

* The old Prince's Bridge.

messenger had a led horse, on which I rode and returned. It being very late in the night, I dismounted within a mile of the bridge to walk home, in order not to delay the young man who accompanied me. As I drew near the bridge I saw by the starlight a man emerge from beneath the open fence and make direct for me. Without fear, and I may almost say without thought, I stood still to receive him, having nothing in my hands but a pair of black leather gloves, which I had so compressed as in some degree to resemble a pistol. These I held elevated, pointing perpendicularly, and in a moment the man fled and disappeared. I told this to a coach-builder, whom I was attending at the time, who said that a few nights previously, on his way home from a church committee meeting, two men had met him in one direction, and when he took a circuit to avoid them they again drew near. He took off his spectacles and boldly interrogated them as to what they required. They made some evasive reply, and one of them asked him the direction to some locality. He then made a clicking noise with the spectacles as if he had been cocking a pistol, and as it was dark it could not be distinguished whether he carried one or not. "Be off, quick," he cried, "or I'll show you the way to eternity." They rapidly disappeared. I never repeated, nor would I, a course which might have terminated in a far different manner, although on this occasion it terminated so satisfactorily for me.

I had a horse stolen from the post at my door one evening when I had but dismounted for a moment to leave some message at the house before again proceeding on my rounds. I just got a glimpse of the thief riding off on "Black Prince," but he was soon out of sight. A week after the horse returned to the stable without saddle or bridle, but with swollen legs and sore feet, having been ridden, I think, by the thief to the goldfields, and then turned loose. Again another time I had fastened my horse to the fence, at the residence of the Dean of Melbourne, on a member of whose family I was in attendance. When I left the house my horse was gone. A few weeks afterwards



GLOVES AS PISTOLS.

(P. 130)



I found him in a saleyard, and was glad to get him peaceably by paying half his estimated value, as the man who had placed him in the yard said he had bought him.

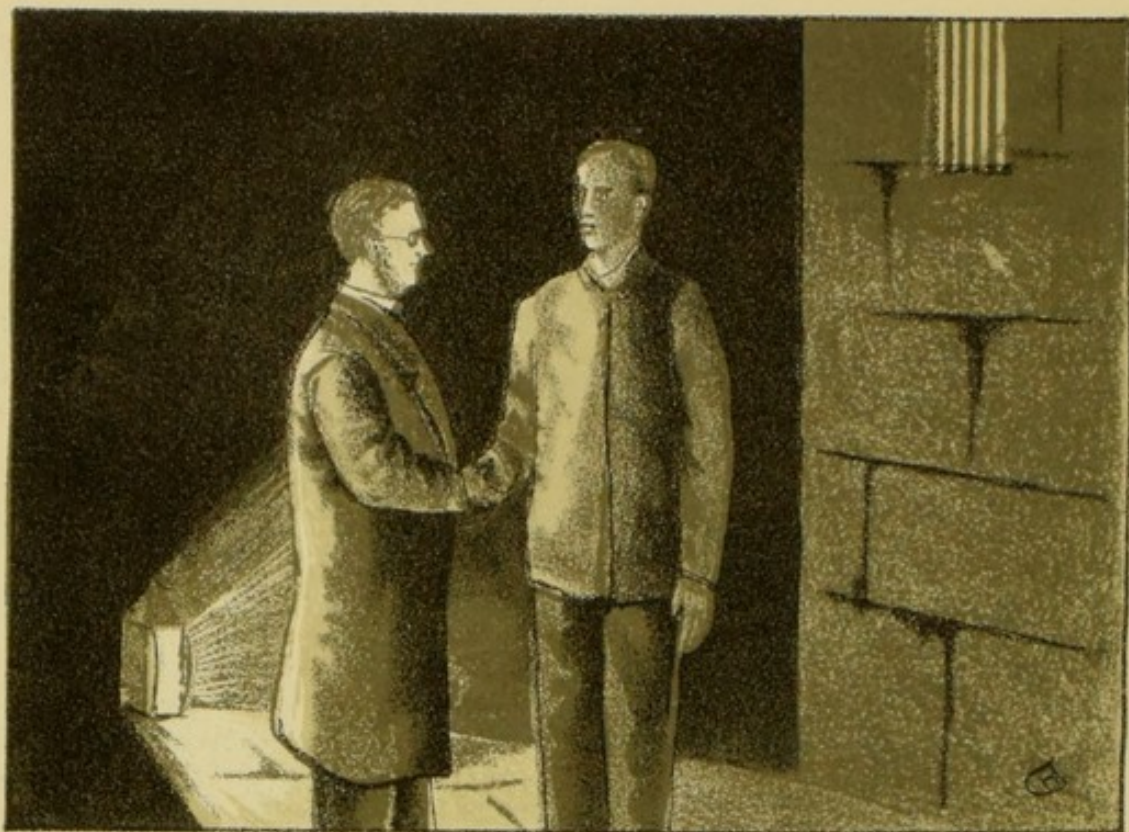
One Saturday night, returning from a long journey by the Mount Alexander-road, when about six miles from home, in a place which the diggers passed in coming to Melbourne with their gold, I was confronted by two men, one on foot, who stopped before me, and, in the grey twilight, looked closely at me, as if expecting some particular person. He, however, let me pass. The other, on horseback, rode quickly after me, and then beside me, as I walked my horse. He at length asked, "Are you afraid of me?" I replied, "No; nor of any man on earth." He then warned me of a hole just before me, asked me who I was, and on learning my name, said he was sorry to have troubled me, conducted me round, and rode back to his mate.

ROBBERY OF THE M'IVOR GOLD ESCORT.

At first each digger brought his gold to Melbourne singly or in companies, but soon private armed escorts were formed as a source of income. The Government, not long after, provided armed escorts to convey it to Melbourne fortnightly or monthly at a small percentage, as numbers of private individuals had been robbed both in company and separately. But even the armed escorts themselves were not always secure from the planned attacks of desperate men. On the 20th of July, 1853, the escort from the M'Ivor diggings was proceeding through the forest to Melbourne with gold, when at a certain place some trees felled on either side the way hemmed them in, and a volley of rifle shots from an unseen enemy killed or disabled the waggon horses. One of the cadets was wounded severely in the arm, and, as a second volley was fired in upon them, they all fled, leaving the waggon with the gold to the bush-rangers. Some of the men who were engaged in this robbery were at length apprehended, and taken from on board a vessel, together with the greater part of the gold that had

been stolen. Two of these, named Francis, were men whom I had attended professionally on some former occasions, and who I thought were storekeepers from the diggings. One turned Queen's evidence, but soon changed his mind again, and then cut his throat in despair. His brother now turned informer. One or two of the others were consequently apprehended, and all were lodged in the Melbourne Gaol. I had visited them in my weekly rounds through the gaol, and had spoken to them quietly, but plainly, about their everlasting welfare. They at first denied their complicity in the robbery, and showed much brayado. When the Criminal Supreme Court sittings came round, three of these men, Melville, Atkins, and Reilly, were convicted and sentenced to be hanged, Monday morning at 8 o'clock being fixed for their execution. In visiting the gaol that Sunday I was not allowed to see them, only the chaplain having now that privilege; but on inquiry I found that that gentleman had not been with them that day. It was raining heavily while I went from the gaol to the Dean of Melbourne to see if I could, through his influence, get admission. He directed me to His Excellency the Governor. I wrote a note and sent it to him by my servant, stating the facts, and in reply received a memorandum addressed to the Governor of the Gaol, and instructing him to admit me, if the chaplain had not been with them that day. In the first cell I entered sat Reilly, heavily ironed, eating a piece of bread. I as kindly as I could told him I felt for his sad position, and came to give him news of mercy for his salvation, mercy abounding to the chief of sinners. After fifteen or twenty minutes' conversation he sighed heavily, and said, "Oh, it is too late! too late! why did you not tell me this before?" We knelt and prayed together to a God of love. I then opened the bible and asked him to read the Parable of the Prodigal Son, which I marked out for him. I then left him, saying that I would see him again before leaving the gaol, which I must do at 11 o'clock at night, when it was necessary that all the gates should be locked. I next went to Melville's cell, and the warder, handing me a lamp, mentioned my name to





"MR IVOR GOLD ROBBERY"
Mr expressing gratitude for tracts, etc.



"THAT CLOCK TOLD ME"

the prisoner, and locked me in with him. When he heard my name he grasped my hand and wept with great emotion. "You don't know me, sir," he said, "but I know you, and for all eternity will bless God I ever saw you. When I was first imprisoned you came to me and spoke kindly to me about my eternal destiny. I answered you that I was innocent, and would soon be free. You then left me three tracts—blessed tracts!" Again he wept, and took from beneath the blanket on the board he slept on three tracts, saying, "I read them to my eternal comfort. This one, 'The Broken Heart,' broke my hard, impenitent heart; and this one, 'Jehovah's Gift of Life in Jesus,' brought life, and pardon, and heaven to my spirit!" We wept together, and prayed, and praised our God, reconciled to Him through the death of His Son. When I was leaving, Melville sent his full forgiveness to Francis, the approver, with his prayers for his conversion, and wrote the same in pencil on the fly-leaf of a book I had with me. Then, after much conversation, he begged me to call upon his wife, an infidel French woman, to whom he had written, and to see Atkins in the next cell and comfort him, if I could, with the same glorious news I had brought to him, and to try and lead him to Christ, saying that he had told him of "The Broken Heart" and "Eternal Life through Jesus" in vain. He added that Atkins had been led into the robbery very simply; that he had a young wife near her confinement; and that he knew that the thought of her being led astray after his death lay very heavily on his mind, and he hoped I would be able to comfort him. I then shook hands with him, and parted till we meet "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." On entering Atkins' cell I found him awake, lying on his bed in the darkness, until the light of my lamp had illuminated it. On my name being announced by the warder it aroused him. I told him my errand. He seemed very sad, broken spirited, and comfortless. At once, on finding he was so far from having peace of mind, I said, "Atkins, you are uneasy about your wife in her present critical position. Would you wish

LOST SHEEP RECOVERED.

I had through life felt it to be a privilege to give gratuitously to ministers of the gospel of every denomination requiring them, my professional services, and when I arrived in Melbourne I offered them in the same way as when in Ireland; and also through them to any poor persons whom they might meet in their visits and recommend to me. The minister of Collingwood, Mr. Clowes, on one occasion sent me a note by the hands of a young woman to visit her husband's mother, who lay ill of fever. As I accompanied the messenger a distance of nearly two miles, she wept very much, saying that she had lately lost her only child, and now the Lord was about to take her mother-in-law, who had recently come from home. I asked her if she had rest for her spirit in Christ. She said that once she had, but not now; that her husband had in England been a local preacher among the Wesleyans, but had fallen into the ways of the world since their arrival in Victoria. I tried to induce her to hearken to the Lord's voice, and to return to the fold at once. When I examined the old lady I found her dangerously ill, and her mind deeply distressed on account of sin. I gave her some suitable medicine, as I had generally a small case with me in country visits, so as to lose no time in dangerous cases. I then asked her should I pray with her. She said she would be glad. I went into the room where her backsliding son stood with another young man, told him of his mother's danger, and of her anxiety about her eternal state, and then, on a sudden thought, asked him had he not seen two sheep in that neighborhood straying about. He said, "No." I said I had good information that he knew something of them. He seemed alarmed as if likely to be charged with sheep-stealing, and most earnestly denied any knowledge of them, and assured me of his innocence. Looking him full in the face I said, "Thou art the man. God brought you and your wife to His fold, and suffered you to want no good, but you left it and Him, and now by



A LOST SHEEP FOUND AND RECOVERED. (P. 136)

his case I perceived that it was utterly hopeless, and that he must shortly sink under the disease. While Dr. E—— was writing the prescription we had agreed on, I drew near to the sick man's bed and asked would he like to know our real opinion of his case. On his replying in the affirmative I tenderly but faithfully told him. He seemed to awake as from a deep slumber, and to be sensibly alarmed at the near approach of death. I then recommended to him Christ as a present, loving, all-powerful Saviour, and, under the figure of a life-boat for a drowning mariner, urged him at once to believe and live. He groaned in the disquietude of his spirit, cried out aloud, "Oh, God! am I dying?" and called on God for mercy. Again I told him of the fulness of Christ; his suitability to his case; that all things were ready and free for him; that thus I myself had found mercy, and so too had the dying thief; that if he was a sinner Christ died for him, for that He came into the world *to save sinners*. His father saw his anxiety and wept, and pressed my hand to show how greatly pleased he was. When I asked the young man would he wish me to pray for him, he replied earnestly that he would. "For what?" I inquired. "For mercy," he cried; "for forgiveness of all my sins." Dr. E—— (who since then has died, I trust in peace, though then a backslider in heart and life) knelt with the family and myself in prayer, and what we asked was soon after granted. We went to see him again at 3 o'clock, and found him exulting, literally exulting, in redeeming love and mercy, his heart overflowing with love, while his lips poured forth blessing and praise to a sin-pardoning God for not having cut him off in his iniquities, and for saving him from eternal death through faith in the precious blood of Christ, the Lifeboat of his salvation. I saw him next morning, and found him in the same happy, trustful state of mind, still speaking of the transcendent mercy of God in Christ, so suitable to his case. In three or four hours he breathed his last.

At his funeral, while the grave was filling up, his father, with deep emotion, turned to me, and directing my attention to the setting sun, said, "Doctor Singleton, I have no more

doubt that my son is in glory than I have that the sun shines." His sister, aged fourteen, a beautiful, intelligent girl, was likewise ill with the same disease at this time, and by their mutual desire had been carried into her brother's room to say farewell. When he told her what God had done for him, she also became awakened to her unfitness for heaven, and nothing could allay her fears. Her father, at her earnest request, wrote asking me to visit her (not professionally). I did so, and the Lord opened the dear maiden's heart to let the King of Glory in. Ere I left she had hope in Christ, and some hours before her death she received the assurance of sins forgiven for Christ's sake, and that she was a child of God by faith in Christ. When I first entered her sick room Miss Wallen said, "Oh, doctor, I want you to tell me the same words you told my brother. Tell me what made him so happy?" They were lovely in life, and in death they were not divided. A few days after the brother's body, redeemed by Christ, and precious even in death, had been committed to the tomb, her's also was laid to rest, each equally in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to the eternal life of the redeemed.

One evening about this time I was requested to visit a young Irish gentleman, not long in the colony, who had brought a letter of introduction to me. I found him in a dingy, close lodging-house, with two or three men occupying the same apartment, and he very ill indeed with fever. I took measures to have him removed to the hospital, as offering the only likelihood of his recovery, and then inquired into his prospects for eternity. The truth quickly awoke him to a sense of his danger, on which I pointed him to the cross, leading him to Christ as a personal Saviour, showing him that His word was true and His promise sure. J. G. S—— received the atonement, and rose from the fever a new man, renewed both in body and in spirit. He came from the hospital to my house. He never slackened his pace on the narrow road, was eminently useful for some years in Victoria on the goldfields, his one great object being to do good and promote his Redeemer's glory. He returned afterwards

to the land of his birth, where now for years he has been a living epistle known and read of all men. He is happily married, both his wife and himself serving the Lord. He, having been ordained by the Bishop of Cork, has been for some years the incumbent of a large and important parish.

In the same hospital I was told that a young clergyman lay seriously ill, who had come out from Dublin for his health. He had been coadjutor in one of the Free Episcopal churches (Mr. Ritchie's). I went to see him, and so did my dear wife, who tried hard to smoothe his dying bed. He was greatly comforted by meeting with friends so far from home, who took an interest in his earthly comfort, and spoke kind words to Him of Christ, his all in all. In the ward there were nearly fifty patients, and Mrs. Singleton engaged the wardsman to attend to his every want and comfort until she again visited him. A few days elapsed and the struggle was over, when the hearse, with a few friends accompanying it, conveyed his remains to the house appointed for all living. We afterwards read some of his admirable sermons, which proved very useful to a young clergyman who requested permission to peruse them.

SOCIAL VICE AND NEEDED PREVENTIVES: PUBLIC DISORDERS AND PROPOSED REFORMS.

The abounding iniquity of Melbourne became at this time truly alarming. Many complained of it. Mrs. Singleton had for a length of time regularly visited the female prisoners, reading and expounding the scriptures, and furnishing the prisoners with needlework so as to fit them for habits of industry, and to provide them on their discharge with means of support. In teaching them habits of industry she was aided by Mrs. Latrobe, the Governor's lady, and by Mrs. Perry, the wife of our excellent bishop, and many at that time were thus brought to Jesus. For some time she

felt deeply the need that existed of a reformatory for the reclamation of the fallen who showed signs of penitence; also of a servants' home as a protection for that class of persons from the temptations to which they were constantly exposed in the low lodging-houses; and of a home for educated women as governesses, etc. She had drawn by an architect a plan of suitable buildings. We both wrote or waited on a few good people to aid in this work, and in a few days had promises of about £300 subscriptions. We then made application to the Governor for a site. This application was not speedily granted, and in the meanwhile occurrences and circumstances over which she had no control contributed to defeat her intentions, and ten or twelve years rolled over before the homes she had suggested had been provided, and four or five more before a Female Refuge was successfully founded. One of a private nature had, however, been in existence, of which I was president. It was founded principally through the efforts of Dr. Milton—a christian philanthropist long known to me.

It was about this time that, in visiting the female prisoners during an illness of my wife, I felt the great need of classification amongst them, as well as of better general management. The only classes then known were the long-sentenced and the short-sentenced. Among the latter were lunatics, women of bad character (fallen), drunkards, girls put in for protection as being deserted by their parents, and others charged with such crimes as petty theft, etc., a number of the children of these women being also confined with them. In fact as I saw them crowded together, with no other employment than that of washing their own clothes, I became convinced that something decided should be done at once to reform this moral pest-house—the hot-bed of vice—where the comparatively innocent were exposed to the filthy and blasphemous language and corruptions of the hardened and debased. The poor children, too, were thus educated in vice. I, therefore, brought with me on one occasion the Rev. Mr. Ramsey, who was of one mind with me on the subject and we drew up the document subjoined, which we

read in open court before the Mayor, P. Davis, Esq. He seemed shocked at the disclosures, and promised to present our memorial in the proper quarter. In vain had I previously applied to the Chief Secretary, Mr. Haines, who said to me that the site occupied by the Lunatic Asylum, and which is still so occupied, would soon be vacated for new buildings about to be erected, and that it would be reserved for a female prison and reformatory. Thus thousands of pounds were squandered on comparatively unnecessary works while the foundations of the country's future morality and well-being were totally neglected. The following is the document referred to:—

To the Worshipful the Mayor and other Magistrates of the City of Melbourne—

We, the undersigned, being deeply impressed with the fact that immorality and vice have for some time past been greatly on the increase within the boundaries of this city, and especially among the female portion of the population, would respectfully memorialise your worships to take the subject into your mature consideration.

According to returns procured from the Detective Department, there are at present in Melbourne proper 112 brothels, 257 prostitutes, about an equal number in the suburbs, and without ostensible means of support 500. Your memorialists have found on diligent inquiry that society is becoming in many places demoralised to a still greater extent in this respect, and, having inquired into the causes of this, they beg to state to your worships a few of those causes so far as the city of Melbourne is concerned.

First, it has been confidently affirmed by persons as capable of obtaining information as any, that at least half of the female immigrants who come here (*en masse*) fall from virtue. These young women, when hired from the Immigrants Home or depot, should they not suit their employers, or should they leave their service otherwise, have no home to go to, and no mothers or relations to care for them, and are driven to seek lodging in the low houses provided for casual lodgers in this city, often in the immediate vicinity of the brothels with which this city abounds, or in houses where males and females are indiscriminately received. Vast numbers of them, without control and friendless, have been seduced from virtue's paths, and quickly swell the numbers of the fallen. Many others, through the labour marts, have been hired at good remunerative wages for various services and various localities for dancing houses, and public houses, often on the goldfields, where their principles are sapped, and a reckless merchandise is made of the bodies and souls of these unfortunate women. The state of

the female penitentiary or prison in Great Collins-street west, when we visited the place in company a fortnight since, was—

Number of female prisoners	87
Male and female children of these	27
Total ...				114

Your memorialists found no classification among these women, with the exception of that of long-sentenced and short-sentenced prisoners. Of the former there were in one yard, 25; of the latter, in a second yard, 62. These women were unemployed, except in washing and mending their own clothes, and the children (twenty-seven in number) uninstructed, save as they were taught the rudiments of learning by one of the prisoners. Otherwise they were exposed to the obscene language and example of those with whom they mingled. Amongst these women were some convicted of drunkenness, others of vagrancy, some awaiting trial for larceny, some insane, some remanded for protection, and some confirmed thieves and prostitutes again and again convicted. To remedy these evils we beg respectfully to suggest to your worships—

- 1st. That the police authorities be instructed to keep the ways in the streets, hitherto thronged in the evening with women of improper character, clear of such as ostensibly show their sinful vocation; as well-conducted females, obliged necessarily to pass through them, are scandalised by their conduct; and also to bring procuresses, and the owners of houses of ill-fame, to justice, where an infringement of the law can be proved.
- 2nd. To use your influence with the Government to change the present unnatural mode of individual immigration to one of families, with females always having a relation on board, or being under the protection of some matron.
- 3rd. That one or more servants' lodging-houses or homes should be prepared, where single females could lodge, and a registry could be kept for servants and others, who could correspond at once with the superintendent or matron, or with the committee, in case of improper conduct on the part of those hiring them.
- 4th. That the demoralising condition in which the female prisoners at present are, in their prison in Collins-street west, be urged on the attention of the Government so as to induce a speedy reform.

These are a few of the remedies for the increasing immorality among us, which we beg respectfully to urge upon your worships' consideration.

JOHN RAMSEY, Min. Pres. Ch.
JOHN SINGLETON, M.D.

The Mayor took the matter up earnestly, and promised to represent the subject to the attention of the Chief Secretary, as we had requested. Since then female refuges, governesses' and servants' homes, and improved immigration and police surveillance, have been provided, and other measures adopted, to reduce the criminal population, but principally as preventatives. I attended the first meeting for the purpose of providing a boys' reformatory; and now we have industrial schools, with many hundreds of children of every age, reformatories (partly penal, one of them a training ship), and various orphan institutions have since been provided, together with the Immigrants' Home, depot for the disabled, the aged, and the unemployed, with food for every poor applicant; the Benevolent Asylum, providing for 600 or 700 inmates; out-door relief through the ladies' benevolent institutions in every borough, and extensive private charities, making provision for emergencies of every kind. Melbourne can vie with any city in the world for its voluntary charities. I had written a year previously to a religious society in England respecting the need the city had of devoted city missionaries, and said I believed they would be supported. The Church of England had already several scripture-readers employed, but a mission embracing all denominations and unsectarian in its character was much required. Mrs. Hornbrook, the founder of the scripture schools, known here as the Hornbrook ragged schools, and I had several conversations on the subject, and a short time afterwards a city mission was formed by the leading christian ministers and others. I was a member of the committee. Three hundred pounds a year was allocated for each missionary. I saw the danger, 1st, of unsuitable persons seeking appointment by interest for the sake of the large salary; 2nd, that with such an outlay it must soon collapse. It fell to pieces after a short time, when the ladies, including Mrs. Hornbrook, took it up, supplied the moderate salaries that were thought requisite, and by the aid of a few gentlemen who formed a business committee, kept the mission working until it was handed over to a new organization. This effort to

reach the outcast and degraded has continued ever since, and now the ladies have six or seven bible-women, of piety and good common sense, visiting in the more neglected localities, while the city missionaries, five or six in number, employed at a salary of from £10 to £12 a month each, together with a committee of management, of which I have had the privilege to be a member for some years, are doing excellent service in several of the suburbs. Their monthly reports are full of interest, and many details of good results do they witness to.

EXPERIENCES—STRANGE AND VARIED.

In my visits in town and country I frequently came in contact with strange cases. One time with a dying quondam convict, who had found Christ to be the life and light of his spirit, and who witnessed a good confession of his Lord's mercy and grace, and fell asleep in Him. Again with invalids who seemed dark, ignorant, and hardened, who neither wished to see a clergyman when I asked them to do so, nor did their friends, nor the lodging-house keepers where they resided, manifest the slightest concern for the spiritual condition of the dying men. For young men, far from home and friends, I felt much; and esteemed it a privilege to tell them that they had one unchanging friend, Christ Jesus. While telling them the Story of the Cross I have reason to hope it was in many cases not in vain. I have often wondered how children escaped when exposed to the constant dangers around, until I was reminded that they are guarded by a special Providence—"their angels do always behold the face of their Father in heaven."

Once I was sent for to attend a confectioner's son, aged six years, over whose head a two-wheeled carriage had passed, near his father's door. Above the ear the head was cut, and the wheel mark plainly to be seen; but owing to the mud underneath, and the rapid motion of the vehicle, there was no fracture, so that in a day or two the child was well.

In another case a shoemaker, while drunk, rushed after his wife to beat her. She dropped her baby in the effort to escape, and the unnatural father kicked the child on the head, leaving an indent of his boot in the soft skull, which, however, disappeared in a couple of hours. The man was conveyed to prison, the police supposing the child would die. When the morning came he was discharged, as the little one was unharmed. He did not, however, give up his drunkenness, for some men never learn, but live like fools and die like natural brute beasts.

On one occasion, when visiting a few miles from town, I had a narrow escape from a fall from my horse, through a dangerous practice common in the bush, that, namely, of women putting up clothes-lines between two trees in exposed places. I did not see the rope until at a swift canter the horse was just on it, and I only had time to place my hand on my face and lean forward when I struck it. My hand was torn severely, but the rope gave way, and I escaped without further injury.

Near the same place I was visiting another case, when a poor neighbor told me of his son, who had become deranged through some recent excitement, resulting from drink. He had not slept for several nights, and could not be prevailed on to take any medicine. I saw the young man, and, by a stratagem, induced him to take what relieved him. I asked what book it was he had been reading. He said, "The Pilgrim's Progress," which he liked much. "Would you like to be able to go the Pilgrim's road?" I asked. "Oh yes, very much." "Well I will give you some Pilgrim's pills, which will help you on the journey." He cheerfully consented, and, as I had in a little pocket-case the suitable medicine, I set the poor fellow on his travels at once.

One Sabbath evening I was hastily summoned to see a man supposed to be poisoned. From the symptoms described I suspected it to be by strychnine, and taking some chloroform, with emetics, and other remedies, I ran with the messenger to an oyster shop in the centre of the city, which was owned by the man who was sick. Finding him affected with

the usual violent spasms, I at once had recourse to chloroform, and, although not without difficulty, succeeded in bringing him under its influence. I then administered some other remedies, by which, under the Lord's blessing, he recovered. He had been with his cart to Sandridge to buy oysters, where, as he afterwards told me, he was joined by a stranger, who drank with him, no doubt with the intention of robbing him of money which he knew he had about him. In the glass of drink he administered the poison. Many cases of this kind, but more fatal in their issue, occurred to my knowledge in town and country.

A DESPERATE GANG.—CLEVER, BUT CAPTURED.

The neglect of the early education of young persons who had been sent out from home as felons, and the very injudicious mode of treating them adopted by the warders, drove many, who otherwise might have become useful members of society, to scenes of daring wickedness, and to crimes of the most revolting character. Two men of this class, who had been sent to Norfolk Island, succeeded in escaping, and then resolved never to return, and never to be taken alive. Reaching Tasmania, they committed several robberies and outrages there, and then resolved to escape from the Island. To this end they seized a schooner in one of the harbors, and compelled the captain, and crew of thirteen men, to bring them to Victoria. One of them had been a cavalry soldier, and was a very determined man. With loaded pieces and pistols they alternately kept guard over the entire ship's company until they arrived in the bay, when they ordered the sailors to lower and man a boat, and to put them ashore, which they did, between St. Kilda and Brighton. Their first adventure was the "sticking up" of a tent, in which lived a schoolmaster and his family. They tied them all under a wattle-tree close by, and then stripped the tent of every portable thing, and took their departure. The night was cold and wet, and the youngest child, an infant,

died of the exposure. The father soon released himself from his bonds, and hastily borrowing a gun from a neighbor, followed them, and he declared that, had he found them, he would have saved the hangman all trouble in the case. Proceeding to Brighton they demanded the horses with which they found a ploughman working, wanting the animals probably to carry their plunder; and on his refusal they shot him in the shoulder. The arm was afterwards amputated at the shoulder joint, but when I saw the man a few weeks afterwards he was convalescent. Taking the horses they rode off through the bush, where (to use a colonialism) they "stuck up" several sheep stations, tied up as many as thirty men, took what they wanted, horses, equipments, provisions, and money. By this time the police were in pursuit, and they came upon them at a station where their horses were in the stables. The police dismounted, hanging their own horses by their bridles to the fences, and tried to surround the house. The bushrangers meantime, after firing adroitly on the police, seized and mounted the troopers' horses and made off. They were overtaken the next day, and a number of shots exchanged, but after a desperate encounter they were captured and brought down to the Melbourne Gaol. I there went to visit Bradley, who professed to have been a Protestant. On entering his cell I sat down beside him on his bed, expressed my sorrow to see him under such sad circumstances, told him I felt for his terrible position, but more for his eternal interests, and would willingly show him how to find a free pardon for his sins, if he now repented truly of his former life, and believed on Christ, who, having loved the world and him, died to atone for the sins of men and for his. I also said I did not doubt that his education had been neglected, that he had met with harsh treatment, and had had little encouragement to do well. I had proceeded thus far, when he sobbed bitterly and wept, and when he had sufficiently recovered himself he said, "Sir, yours are the first kind words I have heard since my poor dying mother's in London. She died when I was eleven years old, and I was then homeless and friendless,

Mixing with other boys similarly situated, I picked gentlemen's pockets for a livelihood, was transported, and was sent to Point Pure. My education was left as it had been. I was treated severely. I would have done anything for a kind word, but rebelled against harsh treatment. For much refractory conduct I was sent to Norfolk Island, where I met Connor, and the treatment we there experienced made us both resolve on our future course if ever we reached Tasmania; and we made up our minds that we should not be taken prisoners alive. I know I shall be executed, and I deserve it; but I have this consolation—I never took a human life." In their last conflict, in which Connor used his discharged rifle as a sword to parry the sword cuts of the troopers, Bradley had not fired, which Connor perceiving, called out to him, saying that he would shoot him unless he did so, but Bradley still refused to discharge his weapon. Before I left him we knelt in prayer together, earnestly requesting mercy through the all-atoning merits of Christ the Redeemer and Saviour of men.

IN THE CONDEMNED CELLS.

In the same year there were three young men brought to the gaol charged with the robbery, on the Flemington-road, of a man who had a large quantity of gold in a belt round his waist. They had been aware of his hoard, and were resolved to have it. He resisted them with a staff, and swore at the trial that one fired a pistol at him, the bullet from which struck him on the back of the neck. They were convicted and sentenced to die. They denied having fired a shot, but admitted that one of them struck him with a whip to make him cease his opposition. I visited these young men, by name Condron, Green, and Dixon, in the gaol. They seemed deeply penitent, and, on my last visit, quite resigned to their sentence. Two were especially so. I had in this case, as in that of many others, presented a petition to the Governor, and spoken with some members of the Government, on their behalf, in order to obtain a

mitigation of the sentence, and the night before their execution I had gone with a second memorial to the Governor's residence, but in vain. I had, therefore, to return with the sad news to the men that they must die. They thanked me, and expressed their resignation to their fate. As I rode into town next morning, I met the wife of one of them, and the friends of another, weeping at the prison gate, waiting to be permitted to bury their remains.

I encountered one case of great depravity in my visits to the gaol about this time. A man named Jennings was in confinement under a charge of manslaughter, from which he was subsequently clearly exonerated. But he had been on a certain goldfield where several cruel murders had been committed by a man who was then confined in the very next cell to him. Four men were removing to another goldfield, this man acting on the occasion as their leader. He was a sallow, cadaverous-looking fellow, about thirty years of age, without whiskers. On the journey his horse began to fail, and he left it at a farm-house, and took in its place one of the horses of the farmer, who was from home at the time. He, on returning, and hearing what had happened, pursued the party to reclaim his horse. This fellow, as he afterwards confessed to his lawyer, shot the man on his refusing to go back without the animal, and two females who were passing near saw the act. They fled for their lives; but this fiend incarnate pursued them, and slew them, "lest they should tell tales." A man who had just then passed was also murdered. In the evening when they halted one of the four men refused to eat, and seemed very dejected. The villain asked him why he was so, and he replied, "I left home this morning an honest man. I am now, as it were, a thief and a murderer. I cannot eat." The other immediately said, "You might tell tales," and shot him dead on the spot. When brought to trial the chain of evidence against him was not quite clear, and he now endeavoured to incriminate the man Jennings. But eventually a providential chain of circumstances brought the scoundrel's guilt clearly to light, and his iniquitous attempt

to ruin an innocent man in order to gain for himself a chance of escape was neutralised, while I had the pleasure of seeing a moral change in the case of Jennings, his intended victim. My efforts to induce the murderer to repent and seek mercy from his offended Maker, were merely answered thus—"I believe everything is ordained to happen, and if one is born to be hanged he will never be drowned." I never met with a second case of cool, unfeeling, and hardened depravity at all approaching that of this wretched man. His was a conscience seared as with a hot iron, and consequently past all feeling either of repentance or remorse—a fearful example of a human spirit, "twice dead, plucked up by the roots."

"GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY."

A young man who had lived a very irregular life, having been transported at an early age, on the completion of his sentence, as was the general custom with this class of men at that time, made his way to the goldfields. He had, at the time to which I refer, come back to Melbourne, and being filled with jealousy and revenge against the young woman with whom he had for some time lived, and who had forsaken him for another, he resolved that she and the man with whom she was now living should both forfeit their lives, and that he would then commit suicide. For this purpose he purchased poison, and, armed with a pair of pistols, he tracked them to a public-house in Swanston-street, in the centre of Melbourne. Having satisfied himself that they were together in the dining-room alone, he mixed the poison and drank it, then entered the room, upbraided them, discharged one of his pistols at the man, who stooped, and his hat received the ball. The young woman, terrified, ran round the table towards the door by which just then her paramour had escaped. As she ran he shot her, and the ball lodged in her spine. She survived several weeks, but at length died in the hospital. The poison he had taken was not fatal, and he afterwards tried to commit suicide in the gaol by abstaining from food for several days, but he

was induced by the Governor to abandon the intention. His trial had been delayed in order to see if his murderous assault should prove fatal or otherwise. On the result being known, and at the immediate approach of the criminal sittings in the Supreme Court, I went to the gaol purposely to see him. He had been in the yard with other untried prisoners, when I requested to see him in either a private room or cell. I then feelingly alluded to his crime, the young woman's death, the approaching trial, its probable result, the dread realities of eternity, and his guilt and sin in the sight of a Holy God. He appeared to be greatly agitated and convicted of his lost, undone condition before God. I then told him the Story of the Cross, of possible present salvation through the atonement of Christ, and exhorted him to seek mercy through the Saviour, for that Christ died for all sinners and for every sin, even for his great crime. He wept, and wished me to pray with him. He was very ignorant, could neither read nor write, but seemed thoroughly awake to his spiritual danger. I then asked him what I should pray for. "For mercy, for pardon of my sins," he replied with earnestness. "Which would you now prefer?" I asked, "a free pardon of your crime from the Governor, or a free pardon of your sins from God?" "Oh! pardon of my sins—pardon of my sins," he cried. We knelt; he wept; we supplicated Him "who willeth not the death of a sinner, but willeth rather that he should turn unto Him and live;" and on parting he said he had some hope that God would look upon him in mercy. He was tried before the end of that week, found guilty, and sentenced. There is, or was at that time, a custom in the gaol to place in the cell of a condemned man another prisoner, with the intention to prevent suicide, as well as from a humane feeling to afford him companionship. The head warder thought "Whom shall I get to be with ——?" when suddenly a suggestion (from on high no doubt) struck him, and he said to a warder near, "I'll ask the shoemaker in such a cell to remain with him." On the previous Sabbath in the part of the prison I had visited I had met this shoemaker. He had been confined for two or three months for

ill-treating his wife, I believe, while in drink ; and had been employed by some of the officers at his trade, mending their shoes, etc. I found him intelligent, and on being closely questioned it appeared that he had once experienced a saving change of heart by faith in Christ, and had been a member of the Wesleyan Church for some years ; but latterly had " forsaken the fountain of living waters." I urged him to return to the Lord, to seek to regain his first love, and anew to consecrate his powers to God. As I left the cell, before closing the door I mentioned some scripture promises that deeply struck his mind. He told me afterwards that on my leaving he fell on his knees, and with tears and cries besought God to restore to him the joy of His salvation, and continued to seek until he found redemption in the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of his sins. Then, rejoicing in God his Saviour, he longed to spread that Saviour's name abroad. It was while the shoemaker was in this frame of mind, longing to show his love for his forgiving Lord, that the chief warder (Mr. Rowley) went to his cell to inquire whether he would have any objection to abide in the cell with the young man who was condemned to death. He at once replied, " I not only have no objection, but I have been thinking about the condemned man, and would most earnestly desire it." The night of the first day of his removal was a remarkable one. Each of the men had been prepared by the Lord for the other. The shoemaker found the convict under poignant conviction of sin, and with a heart overflowing with Divine love, he instructed him from God's Holy Word, which he read and explained for some hours. The condemned man believed the testimony of God concerning His Son, and about midnight, while they were at prayer in the condemned cell, he was filled with unutterable joy and peace. They sang together hymns of praise to the ever blessed Trinity, and prayed through the night. The warders assembled in amazement outside the cell and listened, wondering at the extraordinary work of grace in both the men. On Sunday I found them full of joy and peace, the condemned man growing in the knowledge of the

Divine word, and blessing God for such mercy. He told me some of his history. On the morning of his execution he awoke early, and before my visit had asked for food. He told me he was longing to depart to be with Christ. He made this strange remark to his companion. "I think I see on the walls around, 'Pardon for thy soul! pardon for thy soul!'" In this spirit he died, saved in the end by faith in the atonement of his Lord.

REMOVAL TO THE COUNTRY, AND SOMETHING ABOUT "PENTRIDGE."

My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.

I had been so much engaged in the harassing work of my profession, and for so long a time with hardly any intermission, that I now required and much desired, some rest ; and, therefore, entered into partnership with a medical gentleman who, for a number of years previously, had been an assistant of mine. He resided in the house in town and I went to live in the country, and came for a few hours daily into the city. After six months, however, this gentleman wished to settle at the goldfields. To this, although at a loss to myself, I consented, and gave up town practice altogether. My dwelling was at that time on the Merri Creek, Pentridge, the grounds having a mile frontage to that stream, and being but a short distance beyond the penal establishment. There were then confined there (in 1856-57) about 600 or 700 prisoners. As I did not desire a large practice, I had time not only for horticultural and general improvements on my own property, but also for the moral benefit of others. For this purpose I visited the prison, and conversed with Mr. John Price, Superintendent of Pentridge and Inspector-General of Penal Establishments, who had occupied a similar position in Tasmania and in Norfolk Island. I told him how, through the bishop, I had obtained access to the Melbourne Gaol for some years, and that being now settled here, I wished to visit the prisoners under his charge for their moral

benefit. Mr. Price said he had no objection, but the attendance must be voluntary on the prisoners' part; that he had no place for me but an open shed in the yard, and no time but from seven to eight o'clock on Sunday mornings; moreover, that he had no faith in anything of the kind, for that he never knew, in twenty-three years experience, a single prisoner having been reformed. I told him some of my experience in visiting prisons during twenty-seven years; of conversions, as well as reformatations; and of holy lives as well as happy deaths. To this he replied that it was all a sham—all put on for the purpose. On going through the prison on the first Sabbath morning I found some of the men singing a glee together. I took advantage of this, and told them for what purpose I had come, when forty or fifty of them assembled. To these I spoke in a familiar way about the great concerns of their never-dying spirits, illustrating my subject with a few anecdotes, and concluded by forming a choir from among the men present, and giving them a couple of hymns to practise against the next Sunday. The number soon increased so as to fill the shed. I lent them books, such as biographies, narratives, and others of a moral and religious tendency, and from time to time procured for them spelling-books, and offered to come with one of my sons on a week evening to teach any of them who might desire to learn the rudiments of an English education. Mr. Price, however, found that no room could be given to me for that purpose. As illustrations of Mr. Price's true character I instance the following:—One Sunday morning when riding by the creek from my residence to the Stockade, some of Mr. Price's horses galloped past me, and one in passing kicked me on the leg. The men remarked my being lame that morning, and inquired had I been hurt; and I suppose they mentioned the matter to Mr. Price, or to one of the warders, who told him; for on meeting me on the road some time afterwards he said he had heard of my accident, and had put the horse "in irons." He had actually placed "hobbles" on him as a punishment, and other restrictions so that he could not repeat the act. Again, as Mr. Price was

driving from Melbourne, a fire suddenly broke out in a small farm-house near the road. With his usual energy he sprang from his carriage, threw off his coat, and worked hard to extinguish the flames. His promptitude was rewarded with success. Such, however, was his stern discipline that, for some slight misdemeanor, he has been known to place his own son in one of the solitary cells. After a time, on the death (I think, or removal elsewhere,) of the clergyman who had acted as chaplain, my opportunities for the prison-work I so much loved became enlarged and for a long period I conducted both the Church of England and the Presbyterian services in the large dining-hall of the prison, with an attendance of 400 or 500 men; and also another service in the "Pan-opticon," or, as it was then called, "The Crystal Palace," whither those subject to the longest sentences, and those under punishment for breach of prison regulations were sent. Here, on Sunday, I found a dozen or more men seated each on a stone stool, immoveable from morning till evening, beneath the burning sun, or rain, or storm, as the case might be—an additional punishment inflicted by the Superintendent. These, however, on an application from me, were permitted to attend the services with the others. Here also I formed a choir. I endeavored to gain the men's confidence by showing them that I had no object but their good. I succeeded in this, and many showed a marked desire to improve, and to profit by the instruction given and by the tracts and other books I lent them. There had been a small lending library for the men, the books being exchanged on Sundays. There were also some bibles for those who applied for them. I tried to increase the library, wrote to the Government; and, on being favorably answered, selected with the aid of the clergyman of the parish, and with much pains, about £10 worth of suitable books. These were set aside by the Superintendent and some of a very different character, which *he* preferred, obtained instead. I also visited the prison hospital, and had conversation and prayer with the sick every Sunday before leaving.

In connection with my work for the moral and spiritual welfare of the prisoners in Pentridge, I obtained access to the solitary cells, which were constructed of double-cased hardwood timber. Each cell was about six feet high, two and a-half feet in width, seven to eight feet in depth, and perfectly dark when the doors were closed. One hour each day only was allowed for exercise. The principal cause of confinement in these cells was the intense desire the men had for tobacco. Any man found chewing or smoking—the latter very seldom, as it could be so easily detected—would receive ten to twenty or even thirty days' solitary confinement in these cells; the provision during that term being one pound of bread for twenty-four hours, with water. One of the warders, named Turnham, who, I heard, had been a convict—he and the principal staff had certainly been at Van Dieman's Land and Norfolk Island—used slyly to watch the men when suspected of having tobacco in their mouths. This ruffian would stealthily follow a man, seize him by the throat to prevent his swallowing the proof of guilt, throw him down, and, when he opened his mouth to breathe or call for help, if any sign of tobacco were seen information would follow, and confinement in the cells. In visiting these men I often found them stupid, and for a short time scarcely able, from the partial stagnation of their mental powers, to comprehend what was said to them. I found it useless to leave with them bibles, tracts, or other books. No ray of light penetrated these gloomy dens, which were little better than living tombs. I begged earnestly to have some small apertures, or even augur holes, made, to admit a little light for their physical and moral benefit, but it was not allowed. I formed from among those prisoners who gave evidence of a change of heart a bible-class, which I held in the open air for about a year previous to my leaving. The men thoroughly enjoyed searching the scriptures, and comparing one part with another, and I had good reason to believe that not a few of these men were converted to God, and made His children by faith in Christ. I much regretted that the prisoners, on the completion of their term of imprisonment, after being

marched, usually in handcuffs, to Melbourne, were publicly paraded down to the office of the Inspector-General to obtain their discharge, or their ticket-of-leave for a particular district. I disapproved also of their not being supplied with means of procuring even their first night's lodging, or a single meal of food, while I as well as others saw them turned adrift upon the world clad in shirts and shoes bearing the broad arrow, and other prison marks indelibly fixed upon them, thus stamping them, and even advertising them, as having been criminals. Under these circumstances they were ordered forthwith to depart from town, under pain of re-arrest and re-imprisonment. I often in the afternoon visited the Collingwood Stockade, where usually 200 men were employed in quarrying and stone-breaking. When I first went there the chaplain came once a month from Melbourne, then twice a month, until finally he gave this work his full attention. Several of the men in both prisons committed to memory for me psalms, epistles, and portions of the gospels. Among them I found sons of clergymen, of merchants, and professional men, as well as clerks, tradesmen, artisans, and laborers. One fact became painfully patent, viz., that the "old hands," or quondam convicts, seemed for some reason or other to be on good terms generally with the Inspector-General. Through interest, or through some tact on their own part, or *for some other cause*, they were less rigorously dealt with than young men in prison for a first offence. The latter had commonly come from other countries to the goldfields, and their crime was generally horse-stealing, or forging cheques, or something of that kind, and consequently they were less willing to grovel at the feet of the officials, and often either spoke unadvisedly, or by some means showed a want of the humility expected. One of these, a lad of about eighteen years of age, was ordered by the Inspector-General to take up some heavy irons, carry them to the blacksmith, and have them rivetted on. He refused to carry them, and said the judge had not directed it. The inspector seized him, placed the irons round his neck, and when the ends had been rivetted on his

legs, locked his wrists in strong handcuffs, and then thrust him into a solitary cell. Because the unfortunate lad cried out in his distress, Mr. Price had him gagged and suspended by the hands from a staple in the wall, and with his toes barely touching the ground. He was kept in this terrible situation for some time, the Inspector saying, "Your name is Bacon, but I'll take the fat off you before you leave me."

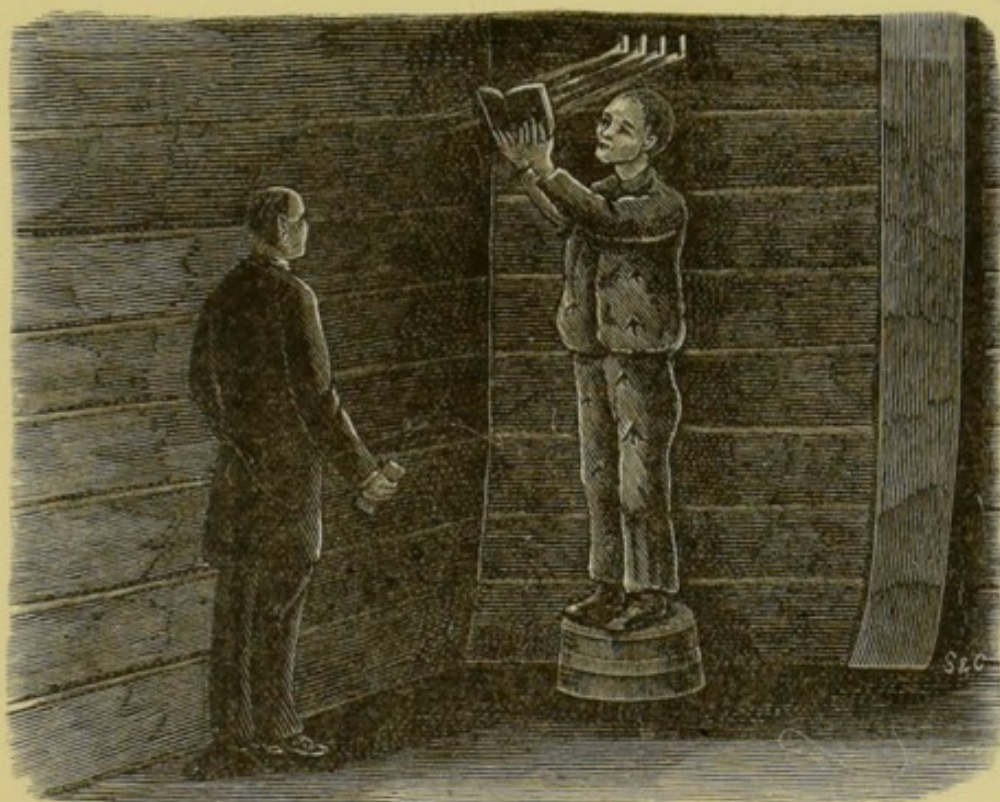
There had been several rushes for liberty among the working prisoners, although an armed body of warders always accompanied each gang when sent out to procure firewood, or to make roads, or to quarry stones for building purposes. These rushes were generally planned by the old hands, who, when the attempt to escape was about taking place, "informed" the Inspector, and were rewarded with a recommendation for remission or mitigation of sentence, or with some equivalent, and the warders being prepared for the occasion, the runaways were shot down or apprehended, and severely punished. A young man wounded in this way in the right lung, was for some reason shown much attention afterwards by Mr. Price. I visited him for several months, and lent him books and tracts. Some years later I met him in a goldfield town in the interior. He was then working at his trade of a shoemaker, but living a careless, sinful life. I persuaded him to marry the young woman whom he had led astray, and was present when he did so. Afterwards I presented his wife with a bible, on the fly-leaf of which I had written a suitable inscription, and I urged both to attend Divine service, and daily to read the Word of Life.

THE OLD FLOATING PRISONS.

I had for a long time had a strong desire to visit "The Hulks," floating prisons so called, in the harbor, where great numbers of men were confined. I accordingly procured from the Inspector-General an order authorising me to visit the hulk *President*, one of four or five then belonging to the penal department. In *The President* I found two tiers of solitary cells. The prisoners sent there were generally detained from one to two years, and, as a

natural consequence, cases of dementia were frequent. But the patients were commonly regarded by the officials as malingering, that is practising deceptions, and scenes of monstrous cruelty and inhumanity were by no means uncommon. Some of the cells in the end of the vessel I found to be so small that a man could not lie down in any of them. Those on the lower deck were so dark that the prisoners seemed utterly incapable of reading a bible. I inquired of one man whether it was possible. He said that at a certain hour of the day, when the sun was at that side of the vessel, if he stood on his inverted tub or bucket, and held the book elevated towards the only opening in the cell, he could read, but that soon his arm tired, and he had to give up the effort. In one of the upper cells of this vessel I met with a man who was under sentence of thirty-two years for three robberies committed in one night. This was the well-known Captain Melville. Melville was not of course his true name, but it was that by which he was known, and his captaincy was obtained by his readiness to head opposition to the prison authorities. I believe he was the son of a Scotch minister, and, for some early escapade, had been imprisoned at home, with the result that he became reckless, plunged into crimes of violence, and became a leader among criminals. I found him an infidel—a man of ability, and, under proper guidance, capable of becoming a valuable member of society. I held a long and interesting conversation with him which, under God's blessing, was not without some good results.

On a week day soon after this, I was walking through the works at Pentridge with the Inspector-General, and I spoke to him of the deplorable condition in which I found the men of *The President*, and asked could he not possibly alleviate the severity of the confinement. He said, "I tell you, Dr. Singleton, if I had the option of going out to be hanged to-morrow morning, or enduring a year's confinement on board the hulk *President*, I would choose hanging." I soon saw it was useless to reason with him. Once only I asked this man for a slight favor. It was on



PUNISHMENT VERSUS REFORM. READING UNDER
DIFFICULTIES. (P. 160)



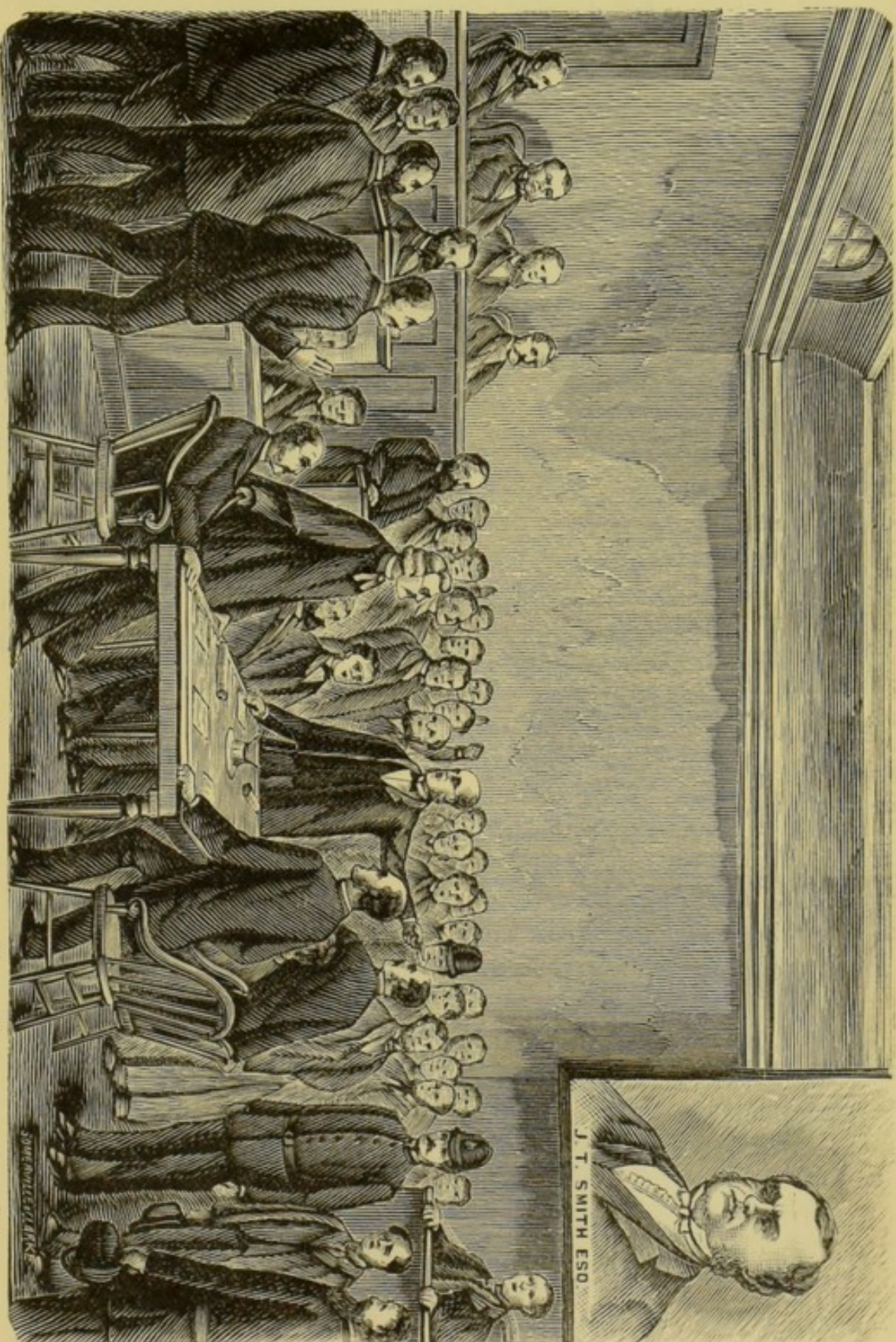
behalf of a prisoner whose conduct was unexceptionable, and whose heart the Lord had changed. Not only was the favor refused, but its exact reverse was carried out, and I of course took it as a hint not to repeat such an offence. The men, without any effort on my part, except by the regular course of the duties I discharged towards them, seemed attached to me, and whenever I rode down or walked by them when at work road-making or otherwise, they saluted me as they did the Inspector. Probably it was such trifles as these that led Mr. Price to wish to get rid of me as a voluntary visitor at the prison. Certainly he had always great aversion to my presence there.

PRICE : HIS CRUELTY, OPPRESSION, AND DEATH.

I had on one Sunday an appointment to meet a brother physician in consultation at the sick-bed of a friend and patient, eight or nine miles away. My horse was at the prison gate awaiting me. I had conducted the two services, but had to omit my other accustomed duties, and was walking across the yard to the gate, when some men came to speak with me, one asking for a slate to learn arithmetic, another a spelling-book, a third, who, I afterwards learned, was not unknown to Mr. Price, begged of me to visit his wife, who was a prisoner in the female prison, Great Collins-street west, where my wife and I visited regularly. I promised to do so, and was entering her name in my pocket-book, when Mr. Price, who was concealed until then, appeared, and asked what I was doing. I told him, when he sharply said he would not allow any such interference with his men. I promptly replied that I never had infringed any prison rule or regulation since my first visit, and challenged him to prove it if he thought so. He replied that he would not allow me to come there again. I bowed, and said, "Then, sir, on you shall rest the responsibility for time and for eternity." He seemed somewhat abashed, but declared he

was prepared to bear it. I left, saw my patient, and on the following morning wrote and sent a letter to Mr. Price. Of this letter I sent a copy to our excellent bishop, who encouraged me under the rather trying circumstances.

As the Pentridge Stockade had thus been closed against me, I returned the next Sunday to my old work at the Melbourne Gaol and the watch-houses. On that first Sunday morning I found, in one cell in the Swanston-street lockup, five or six men who had been arrested for drunkenness. I spoke to them of the sad penalty they were paying, separated from friends, families and home, disgraced, degraded, miserable, and all this for that which satisfieth not. I exhorted them to become abstainers from all intoxicants, produced my pledge-book, and inquired who would be the first to sign it. A middle-aged man, named Michael Ryan, said, "Sir, I will sign it, for drink has brought sorrow and trouble on me. I was at the diggings, succeeded well, came with a lot of money to Melbourne, drank, was fined, got drunk repeatedly, and was at last, by the bench at the Mayor's Court, sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Price had me removed from the gaol (where I ought to have remained, not being a criminal) to Williamstown, to work among long-sentenced men. There, for some breach of his rules, he loaded me with heavy irons, sent me on board the *President*, and thence to the *Success*, where for two years I never saw the sun rise or set. My head has been battered by 'neddyng,' and now, after being his prisoner for two years, five months, and nineteen days, I was discharged last Wednesday. A friend whom I met gave me drink, and for drunkenness I have been now put in here. Sir! would you for pity's sake speak a word for me in the morning, or I may be again put in Price's power." He signed the pledge. I found he had been an old soldier in the 60th Rifles, and for disobedience to orders at Malta, had, with some other soldiers, been transported to Tasmania. I rode into Melbourne and went to the courthouse on the following morning. The mayor, seeing me, asked if I had any case to mention. I then detailed to him before a crowded court the above story, saying that it was



MICHAEL RYAN.—A SIX MONTHS' SENTENCE—IMPRISONED FOR TWO YEARS AND A HALF.



extraordinary that, under British law, a man could be thus treated, and be subjected to five times the term of his original sentence, without trial by jury, and without appeal of any kind, from the tyranny of one man ; and that his being placed in the hulks and loaded with irons forty pounds in weight out-did the iniquities of the French Bastille and of the Spanish Inquisition. Those present seemed astonished at the account, and the mayor (Mr. J. T. Smith) said, " Doctor, I hope you will not lose sight of this case, but bring it before the Chief Secretary." This I engaged to do. Ryan, on being brought before the court, was discharged, and I took care of him until he went again to the goldfields. On the next day, 19th September, 1857, there appeared in the *Argus* newspaper a letter from me detailing the facts, and public inquiry was strongly aroused. Then very soon after another circumstance occurred which led to a parliamentary investigation by both Houses as to the entire system of penal management. The case was this:—Some men from the hulks were placed in a boat to go on shore to work, and to return in the evening. Among these was Melville, whose name I recently mentioned. He was one of seven or eight who resolved to make an effort to escape. In their so doing the boatman, a free man, and one prisoner met their death. The latter, it is supposed, was shot by the guards who fired on the prisoners as they attempted to row away ; but the account which the prisoners themselves gave was that finding they must be retaken, he said, " I prefer this," and leaped overboard ironed as he was. The other was either drowned or died from an oar stroke while in the water. They were pursued, taken, and sent to gaol on the charge of attempting to escape from lawful custody. The day of their trial drew near, but no means of defence whatever had been provided for them. I engaged a solicitor, and my brother-in-law, a barrister in good practice, undertook their defence. By his direction the prisoners, who had given some account of the cruelties they had been subjected to, were directed to make their statements in open court at the trial. Melville, who defended himself, and cross-examined with considerable

ability, kept a crowded court-house in close attention for nearly three hours, while he detailed the tortures and cruelties he had been subjected to. The other prisoners spoke in a similar strain. They were, however, found guilty. Their counsel raised some legal objection to the conviction, which ultimately resulted in the quashing of the whole proceedings. The sentence of death had, however, been passed on all, life having been lost in their attempt to escape, and they expected to die. I had no access to these men, but the Rev. Dr. Adam Cairns visited Melville both before and after the trial. I had written to Melville a few days before it came on, and some days afterwards he sent me the following reply :—

Melbourne Gaol,

Monday, December 1st (1857), 11 a.m.

SIR,—I would have answered your kind letter of the 22nd ult., but owing to the unsettled state of my mind, and the busy times of all in the prison, I refrained until now. This is not ingratitude on my part. I am truly sensible of the sincere and friendly interest you have displayed on my behalf, and this knowledge did prompt me at the time to answer you immediately. But the cold state of my feelings at the time, and the severe struggle I had with my own strong passions was more fearful than you can well imagine. I was not in a fit state of mind to grant that last and most earnest request of a man whom I had been led to revere before I had ever seen him, for I had Doctor Singleton pictured to me by my fellow prisoners who came from the gaol; and when speaking of you, sir, they described the philanthropist and the christian combined, not in word only, but in deed. I hope you will do me the justice to believe me above flattery. I merely name this to assure you of the good feeling among the prisoners in general towards you, and mine in particular, and to show that I was aware of the obligations I owe to your christian exertions on my behalf under present circumstances. You desired me to pray for my enemies. Oh! sir, you do not know with what I had to struggle before I could reconcile my mind to do so, but I prayed for strength, and I have more than conquered; for in that meek and lowly spirit of charity with which Stephen prayed for his murderers, so do I pray for the poor creatures who have led to my death. I had made up my mind when I came to gaol to treat them with all the scorn which to the unrenewed mind they would appear to merit. I had a hard struggle with the pride of my nature before I could effect this object, but now, as I expect God to forgive me, so do I forgive them, and pray that He may renew their hearts and put a right spirit within

them, so that they may be made partakers of that glory which is held in reserve for all them that love God. You name the Rev. Dr. Cairns in your letter as attending on me. With pleasure and gratitude I bless the day I saw him, for it was he who, in the hands of God, brought me to a sense of my truly wicked position as a vile sinner in the sight of an angry, but just and merciful God, through a dying and bleeding Saviour—one whom I had helped to murder, to spit upon and despise, yet He freely forgave me, nay begged to be gracious to the lost. This good man pointed to Him not only as a Prince and a Saviour, but also as a Priest and an Advocate, who would plead my cause before the bar of high heaven, and before the Judge of all Judges; who, with His own right hand, had registered in the eternal records of the Divine judgment, which cannot err, my innocence of the crime for which I stand condemned. But there is a long list of other crimes to be answered for, which He not only pleaded for one whom you and everybody knows to be the chief of sinners, but He has paid His life as a ransom, He has made the purchase, and paid the price, for me, and made me one of His blessed servants: nay (He says) one of His sons, and is about to receive me into His glory in His own good time, and according to His own good pleasure, to be a living monument of His Divine grace. Into His hands have I committed myself, soul, body, spirit, and powers, mental and physical, to do and to will with me according to His own good pleasure. Yes, sir, I have left the issues in the hands of Him who is a righteous Judge.

Be pleased to accept my sincere thanks to you and to those christian friends who in pity prayed for me and for my poor companions. Their prayers have been heard and accepted. Oh, who can despair of mercy and pardon now! when Melville has received it at the hands of an all-just God, through a crucified Saviour, and through Him alone. Every day brings me nearer to death, and to that glory in which you may again expect to see him, who is, my dear sir, your affectionate friend, and most humble servant,

C. F. MELVILLE.

To Dr. John Singleton,
126 Collins-street East, Melbourne.

Marked Seen, J. W. (Mr. Wintle), Governor of the Gaol.

The exposure of the injustice shown to, and of the cruelty exercised on, the prisoners, especially in the hulks, was followed by some large influential public meetings, at which the speakers denounced them, and called on the Government for a thorough investigation and reform. The Legislative Council at once appointed a committee for this purpose, and soon afterwards the Legislative Assembly did

the procrastination hastened, if it did not produce, the terrible tragedy that followed.

On the 26th March, 1857, Price had gone to investigate some complaints at Williamstown, and was leaving the prison yard, when a number of the men rushed on him suddenly, and, before help could come, they had battered in his skull with stones. For this eight of them were shortly afterwards hanged. This act of retribution brought matters to a crisis. A gentleman formerly in the army, a strict disciplinarian, but a judicious and humane man, was appointed Inspector-General. He at once introduced an improved system, which has worked far better ever since; a system which tends to improve the minds and morals of the prisoners, and also to fit them for future industry on their regaining their liberty.

While I still resided at Pentridge, and while Price was still there, there were several "rushes," as they were called. On one of these occasions I was walking in my garden when, hearing a number of shots, I hastened to see the cause. I found that about a dozen of the men had run away, and that the guards had been in pursuit of them. One young man had, with some others, ascended the steep banks of the creek and had got on to my ground, when he was struck fatally by a ball in the head. Some of my family and work-people, and several of the small farmers in the vicinity, had narrow escapes from being shot. I had the poor fellow conveyed on a door to the prison hospital, where he died in a few hours. He had been within two or three months of the time for his discharge when he thus exposed himself so foolishly. Shortly afterwards I went, with others, deputed by a public meeting to the Government to request that a wall should be erected by prison labor round the lands of the prison, so as to preclude the men from these rushes, so fatal to themselves and so dangerous to the inhabitants. Our request was granted, and the wall as it now stands, was soon built. Nothing can more strongly show the monstrously savage character of the discipline practised by Price in the prisons than these "rushes," at once reckless and hopeless; in which men with only a few months to serve, staked not only the certain and

immediate prospect of freedom to be legally obtained, but ran the risk of losing life itself, rather than continue to endure, even for those few months, the indignities and oppressions, and tortures to which they were constantly subjected. Indeed to call such villainies discipline is to misuse the term. They would be more correctly described as organised measures for brutalising humanity, and turning both the sufferers and the inflictors into demoniac savages. The only expression of surprise that Price's death caused was that it did not occur long before.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF A COUNTRY DOCTOR.

I had for some time contemplated removing to the sea-side, and had thought of Brighton, when an old christian friend, hearing of my intention, invited me to Warrnambool, a beautifully-situated seaport in the western district, within twelve or fifteen hours by steamboat, or a day by coach and train of Melbourne. I accepted the proposal as being providential, and had every reason subsequently to consider it as such. The district is a farming one—the richest, probably, in the colony. Many thousands of acres along the coast, to an extent of upwards of six-and-thirty miles, is a rich, deep alluvial, black soil. Crops of wheat had been taken off it for sixteen successive years previously, while potatoes grew so abundantly that this became the depôt for the whole colony. But I found drunkenness abounding to a frightful extent, producing accidents, suicides, insanity and disease, and causing the majority of the deaths that occurred among the adult population. Ignorance prevailed, and such amusements as racing and others of a similar character, led to habits of dissipation in town and country; and among every class the same degrading and ruinous habits prevailed. The harvest time seemed to be the worst, although while laboring in the open air, and in such a hot climate, drink was then doubly exciting and dangerous in its results. The men refused to cut the harvest without rum, and the farmers

had to be provided with large quantities for the occasion. I found in the whole district but one Total Abstinence Society, and that having but thirty members. I lectured on the subject in the villages and neighboring towns. In Belfast, after the first lecture, sixty-seven signatures were obtained on the spot, and a society formed. At Tower Hill fifty-four signed; at Woodford, fifty.

In each place a number of the farmers were induced to give the men the amount saved in money, or in better food and accommodation, instead of drink. Next harvest it was found that the old habits of the district were broken up. Eleven hundred persons had signed the total abstinence pledge in one year. Many who saved their money put up cottages with it, or bought ground, or better furnished their uncomfortable homes.

Some who for many years had not entered a place of worship, now became regular attendants, to the general good of society, and to the particular joy of many sorrowful wives and neglected children. There was then no bible society and no depôt for the sale of tracts or religious books in the district, but soon a committee was formed and a fund collected. A depôt was opened, and a healthy literature circulated among the people. I recommended the committee of which I was a member to place bibles free in the different lodging-houses, and in the bedrooms of the public-houses; also to give free grants to the prisons, the hospital, the immigrants' depôt, and to the schooners and steamers frequenting the port, all of which was done, and it proved truly useful and productive of much good.

I had here a very extensive practice, involving much riding and driving, and from the nature of my profession I was often exposed to accidents from the late hours at which I frequently had to travel. It was particularly so until I got a horse on which I knew I could place reliance as quiet and manageable. From one brute which I was about to ride ten or twelve miles into the country, as I got off to pick up a small parcel which I had dropped, I received a severe kick on the thigh, which laid me up for some time,

While driving in the bush on another occasion I had alighted to pay a visit, leaving one of my daughters in the carriage, the hood of which providentially had been drawn back, when the horse got startled, threw me down, and having passed over me without any serious injury, rushed away at a mad gallop, and dashed one of the wheels against the stump of a tree. My daughter, with great presence of mind, had gathered her clothing close to her in anticipation of being overturned, and when the crash came and she was thrown out she received very little injury. The vehicle was broken to pieces, but God in His good providence preserved us from injury to life or limb.

At another time, and not far from the same place, 250 feet above the lake at Tower Hill, one of the wheels of a buggy I was driving came off, and I was mercifully preserved from being thrown with some of my family down the face of the precipice into the lake.

Again, when driving from Belfast, by a sudden lurch of the wheel into a deep rut full of dust, the temporary seat gave way, and in a moment my head was on the front wheel, which cut through my hat, broke my spectacles, and gashed my face. I fell between the wheels, had four of my ribs broken, and received a concussion of the brain. My wife and married daughter and her baby had been in the carriage. To allay their fears I called out as loudly as I could, "All right." The faithful horse I then had, being used to my frequently stopping, and feeling the reins loose and the load lightened, almost immediately stopped, and no further injury was done to any one.

I was returning after midnight once from a case where I had been engaged for some hours, riding along a road where a deep drain had lately been made while the road was being formed. I proceeded in the dark, walking my horse by a log fence as I had previously done in the daylight. The drain ran in a straight line, but not so the fence, and suddenly the horse slipped into the former where it nearly joined the latter, and I was violently thrown on my shoulder with the reins in my hands. The horse fell, but recovering

his feet ran forward, being now free. One of my ribs was partially dislocated at the breast-bone, but I succeeded after a little in remounting my quiet steed, and reaching my home without further mishap to horse or man.

Another narrow escape I had from what might probably have been a worse injury in a somewhat similar position. I was riding through the bush, and the night was so dark that I had to dismount and feel with my hand in order to ascertain if I was on the grass or had gained the road. At one place at Allansford the horse, which I always made to walk slowly when not sure of the road, kept close by the log fence, gradually ascended a height, and then suddenly stopped. Before urging him on I reached out my hand and found I was in close proximity to the fence. I cautiously dismounted and found that if I had gone forward I should have fallen down an embankment, ten or twelve feet deep, on to the road below. I felt with my hand the position of the field beyond the fence, gently backed my faithful "Tasman," and soon we were safely out of the danger.

Coming home another night after my horse had been almost knocked up with a heavy day's work, he, from treading on a sharp-pointed piece of metal, fell and rolled over on my leg, which was so severely bruised that I could not for some time even creep after him to remount.

Once on a very dark night, while my man was leading the horse down the hill on an unformed road, I walking slowly beside him, I suddenly fell into a quarry hole, and sustained a severe shaking, but in two or three days I was again about in my usual health.

While living at Pentridge I had some falls from stumbling and badly-broken horses. One I well remember. Returning from Melbourne I had taken my horse out of the gig on the banks of the creek, and was endeavoring to mount him in harness from the bank so as to cross on his back. As I did this his hind feet sank in the soft mud, and I slipped behind him into the water, my feet caught between the breeching and the horse's hind legs. The frightened animal made for an island in the middle of the creek, and dragged me through

after him. My son, who had been looking out for my return, just then appeared on the opposite bank on horseback, and speedily released me. Thus the kind hand of a watchful Providence saved my life on these and many other occasions, for which I desire to record my grateful thanks and praises.

One dark night I was thrown out of my gig when driving alone towards home from the careless way in which a piece of stone had been left on the road for its intended repair, and at another time through a similar cause, while riding home from a temperance meeting where I had been delivering an address, and accompanied by two gentlemen on horseback, my horse fell and I was thrown over his head.

In riding at night if sent for on an emergency requiring speed I always allowed the messenger to precede me. This, as I was near sighted, was a necessary precaution in riding among trees, and often over rough roads.

One starlight night I was called to go to Terang at midnight, a distance of twenty-six miles, through a very rough country. This I give as a sample of a medical man's country practice in Australia. In one of my visits to that locality, the lady of the house informed me that the woman who acted as her nurse-tender was in great trouble from a drunken husband. As I had some hours to spare I inquired for his house, and discovered it close to the lake. Without ceremony I entered, and found an interesting and educated young man in bed after a night's heavy drinking. On his bed were several copies of *The Illustrated London News*. I introduced myself as a stranger there—a medical man—and said I was glad to see him so employed with interesting reading. He said his father constantly sent them from England, and wrote to him, and that he was in a respectable position. I told him I wished to form a total abstinence society while there, and would be glad to have his name to commence with. He gave it, and before long became the president of a large society formed there, and soon succeeded in getting built a temperance hall, to be used also as a place of worship. A year and a-half subsequent to my visit he invited me to a tea-meeting at the opening of this hall.

On the day when I first visited him, and had my first interesting conversation with him, I was told at his house of a drunken shoemaker half a mile further on the lake, whose wife was broken-hearted with her husband's conduct, and had increased sorrow from the illness of her baby (her only child). As no medical man resided near, I at once went to the house, saw the child, and prescribed for it. I then sought the shoemaker, who deplored the evil of drunkenness, but declined to abstain, saying he could use the drink "moderately." On my next visit I found that he had parted with his leather and his tools for drink, had even left the deeds of his cottage and ground with the publican, and had already drunk about one-fourth of the value of his property. I visited him a second time, and showed him who his true friends were. He seemed ashamed, but undecided. I called again about 5 o'clock next morning as I was returning to my home, and knocked him up. He then decided, and became afterwards a firm and consistent abstainer, and by my advice redeemed his property from the publican. He soon broke off all intercourse with him and with those frequenting his house, and became an altered man. Thus, as it were by a surgical operation I told him, after he had swallowed his tools, lasts, and awls, and had his house and land half down his throat, all was safely disgorged, and he was spared to be a blessing, not only to his good wife and child, but also to society.

I visited also in the same district a farmer, an intelligent Scotchman, whom I had seen intoxicated, and I succeeded in inducing him also to abstain, together with some of his sons, much to the after happiness and comfort of an interesting family. I walked with them through their wheat fields, which were then ripening. Thousands of small caterpillars were there destroying the crops, as also was the case in other places. Ascending the stalk they cut off the head, which they then ate below. These destructive pests travelled from place to place in great columns. Sometimes the farmers are on the watch for them, dig trenches on their route, kindle fires, and occasionally meet them on the road with a pair of horses and a roller, in this way crushing vast hordes of

them. I saw also the havoc made by the "rust," a reddish fungoid growth on the wheat, which deprives the farmer of the fruits of his toil, to make him know the hand of Him who gives or withholds as He sees best. A reproof was thus administered for the lavish prodigality, the drunkenness and neglect of religion that prevailed, men being lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.

I had just returned from Yanduc, where I had been on a professional visit thirty miles along the coast, when I heard that I had to go back in haste some fourteen miles, to see a man who had been dangerously wounded in a public-house. He and the man who stabbed him had been harvesting, and were drinking their earnings, when, a quarrel arising, one plunged his knife into the abdomen of the other with such force as to leave on the skin a deep impress of the handle. I found that symptoms of acute inflammation had set in, and treated him accordingly, but had little hope of his recovery. I removed him at once four miles further on to the hospital, whither I preceded him. He ultimately recovered, because (as I presume) the intestine was uninjured, the knife entering from below directed upwards, and presenting, not the edge, but the back. At the criminal sittings I had to be present. I then induced the prosecutor to sign the total abstinence pledge. Before I left the town next morning I went to see the prisoner, who had been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for his crime, and it was thought meditated suicide. I had a long conversation with him, gained his confidence, and not only induced him patiently to endure his punishment, but also, I trust, to see his sin and acknowledge it to God.

I visited the gaol in Warrnambool every Sunday while I lived there, for about five years. At first I saw each man separately, then generally together in a room as a bible-class and for conversation.

The first whom I visited was the son of an Irish rector. He had been in extensive business, and had been much respected, until, meeting with some losses and family trials, he took to drink, and while under its influence committed some act of petty larceny, for which he received a sentence

of a few months' imprisonment. I had but recently arrived in the town, but on hearing the particulars I at once went to see him. I knew that he must feel deeply his position. I found him an intelligent, educated man, and of nice feelings, deeply distressed by peculiar family trials, as well as by his present degraded position. I gained his confidence, encouraged him to hope, and showed him that nothing but the gospel could suit his case. God touched his conscience, and opened his heart to understand and receive the truth, and that made him free indeed. I supplied him with religious books, and frequently saw him. On leaving the gaol he blessed God for His teaching in his confinement, and manifested the saving change wrought in him until he died two years afterwards in Melbourne, where, up to his last illness, he had been employed.

In this prison I found a man whom I had attended as a patient some months before in a dangerous illness, and to whom I remembered giving some serious advice respecting his salvation. He had been out of employment, and entered a house to steal, but was caught in the act. While he waited for the criminal sittings I had many opportunities of presenting to his mind God's grace abounding to the chief of sinners. He saw his sin and his ingratitude, and learned God's gift of life in Christ. He was sentenced to five years' confinement. According to his earnest request, I saw after his wife and children, and had them sent to Melbourne, where he had friends who would care for them. I afterwards received from him, from the Pentridge Stockade, the following letter, and before he left I saw him in the stockade a happy, humble follower of his Redeemer :—

Pentridge, 12th May, 1861.

SIR,—As it is a duty I owe you, so also it is a pleasure, to take the earliest opportunity I have had to make known to you what has happened to me since I last saw you. I was tried in Geelong, and received a sentence of five years' hard labor. Upon my arrival here I was placed in the pan-opticon, where I remained five months, during which time I diligently sought the Lord in prayer, and made the bible my daily study. And I am happy to be able to tell you that He has heard me, and I sincerely believe

that through faith in a risen Saviour my soul will be saved in the Day of Judgment. When I look back upon my past life I am bound to acknowledge that it is of the Lord's mercy that I am alive, and because his compassions fail not, and I wonder that I was not long since cut off in the midst of my crimes. I hope you will not faint, but continue your useful career. I owe to you, under God, my knowledge of the way of life, and I have no doubt that many like me will joyfully acknowledge you in the Great Day as having been the minister to make known to them God's mercy. I have had a visit from my wife and children. I hope God will bless you for your kindness to them. Please to remember me to the Rev. Dr. Beamish. I should be very glad to hear from or of you, as I consider you to be the best friend I have had upon earth, and with the sincerest expressions of respect and esteem, in which the writer of this letter cordially joins, I beg leave respectfully to subscribe myself your obliged and grateful humble servant,

JOHN BARKER.

Ten years subsequently I met this man. He was then engaged in Melbourne, and living happily with his family, whom I often saw and called on.

THE MELBOURNE CHARITIES.

The Hospital, and the Benevolent Asylum in which I had long been an Honorary Medical Assistant, presented extensive fields for the gospel. The aged and diseased often remained in these charities until removed by death, many being friendless and most of them improvident. I formed in the asylum a bible-class in the dining-hall or in the board-room, which I attended regularly until I removed from the district. And now, several years having elapsed, in the same rooms meetings for bible instruction and for prayer are still regularly held. Some conversions took place, and many happy death-bed scenes occurred. I shall mention two as examples of many.

One was of an aboriginal female, the wife of a chief or king. She had received a religious training from the lady of the house in a squatter's family in which she lived when young. After a while consumption—the most fatal disease among these poor people, laid her aside. While in the hospital, where she died, she was visited by my wife, who

took great pains in instructing her in the way to heaven by Jesus Christ. Jenny's early teaching made the task much lighter than it might otherwise have been. Soon she found rest for her weary spirit, loved her Saviour, and at all times blessed and praised God. Literally, "In everything she gave thanks." She often loved to repeat the simple lines—

I am a poor sinner and nothing at all
But Jesus Christ is my all and in all!
And Jesus died for me.

There was another patient in the hospital at the same time, a blind woman, whose heart the Lord opened also to know and love Christ, and she was particularly kind and attentive to Jenny. Mrs. Singleton got her to instruct the dying woman more perfectly in the Word of God, portions of which she had stored in her memory. Jenny died full of faith and love and praise, and was laid in the cemetery amid the tears of those who had witnessed the end she made.

Subsequently (in 1867) I met the blind woman under peculiar circumstances. I had gone to see the Asylum for the Blind, then recently formed at Prahran, near Melbourne. I asked, when we were assembled, mostly young persons, how long they had been blind, and the causes, etc. I then examined them on bible truth, and asked could they sing. They sang a variety of hymns very sweetly indeed, and after prayer, and a few words of encouragement and advice, I was about to depart, when a blind woman said she thought she remembered the voice, and asked was it not Doctor Singleton's. I found it was Jenny's comforter on her death-bed, and our recognition was specially gratifying that under circumstances of persecution and oppression I had been her friend. She said she wished much to read a chapter in the bible to me, to show her proficiency (that is by touch), but would perhaps have another opportunity.

The other case was that of the superintendent of the hospital, who had been suffering with lung disease for a long period. I constantly visited and spoke with him, until he

found rest in Christ. He died in the assurance of faith, blessing God for His wonderful teaching and mercy through the Lord Jesus Christ his Saviour.

I or my wife visited the young female immigrants on their arrival at the depôt to be hired as servants. Bibles were provided, and we lent them religious books and tracts, and familiarly and kindly gave them advice never to forget home, to correspond regularly with their parents, not to hire at inns, never to drink intoxicants, never to allow freedoms to be taken with them, but to respect themselves if they would be respected by others, to write to one another, and when out of a situation never to lodge at a public-house. To study to please the family where they were employed, to save their money to help home friends, and for a rainy day, and above all to give their hearts to God, their Father and their Friend. Often tears were shed while we thus spoke with them and prayed with them, and I believe that, under God, our meetings were productive of much good.

HELPING THE ABORIGINES.

We became acquainted with many of the aborigines, and tried to better their condition, but the influence of intoxicating liquor defeated every effort. At harvest time they all worked at reaping, women equally with men, and then spent all they earned on drink. The magistrates would fine the vendors if the sales were proved, but they sold to a white man who had the black's money to pay with, and thus evaded the law, and the blacks became drunken, noisy, and frequently quarrelsome. They held their heathen worship, or "corrobborrees" as they were called, at stated periods, when wicked white men gave them drink, and illtreated their lubras, or wives. The same thing occurred at the various public races. These people attended the men for the drink they gave, and thus made merchandise of the lubras. I spoke with some christian men on the subject, and we applied to Government for ground as a reserve for their hunting and settling on. Five thousand acres were set

apart on the Hopkins, the locality on which we had fixed. We then wrote to the Central Board for the Protection of Aborigines, asking them to grant funds for putting up a residence for a man and his wife, who should be people of good judgment and discretion, and of high moral principle, who might superintend the whole, and teach the men agriculture, each having a piece of ground on which to erect a hut under the superintendent's guidance, surrounding it with a log fence, the blacks having seed and implements of cultivation ; that the superintendent's wife should teach the women sewing and household work, and instruct the children in reading, singing, moral lessons, and the first principles of christianity ; that provisions for a year should be given them so that by hunting, fishing in the river, agricultural pursuits, and religious training, at a distance from public-houses, and being secured from wet and cold at night, their lives might be prolonged and their status elevated. I mentioned in my letter that a committee of clergymen and laymen were willing to undertake the management of such a settlement, and to visit it by deputations for overseeing its working, and to assist in the spiritual instruction of these perishing people, the ancient proprietors of the soil, and to whom we were so much indebted in many ways. The Board declined our proposal, but, in its wisdom, continued to send ornamental brass plates for the chiefs, blankets which the men sold for drink, and flour from Melbourne to Warrnambool, where it could have been bought much cheaper besides saving the carriage. Several of the natives died of consumption and the effects of drunkenness. I am thankful to say that after I had left the district the suggestions of the committee were approved of and acted upon in a great measure, although it was now so late in the day that the number to be benefited was greatly reduced. I had many interesting interviews and conversations with the black men, and found among them some noble, fine minds, capable of understanding and loving God, and evidencing an amount of mental capacity for which strangers to the facts would by no means give them credit.

I also found in Warrnambool many of the excellent of the earth, ministers of the various denominations, as well as laymen, with whom I took sweet counsel, and engaged in various works and plans of usefulness for the benefit of these poor natives and others. I also met with some things to discourage and retard the efforts put forth. I encountered long and uncompromising opposition from a few wealthy men, who were offended and disappointed at my calm and successful defence of the minister of the church, who, for some private pique, they endeavoured, at a public meeting of the parishioners, to oblige to leave his charge. I was a churchwarden there as I had previously been at Pentridge. I knew the whole circumstances of the case, and the slender grounds they had for complaint, and in a temperate address I explained it, and endeavoured to promote harmony and forbearance.

AT MOUNT GAMBIER.

After spending five years in this district I removed in the order of Providence for a year to Mount Gambier, in South Australia, a few miles beyond the Victorian boundary. The town lies in a valley on the northern slope of the mount. It stands on a rich alluvial soil, with a deep layer of lava a couple of feet from the surface. The lakes, three in number, are evidently extinct craters of considerable depth, and are annually rising a few inches. One of them is 230 feet deep, with elevated steep banks formed on one side of the mount. Here, as well as contiguous to Warrnambool, I found the south-western sides of these craters by far the least elevated, owing evidently to the ashes having been driven from that side by the north-eastern winds, which still frequently prevail along the coast.

In this place I found a cultivated country and a cultured people, long settled, and, from their isolated position, with a far higher tone of morality, and a keener appreciation of gospel teaching, than I had found in almost any other place I had visited in Australia.

There are here also numerous depressions of the ground as if from the escape of gases through some discharge of a volcanic description, and subsequent collapse. I visited several extensive caves which exist in this part of the country. In some of these were stalactites from the limestone roof, and in all streams of water forty or fifty feet below the surface, and leading towards the lakes or the sea. No river or stream is to be seen for many miles in any direction from the crater. The lava adds much to the richness of the soil when mingled with the superficial earth. In some cases it is so hard as to be used in building cottages.

In the township was an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, a Wesleyan, and a Baptist Church. Since then a Congregational Church has been built, besides a Roman Catholic and two Lutheran Churches for the German population, which is numerous in the district. With the excellent ministers of the Lutheran and other churches I held sweet intercourse during our abode, and passed a year of peace and tranquility without anything very remarkable occurring.

In the bush, while journeying, I often met with kangaroos in vast numbers and the emu occasionally. I visited a place called The Wilderness, ten miles from my residence, in the centre of which is a Presbyterian Church with some accommodation for visitors, horses, etc. A monthly service was held here, generally near full moon, when the settlers for an area of thirty miles attended this church in "the wilderness," almost the sole opportunity for many of hearing the gospel preached. In Penola, Glenburne, Port Macdonald, and other villages, as well as in Gambier Town, I delivered lectures on temperance subjects and formed societies. I lectured frequently also on other subjects. Here I often met with the poor aborigines, a fast declining race. I felt a pleasure in ministering to their wants in sickness and in health, and witnessed more than one peaceful death of the believing black man. One of these, who lived four or five miles from the town and whom I had often visited, not only felt that he was a sinner but also that he had peace with God through simple faith in Christ, his

substitute and Saviour, and whom he loved. His sister used to drink. This he solemnly warned her to give up and love Jesus, because, unless she did, she would not go to heaven to meet Him there. I saw her weeping bitterly weeks after his death, at the remembrance of his dying charge. Consumption took him and several others away within a few months. Strong drink, the absence of their opossum rugs which were waterproof, and the ruinous substitution of blankets which were not a suitable covering—these and other changes coming on them while in their state of transition from wild to civilised life, were the chief causes of their gradual extinction. Here I met a christian lady—a Mrs. Smith, who took a deep interest in this people, and had educated their half-caste girls from childhood. These were in respectable service, and corresponded by letter with each other. One of their letters having been shown while I was there to the editor of the local newspaper, *The Border Watch*, he published it, with some comments. It found its way to England, and there came under the notice of Miss Burdett-Coutts, whose interest was aroused for this too much neglected race, and she wrote to Dr. Short, Bishop of Adelaide, to do what was best for their instruction and comfort, at her expense. He called on me for information respecting those in the Gambier Town locality. I suggested that he should employ as teachers, etc., persons who evinced an interest in the moral and spiritual elevation of the blacks. On my recommendation, and on that of an excellent clergyman who soon afterwards died, Mrs. Smith, who had reared and educated the half-caste girls I referred to, the constant friend of the aborigines, was engaged, and she has since successfully fulfilled the trust reposed in her. Before leaving the district I stood with her beside the graves of two christian aboriginals, known respectively by the names of “The Duke of Wellington,” and “Harry.” These had been but recently interred in her own land—no provision having been made for their free interment in the cemetery! They died of phthisis accompanied by hæmoptysis, each giving most satisfactory evidence of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Soon, however,

the rapidly diminishing tribes will, I fear, become extinct, principally from neglect and mismanagement. The present settlements for their welfare in Victoria have, however, given ample evidence of the salutary effects resulting from the judicious treatment of those residing in the missionary establishments. These all wear suitable clothing and are engaged in regular industrial pursuits. The young as well as the adults are taught many useful arts and the first principles of education, and not a few have given evidence of a change of heart. Many couples have been publicly married, and their children have received the ordinance of christian baptism. On these occasions ministers of the various churches have commonly attended. It is to be deeply regretted that the Government did not assist, by supplementing and encouraging efforts of this kind, instead of acting on the popular and merely sentimental belief that the natives were so low sunk in the scale of humanity that they were incapable of rising, and would in every case return to their wild habits even after education and training, and that they must inevitably die out and give place to the white man. These poor people had at first protectors appointed here and there by the Government, who provided them with blankets, flour, tea and sugar, fire-arms, and the inevitable brass ornaments. The Central Board for the Aborigines subsequently, by means of honorary correspondents, carried out a somewhat similar plan, treating them as children, and even as children ignoring their mental and moral culture. If the penalties provided by law to be inflicted on publicans who supplied them with liquor be excepted (penalties which in almost every instance the publicans evaded by selling liquor through third parties, to the utter ruin of the health and morals of the unfortunate blacks) nothing whatever was done to save either their bodies from disease or their spirits from destruction.

AMONG THE SHEEP SHEARERS.

During the sheep-shearing season drunkenness prevailed, chiefly among those who moved from district to district, pursuing that and similar employments. On one

such occasion I went with a friend to one of the stations of the well-known Mr. William Clarke. He had immense districts of purchased land in South Australia, as well as in New Zealand, and the other various Australian colonies; probably 200,000 acres in the South Australian station, and on it a greater number of sheep than of acres, besides many thousands of horned cattle. He also had many farms leased to agriculturists. On Mount Shanck Station he had upwards of 20,000 cattle, and 100,000 sheep, and more than fifty men were engaged in shearing when I and my friend visited the place for the purpose of addressing them on the subject of intemperance, with a view to induce them to return to their homes and families with their wages when the shearing season should be over. After dinner Mr. Clarke walked with us to his woolshed, told the men of our good intentions, also a little of his own experience, how he had been once a working man as they were, and how they might, by prudence and sobriety, rise in like manner. As he had agreed, he presided at the meeting in the wool-shed in the evening, when, at the conclusion of the addresses and appeals, about thirty of the men signed the abstinence pledge.

The roving portion of the population, who have no settled homes, are without any taste for reading, and have not the ability to read any improving literature. As a rule in Australia they neglect Divine Worship, both private and public, and are exceedingly given to drunkenness. They thus eventually shorten their days, often becoming a burden on the sober portion of the community, living in the hospitals and benevolent asylums that are scattered over the country, and which the majority of them had entirely refused to subscribe to or to aid when in receipt of good wages, preferring rather to gratify their selfish appetites.

I visited one of these poor fellows lying on the bed of death. He had been married some years, and had a young family, who, when he fell ill, were 150 miles away; but his faithful wife travelled overland with her young charge, to be with him and tend him in his last illness. I found him dark,

ignorant, unconcerned, and in need of all things. I ministered to his wants in a professional capacity, and then conversed with him on his spiritual necessities. Soon after his family arrived he awoke to a lively sense of his condition and of his danger, and cried earnestly to God for mercy. One day while I spoke with him, and while at prayer, he obtained peace through believing on the Son of God. For several weeks he rejoiced in tribulation, grew in the knowledge of the scriptures, which his boys read for him, and then entered into endless rest. He begged all his children to become total abstainers, and they, before leaving the district, attended to this his last advice.

IN MARYBOROUGH AND THE DISTRICT.

At the end of a year, my youngest daughter being ill with hæmoptysis, resulting from a hurt received while riding on horseback; my own health also being affected, owing, as I thought, to the dampness of the climate, and to having suffered from numerous carbuncles, which left me greatly debilitated, I felt a desire for a change to some larger sphere of usefulness. I for some time had thoughts of removing to a more suitable district, and I sought from the Lord his guidance and direction in the matter. Soon, in a marked providential way, my course was opened to proceed to Maryborough, in Victoria, 250 miles distant. I took my sick daughter in the buggy with me, accompanied by one of her sisters, and drove through seventy or eighty miles of wild, picturesque country to Portland, and thence to Belfast. At the latter place I left the companions of my journey with my married daughter, and after I had seen my friends and relations, and had received fresh tokens of my way being of the Lord's choosing, I went on to Maryborough.

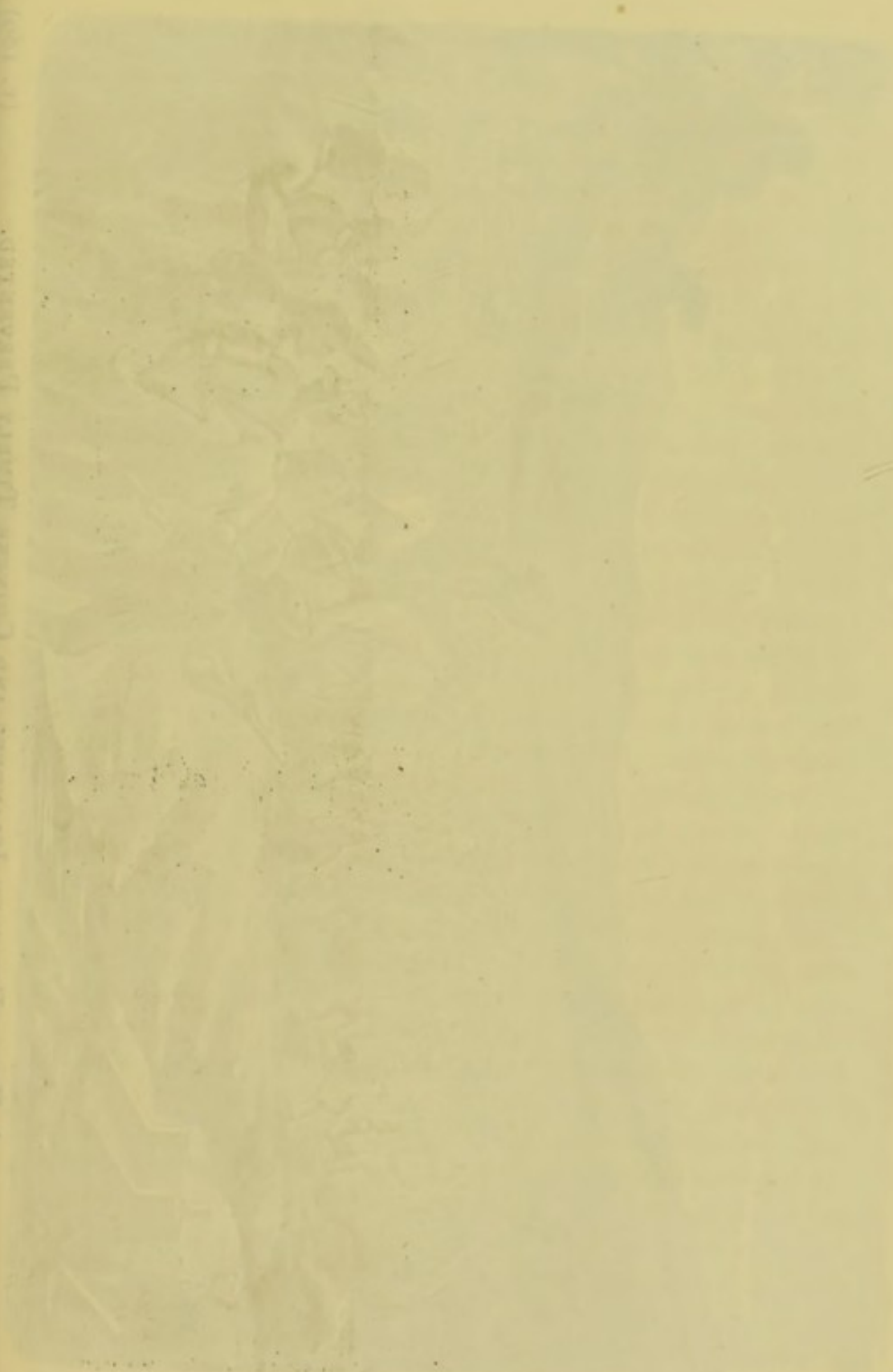
There, for the first time, I saw the goldfields and the miners, and soon beheld such scenes of spiritual destitution, that I was led to thank God for the door he had thus opened for one who felt that his sufficiency was of God alone. In the town spiritual life seemed nearly extinct. Drunkenness,

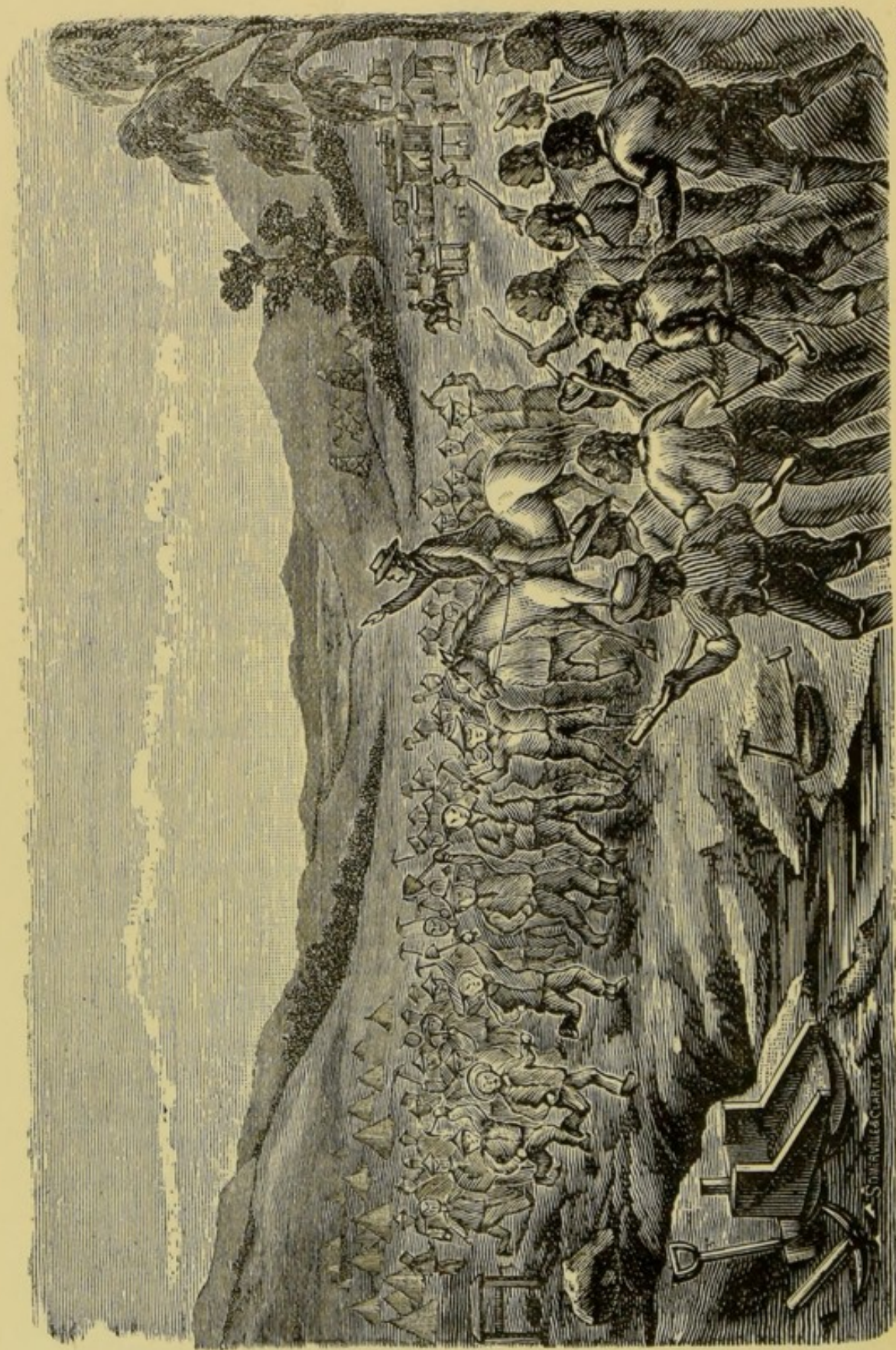
open and unblushing adultery, blasphemy, gambling, and Sabbath desecration abounded. In the second street of the town, when I took from its residents the publicans, beer-sellers, avowed infidels, drunkards, adulterers, Sabbath-breakers, and non-attendants at public worship, the number of houses was but in units; and of the only three persons whom I knew in the street who made a profession of serving and loving their God and Saviour, one, fifty years previously (1810), and when but sixteen years of age had been sentenced in London to be hanged for stealing a watch from the master to whom he was apprenticed. Out of fourteen persons, then under sentence of death in the Old Bailey, he was the only one whose sentence on the morning fixed for the execution was commuted to transportation. In Tasmania, through the instrumentality of the Wesleyan Methodists, he was savingly converted to God, and now he was pursuing his calling of carriage-painter, and was useful in many way to those with whom he mingled. The second had also been transported to Van Diemen's Land, and having engaged with another in bushranging, was captured. His mate was executed, and he otherwise punished. Afterwards, and through the same agency, he also was savingly converted, and was now engaged in the mines, and was employed as bellringer at the Wesleyan Church. The third was a pious young woman who had been converted in England, and who still wrote to and heard from her former minister and his wife, by whose means she first found salvation. I engaged her to distribute tracts each week, and gave her a supply. These she continued to circulate until she removed from the district a few months previous to my leaving it, when she returned to England. I got her place filled by a Malagassy, whose parents had suffered martyrdom in Madagascar in the great persecution there under the cruel Queen Ravanion. He, with some others, escaped to the Mauritius, where he learned the truth. He then came to Victoria to dig for gold with one of his countrymen, a christian likewise. His friend sickened, and after some time died in the faith of the gospel, and was buried in the wild bush by his only earthly friend, who had

read God's Word to him in his native tongue, and who, according to his last request, sang for him in the same tongue a few verses of an ancient hymn of praise.

In the surrounding villages, and especially in Majorca, I found even more open profligacy ; the miners around coming in to spend their easily gotten gold in pleasures, falsely so called. I at once begged the minister who accompanied me there to get the court-house, or the Municipal Council Chamber, and hold a service there until a church could be built, and a scripture-reader procured. A year after both a house and a service were provided.

At the various goldfields I found men of almost every European and Asiatic nation and language. I wrote to the Rev. R. MacGuire, of Clerkenwell, whose family I had known, as also himself in his youth, stating that Greeks and Germans, Danes, Swedes, French, Spanish, Portuguese and Italians, Hindoos, Negroes, Malays, Chinese, with Maoris, and other Pacific Islanders, were here, wholly destitute of religious teaching, and requesting that he would procure and send me some books and tracts in their several languages. He sent my letter to the Religious Tract Society, and forthwith a case of excellent tracts were sent to me. I found from time to time on the goldfields men taught by the Spirit, whom I engaged in distributing these ; and I disposed of many myself as well as through other means. I agreed soon after my arrival to form a bible-class, which met in the church on Sunday afternoons. In this class I have had a Negro, an Armenian from Persia, a native of St. Helena, a Tahitian, some Irishmen, Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Chinamen, and ere long had twelve or fourteen Maoris, Samoans, and Sandwich Islanders. I found a converted Armenian, whom I induced to visit with tracts one of the suburban goldfields. This man told me the Shah of Persia had a long time ago taken 10,000 Armenian prisoners, and located them near Ispahan, with liberty to worship God as they had hitherto done, on condition of their paying a capitation tax ; but declaring that if a Mussulman turned christian he could be killed, and no investigation would be





A FIGHT BETWEEN ISLANDERS AND CHINESE TIMELY PREVENTED.

made. This Armenian had found Christ from reading the bible in his own language, and had come with a few others to dig for gold. He was a most intelligent, devout, and useful man, and did much good in the neighborhood.

A FIGHT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

About two months after my arrival in town I heard from a pious young man, a lay-reader of the Church of England, who soon after died at Sydney of consumption, that there were many Maoris working together in one of the forsaken goldfields near Carisbrook; and, as I felt desirous to visit them, and to see what could be done for their spiritual benefit, I rode in company with my friend to White Horse Flat. We found their neatly erected huts, but looked in vain for the men, who were absent. Going in search of them we were attracted by the noise of men contending and shouting. On emerging from a coppice of trees we discovered a large number of Chinese engaged in conflict with the Maoris and Sandwich Islanders. Divine Providence had evidently directed our visit just at this time. We found that the quarrel had originated from the thievish practices of the Chinamen who, when charged with their theft and obliged to restore their booty, had insulted and attacked one or two of the Islanders. Their friends, who were then just returning from dinner, came to their assistance and the quarrel became general. I was riding on a large white horse, and at once engaged the attention of the combatants as I rode quickly towards them and shouted as if I had been a magistrate, "John," (the Chinese are always known by this soubriquet) "stand back at once, or you will be punished by the law." Some of them afterwards showed me their wounds and the blood streaming down their bodies. The Maoris told me the cause of the quarrel, and showed wounds on their stalwart arms, inflicted by the small pickaxes of the Chinese, who were at least four or five times as numerous as the eighteen of the mixed races, including Maoris, Samoans, tattooed Sandwich Islanders, a Malay, and a Tahitian, who

had been in the *mêlée*. After we had induced them to separate I asked the Maoris, especially all who could speak English, to accompany us to one of their huts close by, when I found on inquiry that none of them had been in any place of worship for eleven years; that they had indulged in drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, and other sins, and that most of them had been baptized in their native islands, and could read portions of the holy scripture. After some conversation I prayed with them on the grass, where, kneeling in a circle, one or two wept. I then asked some of them to pray, and not to forget the Chinese, as God had told us to pray for our enemies. A Tahitian, named "Harry," had been wounded by a French bullet while he and his fellow-islanders tried to maintain the independence of their native land, and of the good Queen Pomare. Another, named "Isaiah," had lost an eye in the following way, as I afterwards found:—He had at one goldfield some years before a mate who was a Spaniard. They were washing a little gold, when an Irishman, half intoxicated, passed by, and despising them as foreigners he kicked the pannikin holding their gold. On the Spaniard remonstrating he threw him into a waterhole. While he was doing this Isaiah struck with his spade in defence of his friend, and the edge of the weapon penetrated the thin bone of the man's temple. The countrymen of the aggressor now rushed down, beat both the men, and gouged out the eye of poor Isaiah. On a magisterial inquiry he was acquitted, but with difficulty escaped the violence of the others when they found that the injury to their friend proved fatal. These two men prayed with earnestness, one in English, the other in Maori. I then asked some one to pray for the Chinese, as we should forgive our enemies, and ere we rose from our knees I heard the word "Chinese" mentioned with feeling.

From this time I became deeply interested for the condition of these men. For a year and a-half I had ten to eleven of them attending my bible-class, and five or six of those who understood English best adjourned each Sabbath to my surgery, where they had tea, spending a couple of

hours before the evening public service in searching the scriptures, answering or asking questions, seeking explanations of parts they wished to understand but could not; also in singing hymns and in praying, one of them always asking God's blessing and returning thanks before and after the meal. Sometimes I would ask them to adjourn to our drawing-room and to join in the hymns sung by my family, when we had music of which they were very fond. When ill they always applied to me for a cure. With deep pleasure I saw one and another awakened to a sense of their sin against God, and then finding forgiveness through faith in Christ. I had at my first interview induced them to sign total abstinence pledges. Since then I know of but one instance of any of them breaking that pledge. Several of them could write a little. One of these who seemed amongst the most intelligent, and who was among the first to give his heart to God his Saviour, had, a couple of years previously, been engaged in a prize-fight with a negro in a public-house yard, when a portion of his nose was bitten off by the negro. This illustrates their former rough and brutal mode of living, how great the change, and how greatly needed.

I invited a clergyman, who had been a missionary of the church in New Zealand to take tea with them. He preached to them in Maori in the church on a week evening. He repeated this in a month, and from this meeting grew monthly tea-meetings, given alternately by several ladies to these and some other foreigners. I also induced them to put up a little church of their own, and to hold scripture-readings and prayer-meetings among themselves in it, which they did every morning and evening in each week, and continued to do. I held a missionary prayer-meeting there with them, and gave them information about the South Sea missions, after which seven or eight would engage in prayer for their success, etc. On one of these occasions they took up a collection, which amounted to 25s.—a large sum for them—and handed the money to me to do good with in any way I liked. I consulted with my wife, and we allotted one half as a nucleus for a benevolent fund for providing the

poor with clothing, etc., and the other half as the foundation of a free religious book-lending society in the district. In both of these directions good services were rendered.

About a year after some of the poor fellows were almost brought to starvation from want of success on the goldfields, and I purchased flour, tea, sugar, etc., and sent them the supplies, with a note saying that, having benefited others, now they had a right from the fund they had helped to form, to be themselves assisted. With marvellous christian self-denial they sent all back, with a nice respectful note saying that they had devoted the subscription to the Lord, and could not accept any of it for their own use. I then wrote to them asking if they had any objection to my sending the amount as their donation towards the purchase of a new *John Williams* mission ship, the old one having just then been wrecked. This they readily agreed to, and I sent the money to the Rev. Mr. Sutherland, the agent of the London Missionary Society in Australia. As an illustration of the simplicity of their faith and practice, I may mention the following fact:—In the harvest time, as their earnings at the old goldfields were very precarious, and in general trivial, the more athletic of them generally worked at gathering in the crops. The summer after his conversion I noticed that while Elijah, Joshua, Edward, Benjamin, Isaiah, and some others had gone, Samuel remained, and as usual attended his class. I asked him why. He said he was not strong enough, meaning he was afraid he might enter into temptation and prove unfaithful. We conversed on the all-sufficiency of the grace of God to keep the believer under all circumstances, while he was diligently to watch and pray. I found before the next Sabbath that he had gone away, and I did not see him again for about five weeks. The following conversation then occurred:—

“Where have you been since I met you here last?”

“Harvesting.”

“Were you strong enough?”

“Oh yes, thank God.”

“How then did you get along?”

"The people I worked among were very wicked. The first morning I saw them going to breakfast without thanking God, and I begged them to wait a minute, and then asked God's blessing. The next meal they fell on it at once, and would not have any praying, so I did it for myself."

"Had you any church near?"

"No."

"How did you spend your Sabbaths?"

"Reading my bible and praying. The farmer's wife, who was a Scotch woman, asked me on the first Sabbath morning to go with the other men along the creek and fish. I said, 'No thank you, madam; I never fish on Sundays.'"

She said: "It is no harm."

I said: "It is Sabbath breaking."

She said: "Peter was a fisherman, and he caught fish."

"Yes, madam," I said, "but not on Sundays." Next morning at breakfast there was a big dish of broiled fish, from which she helped me largely. I replaced them.

She said: "Samuel, I thought you liked fish?"

"So I do, madam; but not just now."

Samuel also told me of a young man who drove the bullocks with the sheavers, and who was constantly swearing at the oxen. He said to him, "Do your work without swearing. It is a sin." "I cannot," he replied. He told him that he had been wicked, but that now he watched his words and never swore, nor would he for anything. He observed the young man checking himself during the next day or two, and on Sunday he told him he was glad. He found that his parents lived in Sydney, and had brought him up well, but that his wandering life led him to a careless, prayerless, ungodly, course. Samuel induced him to stop with him, and prayed night and morning and read the scriptures with him, and when the harvesting was finished he brought him to his own hut for a few days at White Horse Flat, where they had much interesting conversation. At length the young man resolved to return to Sydney to his parents, and Samuel went a few miles on the road with him. The young fellow expressed his gratitude for having met

him, as the best friend he had in Victoria, and Samuel parted with him, having first given him a little book entitled "Believe and Live," which he had received from my wife, with much good advice to serve the Lord, and when tempted to do wrong to read this book and to pray.

Soon after, when I had to leave the district in bad health, these kind, simple-hearted christians testified their love to me by visiting me and saying many loving and scriptural things to me, bathing my head, and doing other kind offices with tender sympathy, and each kneeling beside my bed offered up a prayer on my behalf. At a public meeting called by some of the townspeople to express their sympathy with me, some of these dear christians, among others, spoke in too high terms of the little services I had been enabled from time to time to render them.

NEEDED REFORMS.

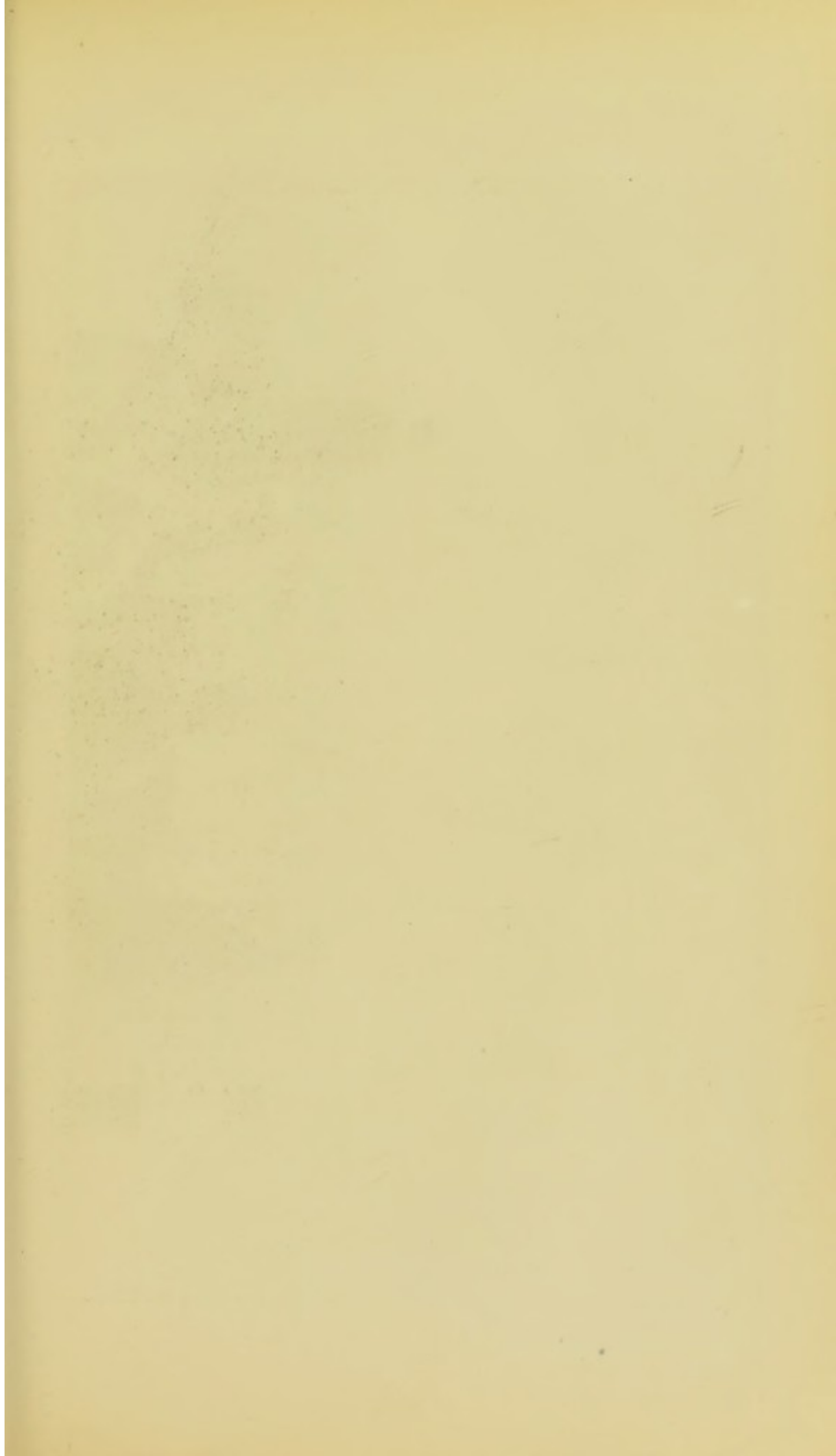
At various suburbs the blessing of God seemed to rest on my efforts in lecturing and otherwise, and encouraging others to work in the cause of total abstinence. Several large societies were formed. Perhaps the most interesting of these was at a place called the White Hills, where drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, and immorality of every kind prevailed. There was no place of worship there at this time. A small wooden house, or rather room, had been used by the Primitive Methodists as a church some years before, but owing to a difficulty in supplying it, and the little fruit for the labor bestowed, it had been abandoned as such, and was now used for a day-school only. Having to visit professionally in the vicinity, I was struck with the moral and spiritual destitution that prevailed, and as drunkenness seemed the greatest obstacle to a change I proposed to address the people on the subject of intemperance. A night was fixed. It was dark, and I expected few, if any, to come. I rode there, however, and saw by a light placed near the road as a guide to those coming to the meeting, that a large number had assembled. After my

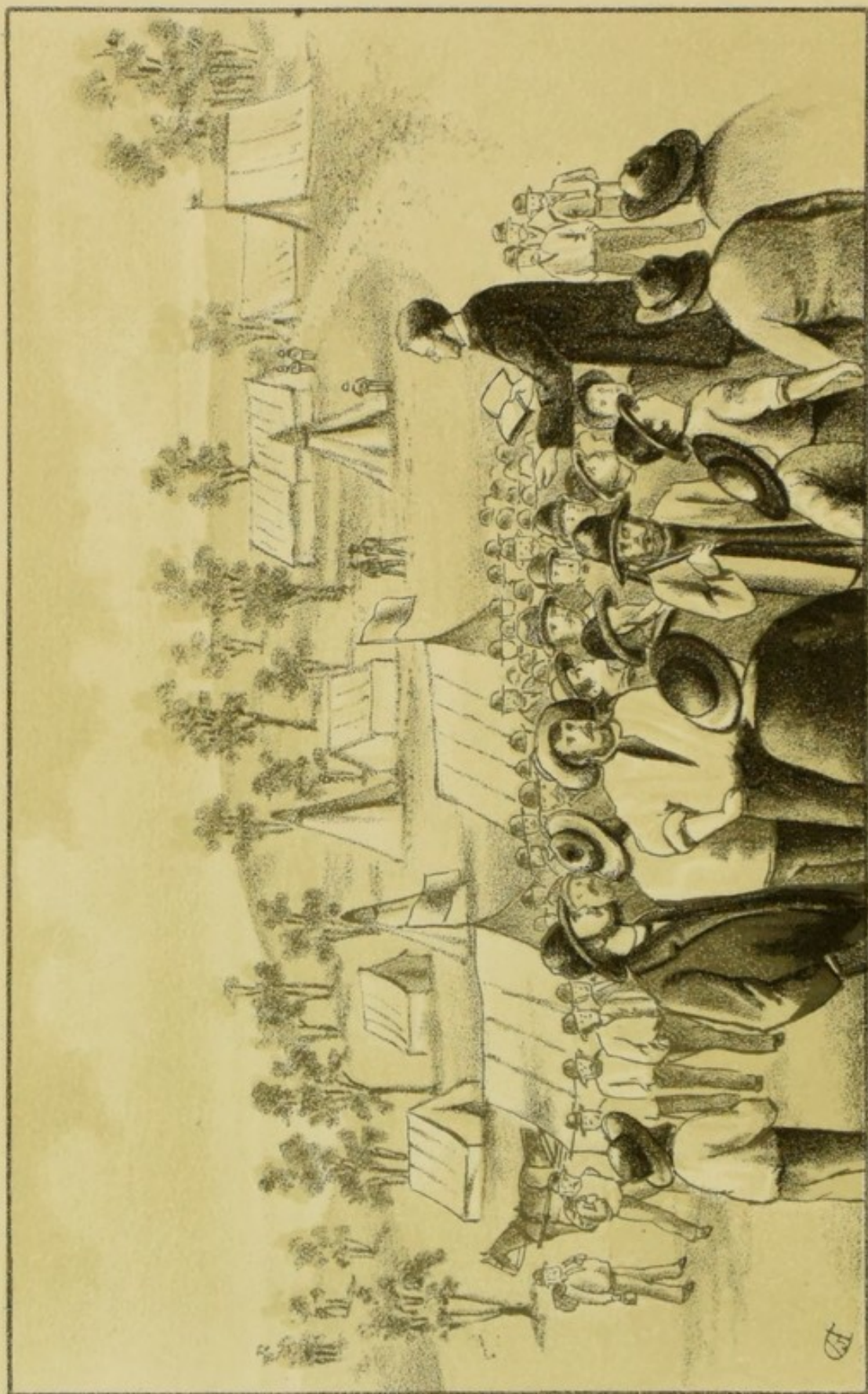
address, perceiving that the people were pleased, I requested those who felt disposed to reform the low condition of the locality to sign the pledge. A number at once did so. I then suggested that they should elect a committee and officers, and form a society, which they at once did. I urged them to form a library, and to use the school-house as a night reading-room, offered some books to begin with, and encouraged them to hold quarterly tea-meetings, and each to be firm in his present course, and to be a missionary to induce others to join them. They soon had a library of seventy or eighty books, held pleasant and enjoyable tea-meetings, and at these I encouraged the reformed to address those present, and to tell some of their experience. I soon found the room too small. I therefore communicated with the society that owned the school-room, and obtained it and the ground for a period of seven years for the people to use as a temperance hall, on condition that it might be employed as a Sunday-school, and be open for religious services to all the christian denominations who desired to attend. At a tea-meeting shortly afterwards I told the story, and they were so much pleased that I induced them at once to set about enlarging the building to more than double its then size, and to erect a fireplace for their comfort in the winter nights, and for the use of tea-parties, etc.; also to have the work done within a month, so as to accommodate all the children around as a Sunday-school, and for regular Divine worship, which four of the religious bodies had signified their willingness alternately to supply, and which they have ever since done. Some of those present followed my example of at once subscribing. First the president, who had been a noted toper, and who told me one day when I met him at the post office posting a letter, that he had not written home to his aged father for nine or ten years prior to his becoming an abstainer. Since then he had written every month, and had also sent the old gentleman what helped to make him comfortable. On another occasion he read to me some of that father's letters, expressing his thanks to God for the change in his son, and acknowledging the sums received

for himself and another relative. This man and many others now took my advice and placed their savings in the penny or other savings banks, to their families' benefit and happiness, rather than as they had formerly done in the public-house, which gave back neither the principal nor the interest. A collection in half-crowns and shillings was then taken up, and I next proposed that men should give free labor. Several offered to make Egyptian bricks (of unburned clay, and of a very large size). Others offered to cart the timber, etc., free. A bricklayer volunteered to build the chimney, and another man to be his laborer. In a few weeks the building was opened by a public service on the Lord's Day. A tea-meeting followed next day, which was numerously attended, and at it the remaining debt was very nearly extinguished, the library greatly enlarged, and the number of members increased; and from that time large numbers attended the Sunday evening services held there.

AN AWFUL TRAGEDY, AND SWIFT RETRIBUTION.

It was at White Hills that a tragedy attended with remarkable circumstances took place. Soon after the discovery of this goldfield a number of the most profligate and idle as well as of the industrious, flocked to it, as usual, and some unprincipled people opened stores for the sale of strong drink, which places became the resort of the very worst conducted of both sexes. One of them, a quondam convict, went, armed with pistols, in broad daylight to the tent of a Spaniard to rob him. The Spaniard, naturally, refused to give up his hard-earned gold, on which the fellow coolly shot him. Ere he fell, however, he rushed on his assailant, and with a large knife ripped open his abdomen. A crowd soon gathered, attracted by the report and the noise; but the ruffian threatened to shoot any man who attempted to capture him. A trooper who had recently come to the locality on some business, learning the facts, dismounted and drew near,





WHITE HILLS MINING DISTRICT

Dr. Singleton preaching to Miners.

but the wretched man—who stood in a pool of his own blood, his bowels projecting and his victim lying dead at his feet—refused to surrender, and, as the trooper remonstrated with him on his madness, and was approaching to apprehend him, he received a bullet from the second pistol, and fell lifeless. The miners then rushed upon and soon secured the double-murderer, who a few hours afterwards expired. A public meeting was at once held, at which the chief speaker traced up the various robberies and other outrages that had occurred there of late, and proved beyond all doubt that they were owing to the disreputable drinking-houses in the locality; on which he urged the diggers to destroy every one of them, giving five minutes' warning to their inmates in which they might escape. The whole body of miners approved the advice and marched in an orderly but determined manner to "The City of Dublin Hotel," a wretched canvas and slab brothel of the lowest kind. Here they gave the notice and men and women fled from the place with all speed. Then they set fire to the place, the whole being consumed, including the drink. They then went to the second, and to the third drink-shops, and destroyed them in like manner, warning the fugitives that if they ever again caught them engaged in such demoralising work they should have Lynch-law, sharp, sudden, and altogether decisive.

SOME INTERESTING CONVERSIONS.

A new goldfield was just now discovered a couple of miles beyond the school-house I have referred to, to which the disreputable of both sexes flocked, as well as the decently conducted and industrious miners. I induced one of the total abstainers of the White Hills, a christian man, to visit the new goldfield with religious tracts with which I supplied him. He faithfully did so for some weeks, and gave a very sad account of the immorality and drunkenness which prevailed there. I offered to give an open-air lecture on a Sunday afternoon, if he could induce any of the miners to attend. When I drove up after my bible-class I found about

a hundred persons awaiting my arrival. I procured a chair from a "grog-shanty," an iron store close at hand, where, at the time, they were selling strong drink, although the owner was awaiting his trial in gaol for killing a miner in a recent quarrel. After the address, the first who signed the pledge was a young man, son of an Irish rector, who, I found, had known my brother, the two churches not having been far from each other. This young man soon after embraced the gospel, became a decidedly pious and useful man in that locality, and greatly aided the temperance cause there and at White Hills. From his classical and good education, and some natural abilities for public speaking, and also from his kind and generous character, he became much respected and was possessed of considerable influence for good.

I was called to see a patient at the Alma, once a noted goldfield, but then a neglected and almost forsaken place, as not more than 300 or 400 people were on it, whereas many thousands had formerly resided there. I found my patient dangerously ill, and, on inquiry, ascertained that no minister had seen him, and that none lived near, nor was there any place of worship within some miles. I also learned that the man was the son of a minister of the gospel in America, but had not the needful preparation for a future world. He resided with his brother and sister-in-law, and had been engaged in goldmining. I had, however, the happiness of soon seeing the father's prayers and training rewarded by the saving conversion and happy death of the son. But the destitute state of the district, the drunkenness, and the account that the diggers spent the Sabbath in cricket-playing and such like amusements, made me anxious to effect a change, and I rode to the school-house recently built, told my views to the master, and asked could I have the use of it in which to give a lecture. I saw some of the committee of management with him, and arranged for the evening, when I met a densely crowded audience of about 150 persons. I expressed my wish to obtain the use of the school-house for a Sunday-school, and to erect a large room for use as an athenæum, for tea-meetings, for a reading-room, and for

public worship on Sundays, open to the ministers of the various denominations, as that at the White Hills was ; and here, I believe, I would have been equally as successful as there but for the enemy of souls, who stirred up opposition to my proposals, and eventually to myself, from a quarter whence I should have least expected it. But the bigotry of party was necessarily opposed to such a cosmopolitan work.

I heard that one of the ministers, not long stationed in the town, was intemperate. I told my informant, also a minister, that he ought to see his friend and warn him kindly, and that probably he would save him. He promised to do so, but on my next interview he declined ; on which I said I would myself proceed to the gentleman's dwelling. I was shown into the drawing-room, and, after the usual salutation, I frankly told him what I had heard ; said I thought it the honest and christian way to tell him instead of telling others ; and that if there was truth in the report, I should try and induce him to do right. He took me by the hand, opened his mind, explained his temptations, and begged me to kneel down and pray for him. I took him out to drive with me in my district visits to my patients, to encourage him to draw off his mind from his temptations, and to raise him again in the opinion of his congregation. I, however, soon afterwards found him drunk in his arm-chair and suffering from *delirium tremens*. I again warned him. He wept, but sinned again and again. On two occasions I took away his razors which I saw open beside him in his bedroom. Eventually I wrote to a minister, a friend of his, about his failing and his danger, and suggested that a friendly removal to other society for a time might save him. This was not noticed. His congregation at last requested him to retire. I saw him, corresponded with him afterwards, and finally had the happiness to find him restored to sobriety, and engaged in the ministry in a distant island. The temptation to drink from want of the comforts of a home, and from the habits, customs, and excitements of the country are difficult to be overcome, except by Divine grace, and a firm adherence to total abstinence principles. I have known

judges, merchants, ministers of every denomination, lawyers, tradespeople, farmers, as well as artisans, male and female, degraded by the vice and moral pollution of intemperance, allured by its pleasurable excitement, by company, or by the evil habits and customs of society.

MARYBOROUGH BRANCH BIBLE SOCIETY FORMED.

After some difficulty I induced the friends of the gospel to unite in forming a branch of the bible society in Maryborough, and wrote to the agent for Australia, whom I had met in Warrnambool, to pay us a visit when next in our vicinity. It was found that in the forming of the rules I incurred the displeasure of an influential person, because I successfully opposed one which would have rendered it binding on the society to give no bibles or copies of the scriptures free. Much as I loved the principle, and although I thought men prized most what cost them something, yet I thought the restriction by rule unwise, mentioned my Warrnambool experience as a reason for wishing that the hospital and public-houses should be provided free, and that some copies might be given to Italians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, and others, who would not be likely to purchase, but might willingly read them, as they did the tracts, in their own languages. For daring to think and act independently I suffered a long, jesuitical, bigoted persecution. But none of these things moved me from the work of my beloved Master. I endured as seeing Him who is invisible.

“THY BREAD SHALL BE GIVEN, AND THY
WATER SHALL BE SURE.”

On the day previous to my leaving the goldfields I went to see a pious widow with seven children, the eldest a son, being nearly seventeen years of age. We had helped her occasionally when we found she required it, as her son was successful or otherwise in “fossicking” in the old working

grounds, already supposed to be wrought out. This day I found her alone, with her youngest child in her arms. I told her I was leaving Maryborough, and had called to read and pray with her for the last time. I took the bible down from a shelf and opened it casually at the 37th Psalm. I had only read to the third verse, "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed," when I related to her an account of a weaver who was out of work in the north of Ireland, in 1802, whose wife had given their last meal (as she thought) to her children, and was crying bitterly at the prospect of their starvation, as her husband had neither money nor work. The pious weaver tried to comfort her, saying that God cared for them, and loved them, and would provide. She fell asleep, but he could not. Suddenly the text I had just read came to his mind, and he said, "If that is in the bible I will trust, and not be afraid." He arose, blew the dying embers of his turf fire into a flame, and, on opening the book, his eyes caught the very words, "Trust in the Lord." He said, "Lord, it is enough," and lay down again in his bed. At daylight he was awakened by a loud knocking at his door. As he opened it a man angrily said, "Take this; I could get no rest all night thinking of you," and threw a sack of flour on the floor, and went away. I had no idea the widow was in any need, but I found out afterwards that her son had failed to get enough gold to feed the family the preceding week. Next day a provision dealer (who was an infidel) drove his cart to the hut and asked where he would lay the bag of flour he had brought. The widow replied that she had not ordered any flour. He said, "Is not your name Cox? I cannot lose my time; where shall I lay it?" She saw God's hand, but thought I had sent it. I, however, knew nothing about it, nor how the infidel storekeeper had come to leave it. A few months afterwards I received from the widow a grateful letter and a nicely-worked bible-marker, on which she had wrought Ps. 37: 3. in full, with a bible at one end, and a crown at the other. Since then I heard that God had supplied her every need, and blessed her and her children greatly.

FAILURE AND RESTORATION OF HEALTH. RETURN TO MELBOURNE.

My health having now become seriously affected, and also that of one of my daughters, I found it necessary to leave for Melbourne, and in August, 1867, I came again to the metropolis, suffering from congestion of the brain, and partial paralysis. After resting a few weeks near the sea, with proper care and medical treatment, it pleased our Heavenly Father to restore me to health and strength again. I was then guided by an all-wise Providence to locate my dear family at Hawthorn, where, with wonder and grateful love, I have often traced the kind hand of God my Saviour, which led me through the devious paths of life, supplied my every want in sickness and in health, been my never failing Comforter, and blessed me so much in my domestic circle, so that I have felt constrained to say, "Bless the Lord, Oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits! Bless the Lord, Oh my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name!"

THE CITY WATCH-HOUSE: VISITING THE CELLS.

The protracted illness of Dr. Milton, my old friend and fellow-laborer among the vicious, the suffering, and the outcasts of Melbourne opened for me a door for Sabbath duty. I commenced to visit the watch-house cells as he became incapacitated. There, I felt, lay my mission, and under God the Holy Spirit's teaching, and with no small amount of apparent success, I there learned the full influence of a kind word of sympathy towards the suffering; and making all allowance in many instances for ignorance, bad training, and temptation, I scarcely ever conversed with the unfortunates confined for drunkenness or disorderly conduct but I had a response to my appeals, by tears and regrets, and desires of amendment from some one or other. Numbers

voluntarily signed the abstinence pledge; and some asked for notes to be admitted to the reformatories or refuges.

Once I was struck by the manner of a young woman as she signed my book. I inquired did she come from such a place, and know such a person, and found that I was acquainted with her family at home. She had been seduced after emigrating to this colony, and now seemed to be deeply convinced of her folly and sin. I immediately looked after her, and soon I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from her, dated at Sydney, telling me of her marriage to a most respectable young man, mentioning the church and minister, and that her husband was going to an appointment on some station. Acknowledging her past wicked life, and expressing her repentance, she begged me, if I were writing to her friends, to distress them as little as possible on account of her past wickedness and folly.

Among the men some were confined for larceny, robbery, awaiting police investigation, for disorderly conduct, etc., but the great majority for drunkenness. I usually conversed with them individually, when practicable, and in a plain, straightforward manner, pointed out that the way of the transgressor is hard, while the ways of Divine wisdom are ways of pleasantness and peace. In many cases appeals as to home influence appeared to touch a tender cord, and to arouse the slumbering conscience, and the Word of God seemed to penetrate their inmost nature. About 120 signed my total abstinence pledge-book within eight months. Some I saw afterwards who were greatly changed, and who felt thankful for the interest shown towards them when in their degraded state, and for help towards recovery.

A man who was an infidel, who had been incarcerated for a number of years, and who suffered various punishments for breaches of prison discipline, mentioned to a friend of mine some years afterwards that a conversation I held with him had made a great and permanent impression upon his mind, and drew from him the remark, "Oh, sir! be kind to the convict. Never forget the power of kindness."

At the end of eight months I was laid aside by a protracted and dangerous illness, when, providentially, at the

very time I had been asking God for it, I met a devout christian who had been very useful in other places, and who had just come to Melbourne. He gladly took up the work, and when he had to leave for England found a worthy substitute, who still visits those "hidden from the view of a busy world," but who are often prepared by their discipline and confinement for gospel teaching, the rags of their self-righteousness torn off with no gentle hand; but who, in consequence of their incarceration for crimes which have degraded their character, and placed the prison brand upon them, are often forgotten or overlooked even by the good.

SETTLEMENT AT HAWTHORN.

My health, when I left Maryborough, was in a broken state; but it soon improved, and when I was somewhat recovered I took my family to Hawthorn, a salubrious suburb of Melbourne, where for three years I practised my profession with some success, and with a pleasure that came from a source higher than any success.

While still in a delicate state of health I heard from a gentleman of a man living half-a-mile from my residence in Hawthorn, who, although he had in his youth in Ireland been a God-fearing man, had now become a drunkard and a blasphemer, and neglected his wife and six young children. I felt much impressed to see him. I wrote a note requesting him to call on me next day, as I was unwell and unable to go to him. He was a good general laborer, and thought I had work for him, and in the afternoon he called. (It was the Sabbath day). I saw him alone, spoke of what I had heard about his early life, of his fallen state, of his sin, and of his danger. Almost directly he wept, and acknowledged his guilt before God. He at once signed the total abstinence pledge. Before parting I had prayer with him, gave him some tracts and books, and asked him to call again next Sunday, as he was working some distance off. This he did, and soon afterwards he yielded his heart to God, and became a good and useful man. At my earnest request he opened

his door, and gathered in his neighbors for a bible-class. This he requested me to manage, as he thought himself unfitted for the work, and I conducted it for nearly two years, until I left the district for my present abode in East Melbourne. Twenty years have passed since then, with their many vicissitudes, but this man has still a happy home, and several of his children are well settled in life. I have met some of them, decided christians, at their father and mother's home, whither I had gone to drink tea with them on special occasions. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

HAWTHORN BRANCH BIBLE SOCIETY— COLPORTAGE.

I was not long in Hawthorn until I found that there was no tract society in the district, and no shop for the sale of bibles, and that in short the spiritual interests of the mass of the population had been almost entirely overlooked. Soon, however, I was able to get three glass cases furnished with copies of the scriptures, and with useful and interesting books, to be sold at low prices, at stores in Kew and Camberwell, and in a chemist's shop in the main road in Hawthorn, where the woodcarters and others of the surrounding population could be supplied with cheap gospel literature of the best and purest kind. I engaged a number of young persons to collect for the Bible Society, and was able to form a committee of management. The Hawthorn branch still does noble work. The sums raised were sent to the parent society. I founded a second bible-class, and had visitations among the brickmakers. A number of persons having signed the total abstinence pledge, I formed them into a total abstinence society, which greatly prospered, and which, I believe, continues to prosper to this day. I induced the committee to advertise for and engage a pious, self-denying, hard-working colporteur to carry the scriptures, the literature of the Religious Tract Society, and temperance publications among the numerous population of the surrounding district. A suitable man applied, and was employed. In four months he sold of the scriptures £30 worth, and of the

other works, mostly very low priced, about £70 worth, was well received everywhere, had his night stopping places, took part in prayer-meetings, and addressed the various Sunday-schools in the towns as he journeyed along. The good resulting from his eight or ten months' labor was great. But soon after my leaving the district his services were discontinued, no proper effort having been made to raise funds for his suitable remuneration.

FREE MEDICAL MISSION DISPENSARY.

In 1868, while residing in Hawthorn, I had several interesting conversations with my late brother, the Rev. William Singleton, concerning the great amount of good done in Edinburgh by the opening of a remarkably successful medical mission in the Cow-gate there. The originator was Dr. Burns Thompson, whose double object was the preaching of the gospel and the healing of the sick, on the same principles as were initiated practically by our Lord, and followed by His Apostles. The result was that I resolved to commence one in the poorest and most densely populated suburb in Melbourne. The municipality of Collingwood seemed most to answer the description. After much inquiry I found that a great number of the poorer classes, artisans with large families, laborers, aged people, widows and deserted women, often with many children to provide for, with others of the same classes, had gone to live in Collingwood, where the rentals were then very moderate, and the cost of food, vegetables, etc., equally so. I found also that although, as a rule, many of them were unable when ill to pay for medical attendance, there was yet at the time no place but the Melbourne Hospital where they could get medical relief. I therefore resolved, God helping me, to commence a medical mission on principles already approved by the institution to which I have referred, and with the further view of testing in a public institution the course which I had for many years followed in private practice, viz., the treatment of disease without the aid of alcoholic liquors. Accordingly in January, 1869, I opened the Collingwood

Free Medical Dispensary, the first institution of the kind attempted in Victoria. It stood, and still stands, in the midst of a dense population, estimated to number at that time 20,000, and since greatly increased. They were poor for the most part, and the neighborhood is still the chief resort of the impoverished, the sick, and the suffering. Within the first year 3000 patients applied for medical aid. The Collingwood Municipal Council had agreed to provide the rent—I to furnish every other requisite; but within a fortnight the council refused to pay as agreed, on the ground that I distributed tracts to the patients, left in the waiting-room such periodicals as "The British Workman," "The Cottager," "The Band of Hope Review," and others similar; and, generally, that I conducted the dispensary for the spiritual as well as for the temporal welfare of the patients. Out of 168,000 attendants for free medical treatment I prescribed (up to April, 1891) for 82,000, or nearly half the entire number, myself. I always found it difficult to get christian doctors to help me. Eight or ten came for a time, but as their practice increased they dropped off. Thus I often had the whole weight, not only of the attendance, but also of the visiting of the sick. The amount of benefit to the young and to the aged, and to the suffering generally, that has been the pleasing result of the whole, is simply incalculable, and the greatly diminished death-rate, from prompt but simple treatment of all diseases, was and is most remarkable. Having fully tested the non-alcoholic treatment, and seen its direct and indirect results, especially in case of fevers, I prepared and read two papers on the subject—one on alcohol as a medicine, the other on the non-alcoholic treatment of fever, which I circulated among the medical practitioners of the various colonies, showing that, as they prescribed alcohol merely as a stimulant, they could easily employ better, safer, and more manageable stimulants, which were well known to them, and were easily obtainable in every chemist's shop. The following table shows the quantities of drink prescribed in one year at the Melbourne Hospital, where the death-rate had been very high,

numbers became acquainted with the loving gospel of peace, and afterwards attended the bible-classes, and the services held in the mission hall at the rear of the dispensary. About 200 persons a week usually obtain assistance at the institution. I have often felt grateful to God for allowing me to open and helping me to maintain and continue this Medical Missionary Dispensary, when I found, say, a family of five or six children in a two-roomed cottage, the father with precarious earnings, and often without work, when sickness visited them; or widows or deserted wives struggling to support their families by washing or by needlework, to meet rentals, and to procure food as well as clothing for them, when laid aside by protracted illness, or often with one an invalid for years, needing constant care. I had, however, opportunities of getting those requiring it into hospitals or asylums, and obtaining temporary aid for them in their deep distress. Hundreds of lives have been saved, and I may say some thousands have been spiritually benefited through this mission dispensary. No fewer than four physicians, an oculist, an aurist, a psychopathist and a dentist, attend daily.

On my removal to Melbourne I became more interested than before in the free medical mission dispensary. I attended about 100 patients on the average each week for some years, the number increasing with the increase of the population, until as I now write it has reached an average of 200 a week. The mortality of the municipality, considering its crowded and badly-drained condition, was exceptionally low, owing, as I am persuaded, to the prompt, conscientious, simple, non-alcoholic treatment adopted in every case. During the twenty years of its existence nearly 150,000 adults and 30,000 children have been treated in this institution, and I have no hesitation in saying that hundreds of lives, of the young especially, were thus preserved and prolonged, and much suffering prevented. And, more important still, thousands of men and women were brought under the influences and heard the truths of gospel story, to their present and their eternal salvation.

CONTRASTS.

I had been so encouraged by the good results of the bible and tract depôts, that I was able by the help of some christian friends to employ a colporteur, who carried a pack well filled with the holy scriptures, and with cheap, interesting, and useful books. He visited with remarkable success all the surrounding suburbs, and sold very large numbers of these books, as well as copies of the scriptures, until I removed to East Melbourne. The work gradually ceased from want of support, and as I was connected with the City Mission in Melbourne, I was able to get this devoted colporteur, when unemployed, appointed as one of the missionaries in a vacancy which then occurred. I was with him in his dying hours a few years after, when, full of faith, and in perfect peace, he fell asleep in Jesus.

I heard one day that a man whom I had known as a Wesleyan minister at Mount Gambier, had, through some cause, left the work, and was now engaged as manager of a boot factory. It was stated that he had been seen in a state of intoxication in the street. I went to see him, and in his private office told him what I heard, and pointed out the danger to his eternal destiny, the sorrow to his friends, and the injury to the cause of Christ that must follow, and I urged him to repent and turn to God. He saw his guilt and sin, and in tears begged me to kneel down and pray with him for forgiveness. He again joined the church, and became a most acceptable and useful lay preacher.

I met again another fallen minister of the Wesleyan Church, who also fell by indulgence in drink, lost his position, and became a wanderer, wretched, restless, and unhappy for years. I had long sought his restoration, attended him and his poor wife and children when ill, and tried to do him good. He eventually became penitent, and died in an inland hospital reconciled to God, but after a wasted and miserable life. I met many interesting cases of conversion and blessing in my professional visits; and also in visiting the watch-houses of the city.

DEATH OF MY DAUGHTERS.

After my return to Melbourne, while my own health rapidly recovered, that of my youngest daughter, so tenderly beloved, got worse, and soon after our removal to Hawthorn, she took to her bed, where for six weeks she lay until she entered the joy of her Lord. Three years previously she had received an injury while riding on horseback, got hæmoptysis, partially recovered, but finally symptoms of phthisis presented themselves, and the patient being naturally delicate, the disease rapidly reduced her system. Her life was consistent, loving, affectionate and amiable. She was an unwavering believer in Christ, beloved by all who knew her. Her sick-bed was in itself a benediction to those who watched her life drawing to its close, and her last night on earth was the most remarkable and triumphant I was ever privileged to witness. Her sayings, so full of deep piety, of loving devotion, and unfailing trust in Christ I committed to writing in the form of a tract called "Life's Last Hours." Her love to Christ was simple and trustful, and as it filled her life with joy, so it made her end most peaceful. Her perfect trust and joyous hope; her strong confidence in Christ as her all and in all; her words of comfort to her weeping mother; her message of love to an absent sister—all made up a scene as remarkable to witness as it is delightful to remember. About an hour before her death she sang the well-known verse—

Jesu, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, Oh my Saviour, hide,
 Till the the storm of life be past,
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh receive my soul at last!

She shortly afterwards called me to her, and, looking upwards, said, "I see Jesus! I see them!" and presently

she expired, exchanging mortality for life. Her age was but seventeen years.

About two years later, and not long after the opening of the dispensary, as I was driving home from it on a Thursday evening the horse got frightened and violently ran away. In order to prevent dangerous consequences to others, I turned his head towards a fence, when he kicked and broke the vehicle. I succeeded in getting the boy, who had been driving, out safely, and then myself, and also, by the aid of some bystanders, in disengaging the horse and sending him home, while I had the carriage taken to the factory to be repaired. My second daughter, who loved me intensely, was looking out for my return, and seeing the boy leading the horse, and hearing of the broken carriage, she thought I had been severely hurt, if not killed. The sudden shock was too much for her strength. The rupture of an internal blood-vessel followed, she was immediately seized with severe blood-vomiting, and on the Sunday following she died. She was to have been married in the ensuing week. She loved her Saviour, and fully trusted in Him to the last. We were with her in her parting hours, and confidently committed her to God, her Father and ours, in the faith of the redemption of His Son Christ Jesus.

MELBOURNE CHILDRENS' HOSPITAL.

If others fail be faithful thou,
Nor lay till death thy burden down ;
'Tis only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the victor's crown.

Some years later I was strongly urged by one of the judges to open a hospital for sick children. Dr. Charles Smith, then recently arrived from England, had already made an attempt in that direction, but had not succeeded. I now sought him out, and, after some conversation, he and I agreed again to take the matter in hand. Our first location

was in Stephen-street (now Exhibition-street), where we began with twelve beds, and with fifteen children as patients. We had also a free dispensary, which was opened on four days in each week. I acted as physician, and my friend as surgeon. After a time we issued circulars, inviting a number of ladies to form a committee of management, which they readily agreed to do. In about a year Dr. Smith left Melbourne to settle in a distant township. Six months later I also resigned my connection with the hospital, not, I confess, without some pain and unpleasantness. I had always advocated the opening of the meetings of the committee with prayer for the Divine blessing. This some of the younger ladies objected to, and, as they out-voted their seniors, the practice was discontinued. Then it was proposed to accept the offer of a well-known Melbourne minister to deliver certain lectures of his on the opening chapters of Genesis, half the proceeds to be in aid of the hospital. As I knew his views to be of a dangerous character, and that they had already unsettled the faith of some whom I had known, I strongly opposed the scheme. I was willing that he should lecture for us on any other subject, as I knew he had much ability, and that his help would be valuable. I succeeded in getting the original offer declined, but not without many reflections on my prejudice, narrow-mindedness, antiquated notions, bigotry, and the rest. This I did not mind, as I considered that to honor God's word, and to glorify him, was infinitely more desirable than the passing approval of a few fellow-mortals, and a paltry present monetary gain. But as I had now seen the hospital well established, in full working order, with a large ladies' committee, and a number of medical men willing to fill all vacancies, I felt at liberty to resign my connection with it, which I accordingly did. I could not feel that where God was not acknowledged I had any proper place or business. The institution has since prospered well, and is now among the most distinguished and useful of the Melbourne charities, and commands large public support.

EXPERIENCES IN CONNECTION WITH THE DISPENSARY.

I was now able, having more leisure, to give greater attention to the work of the Free Medical Missionary Dispensary in Collingwood, which indeed needed, and well repaid, all the care and labor I could give it. I immediately formed there an adult bible-class, which met in the adjoining Mission Hall, and which was the means of bringing Divine instruction, comfort, and peace to many, and much joy and satisfaction to myself. The Hall had now been standing about twelve years—a Hall capable of holding 400 persons, and in which every kind of religious meeting might be held. It very soon became a centre of christian life and activity. Men and women of many christian denominations volunteered on unsectarian principles, and united in holding in it bible-classes, Sunday-schools, temperance and evangelistic services, prayer-meetings, etc. In about a year and a-half, through the efforts of one lady (Mrs. Bayertz, a converted Jewess), over 300 persons were known to have decided to follow Christ as their Saviour. The various christian workers were eminently successful, and at the present time the devoted teachers of the Sunday-school have not only many converts to Christ among the Sunday-school children, but by giving to the poor for the past four or five years a free breakfast at 8 a.m. on Sundays, they have occupied a wide field of usefulness, and are exercising a salutary influence in the families to which those children belong. Shortly after the opening of the dispensary the town council, as I before mentioned, refused to pay the rent of the rooms. But the work did not cease because of this enlightened and liberal-minded failure. We easily collected the necessary amount weekly among a few friends, until the Government gave us a small annual grant-in-aid.

On almost every Saturday, after conducting the bible-classes with the men and women in the gaol, I spent two hours in singing, praying, and conversing on the subjects of

personal religion with the inmates of the Womens' Model Lodging-house. I can never forget the visits of the Holy Spirit with which we were often favoured on these occasions. The deep experience of the man of God, John Gamble, who was usually present at those meetings, added much to this effect; and his holy, self-sacrificing life, caused him to be respected and loved wherever he was known. At the monthly reunions of the christian workers connected with my various institutions his presence always shed a holy influence over the gathering, men realised that God was there, and blessings were obtained surpassing common experience. He is still at work, although close on four score years old, visiting the friendless, the poor, and the dying, as opportunity offers.

Among the men who gave me special help then and afterwards, I must specially distinguished John Gamble, a farmer from Ireland, who, although in comparatively poor circumstances, has greatly honored his Master by his unselfish, devoted, loving labors among the surrounding masses, and especially among the sick poor attending the dispensary. I never met his equal for devotedness and success. His simple loving words, and his encouragement to the sinner to accept what Christ freely offered, followed up by his heartfelt sympathy and prayer of faith with the suffering, the friendless, the drunkard, have been attended by a marvellous success. He still worked in his old age of three score and fifteen years, and on three days in each week, during the attendance of the medical men on the patients, he helped to manage the prayer-meetings and the scripture teaching, and this in addition to his incessant visiting of the sick and the dying. Not long ago his eldest daughter, an eminent christian woman, who had married a devoted christian man, died three months after her marriage. More recently his second daughter married, and this has led to his removal to another suburb where his two remaining daughters, of one heart and one mind with him, watch over him with devoted care, and help in his christian labor with their efforts and their believing prayers.

About the same time at which I first met with John Gamble, I met also a man who came as a patient to the dispensary, suffering from liver disease and dropsy. On inquiry I found the cause to be drink, and, on his promising to abstain, I attended to him until his health was restored. He told me that fourteen years before he had met me at a farmer's house in the country, and that I had relieved him of a severe complaint for which he had consulted me during my visit—that I had then spoken to him seriously, and wanted him to become an abstainer, and that now he deeply regretted he had not taken my advice. He also said he had been educated for a barrister and had been at the Temple in London. I lent him some good books, he became sober, and continued so for two years. At the end of that time, his wife having, unfortunately, upset some boiling water, was severely scalded, was carried to the hospital, and there died. In his trouble he again resorted to drink. His daughter hastened in deep trouble to tell me at the dispensary. On visiting him I found he was laboring under *delirium tremens*. He seemed to know that he was dying, and to be conscious that he was unfit for the change. I got him once more to sign the pledge, and as I could get no paper on which to write it, I had recourse to the back of some adhesive plaster which I took from my pocket-case. He soon recovered, and strove afterwards to teach his children and train them for a higher and a holier life. I visited him some years after in a dangerous illness, when, in response to my question as to his hopes for eternity, he said that through the teachings of the bible, and the help and sympathy he experienced, he had learned to trust in Christ, that all his sins were now gone, and that he had rest in his Redeemer. As he had been a Romanist I was the more gratified. I was with him some years after when he died. His eldest son, who had been in an adult bible-class of mine, became a devoted christian, and has since occupied a useful position in the church. Two of his daughters have also found Christ able to save.

I was requested to attend a respectable, but reduced man, suffering from chronic rheumatism. I learned that he

was Lieutenant Ross, formerly of the Royal Navy, but now a complete cripple—an intelligent, well-informed, and refined gentleman. He helped towards his own and his wife's support by writing letters for those unable to write, making up accounts for tradesmen, and teaching young men at night writing, arithmetic, etc. He told me that he was the third in lineal descent from David Hume, the historian, through whose will £4000 a year descended to the family. Hume's daughter married a Mr. Ross, by whom she had two sons. Of these the elder married an Austrian lady; and, three months after his marriage, was killed in Vienna by a fall from his horse, his posthumous son becoming heir to the property. The younger was my esteemed friend, David Hume Ross. When fourteen years of age he was midshipman on board a man-of-war at the siege of Acre, and was severely wounded in an attempted landing. He afterwards went with Captain Richardson on an exploring voyage to the North Pole, previous to his relative, Sir John Ross, making his celebrated voyage in *The Heckla*. Up to this time, that is for the first twenty years of his life, he had been nominally a Presbyterian. After his return from the north, while his ship lay at Portsmouth, he went to hear a celebrated Roman Catholic preacher, and became so much alarmed about his spiritual condition and future destiny that he sought out the preacher to ask him what he must do to be saved. The result was that he obtained a furlough, and went for three months to a monastery in Belgium. He then came to these colonies, and became first a superintendent of water police in New South Wales, and afterwards classical teacher in the Roman Catholic College in Victoria. Then, at the end of his second twenty years, he became dissatisfied, drifted into scepticism and infidelity, and remained in that bog for three years. He had married a Roman Catholic lady some time before, and now she was compelled to aid in their support by letting furnished lodgings, and in other ways, as I have stated. It was at this time that I met with him. He was confined to bed, and during some years I visited him frequently. Our conversation led, under the power of the Spirit of God, to his accepting the gospel, and becoming

a truly happy and useful christian man. He told me that when he was a Roman Catholic he flogged himself so severely, as a penance for his sins, that his back still bore the marks of his stripes. I enjoyed all my visits to this intellectual and intelligent christian. He spoke of his Saviour to all who came to see him. I was with him in his last moments, and heard his triumphant testimony and witness for Christ—"the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Lieutenant Ross's christian career extended to nearly nine years, and his whole life to fifty-three.

I recall with pleasure other instances of God's transcendent mercy during my attendances at the Free Medical Mission Dispensary. A pious lady, who visited much among the poor, called as I was prescribing one day to request me to visit a young man in a dying condition in one of the small streets in the flats of Collingwood. I objected at first, as his medical attendant might think that I interfered with his patient. The importunity of the good woman prevailed when she said—"He is an infidel. He won't receive a tract, see a minister, or allow any one to read or pray or talk to him about his eternal welfare, and if you don't go I fear he will be lost for ever." When I had finished my work I went with my old friend Mr. Gamble to find the sick man. On opening the cottage door I found him lying on a sofa bed. I took him by the hand, told him who I was, that I had heard of his illness and called to pay him a friendly visit, but not to interfere with his medical attendant. He begged me to examine him. I saw he was dying, but, to please him, I did so. I then asked him what he thought of his disease, and whether he considered that he was likely to recover. He said he hardly thought he could. I agreed with him, and asked him what were his hopes for eternity. His voice faltered. He would not order me to leave the house, as I had been kind to him. He said, with an effort, "I am doing the best I can." I replied an angel could do no more; but what is it you have been doing? He replied, "I have done no great harm." I then explained the gospel of God's grace, opened my testament, and read the last verse of the third

chapter of John's gospel, and saying, "You seem to be an educated man," I dwelt on the fact of the words *believeth* and *hath* being in the present tense, and showed him that he might have peace and pardon and eternal life *now*, if only he accepted the truth of God's Word, believing in Christ. He seemed greatly agitated and deeply convinced of his need of mercy. I asked should I pray for him. "Oh yes, do," he replied. "For what shall I pray?" His answer, twice repeated, was, "Oh, for the pardon of my sins." I was with him about fifteen or twenty minutes, as I had to hasten to Melbourne to attend a meeting of the Morality Society, of which I was honorary secretary. But when at the dispensary on the following Monday I learned from Mr. Gamble, who had seen him next morning, that he "believed the record God had given of His Son," and had found peace and joy unspeakable. Day and night he continued to praise God for His marvellous grace and mercy. When I called on him I found him unable to speak, but in response to my appeal that if he had rest, peace, pardon, and eternal life through his Saviour's merits he would hold up his hand, he raised it on high in the sight of several of his neighbors who were present, among them some Roman Catholics, and all declared their wonder and astonishment to hear a man thus again and again giving glory to God for a conscious salvation, obtained almost literally at the eleventh hour. He was buried on that day week from the day on which I first saw him.

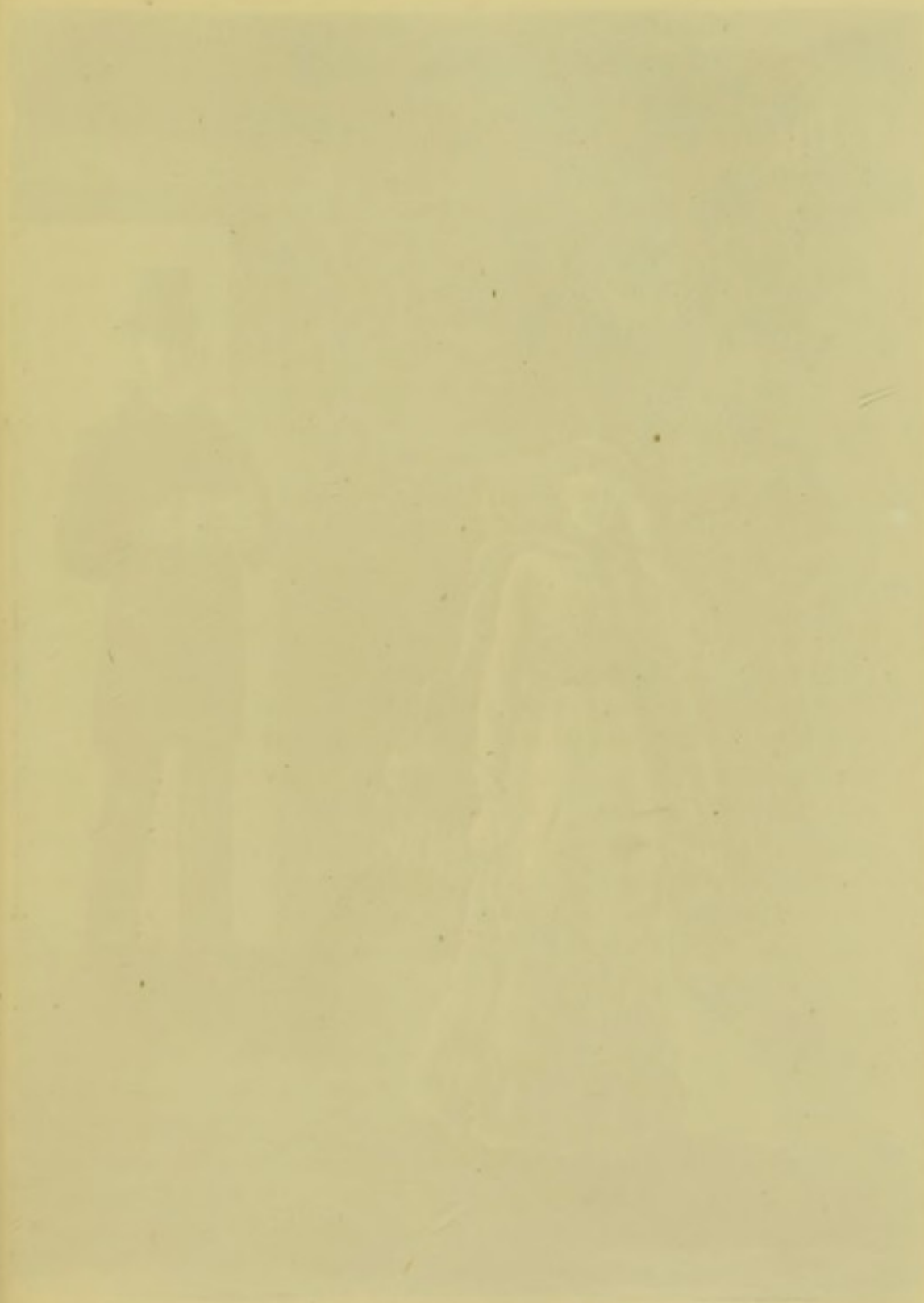
A woman who had by some means heard of this man called at the dispensary on one of my visiting days, asked me to be so good as to visit her husband and speak with him about his spiritual condition, as he did not think about such things, and would be angry if he knew that she had asked me or any one to see him on the subject. He was in consumption. As I have found through life the wisdom of attending to any known duty as soon as possible, I went at once, told him I had heard he was ill and had called to pay him a friendly visit. He thanked me, conversed freely about his illness, and asked me (as I had told him my name) to tell him what I thought of his disease. This, after a formal

examination, I told him faithfully and asked him what his prospects were for another world. He seemed overwhelmed by the knowledge that he should shortly quit the scene of his life, and the directness of the question I had put filled him with consternation. After an interesting conversation he wished me to pray. The result was his speedy conversion. His witnessing for Christ, and his testimony to those who saw him during the three weeks that remained of his life, were of the noblest description, until, at the end of that time, he fell asleep in Jesus.

Not far from his residence there lived a mechanic, who, being ill with dropsy, came to me as a dispensary patient. I found him in an incurable state, and, as my custom was, I asked him was he prepared for the great change. He then gave me the following account of himself:—"One Sunday morning," he said, "as I stood at my door, a young woman handed me a tract. I saw the title was 'Are Your Sins Forgiven?' and I said to her, 'Is it possible to know our sins are forgiven?' She replied, 'Yes; the bible says it is.' I read the tract, and was convinced of my need of salvation, sought mercy through Christ's atonement, and found it. The fear of death is gone, and I know that my Redeemer liveth." He died in perfect peace. I was able to look after the family, and to get some of the boys into a way of providing for themselves. Once when I went to visit them I mistook the street, and went instead to the next, which was like it. As it was a good way off, and I had forgotten the name of my patient, I called at every cottage on the same side for a long distance, making everywhere the inquiry was there a man lying ill there. At length a man standing at the door in response to my question, said, "I am sick, but I have a society doctor; but I would thank you for your opinion on my case." I entered the cottage, examined him, and found he was far advanced in fatal lung disease. I told him so, and before leaving I got his family together, read the scriptures, and offered prayer. He begged me to call again, as he was not prepared for a hereafter. I looked on this as a most providential opening. Soon he found rest for his spirit,

and then immediately became anxious about his family. He constantly testified to the power of God's grace to change the heart and life, and to glorify his prospects for eternity. I was with him in his dying hours, and to the last he exulted in the salvation he had found in the Christ of God. Subsequently two of his daughters got married to two brothers, and both husbands were drowned together while boating on a Sunday. One of the young widows and a younger sister afterwards became humble followers of Christ.

Mr. Gamble, who had long been a successful winner of souls, one day told me that he had been to see a sick man, known to be careless and unconverted, but whom he wished to reach. On entering the yard at the rear of the house (two families lived in it) he accosted the sick man on the subject of the gospel and his need of it. The fellow had a tomahawk in his hand chopping some wood, and he at once said, "Clear out of this as soon as you can. I want none of your black-coated gentry here." Of course he had to go, but he begged that I, on leaving the dispensary, would call on the man. Taking him with me he pointed out the back entrance of the cottage, but left me to go in alone. I found the man and his wife seated on a form at the back of the cottage, told them my name, and said that, hearing he was unwell, I came to make a friendly call. He thanked me, invited me inside, and then took advantage of my being a physician to ask me what I thought of his case, and what he ought to do. I found him dangerously ill from phthisis, told him to send to the dispensary and I would have some medicine prepared for him; that I would see him again, but that as to his disease I feared it was incurable. I then asked him directly was he saved. After some quiet conversation on the nature and requirements of the gospel he said he was not fit for the judgment, that he was a sinner, and begged me to pray with him. At each succeeding visit I found him more enlightened, and more anxious for salvation. In a few weeks he rejoiced in God his Saviour, testified of the conscious forgiveness of his sins, and declared his hope of everlasting life through Christ. I was with him on the night in which





SAVED FROM SUICIDE.

he died, and with Mr. Gamble sang a suitable hymn, and offered prayer, commending his spirit to God. To the last he had perfect reliance on Christ, the Rock of Ages.

I occasionally had to visit the Collingwood Watch-house to see and examine lunatics, and to certify as to their removal to the asylum or otherwise; and for other purposes. One day, while speaking to the constable in charge, a woman with a jug of hot tea asked permission to bring it to a woman then confined in the cells. She presently returned saying, "She won't take it, nor see her husband, or any one." I asked what the case was, and learned that she had attempted suicide by throwing herself into the Yarra, but had been rescued and brought to the watch-house, whence they sent to her friends, who brought her dry clothing. I went into her cell, which was very dark, and as she hurriedly walked about it I said, "There are happy days yet for you." She replied, "No, never! never! never!" I repeated my words, when she stopped and asked, "Is that Doctor Singleton's voice I hear?" "Yes." She then burst into a flood of tears, and, when a little composed, said, "If I had taken your advice I would not have been here now in this position. Some time ago I passed your dispensary one week evening and heard hymns sung. I stopped and listened, and went into the hall. You saw me, invited me in, and also asked me to return. My conscience was aroused, but I never returned, and now I am here." I got her the hot tea, induced her to drink it, prayed with her, and got her to see her husband. She told me she had no children, had got fond of beer, and grieved her husband. She strove to give up the habit of drinking, but failed, and resolved to end her miserable life. In a few weeks she came to my bible-class, soon accepted Christ, and became an excellent christian woman. I was Chief of the Good Templars at the time, and soon after I witnessed her bringing in groups of women to join the Collingwood Working Band Lodge. I had given the lodge that name on its formation at the dispensary. This good woman also gave no little help in preparing the periodical entertainment for the old people, in which she

was much interested. She became, soon after her conversion, a steady member of one of the Methodist bodies.

Another case of attempted suicide I met while out one evening visiting the sick contiguous to the dispensary in Collingwood. An aged man asked me if I was Doctor Singleton, and on my replying he requested me to accompany him to see his aged wife, who he said he was afraid was dying. I found that the old lady had been ill a long time; that she and her husband had formerly been happy members of a christian church, but were now worldly and godless; that she had been sleepless, and used to take a little morphia to procure rest; that a day or two previous her husband had spoken unkindly to her, and, as she felt hopeless and wretched, she took a much larger quantity of morphia than usual, with the intent to end her life; that now a horror of darkness had seized her and she dreaded eternal death. I took her on her own ground, that she was lost, but I pointed out that Christ came to save the lost, even the lost backslider; that if she called on Him, He would in no wise cast her out; and that she was not to look at her sin, but at the Sinners' Friend, and thus to find peace and forgiveness and love to Him who still loved and pitied her. As we prayed together the poor soul trusted in Christ; and when the old missionary, Mr. Gamble, called next morning, he found her rejoicing in God her Saviour, and urging her daughter to meet her in heaven. Three days afterwards she died in perfect peace, through faith in the all-atoning merits of Christ. Her husband came to my adult bible-class, and soon after became a happy, holy, and useful christian worker, and so has continued to be ever since.

One night, on leaving the dispensary, I went with Mr. Gamble to visit an intelligent presbyterian, and his wife who was a Romanist. She had been drinking heavily. When I got near the door I was met by the landlord, who bitterly complained that he could not get his rent, and was annoyed by the intemperance of the people. When I entered the small wooden cottage I found two men and their wives half intoxicated. I apologised for intruding, but was

welcomed when they knew my name. I said I came to tell them how to be rich and happy. I then pointed out the ruin to body and spirit which so often follows intemperance, and asked them to sign the total abstinence pledge which I produced. I said that I wished to be their true friend, and to see them happy and comfortable. The tenant (who I afterwards found was a nephew of the late eminent Dr. Guthrie) signed it, as did all that were present. Prayer was offered for God's pardoning mercy, and for grace to keep their pledges. When I called a few days after, they were from home, and as I very frequently have done, I wrote with my pencil on the side-post of the door an appropriate text of scripture. They saw this and remarked that it must have been from me. I called again, knocked, opened the door, and found that there was no one in the house. The room was particularly neat, with many little comforts and ornaments; and beside the fire hung the bellows, so remarkably white and clean that, in the absence of the residents, I wrote on it in pencil a short note of congratulation and encouragement, and replaced it. This proved very opportune and helpful. I had several conversations with them about the gospel. They soon began to attend public worship, and both became earnest christians. The husband spent his earnings in providing better accommodation for his family, and after a time in purchasing a house and helping forward various works of usefulness in which I was engaged.

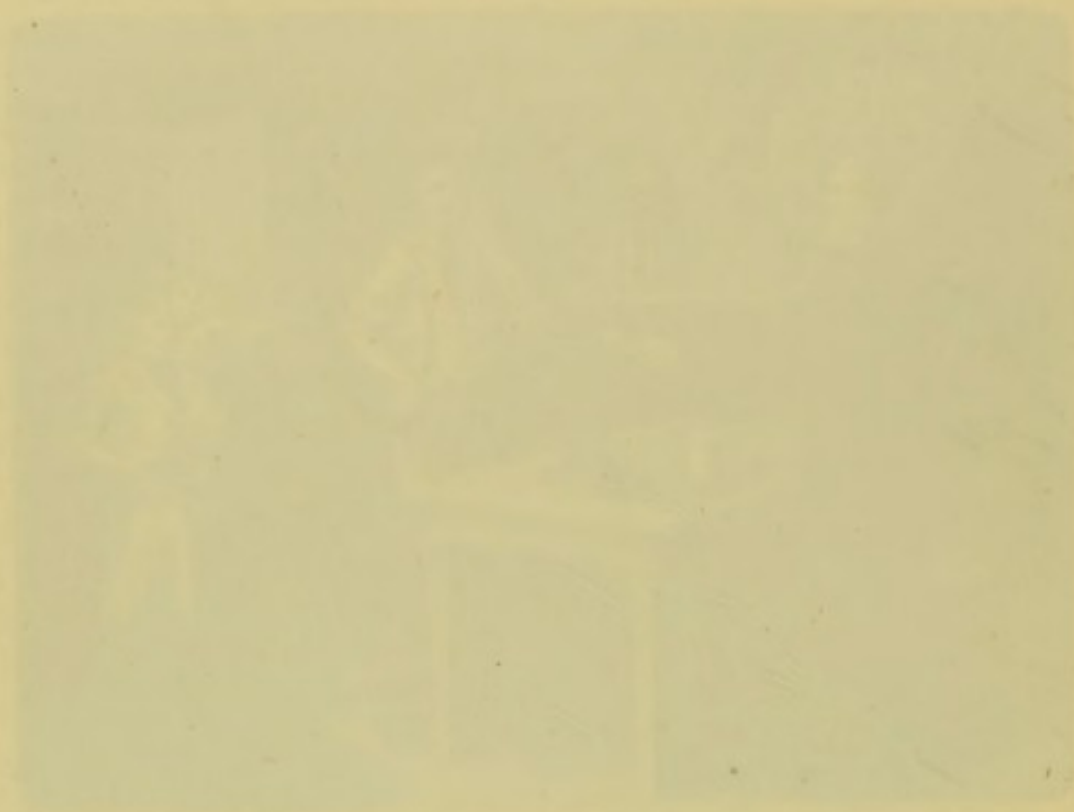
This brings to my mind another effort which I made to reclaim a drunkard, and to bring peace and happiness to an interesting family under peculiar circumstances. After a busy day at the dispensary, I was on my way with the old missionary down a narrow street on a dark night to visit a sick person, when we heard a voice saying, "Oh! my heart will break! my heart will break!" I found the cry came from a woman who appeared to be in deep anguish of mind, and laying my hand upon her shoulder, I asked what troubled her? She told me her husband was drinking, had beaten her and turned her into the street; that life was a burden, and that she was on her way to the Yarra to drown herself

and end it. After I had spoken kindly and hopefully to her I said if I knew where he lived I would go to see her husband and try to get him to become a total abstainer. She led me to the house, told me his name, and promised to wait at hand until I returned. I knocked; no answer. Knocked again loudly, and the man in his shirt-sleeves opened the door and asked me what I wanted. I said, mentioning his name, that I had a matter of great importance to him to mention to him; on which he invited me in. We sat down, and he inquired what it was I wanted to speak about. I said I wanted his help towards reforming that whole neighborhood, as Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, quarrelling, and all kinds of wickedness abounded there. Though somewhat under the influence of drink, he seemed troubled, and, scratching his head, said, "I don't see how I can help you." I then called for a light, which a girl about ten years of age brought in one hand, while with the other she carried a child about three years old. I then told him plainly how the case was, and begged him for his family's sake, for his life's sake, to abstain and sign the total abstinence pledge. While speaking I was astonished to hear the little boy in his sister's arms cry out, "Make daddy a good man! make daddy a good man!" I said, "Do you hear your little one? This surely is a call from God to you." He promised he would sign the pledge if I would call when next in the neighborhood. His wife now returned to the house. I helped to get him employment, and to influence his grown up children for good as to their future. I learned subsequently that the younger child had been brought to the Mission Hall Sunday-school by his sister, and to other meetings for children held there, the mother, although a Roman Catholic, not objecting to it, and had there learned at least the difference between being a bad man and a good one. "A little child shall lead them," said the prophet. And how often has it occurred that a mere child, almost instinctively noting, and certainly feeling, the difference between virtue and vice in its parents, has thus given unconscious expression to that feeling, and has testified of God's truth, appealing with irresistible force to the conscience and heart of the sinning parent.



"MAKE DADDY A GOOD MAN."

(P. 226)



THOUGH HE SLAY ME, YET WILL I
TRUST IN HIM.

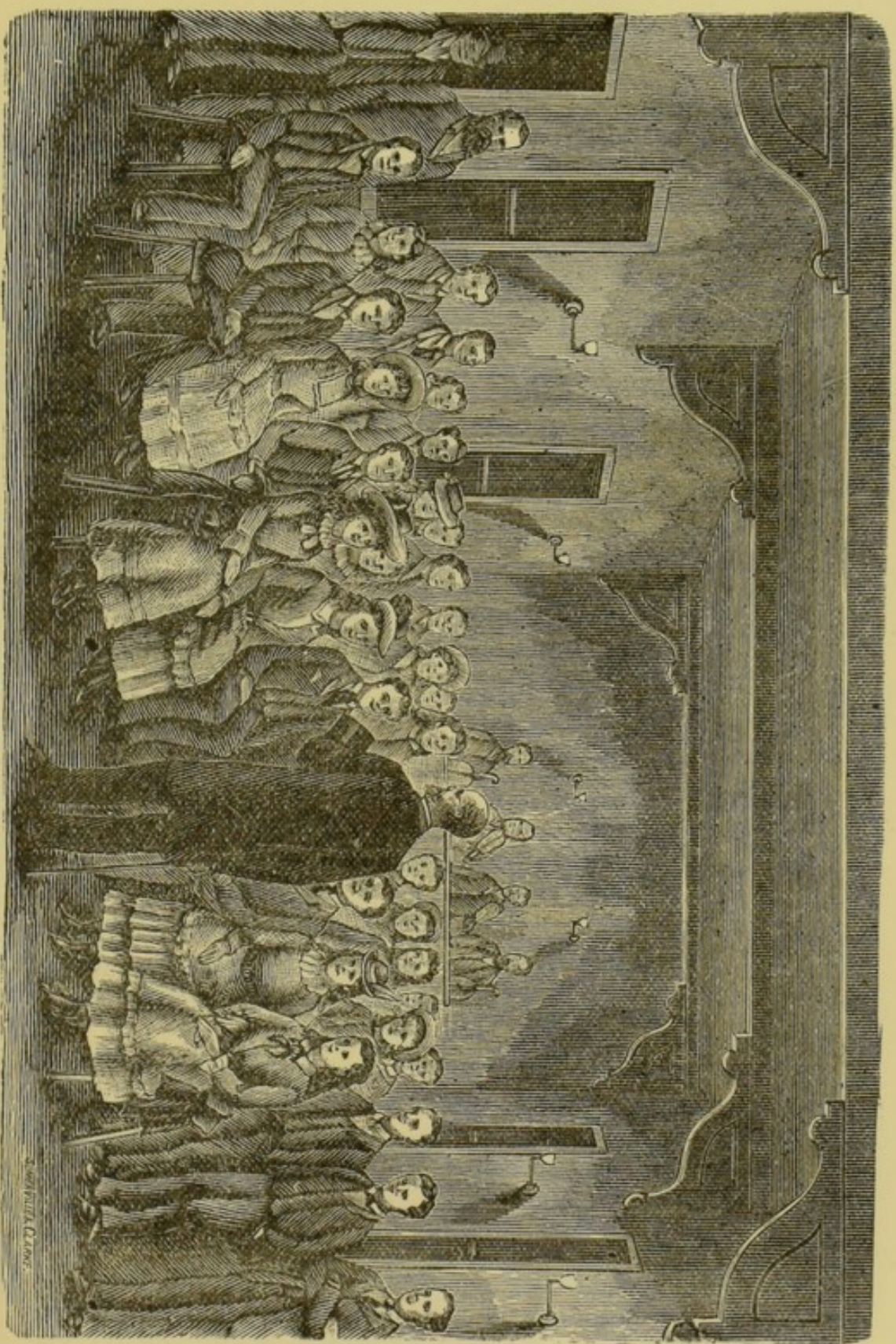
Fixed on this Rock will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay ;
This Anchor shall my life sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away :
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

Often amidst scenes of great suffering I have seen the all-wise hand of God not only in sustaining the sufferer, but in using the suffering to further the work of grace in the sufferer's heart and in that of others. I recall a remarkable case of this description in that of a boy, the son of a chimney-sweep, who had been affected with a cancerous disease in his face for nearly ten years, until, in his twentieth year, he was released by death, and entered the joy of his Lord. He had been brought by God's grace to Christ some time before I began to visit him. The disease had destroyed both his eyes, his nose, his upper lip, and part of one cheek. Yet he never murmured. I often visited him on Sunday evenings, after the meeting of the adult bible-class at the dispensary, and spent a happy half-hour in singing, explaining the scriptures, and in prayer with him and his parents. He was much worn, but thoroughly enjoyed those visits. One hymn which he especially loved to hear sung was—

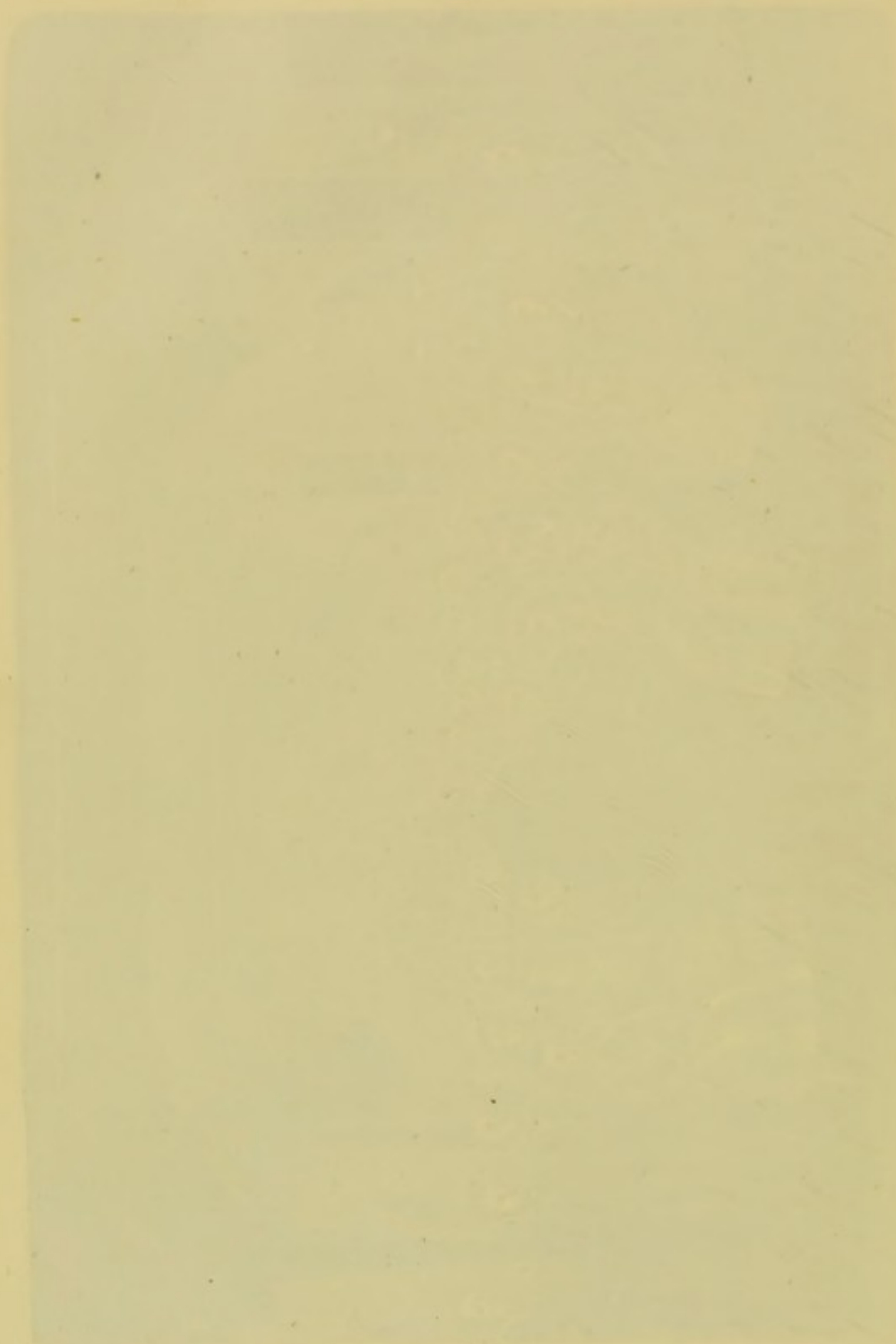
My heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor sin nor death can enter there ;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine—
That heavenly mansion shall be mine !
I'm going home,
I'm going home,
I'm going home, to die no more.

On my return from a visit to Balaarat, whither I had gone for a three days' rest, I told him on my next call that he ought to be greatly encouraged because the Master was using him to do good to others, and that in fact he had been

preaching two sermons last week in Balaarat. I then gave him the following account:—I had gone out with the police sergeant, and my friend Dr. Nicholson, surgeon to the hospital, to see the Chinese quarters, gambling assemblies, etc., in the low lanes of the eastern suburb. As we went I observed a large lighted building, which I was informed was a dance house, where the young people of the town of both sexes became terribly demoralised. As we returned I said I would like to see it. The doctor thought me mad to think of such a thing. The police sergeant said, Let him try it. I entered, and saw about forty young men and women preparing for a dance, and the musicians tuning their several violins. I had no thought what course to take, but felt impelled to enter the place. I said good evening, boys; good evening, girls, to which they responded as I walked to the centre of the hall. I then said, would you like I should sing you a song and tell you a story? They gladly assented, and all sat down on the forms which they had arranged. I told them I was a doctor from Melbourne; that I had a free dispensary for the sick poor in Collingwood; and that I would first tell them the story, and then sing the song. I related to them the account of the patience under his extreme sufferings shown by the sick lad, and his history, and what a blessing he had been to his family and others. I appealed to them to consider that it was trust in God's goodness, wisdom, and love that enabled him to rejoice in God his Saviour night and day; and asked what their parents would think if they knew of their being engaged as they had been at that hour of the night. I then sang the song he so loved, "My heavenly home is bright and fair," and I said he beat time with his wasted hand, and uttered the words, 'Ank 'Od, again and again, the loss of his upper lip preventing his saying Thank God. I then said, you will say when I am gone that I was a strange old man to tell you such a story and to sing you such a song, but some of you may think it over for your future good. Then bidding them good night, to which they all heartily responded, I withdrew. Dr. Nicholson, who was just inside the door,



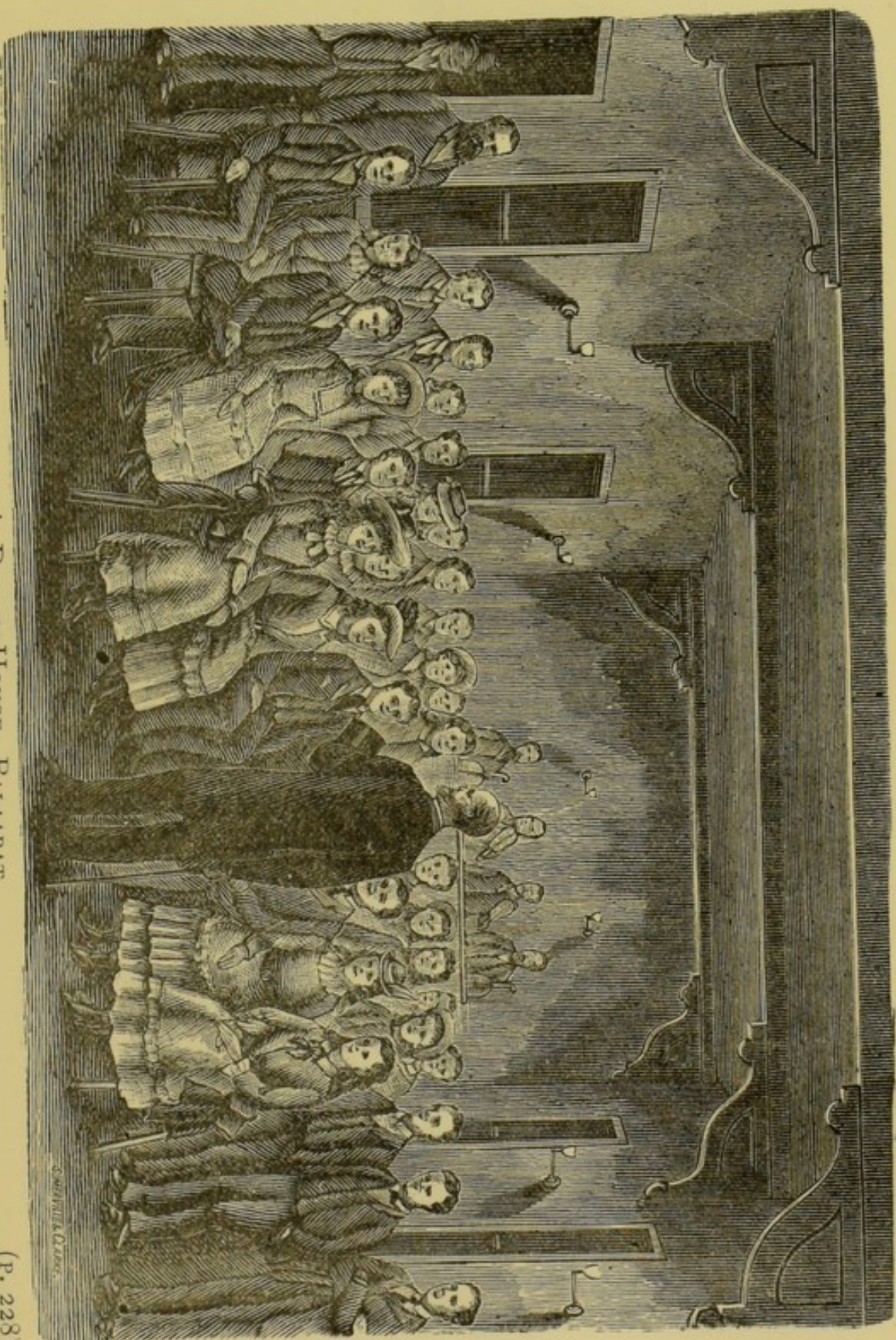
A DANCE HOUSE, BALARAT.



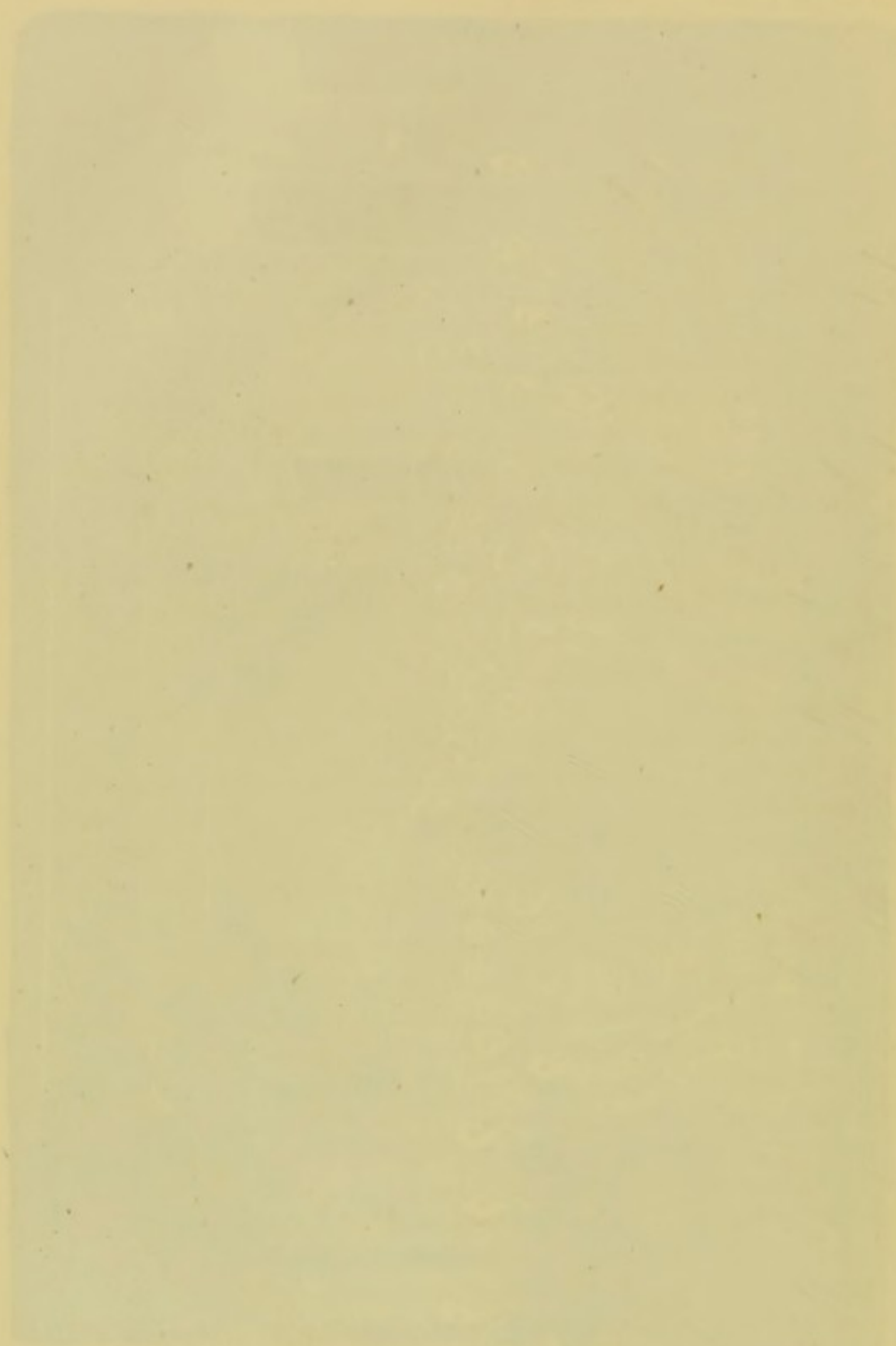
said, I saw several in tears while you spoke. Next day I went through the gaol with the governor, and in the female open yard had my attention directed to a young woman as if a hopeless case; and the governor remarked, if you could do anything to change that girl, who has been in here several times, you would do a wonderful work. I said, she may not have had a good training: or wanted a sympathising hand to help her; and to the girl I said, I will tell you a story and sing you a song which I sang last night in the dance house in East Balaarat. I did so, with a few encouraging remarks on God's love to the helpless, hopeless sinner. She was discharged in a month, and came all the way to Melbourne to claim the promise I had made her in the gaol, that if ever she came I would take her into the Temporary Home for Women, and get her a situation, both of which I did. The young lad was very much pleased to hear of his being thus useful to others. Long before this time he had been the Spirit's agent in leading his father to Christ. The old man had been addicted to drink, but his son first induced him to become an abstainer, and then to yield his spirit, soul, and body to the service and glory of God. He also was a sufferer from cancer in the stomach, of which he died soon after the death of his son. I visited him also frequently during his illness, and saw him die in the Lord. His mother also was the spiritual fruit of her suffering son's faithfulness and devotion. Seven or eight years later I attended her on her death bed, and heard her witness to the goodness, loving-kindness, and faithfulness of God her Saviour, and to the sustaining power of faith in Christ to the last of suffering and of life. And all this, and much more than this, exemplified in a mass of perishing humanity, already mutilated by disease, and rushing to corruption! It passes wonder! And yet it is not wonderful at all. Though the outward man perish, the inward man is renewed day by day. Divine grace is sufficient. Every man, whatever be his rank, condition, circumstances, and whether he be diseased as this poor lad, or in the perfection of physical health, needs equally the same sustaining grace, the same sanctifying truth. And every man may equally have it.

THE LEPERS AT BALAARAT.

During the visit to Balaarat already mentioned, I went with a Chinese interpreter and the Superintendent of Police to the lepers' camp, which I had long desired to visit. The spectacle was terrible. I found the men living in a few old wooden huts, on a deserted part of the goldfield, and in the midst of surroundings the reverse of pleasant, or beautiful, or wholesome. Most of them had lost a finger-joint or eye, and one both. Some had lost fingers and toes, and all the limbs were perishing. In the extreme cases the flesh was shrivelled and shrunk to skin and bone, and in all cases the skin was dried up and withered, and covered everywhere with patches, white and dark, of an offensive and painful appearance. They opened their little garden gate and listened while I told them the story of "Jesus and His love," of the goodness of God, their Father as well as mine; that He loved poor Chinese lepers, and that He had sent His Son, Jesus Christ, to prepare beautiful mansions for them, and for all that trusted in His Son, who died that their sins might be forgiven, and that He would take them to the houses beyond the sky. At this they all began to talk rapidly to each other, so that I was prevented from saying more. I asked the interpreter what they were saying. He replied, "They want to go to the heavenly places." I found that one of them could read the Chinese characters, so I gave him a gospel in Chinese, and a few shillings, on his promise to read to the others from time to time. Before leaving I arranged to have several things done for their comfort—especially that their houses should be supplied with spouting and tanks, to save the rain water for their use; and that they should have a more liberal supply of provisions than they had been receiving. In this particular their own people quite neglected them, and ours had been anything but liberal or attentive. Leprosy is the scriptural type of sin—terrible, hateful, destructive. I left the lepers' camp more deeply impressed with the significance of the figure than ever before.



A DANCE HOUSE, BALARAT.



MORE FREE DISPENSARY EXPERIENCES.

Whether I remained in Melbourne, or journeyed to Balaarat or elsewhere, the work of the Free Medical Mission Dispensary went on unimpeded in all its departments. Before the erection of the mission hall, about sixteen years ago, I held my adult bible-class on Sunday, and a prayer-meeting on Thursday evening, in a cottage in the grounds in part of which the old missionary, Mr. Gamble, and his good wife and pious daughters lived, taking care of the property. He proposed on one occasion that I should unite with him in having a day of fasting and prayer, our special petition being that God would pour out His Holy Spirit on the district, where sin so greatly abounded, and so many lived without God. On the next Thursday evening several persons were quite broken down and in tears, very earnestly sought God's mercy through Christ, and soon rejoiced in His pardoning love. Two of these, a mother and daughter, after living holy, useful lives for nine and eleven years respectively, fell asleep in Jesus. The husband continues to help in spreading the gospel in the country district where he has a farm, and his son is a captain in the Salvation Army. I soon had from fifty to seventy members in my Sunday bible-class, and many were greatly blessed while attending it.

Towards the close of the class one Sabbath a well-dressed man came in and sat near the door. He joined in the hymns, and when, as the usual custom was, I asked any one who felt disposed to offer up prayer, he prayed with extraordinary power and freedom of language. Among other petitions was that God would greatly bless *me*, as I had been the means of his conversion many years before, and because God had used him ever since in preaching the gospel, teaching in the Sunday-schools, and other similar work. As I could not call to mind having seen the man before I told him so, and when we were alone he said, "I was in the Melbourne Gaol for two or three months about

thirty years ago for beating my wife while I was drunk. One Sunday you visited my cell, spoke to me about my eternity, and gave me some tracts. I was then a backslider from God's service, and very miserable. You returned to the cell, and again begged me to give my heart then to God. On your leaving me I sought mercy, and God did not break the bruised reed, but restored to me the joy of His salvation. This was the man to whom reference is made on a former page, who was known as "the drunken shoemaker," whom the chief warder had asked to spend the night with a prisoner cast for death on the following morning, whom the spirit of God employed to lead the dying man to Christ, and through whom not he only was saved at the eleventh hour, but two of the gaol warders also were lead to consecrate life to God's service and glory.

A girl about fourteen years of age was led to a saving knowledge of the truth while quietly standing among others in the hall during one of our prayer-meetings. She is a servant, and has helped to support her aged parents for over twelve years past, and by her consistent christian life was able to lead her mother to Christ, and also her brother, who, although thought to be idiotic, yet grasped the promises of God, and rejoiced in the great redemption. The missionary (Mr. Gamble) and I frequently visited the family, whom we always found to be following a christian course—adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour.

At the close of the prayer-meeting in the old dispensary one night a woman entered and sat down. A minister of one of the Wesleyan bodies was present. She told us that she had been away from her husband and little children drinking for three or four days, was now sober, but was afraid to go home, and begged us to go with her and make her peace with her husband. Although I did not know her, and she lived nearly a mile off, and it was late in the night, we went, I and my friend the minister. We knocked at the door. A woman with the youngest child in her arms opened it, and in reply to our inquiries said the husband was absent. I said we would sit down and wait for him. The mother

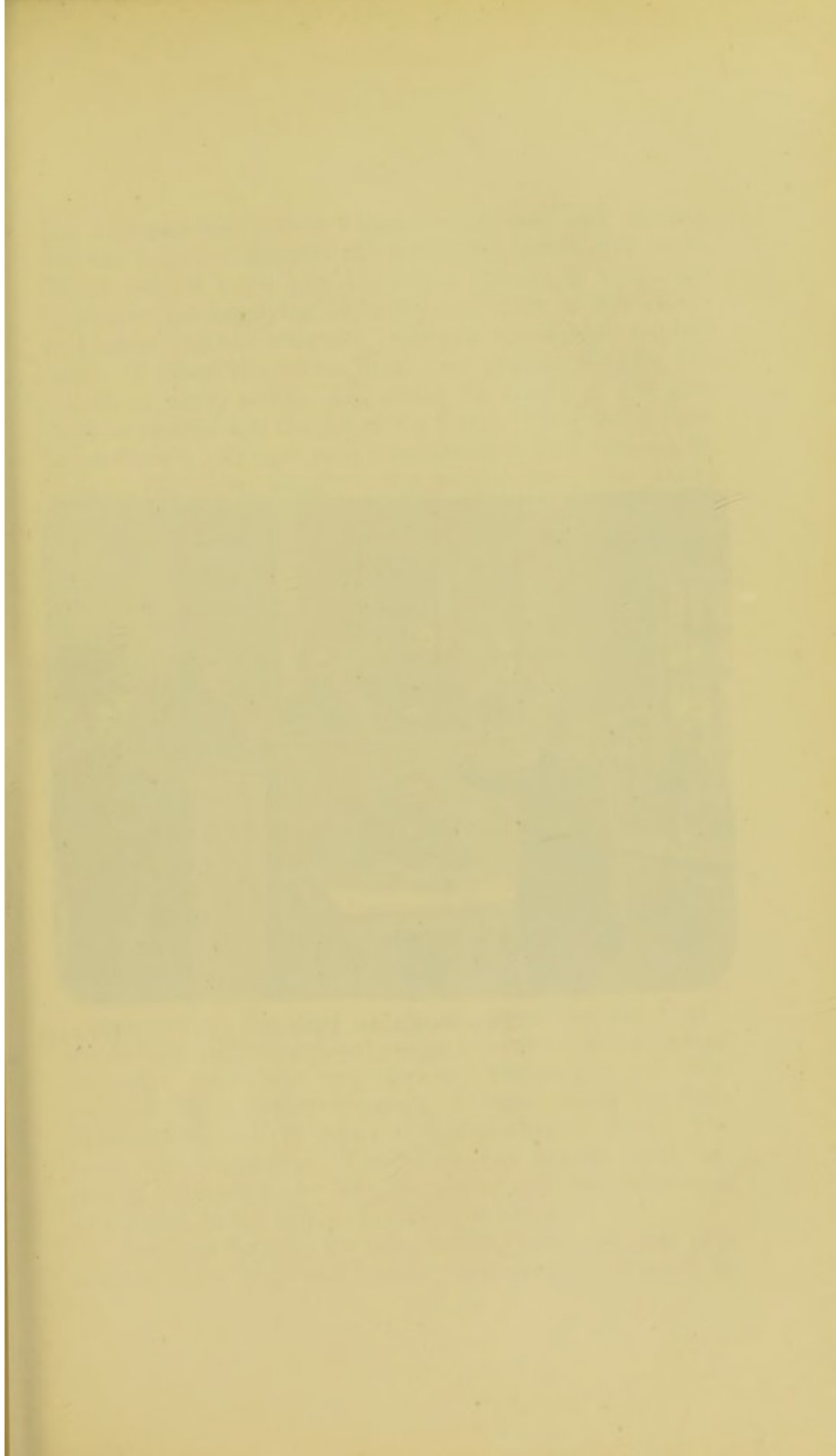
then entered and took the child to her bosom. To pass the time I proposed singing a hymn or two. After this it struck me that the husband was in an inner room, and we soon found him there. He said he would not receive his wife. He would not live with her again. We persuaded him at least to let her remain for the night. That settled it. Both soon after became members of my friend's church, and they lived happily together for many years.

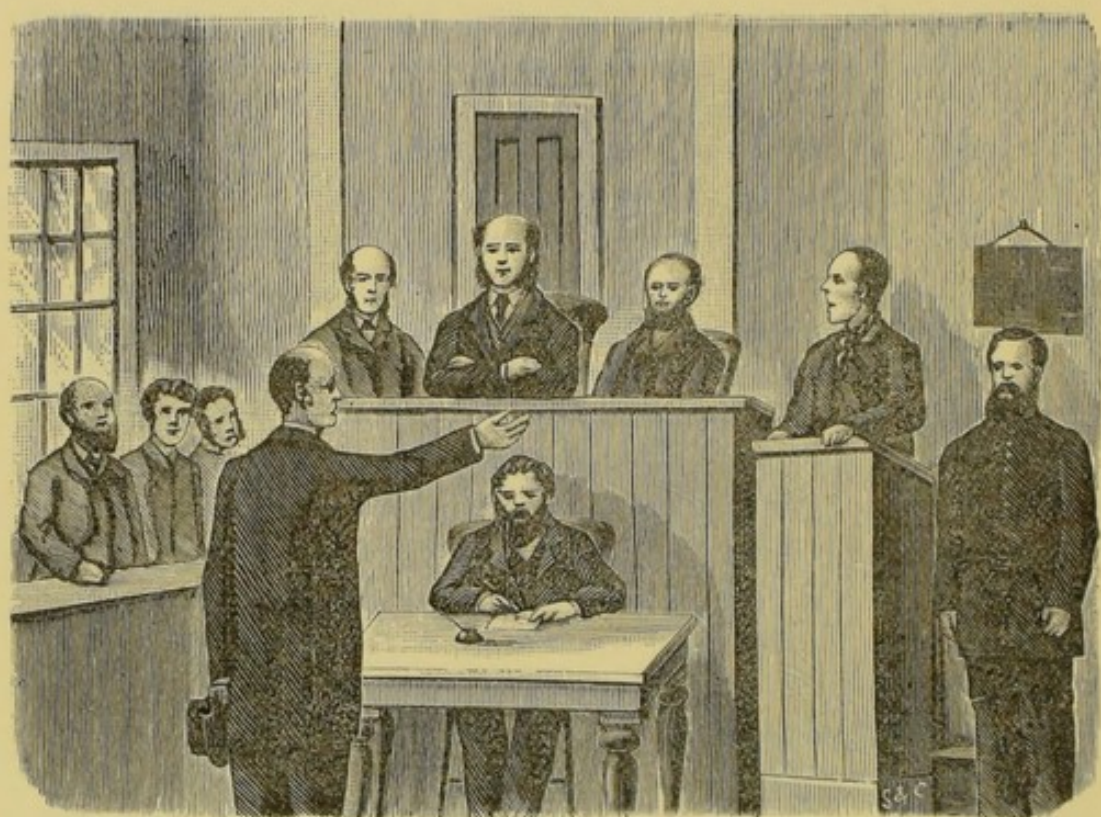
The same minister conversed with me about the number of aged people around, and their unprepared state for eternity, as well as their need of christian sympathy. The outcome was that I got cards printed and given out by a number of friends, to the aged poor of the neighborhood, inviting them to a social tea-meeting, with singing, and short, cheerful addresses of five minutes each, by male and female speakers. We had about 300 present. An old Scotch woman, in her 102nd year, sat beside my wife, and gave a brief account of her history. I attended her on her death bed about two years after. Her end was perfect peace. The old people so enjoyed this first meeting that I have continued to hold such meetings periodically up to the present. The nineteenth annual meeting was held a few weeks ago. All have been held on the same principle as the first. The old folks usually join in the choruses of Sankey's hymns, and some on being invited offer their testimony to the saving and keeping power of the grace that is in Christ. About six years ago two centenarian women sat beside my wife, one in her 99th year (a Romanist), the other in her 102nd year. The former was awakened that evening to feel her need of a Saviour, and in her 100th year found perfect rest and rejoiced in God till her death. A year afterwards she testified before 350 people assembled that God for Christ's sake had pardoned her sins, and caused her to hope in His salvation. She was very useful, materially and spiritually, in her department of the home until she passed away in peace. The latter is still alive. She made, at the meeting just referred to, the most earnest address of the evening, in which she said that she had opened the first Sunday-school in

Victoria, before Melbourne was laid out as a city, when the aborigines were yet encamped on the spot, and but a few European families from Tasmania were in the country. She is a bright and happy christian, and is now living comfortably in one of the homes I have for women. She sings, reads without glasses, and sews very neatly. She finished her 108th year in March, 1891, but she looks forward to the next annual gathering of the old people with great interest. She offers an earnest and spiritual prayer at the bible-class, and has given excellent addresses at several meetings. (Since the above was written some friends of this old lady have removed her from the home, and I understand that she is living with them.)

At these gatherings a large number of text-books in good print are presented to the guests, hymn-books, periodicals, and Words of Comfort. On the following day, so large is the amount of provisions sent by kind friends, that from forty to fifty poor families have portions sent to them, especially to the houses where there is sickness or want of employment. God has greatly blessed these gatherings spiritually to all classes and to all ages.

On one occasion a negro, a fine athletic man, came to the dispensary, as a patient, suffering from incipient phthisis. He had a christian wife and three children, and thus could not go up country to a purer air. On questioning him he told me he had found Christ to be his Saviour many years previous when working on the goldfields. One Sabbath his mate said to him, "While I go into town to get orders for wood you might fell that tree." He replied, "Is not this Sunday?" "Yes! but you never objected to work on Sunday before." When alone, God spoke to his inmost nature with such power and directness that, in an agony of fear and dread of eternal punishment, he fell on his knees near the tree, and sought mercy and forgiveness. Before his mate returned from the town, he had obtained peace and was filled with joy in hope of the glory of God. He came to Melbourne, got engaged as a steward for a ship bound to England, there saw his wife, also a person of piety and christian life, married





THE PUBLICAN FINED.

(P. 235)

and returned with her to Victoria. She was very delicate, but had helped to support the family by embroidery work. At his request I got him a suitable barrow, or truck, and appliances for supplying hot coffee and cocoa to the sailors and laborers on the wharves. In a year his disease laid him aside. I heard him on his death bed praising God for His wondrous mercy to him, and giving his family to His care until he entered into the joy of his Lord. They never have wanted since, and have been blessed and made a blessing to many. His eldest daughter has written some nice poetry and hymns of an evangelical character.

These experiences were very delightful. But the brightest story has its sombre shades. One dark night, returning home from visiting some cases of sickness in one of the narrow Collingwood streets, I noticed a woman standing at the door of a beer shop, and heard her say, in tones of great distress, "Don't give my husband any more drink. You can see that he has had too much already." I asked for a few particulars, and then went into the bar. There I saw the husband of this respectable woman far gone in drunkenness, and at once requested the publican to accede to his wife's entreaty, give him no more drink, but let him go home with her. This he bluntly refused, saying he was licensed to sell drink, and he would sell it to whom he chose, at the same time filling a glass with beer. I then told him that if he gave it to the intoxicated man I would have him summoned before the magistrate for breach of the licensing law. He gave it notwithstanding, and then told me to "clear out of the bar." I did so, reminding him that I would keep my promise, and asking the injured wife to attend the court, which she very willingly promised to do. The publican had a lawyer engaged. I simply stated the facts to the bench, and the man's wife corroborated them. The result was inevitable. The fellow was heavily fined, and shortly afterwards he left the place, and the drink-shop was closed, to the gain and comfort of many.

Not very far from the same locality lived the wife of a working man who had become intemperate—so much so

that she spent on drink at a neighboring public-house all the money she could lay her hands on, and never had enough. One day, not having cash to buy the drink she longed for, she asked the publican to give her some on credit. She was refused, of course; on which she said, "Have I not spent all the money I could get with you, and now do you refuse to trust me a little?" She was then told to be gone, or the police would be sent for, and she would get another kind of trust. This was the turning point of the unhappy woman's life. From that time she faithfully abstained, and before long had for herself a comfortable and happy home, the Spirit of God using the unfeeling manner in which she had been treated to bring her to a better mind, and I hope to a better life also for this world and the next.

GOLDEN LINKS.

Some years ago I met a combination of providences so striking that I wrote a tract on the subject, which I headed, "Golden Links of God's Providence." A young man with diseased lungs came as a patient to the dispensary. I told him his danger (as tubercular disease in an advanced stage was evident). I learned from him that he had been born in Ireland; that his mother, although a Roman Catholic, as there was no Catholic Church in the village, allowed him, at his own request, to attend the Presbyterian Sunday-school, where he saw and learned many excellent things, and that when he left with his family to come to Australia he was presented with some very good books. Afterwards in Victoria he forgot all this, and became reckless and wicked, and plunged into vice, until by and by he received an injury by a fall from his horse, and was forced, when lying for several months on a sick bed, to think on the past, and seriously to ponder the future that lay before him. It was thus that I became acquainted with him. I visited him when he was unable to see me otherwise; and I found one of the missionaries had been to see him, and had showed him how he might be saved, and that he had sought rest

in Christ and found it. His wife, while attending each week at the dispensary for his medicines, was also awakened to her need of salvation by the text, John iii : 16, on the wall of the waiting-room opposite where she sat. She told her sick husband, who prayed with her, instructed her in the truth, and she also found like precious faith. I got Mr. Gamble to call on them, and soon after the husband fell asleep in Jesus. One day the wife's father called to see her, and met Mr. Gamble, who asked him was he saved. His reply was characteristic. He said, "I pay every one 20s. in the £ and go to church; what more do you want?" He was then told about his sin, and about the remedy in Christ, and urged to repent and seek His redemption. Soon after, having been taken ill, he went to the hospital, where the kind old missionary visited him, and by and by he died, full of hope and comfort, and humble trust in Christ. His daughter, the young widow, telegraphed to her sister and her brother-in-law at Geelong to come over and have him buried. The brother-in-law went to the hospital to see the body, arranged for his burial, and got the clothes of the dead man. These he fastened up and carried away. I happened some time before to have been at the hospital, and while there had distributed a few tracts in a special ward. On leaving I found a small leaflet in my pocket, too trifling to offer anyone, and unwilling to destroy it I folded it into a small piece and stuck it in the hospital fence. Hundreds passed it, but it struck this young man to pick it out and read it. It had the words "Prepare to meet thy God" in large letters on the front page, and a couple of texts on the back. Conviction of his sins and of his lost condition instantly seized him. He hastened to his sister-in-law's house, where his wife was, and throwing the parcel of clothing on the floor, he told them what had occurred. After the funeral he returned home in deep trouble, and for three days he could find no rest. So powerful were his convictions, and so distressing was the state of his mind, that on the third evening he was strongly tempted to commit suicide. A thought, however, was suggested to him to go and see a

minister of the gospel. He did so, and was told that his convictions were an evidence that God's Holy Spirit had produced them, that Christ died to save him, and he was recommended to go home and pray to God for Christ's sake to pardon his sins. He took the advice, and before dawn next morning he saw by faith that he had a personal interest in Christ's atonement, and was so filled with joy that he aroused his wife, told her what God had done for him, and would also do for her if she sought mercy through Christ. She soon yielded her heart to her Saviour. They opened their door for the teaching of the gospel, and gathered in their neighbors and held many happy meetings in their own house, and elsewhere in the suburbs of Geelong. They early joined one of the christian churches. The husband still holds on his useful work, as do also his wife and his sister-in-law. The latter came to my bible-class, and for a good while sent her children to the Sunday-school in the mission hall. She is married again, and living where she still has the opportunity of sending them to Sunday-school. She is often visited by Mr. Gamble.

Of the very large numbers of persons known to have been awakened to a sense of their need of the forgiveness of sin, and converted to Christ in the mission hall, and in connection generally with the Free Medical Mission Dispensary, a considerable proportion were first influenced by the scripture texts and christian mottoes exhibited on the walls. "God so loved the world," "Christ died for you," "Nothing to pay, Christ paid all," "On Him was laid the iniquity of us all," "By His stripes we are healed," "Look unto Me and be saved." These, and others similar, drew attention to the fact that all were invited to come—to come now—to accept freely—and to be saved. The sinner was encouraged to come just as he was; he was shown that fasting, praying, reading the bible, striving to keep the law, and all else of the kind, could avail just nothing; and that he must accept a present salvation as a free gift, or not at all. Multitudes found rest and peace in believing. They learned that it honored God to believe in His Son, and the work of faith brought the sense of justification with God according to His Word.

Previous to each meeting we engaged in prayer to the Lord the Spirit that He would clothe His Word with power, and use it to save the hearers. Devoted men of various churches held evangelistic meetings on week evening; temperance meetings were conducted on gospel principles weekly; a Sunday-school was established for children who had gone to none; the library supplied the best reading; the free Sunday breakfast, for children of the poor, delighted 120 to 140 every week; and every department of the work so prospered that very early I had to enlarge the mission hall to accommodate 200 more than had been thought for at first. The expense had always been considerable, but there never has been any failure of means. We had but to make our wants and wishes known to the good Lord, and to-day we are able to say we have never wanted. A young women's bible-class has been conducted by a pious and judicious lady for about fourteen years past. Many of the pupils have from time to time accepted the gospel. As they got married or removed elsewhere others fell into their places. I have also had an adult bible-class for about seventeen or eighteen years, which God has greatly blessed.

Seven years ago the Salvation Army came to Victoria. I had read of the work they were so successfully doing among the masses of the people in England, and gladly gave them at once the use of the mission hall for their meetings, at hours which did not interfere with the Sunday-school, bible-classes, etc. They were at first violently opposed by men of the lowest classes, often beaten and injured, the fences of the hall were broken, the doors torn off the hinges, walls injured, and windows repeatedly broken; but by patient continuing in well-doing they put their enemies to silence, and made friends of the most riotous of their opponents. Within their first year so greatly was the divine power made manifest it was computed that not less than 1000 persons had in that hall sought salvation, and testified as having found in Christ pardon and peace, and love to God and man. The Army, after a time, was able to buy a larger building in the same street, but I still allowed the "juvenile soldiers," about 120

in number, under proper supervision of course, to hold their services there, on Sunday mornings, after the other gatherings had been disposed of. On Thursday evenings the Good Templars held blue ribbon and gospel temperance meetings there. Although the modes the Army adopted by which to reach the masses outside the churches may have seemed strange and eccentric, yet, witnessing the devotion of the "soldiers" to Christ, and the happy results of their labors, I have felt it an honor to help the Salvation Army by any influence I possess—by money, by letters in the city and provincial newspapers, by deputations to the Government, and at their public meetings; and especially in their efforts to reclaim the criminal classes and the vicious. Colonel Barker, for about six years, helped me much in various ways in the weekly meetings with prisoners in the Melbourne Gaol. It was at one of my meetings in connection with the temporary Home for Fallen and Friendless Women, that the colonel, under God's blessing, conceived the idea of commencing similar rescue work in connection with the Army. One of the prisoners in the Melbourne Gaol, being under deep conviction of sin, requested me to bring to see him a friend in the Salvation Army, whom he had known as a fellow-prisoner. This friend had been brought to Christ, and was now an active worker in his service. Hearing of this prisoner's conversion, the colonel resolved to establish a Home for the Reception of Discharged Prisoners, and asked me to aid him by looking out for a suitable house for the purpose. This I willingly did, and thus was commenced a work of mercy which has spread not only to the other colonies, but also to America and to England, and latterly to the Continent of Europe; and which has accomplished incalculable good for the unfortunates for whose welfare I had labored for many years with considerable success. In this work I gladly gave all the assistance I could, and I always rejoiced to see the wonderful success that has attended it. To God be the everlasting praise of his goodness and his truth.

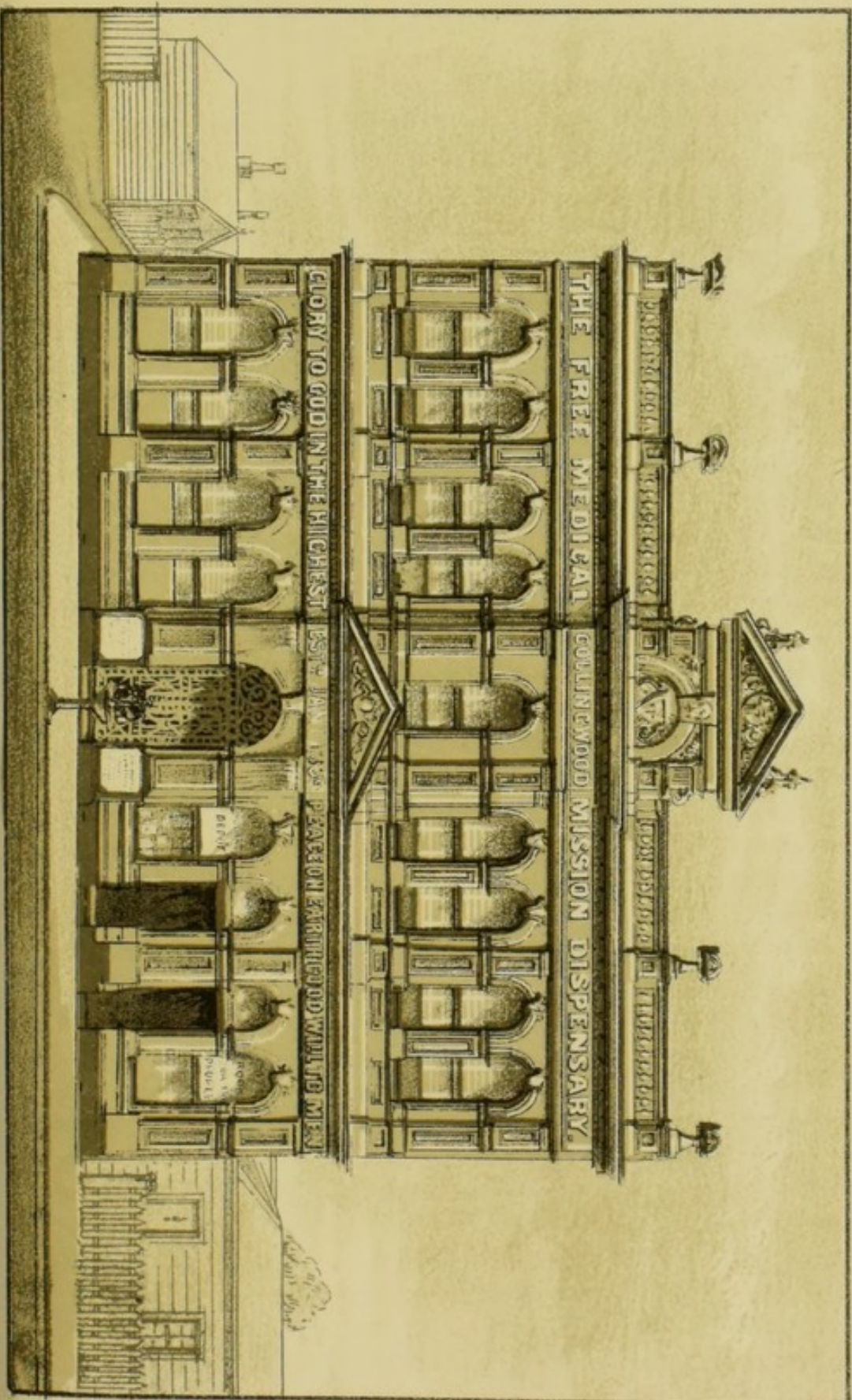
I was accustomed to go occasionally with Mr. Gamble on a visiting tour among christians of the poorer classes,

praying, singing, conversing with them on scriptural subjects and encouraging each other to a closer walk with God, and to the practical use of our various gifts for God's glory. Out of many happy reminiscences I may give one as an illustration. While visiting in one of the suburbs my friend said he had promised, if in that locality, to call on a publican who had been religiously brought up by his parents, but who for years had led a reckless life, and was latterly much given to intemperance. He asked would I object to go to the house, and I at once assented. We found the roadside inn, and the publican in his shirt sleeves speaking with a gentleman whose carriage was waiting at hand. We walked about until he was disengaged, when he asked us did we want him. My friend inquired if he knew Mr. So-and-So, naming the man who had asked him to go and see him. The publican then abruptly said, "Come now, what do you want with me?" My friend was rather disconcerted, and referred him to me, mentioning my name. He then asked me what I wanted to say to him. I said we were looking for lost sheep in that direction. He replied it was a queer place to come to to look for lost sheep. After a moment's thought he asked us into a richly-furnished parlor, and went in search of his wife, who proved to be a kind and interesting woman. Returning with her he said, "These two gentlemen have come here, they say, seeking lost sheep." She replied, "They have come to the right place, for we are both stray sheep. I never have been happy since I entered on this business." They persuaded us to take lunch with them and their children, who had just come in from school. I had some childrens' books in my pocket, which I gave to the little ones, writing a name in each. I then told them the old, old story, and having offered prayer we left them. Within two months the man died, and a friend who saw him on his death bed told us that he had sought the fold of his parents, and that the Good Shepherd took him in. The wife, whom I visited shortly after, promised to quit the trade, which she soon did, and retired to another suburb with her children; but within a

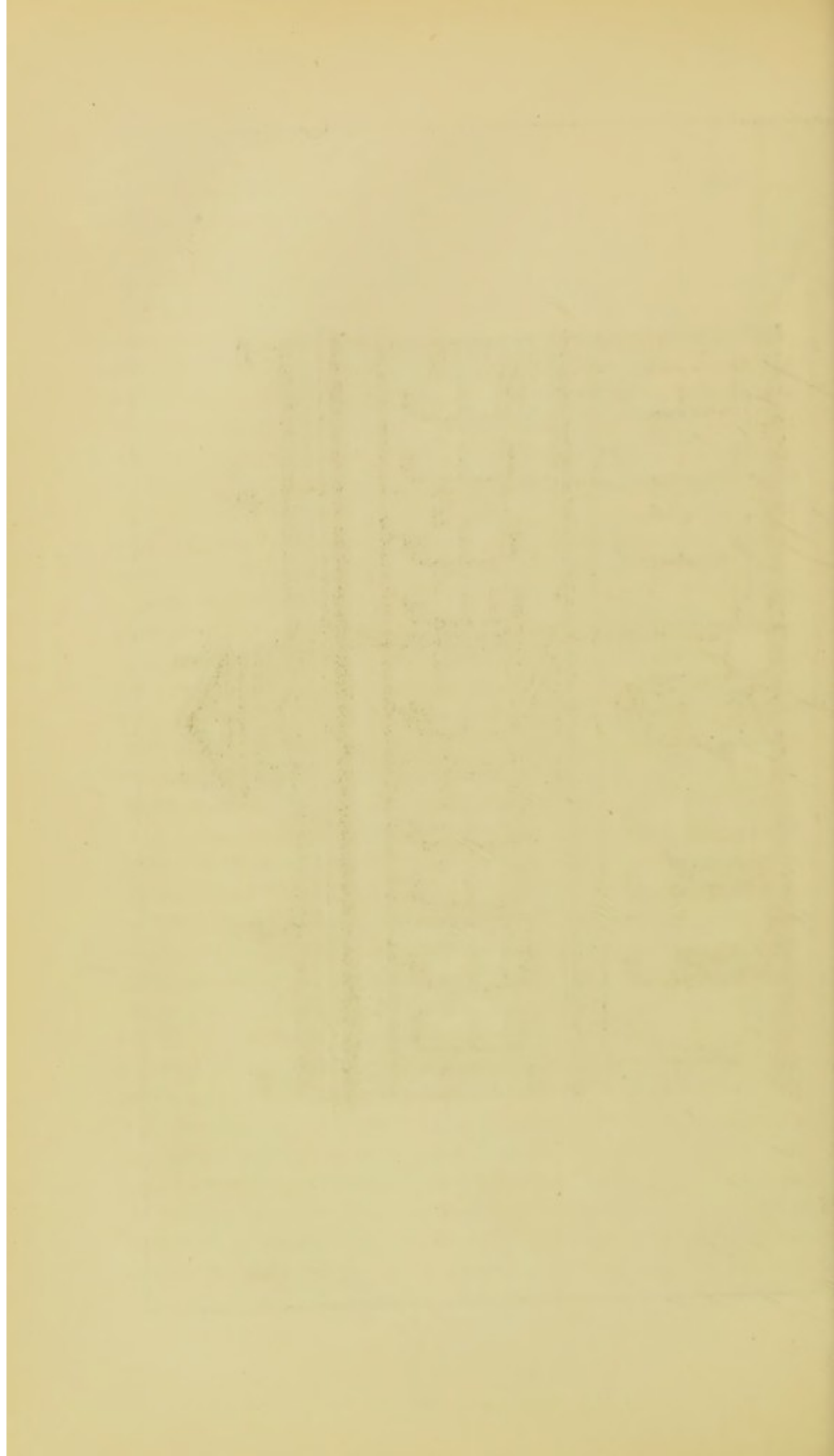
year after she also died, witnessing to the last that Christ, the Rock of Ages, was her Redeemer and her Saviour.

THE NEW DISPENSARY.

The buildings in which the work of the Free Medical Mission Dispensary had been conducted were not new when they were first devoted to that work, and they did not improve with age. They had furnished a home to every good effort made on behalf the poor, the suffering, and the lost of the surrounding districts for many years. In them every attempt to improve the physical, the mental, the moral, and the spiritual condition of the people, from the boys' drum and fife bands and evening classes, up to the highest and most direct labor in the publication of gospel truth for the personal salvation of the hearers, had found accommodation and co-operation. And this was during years when churches were fewer than they have since become, and efforts for the good of the lapsed masses were less direct and less intense than they are now. But the buildings did not improve with age. They had not been originally built for such purposes, and were never very convenient. They were too small, not well arranged, not so healthy as could be desired, and they had become in some degree unsightly. We had regularly paid for them a small annual rent, until at length the lease expired, and the property opportunely came into the market for sale, when I at once resolved, in dependence on God's good providence, to purchase it if it were possible. I immediately set to work in the way of collecting money, and was most blessedly successful, ladies and gentlemen freely contributing of their abundance, until I was speedily beyond the reach of anxiety on the subject, and felt no hesitation in proceeding with my arrangements. In 1868 the property was offered for public sale by Messrs C. J. and T. Ham in due course, and the sellers willingly consented to my having it, for the purpose designed, at perhaps a smaller price than they might have obtained had I not bid for it. The cost of the



THE FREE MEDICAL MISSION DISPENSARY, COLLINGWOOD



property as it stood was £1053. I then applied to Mr. J. F. Gibbins, architect, of Collins-street, to prepare plans of the new buildings, which he did with excellent skill, and offering his work without fees. The structure contains a large central Mission Hall at the back for evangelistic services, bible-classes, prayer-meetings, and rooms for mothers' meetings, bands of hope, and other similar things. There is in the main building a large and commodious dispensary, with two large waiting-rooms attached, in which christian literature is always at hand; and also two consulting-rooms for the medical men; and there is a free reading-room, with a registry office for the unemployed. There are, facing the street, a coffee-room for the million, where "all drinks" can be had for the small sum of one penny each, with a shop for the sale of bibles and christian books, suitable for unlearned readers, and at prices to suit limited purses. There is a caretaker, of course, who is paid for his labor and time, but, apart from this, all the work of the institution is done by christian volunteers, who represent no special churches, and advocate no special distinctive opinions, but speak and act for the living Christ only; of His right in the men and women whom He has redeemed to Himself, and of their right in Him who loved them, and gave Himself for them.

The building was publicly opened for the uses to which it was designed on the 31st of January, 1889. It had cost, completed with furniture, fittings, etc., £3773 15s., and on that day we not only owed no man anything but love, but I had in my hands, clear over and above all expenses, the sum of £8 5s. in good English money. To God be the everlasting praise. The structure stands in the centre of Wellington-street, which is itself the chief centre of the business activity of the densely-peopled suburb of East Collingwood. The width of the building is 54 feet and the height about 60 feet. On the front of the pediment appear the words "Free Medical Mission Dispensary for the Sick Poor." Over the ground story is written "Glory to God in the Highest; peace on earth, and goodwill to men." On the white marble foundation stone is the date on which

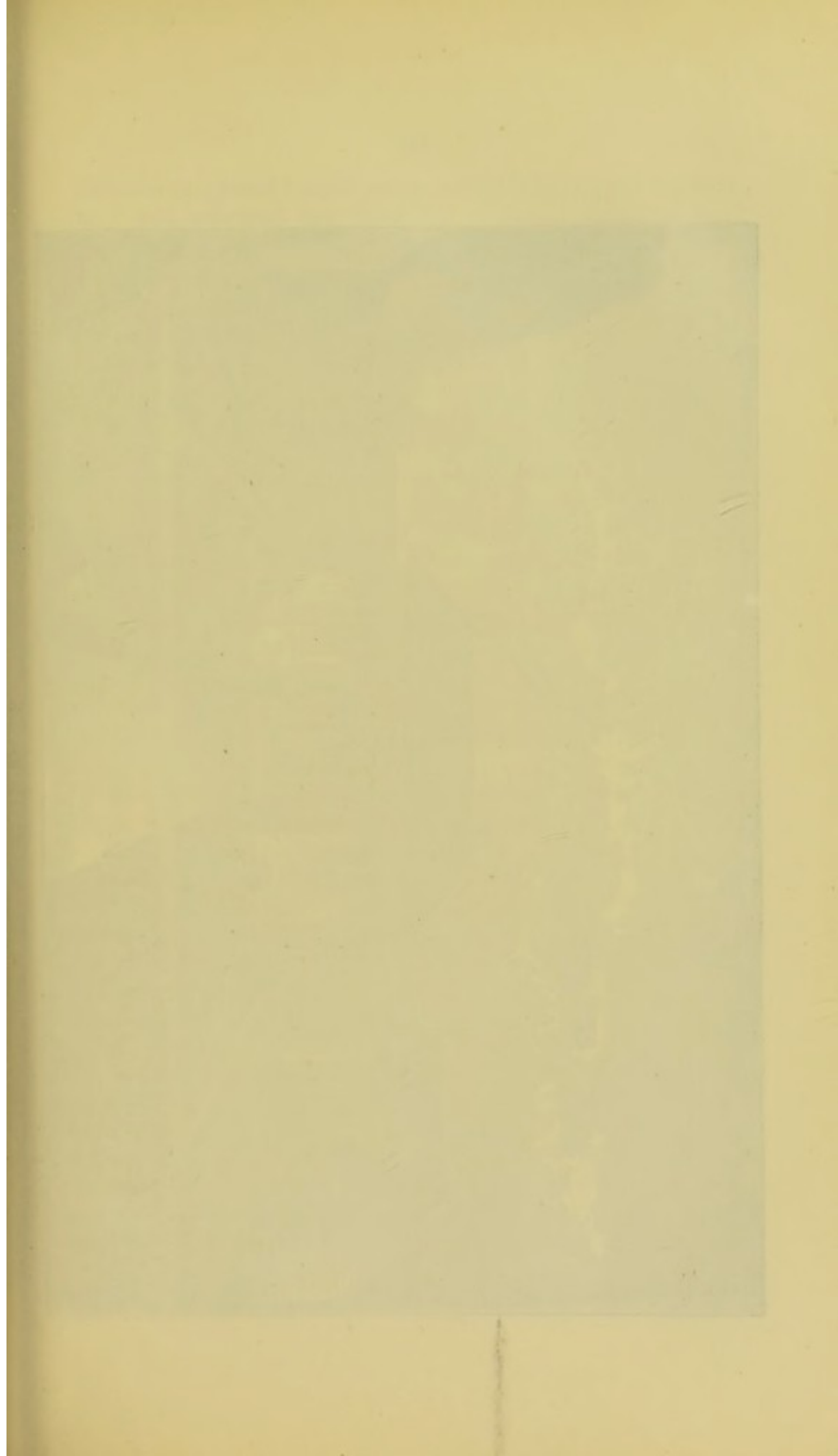
it was laid (22nd June, 1887) with the name of John Gamble, "the beloved missionary and visitor to the afflicted poor," who laid it, and four gospel texts in full for every passer by to read—Luke ix : 2-6; John iii : 16; Matthew xi : 28-30; Luke xv : 21. Opposite the iron gate in the centre there stands on the pathway a drinking fountain for public use, and which has already cooled many a fevered tongue, and saved some cash from the hands of the publican. This was presented by my three grandsons, who conjointly originated and carried out a children's bazaar for the purpose of obtaining it and placing it where it is. It is beyond question that the district has greatly benefited in many ways in the years that are past, by the presence of such an institution within it. It is on the one hand a standing witness for the Christ of God, a sermon in bricks and mortar, speaking by its very existence, constitution, and purpose of Him who "bare our sicknesses and carried our sorrows." Large numbers of those who have received spiritual good in it have connected themselves with the churches of their choice, and many are engaged, as we advised them, in works of christian usefulness. Multitudes of the people, on the other hand, have saved their money instead of drinking or otherwise squandering it, and have become, through the savings bank and the building society, owners of their cottages, furnished them, and made them homes of comfort and peace, and besides have secured some stand-by, more or less, against a rainy day. It is believed that between the Free Dispensary and the Salvation Army hardly any district can be found that is better supplied than this with the help that suffering humanity needs, and the results are observable in the great increase of sobriety, domestic comfort and happiness, the development of industrious economical habits, and the growth of virtue in individuals and in families. And it is confidently believed and hoped that these effects will not only continue, but increase and extend, and prove a perpetual and growing blessing to the surrounding population. I am hoping, if my Master spare me, to see in time a local hospital built on a site behind the Mission Hall, and in

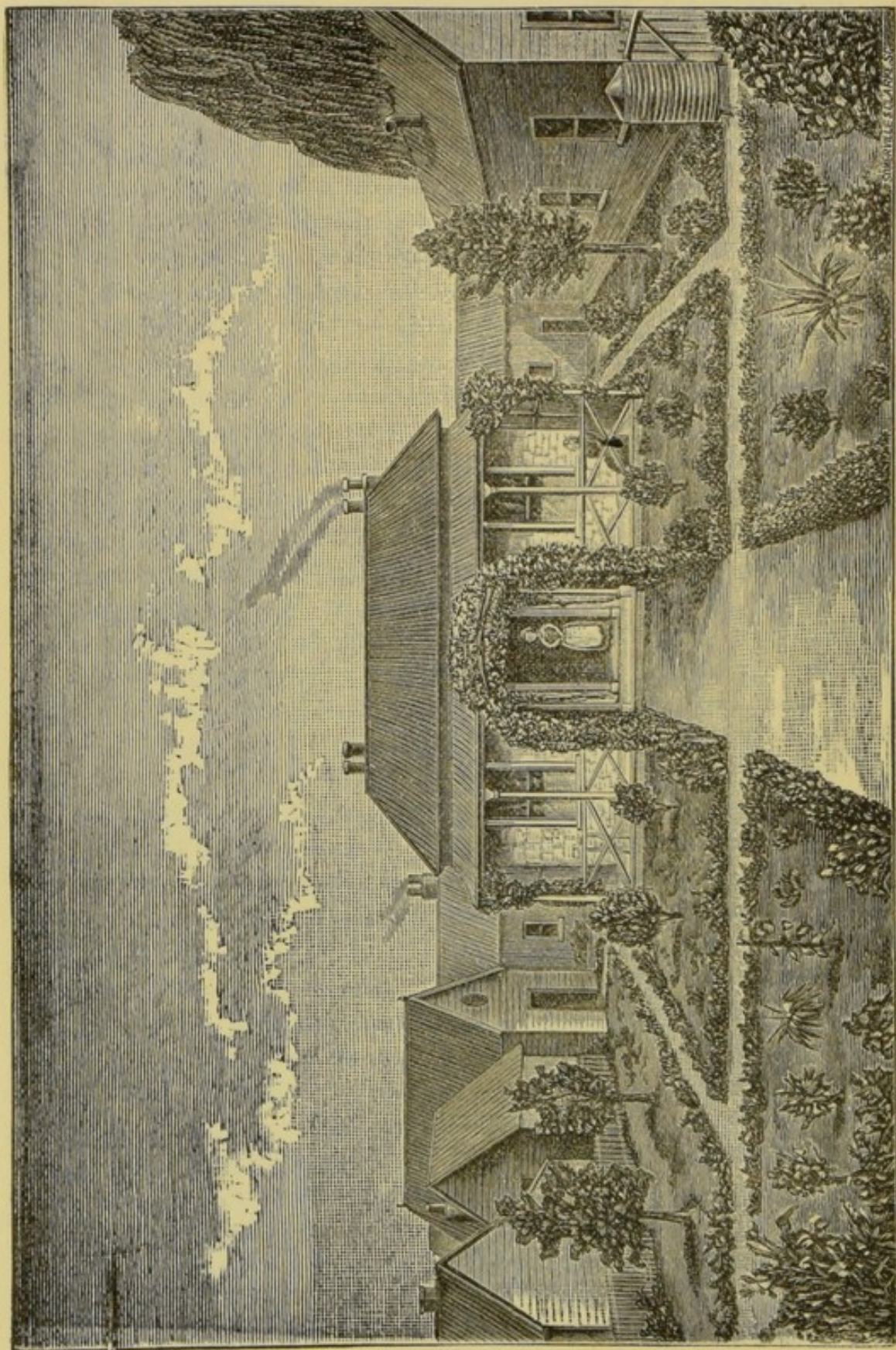
the meantime the entire property has been placed in the hands of six trustees, under deed of trust, for the purposes for which it has been obtained through the generous contributions of christian men and women, whose design will thus be secured in perpetuity, to the glory of God, and for the good of our fellow men, while suffering and disease remain to need such help as God's good providence enables us to give.

THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING MORALITY.

The vice, profanity, drunkenness, licentiousness, and general immorality which originated in the evil times of the gold-fever, when money was so dangerously plentiful, and lawless men gathered themselves together in the colonies from all the ends of the earth, did not subside when the rush for gold had partially ceased. On the contrary. The years that followed, say 1860 to 1870, were remarkable for the torrent of immorality that prevailed, and christian men were driven to consider what steps could be taken to stem it. It was in 1868 that Dr. Perry, then Bishop of Melbourne, a truly devoted and christian man and minister, invited several gentlemen to consult with him as to the course that ought to be taken; and the result was the formation of the Society for Promoting Morality—an association which has not only been productive of much good directly, but which has been the parent of many other associations of a useful and beneficial kind. I was appointed honorary corresponding secretary—an office which I have continued to hold until this day. In the year following a Congress of the friends of the movement was convened in Melbourne, at which were present men from all parts of the colony, and strong interest was expressed by all. Dr. Perry read a paper on Sabbath observance. Another member read a paper on intemperance, and I one on the necessity of protection for friendless women, and of rescuing the fallen. There was at that time in existence the Roman Catholic Institution at Abbotsford, where the inmates were required to remain two years, helping during that time in the large laundry which was connected with

the establishment. The Carlton Refuge, a Protestant Institution, had been in existence for several years—an institution to which inmates were admitted only after they had passed through a probation of seven days “in solitary confinement,” as a preliminary test of their sincerity, after which they were required to remain in the institution for a year, under penalty, if they left sooner, of being refused any supply of new clothing, and of never being re-admitted. This lengthened residence had the obvious effect of rendering vacancies few and far between, and as the largest number that could in any case be accommodated was twenty-five, it became clear that the effect of the institution on the vice of Melbourne must be of the smallest, and that the aid it could give towards reclaiming the lapsed was limited and altogether imperfect. I knew of many who had been wishful to reform, but of whom very few had been able to obtain admittance, while those who were refused were thrown back on their own resources, or flung once more into the hands of their evil associates, or of those who traded on their degradation and ruin. I visited the institution, and found it clean, orderly, well provided, all that the most exact discipline could desire. I had taken with me for the inmates some copies of “The Cottager,” “The British Workman,” “Band of Hope Review,” and others, all of which were gladly received. Some wept while I spoke to them of former days when it was better with them, of God’s mercy and a mother’s love, and of the need and the possibility of obtaining forgiveness and salvation in Christ, and while I offered prayer for present help and blessing. I subsequently wrote to the ladies’ committee, offering to present the gift of a harmonium for use by the inmates, but it was at first refused, as being too much to do for these women. I wrote again, renewing my offer, and pointing out how early home recollections, awakened by hymns and music, might be most beneficial to such women. There was some hesitation, but eventually my offer was accepted, when I bought the instrument and sent it to the establishment, where it has ever since been used in the services conducted there. Soon





WIDOWS' COTTAGES. WOMEN'S TEMPORARY HOME. AND NIGHT SHELTER FOR UNFORTUNATES

afterwards I found I could not be permitted to repeat my visit, as I was informed that none but ordained ministers were admitted, or could be allowed to hold any service. I still sent a further supply of periodicals, which were not rejected. All of this went to make clear what I had stated in the paper read before the Morality Congress that whatever evil might be prevented by timely aid to young women friendless, without means of support, and exposed to temptation, the only absolute safety lay in trust in Christ; and that while many of the fallen might after a short training be restored to God and to society, virtual imprisonment was not the right means to employ; but that if godly women could be induced to try some of them as servants, beginning with low wages, of course, until they could prove themselves worthy of higher, treating them at the same time with care and consideration, and leading them both by life and teaching to accept Christ, and believe in Him, incalculable good might be done, and a push onward and upward be given them towards a purer and a happier life here, and blessedness and glory in the life that is to come. Hence originated

THE TEMPORARY HOME FOR FRIENDLESS AND FALLEN WOMEN.

I took the earliest opportunity of speaking on the subject at one of the meetings of the society, recommending the opening of an institution which should be not only a refuge but a home, in which the ruling principle should be not restraint but persuasion, and the sole instrument of reformation should be the gospel of Christ's love to sinful men and women for their salvation. Immediately I sat down the Rev. C. Isaacson, an eminent minister of the gospel, then an incumbent of a suburban parish, came to me and handed me £5 as the commencement of a fund for the establishing of such an institution. Thus originated the Home which for many years I have been enabled to maintain, in which many hundreds of friendless women have found the true refuge—not merely a retreat in which to exchange the misery brought upon them

by their misfortunes or their vices for comparative safety and comfort, but above and beyond this, have entered into the Cleft of the Rock—have hidden themselves in

The wounds of Jesus, for their sin
Before the world's foundation slain ;

and have lived and died in the peace that passeth understanding. I urged the business as strongly as I could at an early meeting of the Morality Committee, and offered to give or collect a certain sum if others would do as much. The bishop and two medical men who were present accepted the proposal, and promised equal sums. Others helped, and the way seemed clear. The Morality Society's usual plan was to organise good institutions, and then to give them into the hands of committees, or of persons who took an interest in the objects aimed at. Thus arose also, among others, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, now known as the Society for the Protection of Animals, of which Mr. Latham, for many years the successful and devoted agent, and also his respected father, were brought to Christ through my instrumentality. In consequence of this arrangement it fell to my lot, in conjunction with the Rev. Ebenezer Taylor, the Rev. Charles Isaacson, and Mr. Henry Cooke, to take the first active steps in giving tangible form to the idea that had been started. In 1870 we took a house in North Melbourne, some christian ladies procured furniture, and the Home, properly so called, was duly opened for the reception of the persons for whom it was intended. The very first inmate received was the daughter of a medical man, who had some time before arrived in the colony from Manchester, and who was now glad to seek the protection that God's good providence enabled us to offer her. Others followed, and the work progressed well. But soon my helpers "ceased" by death, or by removal elsewhere, and the burden of the work fell for the time almost wholly on me. I sought Divine guidance in this, as in all things else, and it has never been wanting. After a time the premises in North Melbourne

became quite inadequate to our work, and we were obliged to seek extended accommodation elsewhere. Our first removal was to Condell-street, Fitzroy. The premises there were also soon found to be too small, and we removed to Oxford-street. Finally we found what we required in Islington-street, Collingwood, where, in October, 1871, I purchased premises comprising about threequarters of an acre, on which stood a stone cottage of six rooms, with a small garden. A dormitory containing ten apartments, with other necessary improvements, cost nearly £400, the original cost of the whole being about £1200. Fitting up the whole in the best way we could, we removed our Home there, and there it has continued to this day. A succession of devoted christian matrons and work-mistresses has ensured excellent domestic and industrial management from the beginning. Ample funds for our modest requirements have always been forthcoming. Always known and understood to be but a Temporary Home, it has always been conducted as a home in the best sense; the home, no doubt, of a large and often changing family, but all the same a home of peace and piety, of industry and thrift, of kindness and forbearance, and affection, where each feels for each, and the goodness of God is over all. The training includes cooking, washing, ironing, needlework, keeping house, tending rooms, cleanliness. It tends directly to produce habits of industry which certainly help to fit the inmates for a useful, an independent, and a safe life when their short stay is over, and they go back to the outer world. Family worship is regularly conducted by the matron. Short services and quiet personal conversations are frequently held by kindly lady visitors. I conduct two bible-classes weekly, and hymns and passages of scripture are committed to memory. The result of the interest thus shown in their future has had most salutary results, society has been benefited, and God has been glorified in hundreds of instances. A few years ago I added to the buildings two dormitories, costing between £400 and £500, and capable of accommodating about forty-four persons, and these were speedily occupied. No distinction is made as to those

admitted in creed or nationality, and all are treated alike. Nor, I am bound to say, do any inmates make any difficulty as to rules or modes of life. All work together, under the excellent christian work-mistress, some better, some worse, but all willingly. They can sing the same hymns, converse freely with each other, and show each other mutual and equal kindness, be they whom they may or come from where they will. Their life is thus literally the life of a home, often recalling the better times of their earlier days, and tending to lead them back to purity, and virtue, and God; and to everyone is given on leaving a copy of the New Testament and a Hymn-book—mementoes of the truths they had learned.

I append some extracts from the published reports of years that preceded this enlargement, showing to some extent the varying conditions and circumstances from which our inmates came from time to time, and illustrating the nature and results of the work at the Home:—

Annie R——, aged sixteen, like many of those often met with, had a mother who drank to excess, and who, when under the influence of liquor, spoke very harshly to her and of her to others. Her father was a tradesman in comfortable circumstances, but much away from home. Annie not having a happy home, and not being carefully brought up, fell into temptation, and frequently remained out at night. The poor girl was thankful to be admitted to the home, where the Lord opened her heart to receive the truth. She preferred to get a place as a servant with any lady willing to employ her instead of going home again, as her mother, when under the influence of drink, she knew, would tell her friends and neighbors about her misconduct, and render her life unhappy. She has done well, and prays much for her parents' conversion to the truth.

Sarah W——, aged twenty, whose parents were residing in one of the outlying suburbs, was seduced by an unprincipled villain under promise of marriage, but who abandoned her, and left the country almost immediately after. On her state of pregnancy being discovered at home, her father

harshly drove her from the house without a penny. She came to Melbourne broken-hearted, and was providentially met on the Sunday morning on which she arrived, her finder being directed in a remarkable manner to where she was. At once she was admitted to the Home. This girl gave evidence of deep sorrow for her sin, and—previous to her being removed to the Lying-in-Hospital—of her having found rest and peace in Christ her Saviour. The father still continued obdurate, so we were glad to aid in getting her and her infant otherwise provided for. Her letters express deep heartfelt gratitude for the aid she had received and the blessing the Home had been to her in her need.

Harriet P—— was seduced early in life, and lived in luxury for several years, until her seducer left the country. She then supported herself by needlework, but occasionally gave way to drink. On one occasion, when unwell, she applied for admission to the Home; told her whole history, her struggles for a virtuous life, etc. While in the Home the truths of the gospel reached her heart, and made her free indeed. After her admission she recovered her strength and again got a situation, which she faithfully filled, and became a happy christian and a decided abstainer.

Georgina R——. This girl was but seventeen years of age; but mingling with girls of doubtful character, was induced to remain out of home late, and fell into a vicious course. Her parents would not then allow her to remain with them. In this state she was found. After her reception to the Home, Georgina was shown much sympathy and kindness, and carefully taught Christ's loving gospel. This course won her heart; she became a well-conducted girl, and the teaching of the gospel truths seemed to reach her young heart. A minister in the suburbs engaged her as servant. She faithfully and satisfactorily filled her place till obliged by illness to leave, when we again admitted her till she was again employed. Soon afterwards her parents, being informed of the change in her life, received her home, where she has since lived happily.

Jane T——, aged nineteen, an orphan, came to Melbourne, and got a respectable situation in a religious family,

in which she gave the greatest satisfaction. After some time her mistress discovered that she was pregnant, and Jane confessed that she had been seduced by a young man in New South Wales, where she had resided, and to save an aunt who brought her up, the grief and shame she would be exposed to by her remaining in the neighborhood, she came to Melbourne. Jane was admitted to the Home, where she gave evidence of true contrition, and yielded her heart to Christ to become His humble follower. As there had been a long acquaintance and an attachment formed, the young man was corresponded with and he came to Melbourne, where they were married at the Home. They lived very happily together near her aunt, who had been informed of her repentance, and who, as her guardian, gave written permission for her to get married, she being under the statutable age.

C. D——, after having been discarded by the man who induced her to forsake the path of virtue, became a slave to strong drink, and thus got frequently into the gaol, whence directly she was admitted to the Home, on presenting a card which I had given her, the usual result being that the children were sent to the industrial schools. The prayerful teaching in the Home, through God's blessing, reached C——'s heart, broke the power of her old temptations, and led her to finding rest for her spirit, and a willing consecration of her heart and life to Christ. She often thought now of her friends and early happy home, and after years of silence again communicated with her family. C. D—— often calls to see the matron, and attends the meetings at the Home when in town. She held her situation long and was much prized and liked.

E. F——, whose mother, a widow, had taken to drinking, and thus neglected her—at one time so much so as to render her homeless—was, at fifteen years of age, led astray. We received her from the gaol, and, after a few months' stay, procured for her a situation in the country. Here her mind was hurt by occasional allusions to her former life when she did not please, so she left; and again mingling with the

fallen, fell lower than ever. We met her in the haunts of vice, and for some time in vain pointed out the dreadful end of her wicked life. At length, convinced by the Holy Spirit of her sin and danger, she returned to the Home, where at one of the bible-class meetings the Spirit opened her heart to receive the Lord Jesus as her Substitute and Saviour, and with tears of grateful love for His wondrous mercy to her a sinner, she gave her life and being to be His. Her anxiety for her poor mother became intense. She repeatedly wrote to her, and induced her to become an abstainer; begged her to come to the Saviour, as she did, and find the same peace and joy as she had. The mother, who was in service, had one or two very feeling interviews with her. Her daughter's prayers and entreaties were not in vain. When we asked the young women sometimes before engaging in prayer after our bible-readings whom they would wish us to pray for specially, or what particular matter for themselves, E. F—— invariably said, "For my poor mother," and asked for "holiness of heart" for herself. She was of much benefit to the others, specially to the girls admitted later, cheerfully trying to add to the true happiness of all, and fulfilling her duties satisfactorily.

K. L—— had occasionally given way to drink and rendered her home unhappy. On one of these occasions she came to Melbourne, and so far indulged in her acquired evil habit as to mingle with the very lowest for several days. In this condition she one day heard some plain gospel truths, which were applied by the Holy Spirit to her heart, and she became deeply alarmed for her eternal welfare. She was brought by a christian friend to the Home, where these convictions issued in her coming to Christ the Saviour, and through faith in His name obtaining a sense of her many sins being forgiven. The whole truth was stated in a letter to her husband, a reconciliation was effected, and K. L—— since then has frequently seen the matron, expressing her gratitude for what was done to rescue her, and for her happy life with her husband, attending the church, and living according to the blessed teaching of God's Word. She made some small presents to the institution.

M. N—— was an only daughter, nineteen years of age. When at service she was deceived by one of the family, and when near her confinement applied for admission to the Home. Her repentance was sincere, and, deeply humbled, she evidenced it by a gentle, loving temper, and a desire to please and make all others happy. When she obtained a sense of her sins forgiven, she wrote to her parents expressing her sorrow for the past. After her confinement she desired to get a situation as servant, and pay for the infant being nursed, and in any way she could to help the interests of an institution from which she had received such great and lasting benefit.

O. P—— came from Tasmania to obtain service. Here she contracted habits of intemperance, and got at length into the watch-house. It was here we first met her; and being desirous of reforming, we admitted her to the Temporary Home. She has been extremely well conducted and useful; but for some time very distrustful of herself. She has been a diligent searcher of the scriptures, and we trust profited by so doing, as well as by her intercourse with those who had found, through faith, *peace with God*. She loved the Home, and from her first earnings she sent to help the cause which helps the helpless and fallen.

G. H——, only seventeen years of age, was met friendless, but not fallen. She most gladly accepted a short stay at the Home, till a situation could be procured. This girl's gratitude was very great. She came frequently to the bible-class, when her time allowed, and for a long time creditably kept her situation as servant.

H. J——, aged twenty, was refused admission at her home when pregnant. The man who deceived her cast her off; and in her distress she was brought to the Home by a christian lady. The matron spoke highly of her conduct while in the Home. She was taught by the Holy Spirit to see and feel her sinfulness, and obtained peace with God.

D. F—— had fallen and had a child. For her drinking habits it had been sent to the industrial schools. In the Home she experienced deep sorrow in looking back on her

wasted and sinful life, but also with humble hope that in coming to Christ for mercy and pardon she would not be cast out. After remaining in the Home a considerable time she obtained a situation, and she often expressed her gratitude for her training and teaching in the institution.

M. K——. This young girl, but eighteen, after her mother's death went to service, where, about a year after, she was deceived by a promise of marriage. Aware of having done wrong, she took drink to allay the stings of conscience and self-reproach, instead of seeking the forgiveness and guidance of her Heavenly Father, whom she had forgotten. She thus lost her situation, became almost a slave to intemperance though so young, and was sent to gaol. We heard of her case from an inmate of the Home, saw her, and received her also into it. A remarkable change came over this poor girl from the time of her entering. Her repentance was, we believe, truly sincere; and soon she found a sense of God's forgiveness and peace through the atonement. We communicated with the young man who had led her astray, and allowed him to have an interview, when she told him she was resolved to secure salvation, and unless he married her at the Home, they should finally part. He said he would have married her before but for her giving way to excessive drinking, and promised when he could furnish a house to fulfil his engagement; meantime she wished to go to service.

Eliza T——. This young woman, after repeated efforts had been made to save her, entered the Home. Soon afterwards she became convinced of her lost state by her sins against God; and while an inmate the Lord Jesus revealed Himself to her as her Saviour from guilt and sin. Her former companion in sin was communicated with. He saw her, provided a home, and they were legally united by marriage at the Home.

R. S—— had been for some time leading an immoral life with a man who had promised to marry her. When we met her she expressed a wish to lead a better life, as she felt unhappy in her present condition. After her admission she grew in the knowledge of the holy scriptures, and gave

evidence of a change of heart. The man who promised her marriage was allowed at his own request to see her in our presence. He, however, endeavored to persuade her to leave the Home with him. This she firmly declined to do, or to have anything more to do with him unless he consented to marry her at the Home before leaving. As he would not do so, she soon afterwards took a situation and now comes to the Home occasionally. She told the matron she expected to be suitably married to one whom she had made aware of the past.

T. L——, though not yet eighteen years of age, had left her parents' home, and lived for nearly two years a wicked, reckless life; had been in prison several times, given way to drunkenness, and was deemed by those who knew her as incorrigible and her reformation hopeless. A christian minister on one occasion met her, and spoke kindly and faithfully to her about her sad life. She consented to enter the Home, and with a letter from this gentleman was admitted. The change of heart she soon afterwards experienced at one of our bible-class meetings was as genuine as it was remarkable. She was an example of humble, loving faith, while she lamented and bitterly grieved over the past. Her parents wept over their prodigal child. She returned home, and continued to walk agreeably to God's Holy Word.

C. S——, nineteen years of age, had been three years from home, but had not written to her family. Some time after admission she gave expression to deep sorrow for her past misspent life and for her sin against God. She heard by some inmate from her family's neighborhood that her poor mother was in a bad state of health. She begged us to write and say how sorry she had been for all the pain she had caused them, and how she longed to go home and nurse and love her mother. The father replied, cordially inviting her home, as he believed from what he had seen in our letter she had been changed in life and heart. The prodigal and only daughter has since helped much in her mother's restoration, and her father wrote to thank us for what had been done to save her.

Jane R——, a married young woman, had come on some business to Melbourne, and while in town she took to drinking till her money was spent. In this condition we apprehend she fell still lower, as we found her under the influence of drink in the haunts of vice. On being faithfully spoken to about her eternal interests she seemed deeply to feel her sin and degradation, told us her sad history, and entered the Home. Here we have reason to believe the Holy Spirit taught her that "though her sins were as scarlet they might be made white as snow." After some months had elapsed, her husband, who had been informed of all, came to see her, and was reconciled, and brought her back to the country, both having become pledged total abstainers. We had letters from them thanking us for the kindness she had experienced while in the Home.

Jane N——, an orphan, and only seventeen years of age was first met in gaol. From this we received her direct to the Home, having sent to meet her and save her from the procuresses who lie in wait for those young girls on their release from prison. While an inmate she learned to know and love the Lord Jesus as her own individual Saviour, and from it entered a situation, which she held with satisfaction to her employers. Her sister, somewhat older, had fallen, and for some offence was committed to gaol. On learning this J. N—— went to see her, and with tears besought her to give her heart to God, and go to the Temporary Home, where she herself had found the grace and happiness she enjoyed. We saw the sister in the gaol, who seemed truly penitent, and gave us the account we have mentioned of her sister's visit. This is an instance of loving mission work we occasionally witnessed or heard of concerning those rescued by the Home. It was not in vain.

B. C—— was brought by a servant of Christ to the Home, where she remained until after her confinement. Here the Lord opened her heart to receive and understand the truths of the gospel. She rejoiced on finding Christ to be her own Saviour from the *guilt and power of sin*. Her infant died in the Lying-in-Hospital. She has since been in

service with her former mistress, faithfully doing her duty, and she often calls at the institution. She has given several practical proofs of her appreciation of its usefulness to herself, and to others similarly situated.

G. E——. This young woman, nineteen years of age, was left an orphan in Tasmania, and had to go to service. She was led astray by a member of the family, a man of good position and wealth, who, when he found she was pregnant, sent her with a small sum of money to Victoria. By a singular providence we were led to meet her, and hearing her story of sorrow and neglect, with want staring her in the face, we at once received her to the Home. But for this she, like many other girls from Tasmania similarly situated, might have gone to the streets for support, or to destroy herself in the Yarra. She conducted herself with great propriety and self-denial for the good of others while in the Home, and we trust experienced a saving knowledge of Christ also. Her betrayer was communicated with to make provision for his child, and was faithfully dealt with as to his sin in ruining her prospects in life, and then neglecting her so basely and so shamefully.

Mary B——, aged seventeen, lost both her parents, and had been in a situation as a servant, when she was seduced. She sought and found admittance to the Abbotsford Refuge, from which she was some time after discharged on their finding that she was pregnant. Having her hair closely cut while in the Refuge, she could not obtain a situation; but, on application, was at once admitted to the Home, and instructed in the principles of the gospel. During her four months' residence previous to her confinement she conducted herself with great propriety and to the satisfaction of the matron. When taken ill she was removed to the Lying-in-Hospital, where she died from puerperal fever. She requested to see Doctor Singleton, and with tears of loving gratitude she told him a few hours before her death how she trusted in Jesus, and asked if he thought Jesus would "remember her;" and then alluded to her favorite hymn in Sankey's collection which she had often sung at

the Home, commencing with the words, "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?" etc., with the following chorus, which she repeated a few hours before her death:—

Help me, Oh Saviour, Thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when Thou comest on Thy throne,
Oh Lord, remember me.

The end of this poor orphan girl was peace in believing.

G. H——, an orphan, of nice manners and very interesting appearance, was seduced by her master while in service. She immediately left the house, and got employment elsewhere, which she held as long as she could. Soon after her admission to the Home she was brought under the influence of spiritual religion, and afterwards proved the sincerity of her repentance and faith. After her confinement the man who led her astray was communicated with, and faithfully admonished of his sin and of his duty. He was in a good position, and undertook to provide for his child, but only from fear of being made to do so legally.

H. J——, when first met, together with her interesting daughter about fourteen years of age, had been sleeping in a dilapidated building, in poverty, induced by drink, her husband having gone up the country. To save the girl, as well as to assist the mother in regaining her former good character, we admitted them to the Home, where we trust both experienced spiritual and moral good. The girl was supplied with clothes, and a situation was found for her, which she held creditably for many months. She calls to see the matron when practicable, to ask advice and guidance, as she may require. The mother was also put in a way of earning her livelihood, and has since been rejoined by her husband to the happiness of both.

J. K—— was left an orphan at twelve or thirteen. She got service in the country, and when but fourteen years of age was violated by a ruffian while going on an errand in the bush. We found her in the Melbourne Hospital, and

received her thence to the Home, where she not only got fitted by industrial training for future employment, but grew in knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. This interesting young girl was eventually provided with a situation, in which she gave satisfaction, and she was encouraged by the kind matron to visit her for advice when needed.

Our attention was directed one Sunday morning, during our visits to the fallen class in the purlieus of Little Bourke-street, to Mary L——, aged seventeen. She appeared very sick from the effects of drink she evidently had not been accustomed to. We found that she had been seduced and abandoned only a few days previously, that her mother was dead, and that she had no place that she could call home. She gladly and thankfully accepted our offer to admit her to the Home, and at once went to it. After having conducted herself in every respect to the good matron's wishes, and received some necessary training, she was provided with a situation in the country with a kind lady, whom she long afterwards faithfully served.

Jane R——, aged fifteen, was reduced to great want and became homeless through her mother's intemperate habits. Jane had carefully and lovingly attended her father in his last protracted illness. Her mother's illness and intemperance broke up their home, and in her destitute condition, exposed to temptation, she was met and brought to the Home, whence in a few days she was sent to a situation. Jane became a member of a christian church, and showed her concern for her mother by sharing her wages with her when required, and by her earnest endeavors to lead her to a personal knowledge of her Saviour.

Ellen A—— was seduced while at service. Owing to her approaching confinement she had to leave it, and when her money saved had been spent at lodgings, and her parents refused to receive her home, she was almost in despair. In her forlorn state she was met by a friend, who directed her to the Home. Under the peculiar circumstances of the case she was admitted. During her residence she derived much spiritual benefit. Her seducer was communicated with after

her confinement, and, having provided a home for his child and her, they were legally married before she left the Home.

Fanny W——, aged eighteen, having expressed a desire to abandon her wicked life and to live respectably, was admitted to the Home, where she conducted herself very well. She seemed grateful for the instruction she received, and benefited by the home influences and sympathy she experienced. She was provided with a situation, which she filled very satisfactorily for some time; but having received an unfavorable answer to a letter which she wrote home asking for forgiveness for the past, she took drink and lost her place. We heard of this, and brought her again to the Home. She was afterwards received as a servant by a kind lady who was aware of her history, and she gave the greatest satisfaction. After a time a reconciliation took place between her mother and her, which in no little helped to establish her in the paths of rectitude.

Henrietta M—— accepted a position as barmaid in a hotel. Here, as so often happens in similar instances, Henrietta became the victim of an unprincipled fellow frequenting the bar. When her condition was known she had to give up her situation. Her parents were dead. Without money or friends, and deserted by her betrayer, she was admitted to the Home. While there the Spirit of God awakened her to a sense of her sin, and led her to Christ for the forgiveness of the past. After her confinement she and her infant were most providentially provided for, and she got on well in her place.

Maria B—— had been well brought up by a good mother. When her parents died she came to Victoria, got married, and had two children, both of whom died in a very short time. Yielding to temptation she fell; but her well and early instructed conscience gave her no rest. When unwell and unhappy she applied for admission to the Home. She manifested the deepest sorrow for the past. When found she had labored under strong temptations to destroy herself. We believe that she became a good and useful member of society, and have hope of her salvation.

Annie G—— was received to the Home from the gaol. She conducted herself in every respect to the matron's wishes while an inmate, and appeared to benefit from the instructions she received. We had encouraging and interesting communications from her. She continued long in the same situation and gave much satisfaction.

Georgina H—— was admitted to the Home from the country. While an inmate she professed great regret and sorrow for the past, and, we believe, became changed in heart and life, by God's grace. She gave satisfaction in the service we got her, and occasionally calls at the Home to attend one or other of the bible-classes.

D. E——, aged eighteen, had been for some time in another institution previous to her entering the Home, but without any apparent benefit. With us her natural wayward, stubborn temper underwent a change, and she became a truly happy christian. She long retained the approval of her mistress, and fulfilled the duties of her situation cheerfully and conscientiously ; and when at all practicable attends the meetings for religious instruction at the Home.

L. M——, an interesting-looking young woman of twenty-two years of age, of nice manners and good family, had been in service. She came to Melbourne, and having taken some drink, was, from her excited condition, and to save her from anticipated suicide, taken to the watch-house, where we met her. By gentle, sympathising treatment she soon became restored, and we have reason to believe received much spiritual good during her residence. From the institution L. M—— went to a situation in the country. She appeared deeply grateful for the help and training she experienced.

N. A——, eighteen years of age, was well brought up, although obliged to be at service from eleven years of age. She was admitted to the Home, not being in a condition to keep her service till after her confinement in the Lying-in Hospital. The man who enticed her to evil refused to marry her. Her parents were written to, who had mourned her fall deeply. Her repentance seemed truly sincere. She filled a situation till her return to her family at the old home of so many years before.

B. H——, an educated woman of agreeable manners, who had moved in a highly respectable sphere of life, being left a widow, got married in the interior. The marriage did not prove a happy one, and B. H—— sought occasional relief from intoxicants. On two or three occasions she left home when any domestic unpleasantness arose. Once, not intending to return, she accepted and filled several situations. But having again given way to intemperance, and experienced some unkind treatment, which her proud spirit would not brook—as well as being badly clad and penniless—she resolved on suicide, and threw herself into the Yarra. By a remarkable providence, however, she was rescued, and she sought admittance and was received into the Home. Here her troubled conscience and rebellious spirit were gradually subdued and changed. She filled well the situation we provided for her, until communications with her friends led to her forming a happy home once more. She most thankfully embraced the offer of signing the total abstinence pledge-book, as do almost all who enter the Home.

G. H——This intelligent and well-brought-up young woman had left home on a visit, when, deceived by promise of marriage, she, unfortunately for her future happiness, fell into the snare laid for her. Her remorse was great; and dreading her family knowing her condition, she, when in advanced pregnancy, came to Melbourne. Though a very attractive, well-informed young woman, she was neglected by her betrayer in this state. Her money failing, her mind agitated between the disgrace she would bring on her family and the unkind treatment of the man she had loved, and her prospect of want, she resolved on self-destruction, as her high, proud spirit would not stoop to ask aid from strangers. At this juncture we heard providentially a little of her history, and found for her a home and kind friends. Suffice it to say, this interesting young woman returned to her friends after they had been communicated with, saved from suicide, and, we trust, to lead a holy and useful life, and be a comfort and blessing to her family. Her gratitude for the good received was truly touching.

I. J——. This woman, who had occupied a highly respectable position in society and had a first-class education found much difficulty in providing for her support, and having experienced unkind treatment from those from whom she did not expect it, she fell into habits of intemperance. After ineffectual efforts to make herself better and rise in position, she lost self-respect; and, friendless and hopeless, she determined to end her miserable existence. While on her way to the chemist to procure the drug she meant to effect her purpose with she was attracted by the singing of a sweet melody, which touched her heart. She drew nigh and heard the Story of the Cross—that *Jesus came to seek and save the lost!* She wept bitterly. A friend of the friendless spoke to her, and, having heard her tale of woe, brought her to the Home, where we trust her heart was changed, her sins forgiven, and the power of her old temptation broken. She became truly happy, and, after leaving the institution, called to express her gratitude. When we last saw her she was steadily walking in the narrow path, and trying to be useful to others in leading them to Christ.

G. M——was not quite thirteen years of age when received into the Home. She had been taken charge of from her mother in order to be provided for by worthless people calling themselves friends, who brought her from Tasmania to Melbourne. Her education and morals had been neglected. Hard and constant work with ill-treatment quite discouraged her. After receiving a severe beating she fled from the house, determined never to return. In this state she was found crying by a humane woman, who brought her to the Home, where she was taught, decently clothed, and kindly treated. When her mother heard where she could be found with a mother's full and loving heart she hastened to take her home with her to Tasmania, and both expressed their thanks for the timely rescue.

J. M——, aged eighteen, was seduced by a young man who had promised her marriage. She had been in service, and remained as long as she could. She came then, a perfect stranger, to Melbourne, not knowing where to go or

what to do. While waiting about the station, considering how to act, a cabman asked her where she was going to. She said she had better go to the Immigrants' Home, as she was a stranger in Melbourne. He asked if she wanted a situation, and on her answering in the affirmative, he brought her to a servant's home. The lady who managed this institution, on hearing her history, kindly brought her to our Home, where she found the Saviour, and by her subsequent conduct gave evidence that her repentance was sincere. J. M—— often expressed her gratitude to God for opening up such a way for her in her time of need. After her confinement she and her infant were provided for.

C. L——, aged twenty-two. This young woman left her home in a neighboring colony in company with a designing, wicked man. She was the daughter of respectable parents, and had received a good education. Her mother and sister, who were godly people, followed her with their prayers, to which an answer came in due time. Her seducer abandoned her a short time previous to her becoming an inmate of the Home, and, being without friends in Melbourne, she would probably have gone from one step to a deeper one in dissipation had not a kind Providence been watching over her. While in an omnibus one evening, in an almost insensible condition through drink, she was noticed by a lady, who, for her protection, took her to the watch-house, and requested she might be taken care of till the next morning, when she would call to see her. She then took her to her own house, and, on learning her past history, sought admission for her to our Home, into which she was at once received. The matron, on discovering that she had respectable friends in a neighboring colony, wrote to them about her, and received a telegram in reply, saying that her passage-fare was paid, and requesting she might be sent home at once. During her short stay the Lord opened her eyes to see the guilt and sin of the past. C. L—— was seen on board the first steamer, and reached her destination in safety. The matron afterwards received a letter from her, enclosing one from her sister, both

expressing their deep thankfulness for the timely kindness and care which she had received.

E. S——, aged eighteen, was a girl who came to the Home in an apparently deeply penitent state of mind. She had left her friends, residing in a neighboring colony, had come to Melbourne, and fallen into a sinful course of life. She had not been long an inmate of the Home when she received Christ as her Saviour, and proved by her consistent conduct that she was a follower of the Lord Jesus. She subsequently obtained a situation, where she gave satisfaction to her mistress. A few extracts from a letter received by the matron show her sincerity. She says:—"I was very glad to receive your kind letter, as I am so lonely in a strange place; but I am very happy for all that, for I am keeping from self and from satan, and clinging to the Lord; and I am so happy. I never was before, and I am not ashamed to own Him wherever I go; and hope I may gain many souls for Him as well as my own."

R. M——, aged eighteen, lost her mother, and a second marriage by her father having rendered her home uncomfortable, she came from a distance in the interior to Melbourne, where she was on the eve of entering on an abandoned life. Two days after her arrival, being found in company with two girls known to the police to be abandoned women, she was arrested by them and sent to gaol for two months. While in prison she attended a large bible-class held there, and received a small New Testament, which she carefully read. In her cell she prayed for the Holy Spirit to teach her and for forgiveness of her sins. To use her own expressive words in relating this, she said:—"I rose from my knees a changed girl—happy in Christ my Saviour, my sins all forgiven." She went, on leaving the gaol, to the Home, where her influence and consistent, loving intercourse and conduct did much good among the other inmates. On one occasion she was in the bedroom of a young woman who had come in ill from the effects of drink, and was heard telling her of God's mercy to her, and that she was the

happiest girl in Melbourne; and, as she had learned in the gaol many of Sankey's hymns, and had a good voice, she sang for her, with much feeling, the hymn,

"What a Friend we have in Jesus!"

Afterwards, with a few like-minded inmates who loved Christ, some of whom came from the gaol to the Home, she united in prayer for their families and friends, and also for those of the fallen classes ready to perish around.

M. H——, in a time of accumulated trials, and under an aberration of mind, committed a crime, for which she subsequently was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. While in the gaol she constantly attended the bible-class held there, and became a decided and happy believer in and follower of the Lord Jesus. On a remission of her sentence after a few years' confinement, she was at her own request admitted to the Home, where her christian conduct had a very salutary influence on the other inmates.

Several women who had attempted suicide under depression of mind from their helpless, hopeless, and forsaken condition, or when under the influence of drink, were at various times admitted to the institution. Among these was S. E——, a young woman twenty years of age, who had been long looked after, and was brought at length to the Home by friends of the fallen and friendless, where she learned at least to regret her past sinful life and obtained a knowledge of the scriptures. As she seemed fully bent on living an industrious, sober, and steady life, a situation was procured for her. In this she faithfully and satisfactorily served the family. At length, having left of her own accord, she sought another situation. The lady to whom she applied, in answer to an advertisement, engaged her on condition that, on reference to her former mistress, she was found to be a good servant. The former mistress, however, inadvertently told the lady all she had heard from the matron as to the girl's former life, and on S. E—— returning at the appointed hour, she was told in a very harsh manner to

be gone from the house; that she (the lady) would not employ her even without wages, having learned all about her former wicked life. The poor young woman, in a moment of deep depression, thinking her hope of getting any honest employment was gone, went to the River Yarra and threw herself into it. Fortunately she was rescued, and found again some kind friends. She was afterwards married to an industrious mechanic, and did well. But it might be wise for the "lady" who so harshly drove her fellow-sinner forth, to reflect how narrowly she escaped, by no skill or wisdom of her own, from both physical and spiritual murder—or if indeed she did so escape, since the moral act was on her part complete, and undoubtedly remains to be accounted for to the God who delights in mercy.

These illustrative cases might be multiplied indefinitely, all of them going to show how women gathered from the streets, the slums, and the gaol, all of them graduates, more or less, in vice, and rushing headlong to ruin, can be saved from personal perdition, restored to society, and led to give much satisfaction to those who employ them; and last, and highest, and best, can be brought back to virtue and piety, and taught to glorify their Redeemer and their God. Some, it is true, have proved unfaithful, forfeited their situations—almost always through the temptation of drink—and have gone back to vicious courses of destruction. But these, we say with great thankfulness, have been but a very small minority. The majority have stood fast, and held by the truth. Many remember the old Home times with much interest and gratitude; and the knowledge that they are constantly remembered in prayer at the various meetings in the Home has been known to have a very salutary and encouraging influence on former inmates. It ought to be said that not all who were admitted were of the fallen or abandoned class. Some were merely unfortunate and friendless, whose exposure to temptation and danger was thus much increased, and who therefore the more strongly claimed our help and sympathy. These, after a few days' shelter and rest, were usually provided with means of

present support, and started again in the race of life. But by far the greater number were of the former class, and after much experience and careful observation, extending over many years, I cannot help adding my testimony to that of many others who have examined the subject, as to the total inadequacy of imprisonment alone, as a punishment, to produce reformation. I have repeatedly noted that after first committal and imprisonment self-respect seems to be lost; while it is certain that those demoralised from evil communications, and repeatedly imprisoned, continually gravitate lower and lower, and speedily become almost hopeless. I continually meet with women a day or two, and in some cases only a few hours from the gaol, who have already found their way once more into the watch-house for drunkenness, again to be committed for a few weeks or months, and then to repeat the same miserable cycle as before. I feel satisfied that a temporary receiving-house, apart from the gaol, to which young girls, boys, and women for a first offence could be sent, which should combine restraint with kindly training, food and lodging with teaching and discipline, and placed under good and humane management, would be an effective means for the reclamation to society of great numbers who are now irretrievably ruined and lost. The expense of prisons would certainly be greatly reduced, while the ends for which prisons are maintained would be rendered effectual, where they are now a complete and ridiculous failure. That prisons should undertake to save men and women by the gospel of Christ is not, it is to be feared, a thing to be once thought of, much less proposed.

THE PRISONERS' AID SOCIETY.

Another outcome of the Morality Society was an association for the relief of discharged prisoners, to which was given the name of the Prisoners' Aid Society. I saw, from my constant visits to prisons, and from meeting men recently discharged, who were in want of a friendly help to get work or to go up country, or of blankets, or clothing, or tools,

that such an agency was an urgent necessity, and was sure to be of great and lasting benefit in many ways, and I strongly advocated its formation. The good bishop, sound in judgment and kind of heart, fell in with the suggestion, and a society was formed, which for many years has done good and most valuable service.

THE MODEL LODGING-HOUSE.

The Mens' Model Lodging-house in King-street was also originated by the Morality Society. I and Mr. Henry Cooke, my earnest fellow-worker, had represented to the committee the deplorable condition which on each Sabbath morning we found to exist among all classes of men in the wretched lodging-houses then open in the west part of the city. Drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, gambling, and total disregard of God prevailed universally. I had often gone with Mr. Cooke on a week evening also to visit these places, with the Sailors' Home and other similar resorts, and we had constantly witnessed the same scenes of folly, and sin, and coarse ungodliness. As an illustration of our work I may mention the following :—One Sunday morning in a lodging-house I asked the men, as many of them as were not intoxicated, to sit down while we had a plain talk together. After some conversation and a hymn I asked would they come on an evening to a neighboring ragged-childrens' school-house, and hear a little pleasant singing, some interesting stories, and a chapter from God's book. They said they would. We then went to another lodging-house—there were nearly 250 men in these two houses. The men in this also promised to come to the school-house. I arranged with the city missionary to get the premises ready, and to have the room opened and lighted. When we called for them we found them playing cards, throwing dice, smoking pipes, lying on sofas, or drunk on the floor. I reminded those who were sober of their promise, but they all with one consent began to make excuse. They were too deep in the game, they were too tired, etc. I succeeded, however, in getting five or six

of them to come with us, and we went with these to the other house. Being afraid of their deserting us I gave them into Mr. Cooke's care while I tried what I could do to get more, and three or four consented to accompany me. Mr. Cooke led the way, about 200 yards further, to a narrow street, where the school-house was situated, and I brought up the rear of this strange procession. When we arrived all was dark, the garden gate open, and the house locked. I sought the key in vain. The missionary had forgotten the meeting. But we were equal to the occasion. I placed the men with their backs to the side wall in the garden, and asked them to join as well as they could in a song. I then gave out the well-known hymn,

"Depth of mercy, can there be, Mercy still reserved for me?"

If our singing was not very harmonious it was at least very loud. When we got to the second verse (the night was perfectly dark) some passers by had stopped to listen, and a barman from a neighboring public-house ran to the gate, then the publican, then his wife, and many others. I gave a short address, illustrated by anecdotes. My friend did the same, and offered prayer for these poor straying ones, and we concluded our unique and very special service. Next week we had the school-house open and lighted, but our congregation fell off considerably. Such facts as these led to a number of the members of the Morality Society joining the mayor, himself also a member, in visiting the lodging-houses, when was clearly seen the need of a well conducted lodging-house in the city. Large subscriptions were quickly raised, and ground given by the Government on certain conditions; but as a very large sum was required, the affair was made into a joint stock company, and shares were thrown open to all buyers. Speculators eventually bought the whole, and they have for years apportioned 10 per cent. dividends annually among them. About 400 men sleep in the building nightly, a few at 1s. per night, a large number at 9d., and the great

mass at 6d. They have a reading-room and a good library, well conducted, with baths, and a cooking-room for those who wish to use it. Thus that which originated in a design for the public good has become a source of private gain, but the institution is a useful one notwithstanding. For many years I used to visit the Model Lodging-house to leave tracts, to obtain total abstinence pledges, to converse with any whom I might meet with, and in the winter to give notes for free beds to many who otherwise would have to walk about all night, or to sleep out of doors in any retired spot they could find. I have thus provided for hundreds of men. Drink, of course, was generally, although not always, the cause of their destitution. They needed help, all the same.

I cannot forbear relating a curious occurrence connected with this practice of mine. A chemist, whom I had occasionally helped in various ways, but who had again lost his situation through intemperance, called on me to ask a night's lodging, and a trifle to help him on his way with another up country to look for employment. He was perfectly sober, and as I thought he was bent on taking any work he could find, I gave him the order for a sixpenny bed, and (as I thought) a shilling, with some good advice and a few tracts, as I usually did in such cases. I was not very well, and went soon after to my bedroom, when I remembered receiving that afternoon a sovereign for one of my charities and placing it in my vest pocket. I now sought for it, but in vain; and it soon became certain that the chemist had got it instead of the shilling. A few years before this time I had made it a rule to be my own executor, as all my children were in positions to provide for themselves. To replace the £1, which of course I must do, would be to deprive not a few poor people of help in their need. I therefore re-dressed myself, and hurried out to meet an omnibus. The night being very dark, I stepped off a high kerbstone, and fell with much violence on the roadway. I instinctively put out my hands to save my head, and as I rose I found both hands and head covered with blood, and a large number of wounds in each palm. As I had not even my pocket-handkerchief

with me, I had to tear from a neighboring wall some pieces of old advertisements, wrap the paper round my hands, and head and in that state to get into the omnibus, which brought me near to the lodging-house. I told my story to the manager, who got some linen and carefully washed and bound up the wounds, which were severe enough to render the hands almost useless for two or three weeks. The chemist was then sent for. He had gone to bed, but got up and came; and the manager taxed him with his ingratitude and dishonesty. He produced about 17s., the rest he said he had spent in buying some articles for his journey. I told him I forgave him, as he said he thought I knew what I did. Giving him the benefit of his interpretation, I told him that when he next came to Melbourne he could return the balance, and thus preserve his character or self-respect. I am not sure that he did it.

SINGLETON BREAD FUND.

About this time a great depression in trade occurred, and large numbers of people were thrown out of work. Before long a great many tradesmen and laborers in the Collingwood districts were in extreme want, and not a few came to me for assistance. Finding the ordinary sources for the relief of the poor quite unable to meet the case, I made an appeal to the general public for food, clothing, money, and necessaries generally. The public made a speedy and favorable response, and the supply continued until every known case of necessity was met, and the stagnation of trade passed away, and work again became plentiful. In administering the supplies thus obtained I got the assistance of a committee of clergymen and others, who visited the homes of industrious and well-conducted artisans, and thus discovered and certified to cases of destitution that might not otherwise have been discovered, and every case found was relieved. This organisation the newspapers called, "The Singleton Bread Fund." The contributions were very generous, and hundreds of people had their urgent needs

provided for, assistance was given to pay rents in special cases, some were supplied with clothing, which greatly facilitated both the obtaining employment and the accepting it when it was to be had ; and altogether the effort to relieve suffering was very successful. The special strain continued for about three months, when the tide of trade began to turn, and the ordinary means of relief sufficed for ordinary cases. Meantime the privations that were endured were not without their salutary effects. Every opportunity was taken advantage of to urge on the people the wisdom of embracing temperance principles. Various agencies were at work, and especially the Mission Hall and the Free Dispensary, and all had one object in view. The effect was seen soon after in the habits of thrift produced, as shown in the increase of deposits in the savings banks, building societies, and similar institutions ; and in the fact that before long many were able to erect their own little homesteads, and thus to live rent free, and in comparative comfort. Then the gospel of human salvation was faithfully declared to all. Many heard, many obeyed, and the fruit of the labor is in the churches to this day. There have been other commercial and industrial crises since then, but it is remarkable that not one of them has ever needed any such special efforts as were required in the instance just stated.

DEATH OF DR. MILTON.

Shortly after my coming to Hawthorn I visited my old friend, Dr. Milton, whom I have already mentioned, who for many years had been a visitor at the city watch-house, and had been very useful to many of those confined there. He was soon after laid up in his old age, and became a confirmed invalid, on which I willingly took his place and did his work. His wife had died some time before, and his adopted daughter lived with him. His means of support had been just then exhausted, and I felt much for this aged christian soldier. I therefore wrote a poem extending to sixty verses, in which, under the form of a dream, I explained his case,

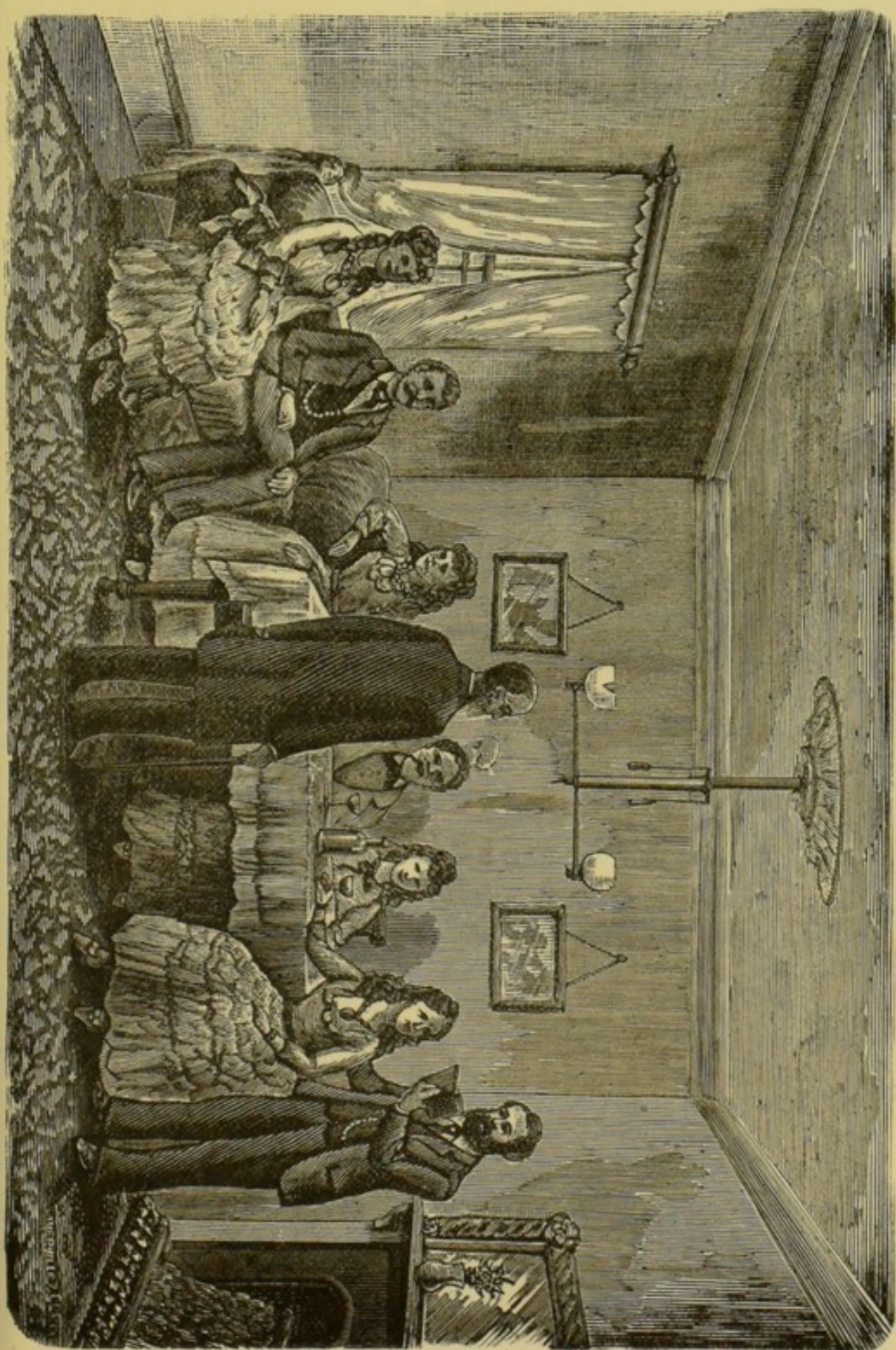
detailing his kind, christian acts to the friendless, the unfortunate, the fallen, the drunkard, the vicious, and explaining his present state of discomfort and want. The verses were entitled, "How to be Rich," and their sale brought him at once over £20. When this was exhausted I appealed on his behalf in a letter in one of the morning newspapers. I received almost immediately a sum of £5 in a note signed "A Magdalene," and some other contributions followed. His daughter had now an offer of marriage from a well-conducted and industrious tradesman, and Dr. Milton was persuaded to enter the Benevolent Asylum. To this naturally unpleasant step he was at last reconciled by my suggestion that he could act as a missionary among the poor people there. There I visited him frequently until the time of his death, which occurred about two years afterwards. His end was peace; and we intelligently sang over his grave the well-known and triumphant christian hymn,

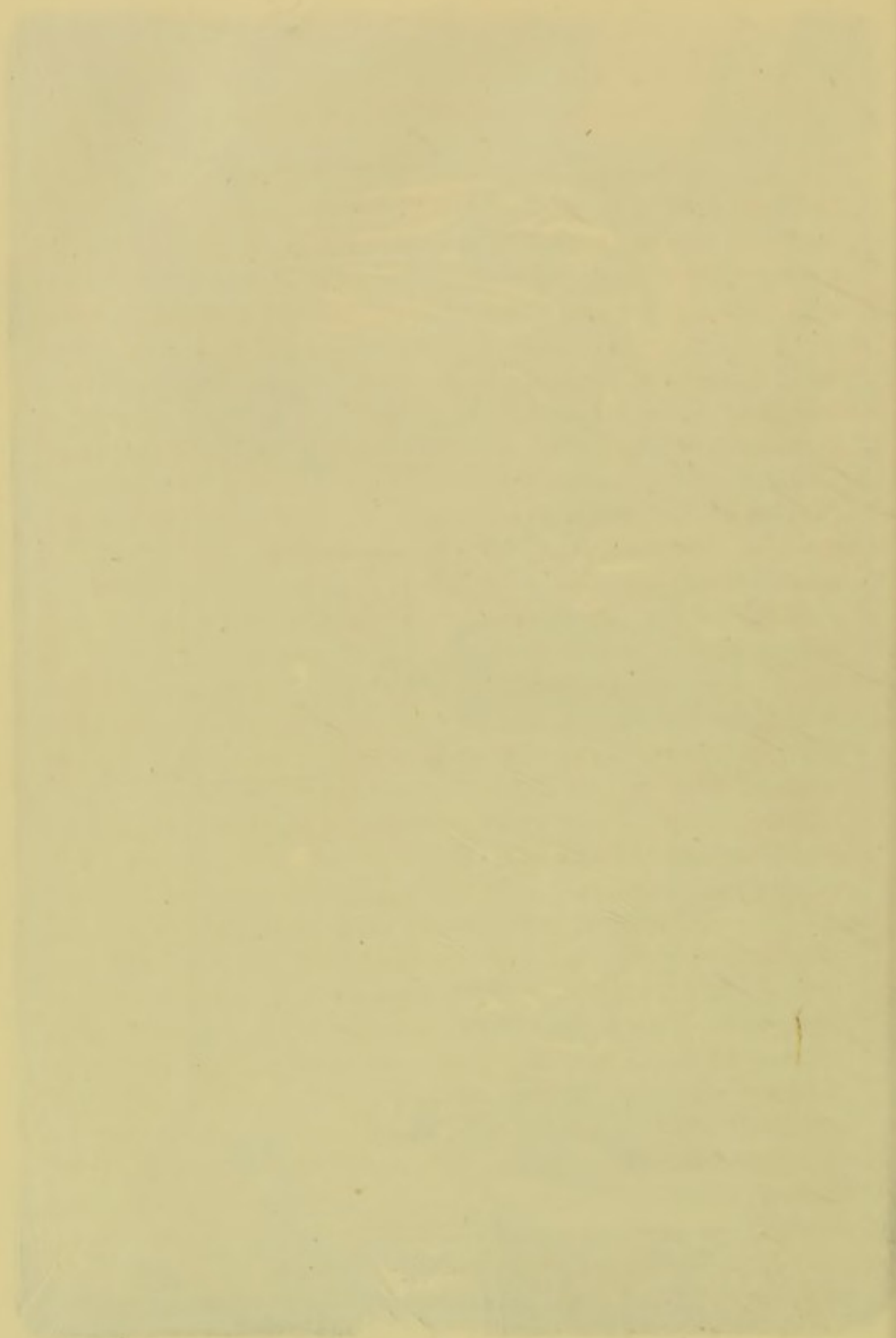
"For ever with the Lord."

WORK AMONG THE LOWEST.

In visiting the city watch-house I often found as many as fifty to sixty men and women in the cells, which, by some unaccountable thoughtlessness, were almost perfectly dark, so much so that no bible or tract could be read in any of them. I could therefore only tell the inmates of grace abounding to the chief of sinners, induce them to sign pledge-cards on the sill of the trap-opening, and give them pannikins of cold water to cool parched tongues and heated heads. For a long time my representations to the penal department were unheeded, but at length openings were made in the walls, and gratings placed before each cell, with a gaslight and reflector continually giving light to those incarcerated. I then obtained aid from the Morality Society to purchase a number of interesting and instructive books, such as "The Leisure Hour," and others similar, with bibles and New Testaments, and by the permission of the Commissioner of Police placed

a box furnished with these books in each of fourteen watch-houses in the surrounding municipalities under the care of the police-sergeant in charge. The largest supply I kept for the city cells, especially for Sunday use, where the largest number of people were confined. I still visit this and another city watch-house every week, and have had extraordinary results of my labor, and encouragement to persist in it. Of late some devoted christian men and women aid me in these visits, as also in visiting the large lodging-houses and the purlieus of Melbourne on a Sabbath morning. Time would fail to tell of the scenes of crime, fighting, Sabbath-desecration, and vice of every description that I have there met with for many years past. I have, however, always been respectfully treated by all classes, even in the brothels themselves. I have everywhere spoken plainly to all of their sin and guilt before God, inviting all to forsake their wicked lives, and faithfully warning all of the awful futurity that awaited them if they persisted in their evil ways. I also always offered to friendless and fallen women a retreat in the Temporary Home until they could find and fit themselves for honest employment, or for restoration to the parents or friends whom they had forsaken. Sometimes I met numbers of men seated in these houses of ill-fame, and if any of them ever spoke rudely to me the women at once said I was their true friend, and they would not allow me to be insulted. I occasionally induced one of the young men to read aloud the seventh chapter of the Book of Proverbs, which often filled them with dismay and conviction of sin, especially the last verse, "Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." On one occasion a young man was reading the chapter, at my request, to a number of his companions in iniquity of both sexes. As he proceeded he was met with cries of "Stop it! Stop it!" "No," he replied, "the gentleman requested me to read it, I said I would, and I will, every word of it." The effect was that many of those who heard him arose hastily and left the place; whether to return or not I am unable to say.





LITTLE BOURKE-STREET MISSION HALL.

I succeeded some years ago in purchasing a site and erecting a Mission Hall in Little Bourke-street, in the very midst of a nest of not less than a hundred brothels. Of the constant series of services held in that Hall it is believed that not one passed without the presence of several of the inmates of these "gateways to hell," and while certainly not all of them have been suppressed, a marked change has come over the district, so that now the number of such places is probably not one-tenth of what it was. In this case again I found godly men and women of all the churches ready to help me in conducting meetings on several nights in each week, in arranging and carrying out midnight meetings, and generally in any and every work that was to be done. I gladly accepted their help, all labored in harmony, the one test of fitness for the work and of success in carrying it on being a personal affiance in Christ for salvation. There was thus formed an evangelical alliance of an intensely practical kind, which set itself directly and simply to the work of bringing to Christ some of the lowest and worst and apparently most hopeless specimens of humanity that could be found on the face of the earth. Nor did they labor by any means in vain. Trophies were won for the truth, in the shape of converted criminals, drunkards, the impure, the debased, careless and ungodly men and women, who had grown old in sin, and many whose very business it was to drag their fellow men and women down into the mire of degradation, and pollution, and ruin; and who now became Christ's happy servants, and in their turn the winners also of others to the same truth. Twice since it was first built the Hall has been enlarged, to make room for increasing attendances. About ten years ago—two years after it was built—I gave the nightly use of it to the Salvation Army, and with their plans my fellow-workers had no difficulty in falling in. Meetings have thus been constantly sustained; and I am justified by many christian workers in

my belief that in no church, or chapel, or mission hall, or in any other building in the Australian colonies has there been accomplished, within the same number of years, a greater work for God than in this very humble and unpretentious structure. It has been stated, and I believe very reasonably, that in each and every year during the whole of the time that it has been in use, fully a thousand persons have progressed to have there found redemption in the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of their sins, and have there openly declared their allegiance to Him. Amongst them were drunkards, thieves, gamblers, members of the criminal classes, profligate men and women, whom to reclaim to virtue and integrity was to do the highest possible service to society. There were also numbers of artisans, tradesmen, workmen, who have learned to do their work as in God's sight and for Him. There were servants who "now sweep under the mats," not in the way of eye-service, as men-pleasers, but as unto Christ, and expecting from Him their inherited recompense. There were visitors from the country, who carried home with them to their various localities the truth they had learned, and thus not only spread that truth among their neighbors, but also prepared the way for the minister and the church, or for the Salvation Army and the gospel drum. It is true, I have not always liked the methods employed. What then? In every way Christ is preached, and therein do I rejoice, and will rejoice. Among those met with, not only in the Mission Halls, but also in the large lodging-houses, and in the streets and lanes of the city, were men of high classical and scientific education, professional and mercantile men, lawyers, doctors, ministers, gentlemen, all brought down to degradation, and shame, and want, through intemperance and vice, but many of whom, by a little sympathy, and a few words of encouragement that were easily spoken, were induced to sign the total abstinence pledge, and then to start afresh for a new, a better, and a happier life; returning to that God of whom many of them had heard in their parents' houses, and whom now they found to be the Friend of sinners, the Redemption of the self-destroyed, the Saviour of all them that trust in Him.

TRACT DISTRIBUTION.

For many years I have circulated tracts in great numbers, usually as many as 20,000 passing annually through my hands, and finding their way into the slums of the city, into the lanes, the hovels, the watch-houses, the gaols, the lodging-houses, and everywhere else into which I found it possible to send them. Many of the slums, when I first knew them, were the hot-beds of vice; almost every house occupied by fallen women; and every district the retreat of a drunken, godless, and criminal population, amongst whom virtue was unknown, or only known to be scoffed at and hated, and where crime ever became more criminal, and humanity constantly more base and degraded. The scenes of robbery, fighting, Sabbath desecration, drunkenness, and murder itself, were beyond description. Our city is still wicked enough, as we all know too well; but it is by no means what it was twenty years ago; and the change is certainly due, largely, to the efforts that have been constantly made to reach the lapsed classes, and to recover them to the ways of virtue and piety. During those years I have regularly visited the localities for a few hours on Sunday forenoons, assisted, especially in the latter part of the time, by some christian friends, who are in training to fill my place shortly. Our efforts are always well received, and tracts of a narrative or pictorial description are very acceptable. I have been enabled from time to time to rescue many young girls only recently fallen, by appealing to their conscience of what was right, to their early history and training, to their mother's tears and prayers, to their sense of responsibility to God, to His willingness to receive, to forgive, and to save for Christ's sake. Then the offer to remove them to the Home in Collingwood often removed the last difficulty of "What could I do?" and from the Home they were provided, in almost every case, with situations of a suitable kind, restored to friends, married, or otherwise so placed as to remove special temptations to wrong doing, and to encourage them in the ways of virtue and piety.

SPECIAL CASES.

The many instances I had continually met with of good men and women being drawn into the vortex of intemperance were sad and painful to witness. Children of pious parents, far from their native homes, and exposed to many temptations, especially arrested my attention. I found in the city watch-house one morning a highly-educated young man, the son of an eminent Methodist minister in Ireland, whose wife I had known when she was but a small girl. He had been suffering from delirium, caused by habits of intemperance, and was removed that day to the Lunatic Asylum, where I often visited him. When he had partially recovered I lent him some books, and he recounted to me his history, and the causes of his fall. He soon saw his sin and guilt, and found in Christ a refuge and a rest. I wrote the facts to his parents, and nothing could exceed the thankfulness of the poor mother. I had frequent letters from both mother and father, and I induced him to write to them in his more lucid hours. About two years afterwards he died, and his father soon followed him. His mother is, I believe, still alive.

A gentleman who had been highly connected at home, who had for some years held a good position in India, and afterwards in the Zulu war, had recently come to Melbourne. During the previous years, as I found, he had neglected his spiritual welfare, and had fallen into habits of intemperance. I followed him, gained some influence over him for a time, and he abstained; but when the power of temptation came he fell, because he had not fled for refuge and help to Christ. In a fit of drinking he committed some act that sent him for a time to the Geelong Gaol. There his mind became clear, and we corresponded, and God brought the wanderer to Himself. I wrote to his sister, a colonel's wife at Cairo in Egypt, and she wrote to him and sent clothing, which I kept for him pending his release; but before his sentence expired he was suddenly called from time into eternity. I wrote to his daughter in London, and she sent out money

with which to erect and fence a monument, bearing certain words, over his grave. The work was neatly executed, and I sent her photographs of it.

These were wrecks of wasted lives. I have found, however, large numbers of men and many women who not only became abstainers at my suggestion, but who also

Came to Jesus as they were,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
And found in Him a resting place,
A Friend that made them glad.

Among the latter were some who afterwards became my fellow-workers in the effort to rescue the fallen and the perishing. One of these is my dear friend and correspondent for years, H. G. W——, whose broken-hearted, pious, widowed mother, on leaving these shores some years ago, begged me to pray with her for his conversion, as he had been a slave to intemperance. I tried to recover him for three or four years. He repented, promised, fell again and again. Still I sought him out in poverty, misery, drunkenness; and at last, by God's grace, he sought his mother's God. Her prayer was answered, and the prodigal was saved. Her gratitude to God was unbounded. She has ever since corresponded with me; and he loves me as a father. He has a collegiate institution in another colony, but constantly writes to me, and is a christian worker actively engaged.

Some years ago when I first knew Thomas Goodman he was already a drinking man. I tried to lead him to abstain, and to submit himself to Christ, but for a long time in vain. I found him an educated man, and he ought to have been a gentleman. His only brother was an estated gentleman in Ireland, and to him I wrote about his unfortunate relative in this country. He sent me annually a few pounds to help him in his distress, and expressed the deep regret which his foolish and sinful conduct caused to his friends. On one occasion, when he thought, from letters he had received, that there was hope of amendment, he sent out money for a

passage and an outfit, to enable him to return home. I secured a berth for him on board a vessel, and gave him money to purchase clothing; but he proceeded at once to drink the money; sold his ticket for half-price, and drank that also; and I discovered that that was not the first occasion on which he had taken the same course. He lost situations in which he was employed as a servant, and was driven into the Immigrants' Home. He often abused me when I tried to give him in weekly or monthly sums the moneys sent to me by his brother, and would have the whole at once. He seemed a hopeless case; but I bore with him, and often prayed with him, and urged him to seek a change of heart and life before it should be too late. At length, about two years ago, a remarkable change appeared in him, and he came to me deeply humbled, convinced of the evil of his past course, and most anxious to amend his ways. He was thus easily led to seek mercy and forgiveness from God through Christ, and he found both. He has ever since endeavored to benefit others, often getting tracts from me to give away or to lend, and showing by his life the genuineness of his repentance, and the completeness of the change that has been wrought in him. I wrote to his brother an account of his conversion, and I expect he will now before long send for his aged relative, whose letters of deep contrition must by this time have reached home. "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?"

Another is ———. He is an educated and intelligent man, and a good writer and reporter for the newspapers, and is married to an excellent christian lady. He fell, when comparatively young, into habits of intemperance, and thus was separated from his children and wife, and became a wanderer for years. I got him clothing, I think, seven or eight times. I sent him to situations and paid his fare up country again and again. He repented, wept, asked me to pray for him. He did everything but the one thing indispensable. He did not come humbly as a sinner to Christ for pardon, and strength, and salvation. But this he did ultimately, and he is now in his right mind, corresponds with

his wife, feels his own weakness, and leans on his Saviour for support, and guidance, and grace to keep him from day to day. He writes to me that quite recently J. C——, a chemist, has been converted in Dublin, where, years ago, he left home and entered the army as a private soldier. He never could quite forget the truth in all his wanderings and drinking habits. I had tried to lead him to his pious mother's God, and he abstained, reformed, wrote home, and promised well. But not having come to Christ and consecrated all to Him, he fell again and again. I sought his restoration for a considerable time. And now it has come. He is a saved prodigal, and useful to others also.

A lawyer whom I had induced to become an abstainer told me of a minister of great eminence who had fallen into intemperate habits, but who still managed to maintain his pulpit services. My friend said he knew him well, and was concerned about him. I said, "Go to him at once, tell him kindly what others know, and urge him for his people's sake, and for his own sake, to repent and abstain." This my informant declined, as well as my request that he would speak to one of the minister's friends whom he knew, and urge him to do so. He said the friends knew the facts, but would not interfere. "Then," I said, "I will do my part." I went to the minister's house, was shown into a finely-furnished parlor, and presently a man of fine appearance, tall, intellectual-looking, gentlemanly, came to me. We had never met before, and, after the necessary introductions, he asked to what he was indebted for my visit. I candidly told him what I had heard, pointed out that such reports must be injurious to others as well as to himself; and said that I should be glad to be in a position to contradict them wherever I might meet them; but that, if that might not be, I was ready to sympathise with him, as I had done with others, and to render him any help I could. He seemed very ill at ease, and said he was no teetotaller. I asked could I truthfully contradict the report; he assented, and then stood up, anxious apparently to end the conversation. Within a year from that time he died. I do not know the issue.

I was told also of another minister, who had been a very zealous worker and preacher, but who had fallen into the prevailing habit of drinking; that he drank with ungodly people in the bars of beer-shops, and was greatly injuring the members of his church and congregation by his example, and also by the neglect of them that his habit produced. Finding no other way of rescuing him or preventing the evil effects of his conduct, I went to his parsonage and had a long and faithful interview with him. He admitted that he had fallen from grace, and had lost his power with God. He begged me to pray with him, and made many promises of amendment and a better life. It appeared he was not happy in his family circle, and he alleged this as an excuse for his wrongdoing; but I heard afterwards that he had reformed his habits, and was apparently keeping the promises he had made to me, when we were alone with God.

The memory of these things is pleasant. Even if the failures had exceeded the successes one success would have outweighed many failures. But I am thankful to say that the failures were few and the successes very many; and while I remember the latter with glad thankfulness, I say heartily, "To God in Christ be all the glory."

At the Saturday night gospel temperance meeting at the dispensary many sign the pledge, and scarcely a night passes but two or more accept salvation, and find rest in Christ. These in their turn become workers to save others—a noble band of holy women and men laboring for their Master's glory, and finding much success in their labor.

TRACT DISTRIBUTION SOCIETY.

Many years ago my late friend and faithful fellow-worker in Christ's vineyard, Mr. Henry Cooke, had written a widely-circulated tract on the danger of intemperance, which he entitled "Victoria's Curse." I had at the same time compiled a large total abstinence pledge-card, with a great variety of information and statistics on the subject, and as he had been a successful and untiring distributor of

tracts, we mutually agreed to form a Tract Distribution Society—1st. For sending to christian women in the outlying districts, where no stated ministry existed, parcels of assorted tracts for the use of isolated settlers. 2nd. To place parcels of assorted tracts on board the coasting vessels in the harbor. 3rd. To form book-tracts, comprising biographical, narrative, theological, temperance, and sanitary tracts, in sets of fifty, and comprising about sixty pages in each book, no two tracts alike in any book; and these books to be lent from house to house, regularly returned to the visitor each week, and exchanged for others in due course. These we reckoned would give fresh reading of a most excellent kind to fifty families for fifty weeks—practically we found they would serve as a rule forty families for forty weeks. We obtained the tracts from the Dublin, New York, London, Norwich, Ipswich, Stirling, and Glasgow Tract Societies, and the supply was sufficient to make eight or nine different sets, which, on the plan arranged, would give each house new reading for six or seven consecutive years. We also obtained plans of the country townships, invited the ministers of all the churches to meet and consider our plan, and to arrange, each township for itself, as to the mode of working, appointing two or more visitors to a district, as might seem advisable. Weekly prayer-meetings were held to seek a blessing on the work, and many answers to prayer were obtained. We made presents of sets to all the colonial steamers, to the homeward-bound clipper ships, and to the coasting vessels. I collected the money needed for our purchases, and Mr. Cooke at his own house in the evenings made up the books according to a printed catalogue we had prepared. To his untiring energy, and sound, practical judgment, under the blessing of God, was our success due. In one year we sent out 500,000 tracts in book-form or otherwise, and the work continued until Mr. Cooke's death in 1889. One female visitor left and exchanged her set of forty books weekly for years among the medical men in East Collinstreet, including with them the Melbourne Club and a few adjoining houses. Why should such a work cease? I hope

and pray that some devoted christian man will be early led to take up this incomparable plan of reaching people of every class, and doubtless many that would be difficult to reach in other ways. The result of the work will be known hereafter. We had many tracts reprinted, such as "John Ashworth's Strange Tales," by his special permission, and at one-fifth the price we had been paying for them; "Immediate or Instant Salvation," a clear and well-written gospel tract; "Lines on the Loss of the London," by J. S., together with the paper which I had read before the Medical Society on "Alcohol as a Medicine;" and lastly, "Rotherham on Spiritualism," which we used freely to combat that system, which was then making havoc of the churches. On one occasion we went to the Turn Verein in the Lutheran Hall on a Sunday morning, when a Mr. John Tyreman, a man who had formerly called himself a christian missionary in connection with one of the churches, was about advocating the system. I stood at the entrance door, and Mr. Cooke at the foot of the steps, so as to let no one pass in without a tract on the subject, showing that it was the work of evil spirits. The lecturer himself bowed to thank me for one as I handed it to him, but he became quite upset when he looked over it, so much so that he could not hold his meeting that morning—the lecture had to be postponed. This man afterwards went to Sydney, and there soon died under very sad and painful circumstances.

On another occasion while engaged in our work I saw a placard announcing for that evening a meeting in the Opera House at which a lecture was to be given by a Doctor Proctor, a well-known and noted American spiritist, who had visited Victoria; and I asked my friend to accompany me to defeat this agent of satan. We had but a few hundreds of Rotherham's tracts, but we made up with others, about 1100. My friend took the private entrance, while I took the main one, and we expended the entire 1100, with about 150 more that we had intended for distribution at the Young Mens' Christian Association Hall. Messages were sent to us to desist, but to these we paid no attention. We had already

done all we could do. We asked God's blessing on the seed we had sown, and left the result with Him.

DEATH OF DR. TRACEY.

There lay on his death bed an eminent physician, who had treated me very unkindly a year or two previously, and I felt very anxious about his salvation. One day I called at his house, and, without giving my name, I left for him a copy of the little book "Immediate or Instant Salvation." Not long afterwards I found the clergyman who visited him, and told him my anxiety. He replied, "Doctor, make your mind easy on that subject. He is a happy christian man, trusting fully in Christ as his personal Saviour; and this arose in rather an unusual way. Some one," he said, "had left a little book entitled, 'Instant Salvation' at the house. This the dying man had read, and had by it seen the way of salvation, accepted the truth, and glorified God." His end, after a long, painful, and most trying illness, was peace; and I felt, as, with a long procession of his medical friends, I followed Dr. Tracey's remains to the grave, that I could give thanks unto God, whose mercy endureth for ever.

DEATH OF HENRY COOKE.

Early in 1889 my devoted friend and fellow-worker, Mr. Henry Cooke, was called to exchange mortality for life. Our work in "the slums," visiting the watch-houses, back lanes, the lodging-houses, and the shipping at the wharfs, had long been carried on conjointly; but at length, from increasing years in both, we found it too laborious, and therefore agreed to divide it, my friend taking the city watch-house, the wharfs, and the shipping, and I the lanes, the lodging-houses, and the other watch-house. But before long this arrangement also had to be abandoned. Mr. Cooke's health rapidly declined, and after a time he removed to Oakleigh. Here I often visited him, and heard his dying testimony to the sustaining power of that gospel he had so long and so

earnestly sought to spread among his fellow men. He died in the full assurance of faith, and entered the joy of his Lord. Since his death his widow has sent to my charge 250,000 tracts ; and a committee of a few christian friends has been formed to carry on the work of free distribution in which her sainted husband so long and so faithfully labored. We are also to have printed, if necessary, a further supply of John Ashworth's tracts, of which I have the stereotype plates in my possession. The plan of sending parcels into remote and isolated districts by travelling missionaries and otherwise will still be continued. These, judiciously circulated, must always be highly useful ; and the work in the back streets and lanes of Melbourne is not only maintained, but has been extended to Collingwood and other suburbs. But I often wish that I could see our successors. God buries His workmen, but He carries on His work ; and I earnestly pray that the Lord of the harvest will send forth laborers into His harvest. It cannot be that such an admirable plan of reaching the masses of erring and guilty men and women will be allowed to fail for want of agents to carry it on. Already God is saying, in the ears of the churches, " Whom shall I send ; and who will go for Me ? "

DR. CAMERON AND COLPORTAGE.

I had mentioned to some friends the success that had attended the distribution of the scriptures, and a low-priced interesting scripture literature, among the wood-carters and brick-makers at Hawthorn by colportage. The Rev. Dr. Cameron, an influential and able Presbyterian minister, the originator and editor of *The Southern Cross*, took the subject up, and invited me to meet some gentlemen in conference on the subject at his then residence, Chalmers Manse. An Association for Colportage was then formed, books to be procured from Scotland, and a few men to be employed as colporteurs. I have generally found that in large committees the management has been less economical and efficient than where two or three of one heart and mind were associated.

After a year or two the expenses of this society could not be well met, the surveillance had been too lax, and it came thus soon to an end. This, however, brought me into more frequent and closer intimacy with the talented doctor and his interesting and pious family. A few years afterwards the doctor's health failed suddenly and rapidly. I had been into the country for a rest and change, and on my return, having learned that he wished very much to see me, I hastened to his manse then in St. Kilda. I shall never forget my interview with him. As I entered the room where he lay ill, he stretched out his hands to welcome me, and cried aloud, "I longed to see you, Doctor Singleton, and to tell you what a blessing you had been to me." Perceiving my astonishment he added, "You knew nothing about it. It was your life that did it." After some conversation he requested me to kneel down and offer prayer, and then we rejoiced together until our hearts burned within us with love to our Divine Lord and Master. I visited him often from that time until his death, and—

We talked of all He said, and did,
And suffered for us here below;
And of the glorious home above;
And what He is doing for us now.

Dr. Cameron's office in the church, and his place as editor of *The Southern Cross*, are now filled by others. The latter he had commenced and successfully carried on wholly on undenominational lines. On those lines it is still conducted; and he is remembered as a faithful minister of the gospel of Christ, a judicious christian friend, a genial companion and associate, and an excellent co-worker for Christ.

SUICIDES PREVENTED.

One afternoon, while I was absent from home, a refined and educated young woman called to see me. Not finding me, she called a second time; and as I was absent then also, she left a letter, addressed to Doctor or Mrs. Singleton, and

went away. This letter came from a christian medical friend, and was as follows :—

DEAR DOCTOR SINGLETON,—The bearer had applied to a chemist adjoining my house to purchase laudanum. He declined to sell it without an order from a medical man, on which she called on me and asked me for an order. I questioned her, in a gentle, kind way, as to what she wanted it for, when she candidly replied that she was tired of her life, and wanted to end it. I then said I would give her a letter to a friend who would be kind to her, and help her at once. I spoke to her some words of encouragement and christian counsel, and I hope you may be of use to her.

Yours, etc.,

J. McM.

My wife, on reading this, at once sent messengers to look for her, but without success; she had disappeared. To my surprise she soon afterwards came again to my house, and I obtained from her the following account :—She was an artist; had come from New South Wales, but had failed to get employment in Melbourne; her money was spent until she had but two shillings left; on one of these she had lived during the preceding week; and that morning, leaving her little belongings at the lodging to pay the week's rent that she owed, she had resolved to spend the remaining shilling on laudanum. Going into a chemist's shop in Elizabeth-street she was just about being supplied with the drug, when her mind became suddenly impressed to call on me once more. I at once relieved her present anxiety, and went with her to her lodging, and made arrangements there. My dear wife enlisted the sympathies of a number of ladies on her behalf, and provided her with constant and remunerative employment. For a long time the poor girl thought there could be no forgiveness for her sin. But God after a time opened her heart and filled it with Himself. She then became a devoted and truly useful follower of Christ, helped me in visiting cases of distress and sickness, and is still pressing forward in the narrow road that leads to glory and to God; a blessing to many during the past ten years. She has been comfortably provided for up to the present. I often see her, and I attend her professionally when she is unwell. She has

maintained her christian profession with consistency and honor to the glory of God in Christ.

An interesting and educated widow, whose husband had died while they were in India, came to this country, and on one of the goldfields married privately a widower with a large family. After some time a disagreement arose with her husband, and she rashly came to Melbourne. Here, being reduced to want, and failing to get employment, she resolved to commit suicide. She then went to one of the wharfs, procured a pencil and paper, and in a retired spot wrote her name and mining residence, her poverty and her trials. This she placed on some timber, laid a stone on the paper, went to the river, and flung herself in. It happened that the master of a small craft on the opposite side of the river had noticed her writing and her movements, and wondered what she intended, so that on seeing her rush into the river he was ready at once to jump into a boat and to row to her assistance. The anchor chain of one of the vessels caught her a foot or two beneath the surface, and she was speedily rescued. The police then took charge of her, and with them I found her. I got her a situation; then wrote to her husband; and a pleasing reconciliation soon took place. She wrote to me afterwards expressing her gratitude for the small kindness I had shown her, and her resolution to serve God who had shown her such mercy.

Another case, similar, and yet how different, occurred not very long after. A young medical man of more than ordinary ability came from India to practice in Victoria. He had had good early training in the Holy Scriptures, but, like many other medical men whom I have known, he had been again and again overcome with drink, lost his practice, and several good appointments, and the chance of a useful and successful life. I took much interest in his case, and made many efforts for his rescue. He knew I was his friend, and when I pressed home on his conscience the claims of the gospel he acknowledged his sin and almost became a christian. One Sunday evening he was strongly tempted to commit suicide, and called on me saying he had a powerful

impression on his mind to do so, and one also to see me. After some earnest conversation he produced a bottle of morphia sufficient to kill 100 persons, and begged me to take it. He promised to take my Saviour as his. Some time afterwards he got into a state of bad health, and I recommended him to go into the country, or into one of the hospitals for a time, as his lungs were seriously diseased. I then lost sight of him, and I think he must have died, saved, as I trust, at the eleventh hour. But what a wasted life, that might have been holy and useful and honorable, if it had been spent in his Redeemer's glorious service.

Such also was the end of an interesting woman of gentle and kind disposition, and who, with a good knowledge of the gospel, fell by the poison of drink. She abstained for a long time, and got suitable employment. She was truly grateful for the efforts made by Mrs. Singleton and myself to save her. One night, having again had recourse to Victoria's curse, the brandy bottle, she fell asleep with a box of matches in her pocket, which, igniting in some way, set her clothes on fire, and she was extensively burned. She was then conveyed to the hospital. She sent me word of the accident and I visited her. She expressed deep remorse and penitence, and eventually before she died professed a humble trust in the Saviour of those who are lost.

A young married woman, of prepossessing appearance and lady-like manners, and of a respectable family, came under my notice as a patient. I soon discovered the cause of her illness; and, as she saw that I meant to help her, she opened her mind, and the horrid truth stood confessed. I spoke to her, prayed with her, and got her to pray for herself and for her own salvation, which she seemed very desirous to obtain. She had domestic trials, and the old family home was closed against her. After three or four years' struggling for deliverance from her besetting sin, she had a fit of temporary insanity, and committed suicide. Medical men, thoughtlessly prescribing intoxicants as nourishing and necessary articles of diet, act cruelly as well as unscientifically, in exposing their patients to this curse.

A young woman, of a respectable family in Edinburgh, not long in the colony, came under my notice, suffering from alcoholic poisoning, in other words, *delivium tremens*. She had already attempted her own life, and required the utmost care. I therefore took her, although an upright and virtuous woman, into the Temporary Home for Women in order to save her from every form of destruction to which she was exposed. Her gratitude for the care thus shown her was afterwards unbounded. She obtained situations, in which she was well provided for, but for want of decision of character, and because she did not accept the gift of pardon and eternal life in Christ, she fell again and again, and of course paid the penalty. At length, sensible of her weakness, and finding no help elsewhere,

She came to Jesus as she was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
And found in Him a resting place ;
He saved, and made her glad.

A habit of using intoxicants, once formed, is exceedingly difficult to overcome. The temptation to have recourse to the drug in times of trial or depression of mind is almost irresistible, unless through the power of the gospel. Another young woman from the same city, well educated and well connected, fell very low morally through drink. After many efforts to escape from the snare in other directions, she sought and obtained mercy through Christ, and was saved. Her relations sent me afterwards some beautifully wrought silk handkerchiefs with my name worked on them, as a recognition of the interest which, as they learned from her letters, I had taken in her welfare. I was present at her marriage to an excellent christian man, who knew her past life. She has since gone to be for ever with the Lord.

One day, in passing through the yard of the gaol hospital, a prisoner handed me a piece of paper, on which was written, "Do not be discouraged in your work. A tract you gave me has proved a blessing to me in my cell." I found the man had been a captain in Her Majesty's Army ;

had sold out; came to Victoria; and, having spent his money, had given a valueless cheque, for which offence he was now in prison. On his discharge I looked after him, sent him to Sydney, where he had friends. There he came under the influence of the Salvation Army, and attained the rank of an officer in that service; and I corresponded with him during eight years. His health then failed, and he had to resign his post. I induced him to come to Melbourne, with his wife and child, and I aided him in finding regular employment in one of the suburbs. He has done well for both worlds, and leads a happy christian life.

Another interesting and industrious young woman who, but for drink, might have been an ornament to any position, and brought glory to God, gradually got ensnared by the fascinations of brandy. She would abstain for a long time, and then drink again to excess. She had attempted suicide on several occasions, but had been rescued. I had very often sought her recovery, and on every emergency she came to me for advice or help. She made a profession of having accepted Christ, and tried, not without success, to induce others to devote themselves to His service. She eventually died of phthisis in the Melbourne Hospital—the result, I believe, of her former habits. I visited her there, and heard her testimony that God's mercy through Christ had saved her; and during a long illness she seemed to trust in Him who is able to save to the uttermost all who humbly and penitently come unto God through Him.

The misery caused in families, especially when the wife or mother takes to drinking habits, should stimulate every lover of his species to lose no opportunity of warning others, and especially the young, of the dangerous tendency of forming such habits; and ought especially to awaken the consciences of medical men to avoid the tremendous risk and responsibility of ordering intoxicating drinks to convalescents and others, with the knowledge they must have that, on the one hand, those drinks are not strength-producing, and that they are exceedingly dangerous on the other hand, and have not seldom produced, in their patients, a liking for intoxicants

that has often issued in their ruin. I visited a Mrs. B——, apparently on her death-bed, and found her well acquainted with the scriptures and with the plan of salvation. Her little son, eleven years old, was her chief support during her illness. I got friends to help her; and, after a time, she recovered. I often visited her and helped her, and by-and-bye I discovered that she secretly gave way to drink and dishonored her profession of Christ. I still strove to do her good, and, I am glad to say, not without success. I have reason to hope that a happier future was secured to her and to her two interesting children.

GAOL SERVICES AND THEIR RESULTS.

"The Lord God gathered the outcasts."

My visits to the Melbourne Gaol during the last twenty years have been full of blessing, and not a few very cheering results have followed. I had been in the habit of visiting through the gaol in the various departments, and the women were always assembled in their own corridor for an hour's service on Saturdays at half-past one o'clock, but during some years no such service had been held with the men. This arose in the following way:—The governor of the gaol was naturally desirous of obtaining as large an income as possible from the work both of male and female prisoners; and one day when I was leaving the gaol he told me that he could not any longer allow me to continue my visits to the men, as it took them away from their work, and lessened their earnings. I reasoned with him, saying that surely he would not, for the sake of the very trifling sum he could thus gain for the department, put an obstacle in the way of their moral and religious teaching so long carried on on the Saturday afternoons, and with so much of success. It was quite useless, and he told me he should persevere in his determination. Then, I replied, I also will persevere in preventing such an injustice, done for such an object, by every means in my power. I accordingly applied to Sir William Stawell, the Chief Justice, who was then also Acting-Governor of

the Colony. He communicated with the Chief Secretary, and I was soon after informed that I could have the opportunity I desired if I would go to the gaol on Sunday afternoons. This I declined to do, as I was already engaged with two adult classes elsewhere during the hour fixed. At length, in consideration of my long and voluntary services in visiting the gaols of the colony, the governor of the gaol was directed to place no obstacle in my way in relation to the instruction referred to. He then made me welcome, and we arranged that all the protestant male prisoners should be at liberty to assemble in the corridor of the south wing on Saturdays, from half-past one o'clock until half-past two; and that I should visit the gaol hospital until a quarter-past three. This regulation still exists, and we receive from the warders in charge all attention and courtesy. There is, on the average, an attendance of about 100 women in the one bible-class, and about 200 men in the other. To these I have given from time to time, as fresh prisoners came in, small New Testaments, and copies of Sankey's hymn-books to the number of nearly a thousand of each annually, with several thousands of tracts, pamphlets, etc., all of which they have the privilege of keeping in the gaol, and of taking with them when they leave. These visits have generally been highly valued, and thoroughly enjoyed; deep awakenings have been plainly observed; many have opened their minds, and sought advice as to their future lives; copies of the scriptures have repeatedly been asked for, and I have met from time to time and conversed with large numbers of men and women who have told me that what they had heard and read had been the means to them of change and renewal of the most valuable kind for time and eternity.

About ten or twelve years ago I was able to obtain the help for the female prisoners, of Mrs. Swinborne, a quaker lady, who has proved herself an excellent and successful worker; and some five years ago that of my friends, Colonel Barker, of the Salvation Army, and the Rev. Mr. McCutchan, who are duly recognised by the authorities, and are thus in a position to fill my place when I may be laid aside. More

recently Colonel Barker has been recalled to England, but the Army has suitably filled his place, and the services are regularly and efficiently maintained.

I had for years the opportunity, and, I must add, the privilege, of seeing and speaking more or less with every prisoner who in the Melbourne Gaol awaited his trial and sentence. If the latter was for more than one year the prisoner was sent to the penal establishment at Pentridge. I occasionally went to see at Pentridge men in whom I felt specially interested. Among these I will refer to a few cases which were to me specially significant. Previous to my ceasing, thirty years ago, under special circumstances already detailed in these pages, to hold religious services at Pentridge, I conducted there a bible-class in which I was much interested, because in it several prisoners had been led to Christ for forgiveness, and for consecration to His happy service, and I was much grieved to think that it must be given up. But God provided for my enforced lack of service. One of the prisoners continued it for some time, and eventually it fell into the hands of another prisoner—Edward Elton. This was an educated man, of a most respectable English family, but who had become very reckless, and in a fit of delirium from intemperance, had killed his child. He was first sent as a lunatic to the Yarra Bend Asylum, whence in two years he was removed to Pentridge, and there detained for sixteen years. Here he found eternal life in Christ, and he conducted the bible-class for several years. He subsequently formed a second, and had twenty-four men in each, the largest number allowed to him. I visited him frequently, and sent him various books, Sankey's hymns, a revised New Testament, tracts, and other literature. I wrote to him, and received from time to time his intelligent and earnest replies; and finally on petition to His Excellency, I obtained his discharge, on my giving a bond for his good behaviour for a year. Since that time, now several years ago, he has been uncommonly useful to me, holding short gospel services at the various night shelters, and at the dispensary, helping in my adult

bible-classes, and in several other ways, such as visiting the sick and the dying, being *instant* in season and out of season in every good word and work. He has frequently attended our social gatherings, and spoken with much power of the Holy Spirit; and especially at our last old people's annual tea-meeting (March, 1891). He has, at the same time provided for his own maintenance in the management of an extensive business, and is creditably discharging all the duties of citizenship. Surely this is a signal example of how high Divine grace can lift a man from apparently the lowest and worst and most hopeless condition, a reward for any amount of labor, a noble trophy to the glory of God in the gospel of His Son Christ Jesus.

I heard, in conversation, of a young man in the Melbourne Gaol, who was awaiting his trial for coining, and for stealing jewellery. I found that he had been well educated in a very distant island, and now that his sin had found him out he was greatly troubled. He had a wife and two little children, and was in great distress. I told him of God's gift of eternal life, and of His willingness now to receive the repentant sinner who sought forgiveness through the Redeemer. Before his trial he found mercy and salvation, and he told me he left his case in his Heavenly Father's hands. His sentences amounted to ten years' penal servitude. I pointed out to him that he might be a missionary among the others at Pentridge; and there his conduct was so good that at the end of eight years, a petition which, at my instance, his wife presented to the Governor for his release, was successful, and he was discharged. I had long before effected a reconciliation between the pair. His wife was a respectable woman, and had trained her children well; and now they re-commenced life together, certainly with better prospects than ever before. During his imprisonment he had played the harmonium at the various church services. He has, since he obtained his liberty, been useful in many ways, and filled different posts with credit. He has frequently seen and written to me.

I was also deeply interested in the case of a young man, a sailor, a Norwegian, who, on escaping from his engagement

on board his ship, and in going up country, committed an odious crime, for which he was sentenced to be executed. I had procured for him a Swedish New Testament, and the Swedish Consul had sent him a bible. I had several conversations with him previous to his trial, and found that he had been taught the scriptures at home, so that he by-and-bye yielded his heart to God, and found pardon and peace through trusting fully in Christ his Saviour. For six weeks after his being sentenced to death I visited him in his cell, where we both prayed and praised a God of love. His sentence was commuted to ten years' imprisonment. I visited him occasionally, and we corresponded until his discharge. I also induced him to write to his widowed mother from time to time, telling her only of her boy's having become a follower of her Saviour, and of his hope to see her by-and-bye. He wrote also to his brother, I pre-paying and despatching his letters. He has been married for some time, and is living a consistent christian life, and working hard for the support of his family. He continues to write to his friends at home, and they to him.

I met some years ago in my professional visits a farmer who had been a lay preacher in the Wesleyan body, and who reminded me of some acts of kindness I had shown him on a former occasion, but which I had quite forgotten. In the interval, in some difficulty he gave way to temptation, committed a forgery, and was sent to gaol for some years. Deeply penitent, the prodigal had returned to his Father, and had found mercy. His letter breathed a spirit of repentance, also of unshaken confidence in the promises of the gospel, and of personal rest in Christ. I went to see him, and wrote to him repeatedly; and on his discharge I aided him in getting employment near the city; and now, while working honestly for his living, he is consistently honoring his Saviour, and trying to be useful to others.

I met on one occasion in the street a German in whom I had formerly taken some interest. He came first under my notice in the Melbourne Gaol, and I had tried to lead him to Christ for salvation. I now asked what he was doing, and

where, and his reply was that he could get no employment, and that he was going to make away with himself. Our meeting proved providential. I was able to get him employment in the German Vineyards on the Murray, and there he rose to a respectable position, which he still retains. And better still, he has sought the happiness of his life in the teaching of his bible, in the study of which he has become wise to salvation, and he is glorifying God as he journeys towards the better land that is afar off.

I met in the gaol hospital an old man, who was there, I found, on remand, charged with attempting suicide. He told me that all his friends and relations were dead, his means were exhausted; and now, lonely in his old age and poverty, he was tired of life, and had gone to the Australian Wharf and quietly slipped into the water to end his struggle with misery, but that some one had rescued him and handed him over to the police. I appeared at the police court, and offered to take charge of the old man—now fully awakened to a sense of his guilt and danger before God. I took a lodging for him until I got him admittance to the Benevolent Asylum, where he had christian visitors to further instruct and console him, and aid him in preparing him for the end that is coming to us all.

I had for some years given weekly to a Roman Catholic named O'Neill certain gospel tracts, with a view of leading him to Christ as his personal Saviour. His case was an especially painful one. While in delirium from drinking he had been the means of his mother's violent death. He had been in the Lunatic Asylum for several years, and was now detained during the Governor's pleasure. I drew out, at his earnest request, a lengthened petition for his release, and on my becoming security for his good conduct for a year, he was discharged. His conduct since has been exemplary. He has frequently written to me from New South Wales, where he is living, and has several times sent me money for my various charitable institutions.

With very great interest I saw and conversed with M. T——, a Belgian, who, in a fit of jealousy and madness, had

stabbed his wife so as to cause her death. He also had spent some time in the Lunatic Asylum, and was now confined in the Melbourne Gaol during the Governor's pleasure—the usual mode of dealing with offences so committed, to prevent a recurrence. We had many conversations of an interesting character. I had given him a New Testament, the reading of which led to his conversion, but the warder, knowing that T—— was a Roman Catholic, took it from him. On learning this I gave him another, which he carefully read and retained; and through its diligent study he became a very happy believer in Christ. I succeeded in getting him also discharged. His life ever since has been devoted to Christ, and to his glorious service. His entire family has been reconciled to him. He is in a good and useful situation, and often calls to see me, when we have prayer one with the other. He is very useful to others, and is one of the happiest christians that I have ever met with.

BUSHRANGING, MURDER, AND DEATH.

The way of transgressors is hard.

In July, 1880, there was brought to the Melbourne gaol a notable bushranger, and the leader of a number of desperate men of that class, well-known as "Ned Kelly and the Kelly Gang." The Kelly family were born and brought up amid surroundings of vice, such as appear to have practically extinguished conscience and blotted out the distinction between right and wrong, and Ned especially had been a criminal from his youth up. He possessed more than an average amount of ability and cleverness, and must always have been a leader among men; but, unfortunately for himself, and for society, his powers were never directed to any good or useful work, and they naturally found exercise in wickedness and crime of the worst kind. He had repeatedly been imprisoned for offences of various kinds, chiefly for cattle stealing, which, indeed, he carried on as a business, with a skill, success, and often an impunity, that were truly

astonishing. But he soon proceeded to take bolder flights. To take possession of a country town in broad daylight, and to leave it again unmolested, carrying with him what booty he chose, was an easy matter. Thus he marched in open day into the town of Euroa, seized the gallant bank manager and his clerks and family, ten people in all, helped himself to what money he could find, and then packing the whole household into a couple of conveyances, and locking the bank doors, he drove the lot to a station ten miles out, which also he "stuck up" and robbed at his leisure, and then returned to the mountains whence he had come. In truth he was always the terror of the country wherever he might be, and was therefore the constant quarry of the police, who tracked him incessantly, and gave him no rest or security anywhere. On one occasion a young constable going to his house with a warrant for his arrest, got into a quarrel with some members of his family, and shots were fired, with no very great harm to anyone, but the effect was to drive Kelly out, a desperate, and, as it proved, a dangerous man. Several constables followed him and some companions into the Gippsland mountains, and as they were no matches for Kelly's astute strategy, they speedily fell into an ambush which he had laid for them, and on the 27th of October, 1878, three constables were murdered. Public indignation was excited in the extremest degree, and not the police only, but the entire people, became intent on plans "to capture the Kellys." Rewards were offered, lives were ventured, everything was done except the capturing of the Kellys. They had hidden themselves in the wild and impracticable Strathbogie Ranges, and there they bade defiance to all the force that could be brought against them. Nearly two years passed thus; and then, either weary of the confinement and inactivity, or in want of means for their support, they forsook their fastnesses, took possession of a public-house on the Melbourne to Echuca railway line, and laid plans for the destruction and loot of a passing train. They imprisoned everyone who came to the hotel, at once as security and as hostages; but, probably in

a weak moment, a schoolmaster was allowed to leave, and he proceeded promptly to warn the approaching train, and to give notice of the whereabouts of the Kelly gang. A regular siege followed. The officer commanding the police was seriously wounded in the hand by the fire of the Kellys; several persons in the hotel were wounded, including Ned Kelly himself, and some were killed, and finally the place was burned down, and the career of the Kelly gang came to an end. Ned's wounds made it necessary to place him in the gaol hospital, and there I saw him. I said, "Kelly, I have not come to upbraid you with your crimes, but to say that I feel for you, and would like to tell you of my blessed Master, Christ, who receives the chief of sinners that seek Him, and who will not cast out any who come to Him." I then told him a little of my life, and he said, "When I was in Pentridge prison for horse-stealing I heard that you were the prisoner's friends." He then turned to the wardsman and asked him did he believe in or love Jesus. He replied, "Oh yes;" and Kelly said, "I don't believe you do. I have observed your conduct to be otherwise; but I believe in this man," pointing to me. After I had explained the simple gospel, and urged him to accept it, saying I would pray for him, I gave him a New Testament with good print, asking him to read it. He said he would, and would like to see me again. This, for certain reasons, he was not allowed to do. But I found means to send him every week, while he continued in the hospital, half a dozen or so of choice tracts, and among them "John Ashworth's Strange Tales," with my christian love, and my wishes for his salvation. At length Kelly was tried, and sentenced to death. I made an effort to see him, and obtained from the Chief Secretary an order that, if Kelly wished it, I should be admitted. I wrote out a paper, which Kelly signed, for the warder; but on the Governor of the Gaol hearing of it he became greatly troubled, and said to me, "If you were to see him, such a disturbance would be raised as has never yet been seen in this gaol." He then directly refused to allow me to go near the man; but advised me to see the Roman Catholic chaplain

on the subject. I went to St. Patrick's Presbytery for that purpose, but not finding Dean Donaghy at home, I wrote and left a letter saying that Kelly wished to see me ; that I desired to speak to him only of Christ, his Saviour, and would not meddle in any way with any of the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church ; and asking him to give me a note to the Governor of the Gaol, authorising my visit, so that I might at once see the dying man. The Dean, in his reply, said he had every objection to my seeing him, and that I ought to have known from my experience that everyone should be left to and to mind his own religion. Kelly, I understood, sent his love to me on the morning of his execution, and from various things that I have known since, he looked to Christ alone for forgiveness and salvation. His blood can save even one so blood-stained and guilty as was the unfortunate Ned Kelly.

The dispenser in the gaol hospital during Kelly's time was D. H——, a Jew, and an educated man, who was very obliging to me and showed Kelly much attention and kindness. I had several interesting conversations with this man, and gave him a copy of the New Testament in Hebrew, which he promised to read. I believe he kept his promise, but of any practical result, as leading him to embrace christianity, I have no knowledge. I fear he remained unconvinced.

INFIDELITY, JEALOUSY, MURDER, AND SUICIDE.

I read one morning, in the newspapers of the day, an account of a young man who, on the previous evening, in one of the theatres, had first of all attempted to murder his wife and a Frenchman who was with them, and had then shot himself through the head, intending suicide. The story proved to be a very painful one, and as shameful as it was painful. He was the son of a Presbyterian minister in Ireland, and had received a good education. His wife was an Englishwoman, of good appearance, but sensual, foul-mouthed, and vile. They had some means, and had recently

come to the colony, hoping here, no doubt, to become rich. On board the ship with them was a Frenchman, and the behaviour of the wife with this ruffian during the voyage was such that their fellow-passengers afterwards expressed their wonder that the pistolling had not occurred long before. After their landing things became so bad that the husband appealed at length to the police to assist him in restraining his wife; but to every appeal and every effort to separate her from her paramour she replied in words the most disgusting the language affords. Soon the case culminated as has been stated. The husband and wife had gone to the theatre, and there the Frenchman joined them. Noticing some indecent familiarities, the husband drew a revolver with which he had provided himself, and shot, first the Frenchman, and then his wife, both in the face, and then himself through the head. His, some people said unfortunately, was the only wound that proved fatal. He was taken to the Melbourne Hospital, and I hastened to his bedside. I found him quite sensible, and said I sympathised with him, and hearing that he was the son of a christian minister I wished to tell him there was forgiveness for him, and mercy through his father's God and Saviour. He stopped me at once, and said, "I beg you not to speak to me on the subject." A gentleman seated beside his bed told him my name, and said that I wished to do him good. Again I spoke of Christ, the Saviour, and the sinner's friend, and asked him to trust his all to Him. Once more he begged me to desist and to leave him; and I withdrew, much grieved and distressed. I then called on the Rev. Dr. Cairns at Chalmer's Church, told him of my reception, and asked him to see Greer, as he would likely soon die. The doctor went promptly, but he had at first a reception no better than mine. Greer said his mind was made up, and he did not wish to be disturbed. But the doctor went again, and the Rev. S. Robinson, an old schoolfellow of Greer's also visited him, and he came finally to a better mind, dying deeply repenting his sins, and trusting in Christ for salvation. Thus fell this truly noble-looking young fellow, the victim of an infamous woman. The

Frenchman quickly recovered, nothing the worse except for a slight cicatrice on his face, of which he was probably rather proud than otherwise. He returned to France, and was there imprisoned for embezzlement; so that it is possible he may have found his way ultimately to the hulks. The wife also recovered. She had been taken to the same hospital, and when they told her that her husband was dying, and asked would she like to see him, she replied in words of scorn and hatred. He had spoiled her beauty, and she wanted no more of him. The word "Presbyterian" had been written with her name on her bed card, and when she came to know it she insisted that it should be replaced by the word "Atheist." When she began to recover she dressed her long hair with much pains, finished off the plait down her back with a bunch of violets, and was then ready to flirt with any man she could lay hold of. In due time her passage was taken on board a returning boat, but when some ladies whose passage had also been taken by the same boat heard who was to be their *companion de voyage* they refused to go with her; and finally she had to be smuggled out of the country under a false name—the least false thing about her. It is known that she went to France, and there found employment in—teaching a ladies' school.

BRINGING THE PRISONERS OUT OF THE PIT.

One day I found an interesting young man, an artisan, in the gaol, awaiting his trial for attempting the life of a young woman with whom he had formed a sinful intimacy. On a holiday he had brought out his gun to shoot birds in the country, and on his way called to see this woman. I believe some quarrel occurred, and she received the discharge from his gun, which, however, contained only small shot. She was conveyed to the hospital, and he to the gaol. During the several months which she remained in the hospital for medical treatment I had many conversations with him, and lent him several good books, pamphlets, and

tracts. He saw that he needed salvation, and sought it, and eventually found rest and peace in believing. I had been to see the woman also, and told her how anxious he was about her, and how sorry for what he had done. She seemed not angry nor displeased. I told her he had given his heart to God, and was now a happy christian man ; and urged her to do the same, that she might find the same happiness. One day I asked him whether if he should be discharged he would be willing to marry her whom he had injured. He, without hesitation, said, "Yes; he liked her, and would willingly marry her and support her and her children." I took an early opportunity of mentioning this to the woman. I do not know what evidence she gave at the trial, but it must have been slight, attributed the act apparently more or less to accident, without intention on his part to injure her, for I learned that he was discharged. The Quaker lady who assisted me with the women's classes in the gaol, now came on the *tapis*, and with the aid of a friendly minister they were married at once. Mrs. Swinborne and I were both present at the ceremony. We got them some articles of furniture to commence housekeeping with. He was a good tradesman, and they were soon happily settled. The last time I heard of them they were consistently and faithfully helping each other to make home happy, and both living industrious and God-fearing lives.

A woman, residing in a distant part of the country, wrote to me asking me to visit her husband, who had attempted to commit suicide, by cutting his throat, and who was now in the Melbourne Hospital, and expected to die. As the wife was a christian woman, she was naturally anxious about her unsaved husband. I did not know either of them, but I went promptly to the hospital, and had no difficulty in finding the man. As surgical care defeated the attack on his own life, and he recovered, so the truth of God was effective for the healing of his spiritual nature, and he found the salvation of Christ. But meanwhile his poor wife had died. He called on me, expressed his deep repentance for his past sins, and his thankfulness that he had obtained

forgiveness. He sorrowed much for the loss of his good christian wife, and assured me of his determination, by God's help, to lead a new life in his Redeemer's service, so that he should follow her into God's glory for ever.

I frequently meet men returning to Melbourne from the country, and in the lodging-houses, in situations, and in other places, who show me the New Testaments I gave them long ago, in the gaol perhaps, or in the watch-house, or in the streets or elsewhere, and which has brought them peace and a changed life. Recently I ran out of the way of a produce cart coming rapidly down a hill. The driver pulled up his horse and said, "Don't be afraid, Doctor; I would not hurt you for the world." He then got out of the vehicle, and, pulling a testament from his breast pocket, he asked, "Do you remember giving me this in the Melbourne Gaol? It has done me good. I often read it. May God bless you." On a recent occasion I was crossing a street in the busiest part of Melbourne, when a vehicle rapidly driven came so near me that I made an instinctive effort to escape injury. The driver, who knew me, had guided his horse aside, and then suddenly stopped and cried, "Don't be afraid, Doctor; I would not hurt a hair of your head for the world." Indeed I often wonder at the kind expressions uttered with reference to me by men and women of whom I have no recollection.

I went some time ago, on Colonel Barker's invitation, to a social gathering in the Salvation Army's Prison Brigade Home, and there I met about forty discharged prisoners, most of them in the Salvation Army uniform, some of whom had spent from ten to thirty years in gaol, others shorter periods, but all of them some time. I was in a moment surrounded by *my old friends*, who claimed my acquaintance in years past; some in the Pentridge prison where I had visited them; some in the Melbourne Gaol, where I had seen them when waiting their trial; and others in other places. Their hearty, grateful expressions did my heart good. I heard twenty or more of them, on subsequent occasions, give their testimony to the saving power of the gospel, and profess a sense of God's forgiving mercy and

love to them, notwithstanding their sins against God and man. Some of them have since died in the hope of life through Christ. Others are faithful and useful servants of the Divine Master. A few of them are officers in the Salvation Army. So also are several of the female prisoners, rescued in the gaol from a degraded life to one of humble devoted service for the Lord Christ. Two of these I heard giving their testimony, and appealing with divine earnestness to some 1600 people to take Christ's easy yoke and learn of Him. I have stood since then by the dying bed of one of them, and heard her praising God for His wondrous mercy and grace in saving her to Himself. Let me give something of the history of the other :—

Mary W——, a Roman Catholic, had been well brought up ; but in an evil hour had left her situation, and was leading a drunken, immoral life in the back lanes of the city. I frequently met her, and as often spoke to her about the miserable, depraved, disgraceful condition into which she had brought herself, often bearing wounds got in quarrels with her evil associates, not seldom sick at heart from drink and vice, and always as miserable as she could live. She seemed to be hardened, and little progress towards good was apparent ; but after a time she left the neighborhood, and when next I saw her she had turned up at the Collingwood Home itself. She was received, of course, and proved more docile than could have been expected : so that after some teaching and training she got a situation as servant with a lady who was told her history, and also the desire she had expressed to amend her life. For some months she gave great satisfaction, until, coming into Melbourne to buy some clothing, she was induced to drink, and again fell under its influence. That same afternoon I was passing through the street on business and saw her. On seeing me she ran away. I followed, and quickly heard from her all the evil story, on which I earnestly persuaded her that the only thing to do was to return to her mistress, confess her fault, and ask to be forgiven and taken on again. But this she would not do, except on the condition that I would go with

her. There was nothing else for it. The train brought us within a mile of the house, and that mile we walked. The mistress at once forgave her, willingly took her back again, and Mary had another chance. She eventually became a courageous christian woman, joined the Salvation Army, and after a time became one of its officers. I was on the platform, as I have said, at one of their meetings at the Temperance Hall, Melbourne, and heard her address the crowded audience with extraordinary power and influence, and I said, "What hath God wrought?"

This example speaks for itself. Others of the same class I have met with, some with their husbands in happy homes; others with their parents, once more welcomed to the homes of their childhood, to live for God and His glory. Anne — is still a young woman, although she has been about ten years in gaol for infanticide. But she has been a bright, happy, and useful christian for three or four years past. I gave her at her request books, tracts, and testaments for the women in the gaol hospital, or in solitary confinement, which she lent among them, to their present comfort, and to their future great benefit. Her cheerful obedience and intelligence brought her special duties and responsibilities, all of which she faithfully discharged. She has recently been liberated, and is gone, with her aged mother, to another colony, where she is doing well in every sense.

In no part of my christian work have I had more comfort or real success, or expectation of it, than among the criminal and fallen classes—the principal part of this being in the watch-houses and prisons—and for all eternity I shall praise God for the many opportunities He gave me, and the will and power to improve them for the recovery of these poor prodigals. My heart has often overflowed with gratitude to the God of my life, and my eyes with tears, in hearing the sorrowful sighing of the contrite heart, and the loving, confiding, trusting of the weary wanderers returning to their Father in Heaven.

I had finished my visit to the labor yard in the Melbourne Gaol one Saturday, when a man about forty years of

age asked to speak to me. He told me he had been in and out of gaol continually during twenty years, and was now tired of his life. I told him once more of God's love to the sinner, and that the way to peace and happiness was by Christ, who had redeemed him to Himself, and would certainly save him if he would but believe and trust in Him. He had heard of the conversion of a fellow-prisoner who had been in gaol ten years, and was then a captain in the Salvation Army, and he expressed a wish to see the man. I sent him to the poor fellow, of course, and during their interview he seemed to accept Christ as his Deliverer and Saviour. For some years afterwards he lived a useful and happy life, and married an excellent christian woman. He afterwards made a fall it is true, but he "arose again," and I am hopeful that he will now continue to be an abstainer during his future life, and will be a humble and useful follower of Christ his Redeemer.

This was one of the cases that led to the formation by the Army of that Prison Gate Brigade and Home, in connection with which I had so many pleasant reunions. I, with one of the Salvation Army men, took the first house the Brigade occupied. It was to have about twenty beds for as many men; but soon it grew in usefulness, and had to be enlarged in capacity. I introduced Colonel Barker to my Temporary Home for Friendless and Fallen Women in Collingwood, and that led to the formation of the Army's various refuges for women in this and in many other lands, in which so many have found the true refuge in the redemption of Christ. I long to see the time when all the British gaols will be open to the Salvation Army, as an agent of true reformation among the prisoners. Certainly their success so far has been, under God, very great, and gives fair ground for hope of still greater success if greater facilities be given them in their work.

A few months ago an educated young man, who had been well taught and brought up by respectable parents, but who had been some time in gaol in a neighboring colony, called on me about some matter previous to his going up

the country. I asked him did he know and love my Master. He understood me at once, gave me a short account of his history, and then with deep emotion repeated the following lines, which he had composed in his solitary cell :—

Caged in a prison cell! How sad, how true,
Does the lone heart bring former scenes to view,
Till the racked brain with bitter frenzy driven,
Maligns the just decrees of man and Heaven.
The grated bars and iron-studded door,
The cold bare walls and chilly pavement floor,
The hammock, table, stove, and prison-book,
The gaoler's stealthy tread and jealous look,
Force back my maddened thoughts to other days,
When joyous youth was crowned with hopeful bays.
Cursed be the hour when first I turned away
From keeping sacred God's own holy day!
When first I learned to sip the poisoned bowl
That kills the body and corrupts the soul!
Twas then my godly lessons one by one
Fled from my giddy heart, till all were gone,
And left within a wasted, weary wild,
A conscience hardened, and a life defiled.
Oh! when I think on what I once have been,
And see my present state, and this sad scene,
Despair and sorrow boil and burn within.
For years of folly and continued sin,
Until my brain seems bursting with the dread
Of heaven's just judgment falling on my head.
Oh! could my parents' shades but bend on earth,
They'd mourn like me the morning of my birth.
Almighty Father, God of life and death,
Give, give to me a true and loving faith;
Bestow thy quick'ning Spirit, and impart
Thy saving grace to tranquilize my heart;
That I may better live for time to come,
And train my spirit for Thy heavenly home.

This young man, while I explained to him the good news of a free and full pardon of sin, and the free gift of eternal life even to the chief of sinners who trusted in Christ as their personal Saviour, wept, believed, and rejoiced in the salvation

of God, thanking Him for His unbounded and undeserved love to one so fallen and miserable.

I then added the following lines :—

Didst Thou not say, Lord Jesus, on the tree,
 "Forgive them Father?" Say it now to me;
 Lord Jesus speak, and heal my broken heart
 For none but Thou forgiveness can impart.

On Thee, Lord Jesus, all my sins were laid,
 In Thee I trust, Who hast my ransom paid.
 I now believing, can rejoicing see
 That God is just, for Thou hast died for me.

I frequently visited Robert Landells previous to his execution in the Melbourne Gaol for the murder of an intelligent German who had been lodging at his house. Landells had been a surveyor, and was now over sixty years of age, a man certainly not without intelligence, but of whom the least that can be said is that his covetousness and his want of integrity and honesty brought him to the scaffold. He and his victim had gone on a shooting excursion, the gun being the other man's. They went some miles out of town by train, and then walked into the bush. Presently they sat down on a log, and as they sat the gun went off—by accident Landells alleged; but the effect was that the man received the charge in the back of his head, and was killed on the spot. Had Landells hurried to the nearest house, and explained what he said had happened, there is little doubt he might have been alive to-day; but fearing, as he afterwards said, that he might be charged with murder, he proceeded to hide the dead body with ferns and branches from the trees, having first, however, stripped it of everything, carrying off papers, watch, money, and of course the gun with which the deed was done. These they proceeded to sell, together with some furniture and some costly books and mathematical instruments belonging to the dead man, using feigned names in doing so, the better to escape detection. These facts, of his own devising, condemned him.

The jury, the judge, and the Government were alike resolute in rejecting Landells' unsupported story that the killing was accidental. True, his wife got up a petition for his life, and it received nearly ten thousand signatures, but the Executive Council declared that "it contained no new fact," and its prayer was rejected. On the night before his execution, as soon as the final decision of the Government was known, I obtained from the Chief Secretary an order to see him, and with a request that I would if possible obtain from him a confession of his guilt. I had given his wife a copy of the Revised New Testament; in this she wrote her last message to him; he took it from my hand, and wrote in reply a brief farewell, with a word or two as to what he wished her to do after his death, and returned it. To my appeal to him as to his personal salvation, he replied, "My faith is as yours in Christ;" and to my solemnly put inquiry, "Was Sherlock's death accidental or otherwise?" he answered "Accidental. If it had been otherwise I should now be miserable." He was again strongly appealed to on the subject by the chaplain who attended him in the morning, a few minutes before his execution, and he calmly replied, "Enough has been said on that subject." These were almost his last words. I, with some friends, helped his heart-broken wife, and on the same day on which he died we sent her off, according to the wish he had written her, to some friends in Sydney. It was noticeable that the carriage in which she travelled caught fire on the journey. I have heard from her several times since she went away, and she is now, I believe, living a useful life.

An educated prisoner, about sixty years of age, who, by his reckless life, had turned his wife and friends completely against him, was permitted by the governor to have a private conversation with me. He begged me to intercede with his sons to aid him on his discharge, as he assured me he meant by God's help, to lead a better life. I found, on inquiry, that he had attempted suicide not less than three times—an indication, probably, of the mental distress into which his sin had brought him. I consulted his sons, but they would do

nothing for him. When, a few months later, he was discharged I helped him for a while, until he got a situation, and could maintain himself. I had then an interesting communication from his wife, who, to his great joy, had become reconciled to him. She had been for many years a christian woman; and now her unfortunate and godless husband had sought God's mercy, had obtained forgiveness for his sins, and was filled with divine love. When I last saw him he was leading a happy and useful life; and our interviews have been times of blessing to us, and of thankfulness to our Redeemer, Preserver, and Guide.

THE ABORIGINES.

Ever from the time of my arrival in Australia, in whatever part of the country my lot has been cast, I have taken much interest in the aborigines, and have tried to protect them and to do them good in every way that was possible to me. That they have suffered many wrongs is unfortunately too true, and their contact with the white man's vices, particularly with his deadly fire-water, is rapidly sweeping them from the face of the earth. But efforts have not been wanting to make restitution for the wrong, as far as that was possible, and at least to retard the destruction, and to mitigate the sufferings incident to it.

Some years ago I induced the Government to give them, and later to reserve permanently for their use, a considerable tract of land at Framlingham, on the Hopkins, and there many of them are now resident. I have corresponded with some of these occasionally, and have gone with them on deputations to the Government on matters with which they desired to deal for themselves. More lately I visited, at the request of the Sydney Government, the christian mission to the blacks at Maloga, beyond Echuca, and was much gratified in witnessing the work of grace that was evident in some of those whom I met there.

On one occasion, on the great "Cup day" of the races—the day that Victorians have set apart annually for the public

worship of the horse, one of the Maloga men called to see me. In reply to my inquiries he said he had come up for a holiday—the train cost being small; that a Corrandecker man had asked him to go to the races, but that he had declined, saying that he would go and see “the old doctor.” The conversation that followed was full of interest. He told me that he and a converted friend of his, also a black, had been out sheep-shearing, and had held meetings for reading the scriptures, “preaching,” and prayer with the other shearers; that the manager of the station and some friends that were on a visit with him had attended on all the five Sundays during the time the shearing lasted; and had then thanked them for what they had said, saying *they* (the whites) ought to have done this work for the aborigines. I had a letter subsequently, saying that five of the blacks wished to go out on a mission to the surrounding stations, wherever they might be engaged to work, and asking my advice on the subject. I wrote that I did not doubt that God had put the thought into their hearts, and urging them to go forward in the fear of the Lord. They did so, and the owners and managers of several stations gave afterwards thankful testimony as to the good influence these men had among their fellow-workmen. One of these christian blacks came for some days to Melbourne with his wife, who was an invalid. I prescribed for her, and then, after they had taken tea with my family, they expressed a wish to go to a meeting of the Salvation Army in my Little Bourke-street Mission Hall. On our appearance we were immediately called to the front of course. Many of those present gave testimony of their conversion. I spoke a little, and referred to my dark-skinned friends whom I had brought with me. Samuel was then requested to ascend the platform, and he proceeded to give a quiet, clear, and perfectly scriptural account of the awakening of his conscience; of his struggles to save himself, all of which proved vain; and finally of his submission to Christ, of his saving mercy, and of the love with which He had filled his trusting heart. Soon he returned to the station where he was employed, and there he is still,

witnessing both with voice and life for the Master who has saved him, and whom it is honor to serve.

It is the same at Ramahyuck, the Moravian Mission Station in Gippsland, which is under the care of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria, and which I have visited twice with no little interest. Here the blacks have found, as on all the mission stations, not only the health, safety, and comfort of settled homes, but also the eternal life of the gospel of Christ. Many of them are married and living in their own houses, sometimes of three or four rooms each, and are bringing up their families in christian civilisation and decency. The Rev. Mr. Hagenauer, the excellent and most effective head of the mission, stated on a recent visit to Melbourne that he was charged on that occasion with extensive orders for fenders and fire-irons, and kerosene lamps. The native school was long taught by a pure-blooded black girl, who passed with ease and credit the examinations required by the Department of Public Instruction, and who took in the inspectors' examinations percentages quite equal to most of those taken by the white teachers in any part of the colony. She was accustomed to play the harmonium accompanying the service of song in the church on Sundays, most of the congregation being blacks like herself of course, all of them fond of music, and many of them singing well.

The Lake Condah Mission Station in the Portland district is also a well-conducted and prosperous institution, in which in like manner many of these poor people have found the salvation of God, but as I have not been there I cannot speak of it from personal knowledge. The same is true of Corranderruck, on the Plenty. This is a Government station, and is managed on very different lines from any of those I have been describing. Whether it is better managed, this deponent sayeth not. It certainly has drawn more public attention, of a certain kind, than any of the others; but as I have no personal knowledge of the facts I have no opinion to give concerning them. Surely the facts detailed are sufficient and satisfactory. No vindication of a common humanity on the part of these black people can be more

complete, and their experimental reception of the gospel of "the common salvation" fully identifies them as of the redeemed of Christ. That a few families among them will survive, and will gradually merge themselves in the common life of the nation, is more than probable. But as a race they are gone. Would that while the remains of the race still linger on the stage we could make greater and better efforts to give them the knowledge of that Divine truth that makes the individual immortal.

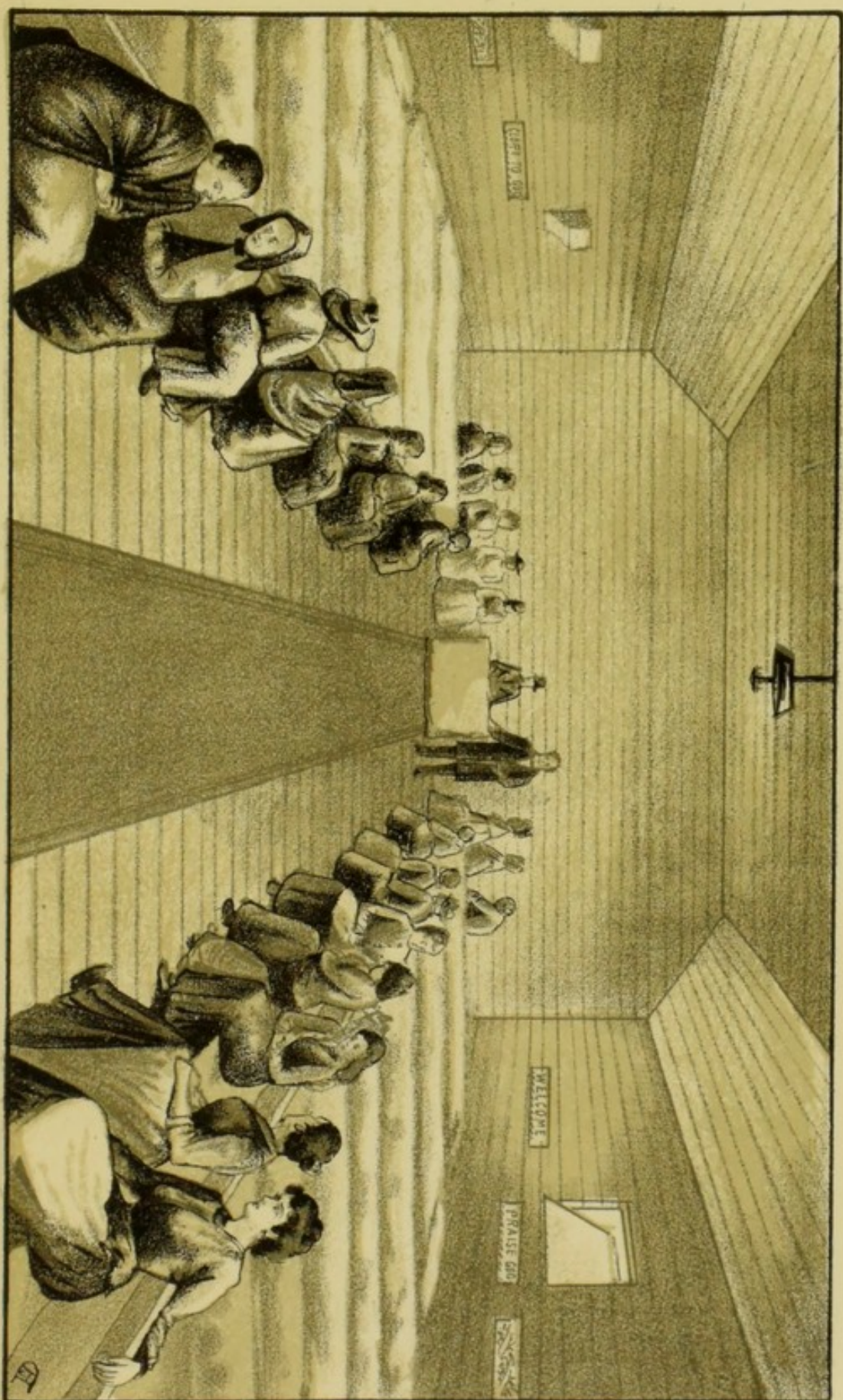
NIGHT SHELTERS—FOR MEN, AND FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

For some years I had felt acutely for the sufferings of men and women, the latter frequently with children, finding themselves homeless and penniless, and exposed in this condition to seek refuge for the night where they could—in verandahs or doorways, in water-pipes or boilers lying on vacant spaces, in the parks or gardens—anywhere into which they could creep for the night for inhospitable shelter. It was obvious that for women especially this condition of things was much to be deplored. Coming from Europe, or from the neighboring colonies, or from the interior, strangers in Melbourne, and having but very little money, to obtain a lodging of any kind was often extremely difficult, or even impossible. Nor was it much better for women when out of employment; or even for many in various or special kinds of employment, and who had no friends to receive them or home to which to go. The difficulty was greater some years ago than it has since become, but it has always existed more or less, and it exists still. I was able, by the aid of kind friends, to relieve many of the men by tickets and notes to the lodging-houses, and occasionally a meal also was provided in extreme cases. I had frequently visited the Immigrants' Home, the sole and only place of shelter then open to such cases, and I had found from eighty to one hundred men lying

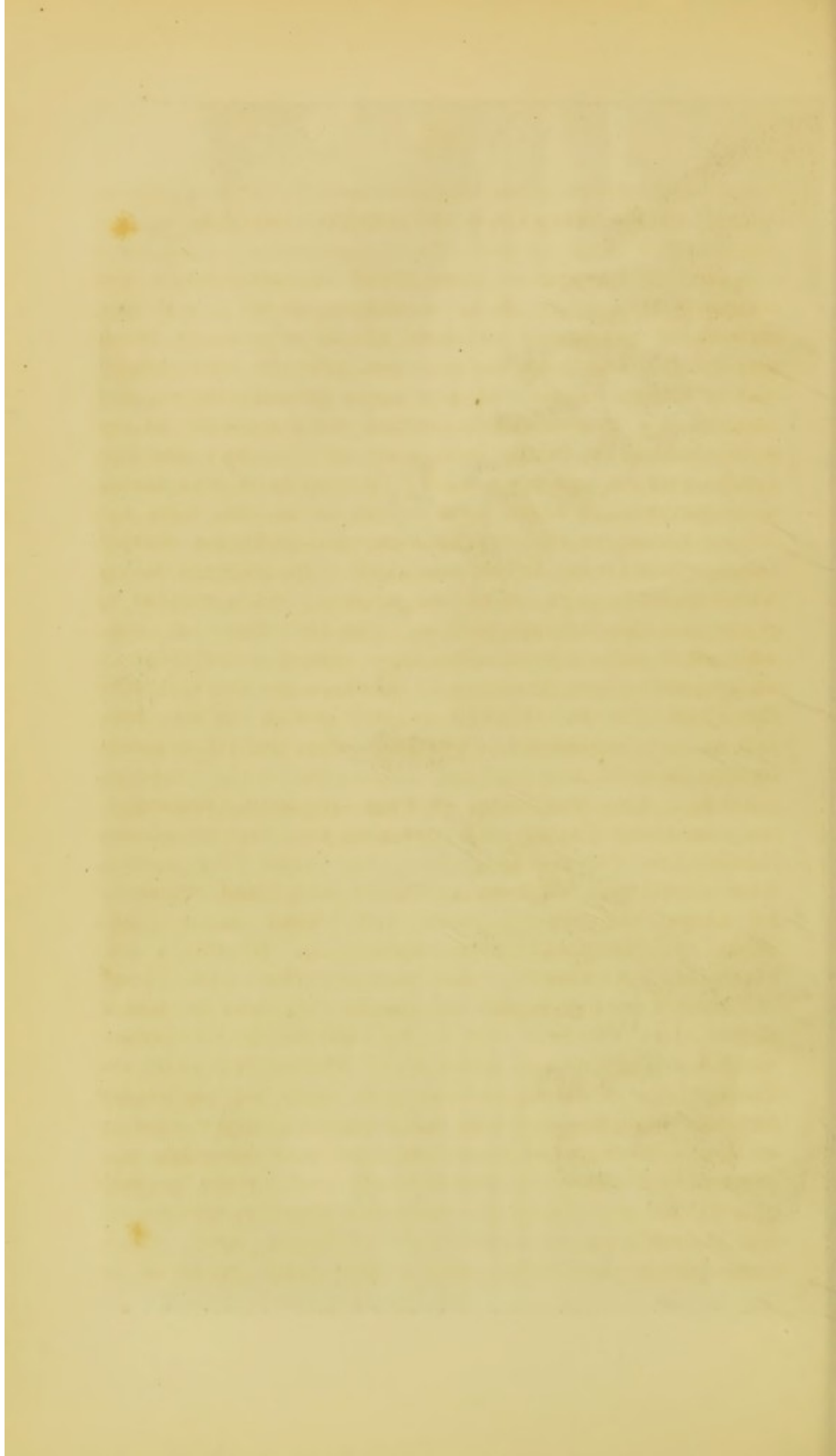
on the floor in a large room, each having merely a blanket for covering. In two small rooms in a wooden cottage adjoining I had found about thirty women and children. The place was small, very badly ventilated, and in every way unsuited for the use to which it had been put. As the women and children lay upon the floor scarcely a foot of space was left between the figures, so great was the demand for "accommodation." I made many efforts to induce the Government to put up additional rooms, but all were unsuccessful. I went to the Premier to ask permission to put up myself a building that should accommodate thirty or forty additional women, as it was known that many were excluded, and had to find shelter where they could. This also was refused, as he said even the existing buildings must soon be removed, because they were an "eyesore to Government House." Lastly, I asked for a money grant to aid in finding the needed accommodation somewhere else; but this again was curtly declined. I did then what perhaps I ought to have done at first—I wrote to the daily papers on the subject, appealing to the christian public for the money that was needed, and I quickly got all I required. But my difficulties were by no means over. The Building Act prohibited the erection of wooden structures in Melbourne, and I could not find a suitable site in any convenient suburb. I was therefore finally obliged to place the building on a part of the land on which the Temporary Home in Islington-street, Collingwood, stands. But there again arose other objections and difficulties. The Collingwood Town Council were dreadfully alarmed lest their spotless municipality should appear to be disfigured by the presence of a night shelter for women, to be built too in a street contiguous to that in which they were building a brand new and very fine town hall. Their children would be demoralised; their gardens would be ruined; their fowls would be stolen; and unimagined mischiefs would come on the whole district. All this must be prevented—that was clear; and then the health officer was set to work; the police were "instructed;" a self-appointed vigilance committee met weekly in a public-house to devise means for my overthrow.

The shelter, it was declared, would lower the value of the property of councillors and others; and, by way of a finishing stroke, the entire property was rated at an amount far above its real value. Of all this I took no notice, but went steadily on with the work, and in due time the house was quietly opened without any formality, and commenced its career of usefulness. It soon, by the order and quietness of its management, removed the prejudices of all parties. Within the first year of its existence 10,000 women and 300 children slept within its humble walls, and had a breakfast, so that much suffering was relieved. An informal registry, kept by the excellent and kind-hearted matron, enabled many to get employment, so that much good was done.

During the second year we gave them *two* meals on Sundays, and allowed them to remain during the day, and thus to "rest" both from toil and from anxiety during the sacred hours as they passed. Gospel services were held nightly during the week, and on Sunday there were three services, at which the kind and truly devoted men and women who came to us as visitors had the pleasure of witnessing numerous conversions—so numerous that a moderate calculation set them down at certainly not less than 200 persons yearly, who here professed to become followers of Christ for personal salvation. The third year was even more successful than the second; and this shelter has ever since proved a blessing to the bodies and the spirits of hundreds of its inmates, and not less a blessing to the visitors and friends who have tried to help the suffering poor and to rescue the perishing. Of these many were brought down by sickness, by desertion of husbands, by want of employment, by old age. Some no doubt by want of thrift, by intemperance, by vice; but for these also Christ died; and even of these many have found mercy and salvation. The matron frequently receives letters from those who have obtained situations or work through her efforts, and through the kind and unselfish efforts of christian friends and visitors, expressing deep gratitude for spiritual as well as physical "shelter" offered them in their time of need.



INTERIOR NIGHT SHELTER



THE WOMEN'S LODGING-HOUSE.

But my success in Collingwood did not obviate the necessity of similar efforts elsewhere, while it certainly encouraged persistence in those efforts as sure to prove successful. The inconvenience and difficulty that women had in finding lodgings of any kind; the temptations and dangers they encountered in seeking accommodation in the public-houses, or in the back lanes of the city; and the squalor and discomfort prevailing even when it was found, were notorious. There were registered at that time 140 lodging-houses in the city for men, and eight for married couples, but *not one* for women alone. In response to my letters to the newspapers on the subject, I met a number of gentlemen who fully sympathised with the object in view; and, after some consultation, they agreed to establish a society, with seven directors, a secretary, and the rest, who should carry it out. I was appointed one of the directors, and we were authorised to purchase from the Government by auction a suitable and convenient site for the proposed building. This was found in Franklyn-street, Melbourne, the cost being £1450. My idea was that accommodation should first be provided there for about fifty women, who should pay sixpence per night each; and elsewhere for about the same number with better means, who should pay one shilling per night each. In this I was overruled. A building was put up that cost £1200, the money being raised in shares. It was a failure almost from the first. It hardly paid working expenses, much less the interest on the cost. During two years the average number of women who slept there did not exceed fifty-four nightly, those who could pay 1s. a night refusing to mix with those who paid only 6d., and the affair was practically a failure. It was at length sold for the purpose of a Temperance Lodging-house and Coffee Tavern for men, and as such it has continued to be used ever since. Other coffee palaces and coffee taverns have been opened in the

interval, at which usually women can have meals and beds at a cost of 2s. each nightly. But it is obvious these arrangements did by no means meet the case, as many were unable to pay these rates, and the want complained of was not met. It was this consideration that determined me to adhere to my original scheme. My first idea was to take a house to receive thirty or forty beds, the occupants to pay 6d. per night, to have boiling water to make tea, and accommodation for washing their clothing if they desired it, the whole to be under proper regulations, and in the management of a judicious christian matron of experience and wisdom. One gentleman, on hearing the plan, offered to pay the rent of a suitable house for a time, and I have no doubt others would have aided with equal liberality. But the providence of God led us ultimately in another direction. Practical difficulties arose, to which reference has been made; and the result was the building and equipping of the Islington-street Refuge, already described. I have no reason to regret that result, nor to suppose that we have in any way missed the path that Divine wisdom intended us to follow.

“THE BLUE BELL,” PERRY-STREET,
COLLINGWOOD.

Nine months after I had opened the Womens' Night Shelter I was enabled to open one for men also, in Perry-street, Collingwood. Numbers had to find a sleeping place where they could, in new buildings, in verandahs, in sheds, or beneath the shrubs in the public gardens, on wet nights in empty railway carriages, or to walk about all night, not a few being apprehended by the police as vagrants for sleeping out, and sent to gaol. A gentleman to whom I mentioned my wish offered to pay the rent of the house I had fixed on—an old wooden public-house known formerly as The Blue Bell. I fitted it up with fifty beds, but soon had to increase the number so as on wet nights to take in sixty. I have always been providentially directed as to matrons and managers of the various institutions I have had, and

specially so in the three night shelters. The manager in charge of The Blue Bell was once a very intemperate man, and so continued to be for many years. I succeeded, providentially, in inducing him to become an abstainer, and I otherwise helped him in various ways. He was then led, by the influence of a devoted christian lady, one of my helpers in christian work, to become a decided christian. Thus he continued for some time, and when I wanted a manager for The Blue Bell Shelter I appointed him to fill the position. His behaviour in that capacity has been excellent, and so continues to be up to this hour. In addition to the discharge of the ordinary duties of seeing to the proper and orderly conducting of the house, he has constantly and successfully helped to make known to those within its walls the glorious gospel of the blessed God, the grace abounding to the chief of sinners. Many volunteers who visit it nightly have here also given their aid in calling the outcasts to Christ. A nightly average of forty men have had a bed and a breakfast there for over four years, and of these several hundreds have professed to repent of sin and to receive Christ as their Lord and personal Saviour. Of the latter some have testified not at the Shelter only, but elsewhere also, of Christ's power to forgive sin, to change the heart, and to save the man. Some of them I have met as policemen, artillery men, tram-car conductors, and in other useful and decent positions, and I hope to meet many of them in the house eternal in the heavens.

THE WEST MELBOURNE LIFE-BOAT SHELTER.

In July, 1889, nearly three years after The Blue Bell was opened a kind gentleman, in another direction, who had heard of my wish to open a night shelter for men near the shipping and the railway yards, offered me the use of a suitable building, free of rent, if I would provide everything else. A refuge was obviously much needed in this neighborhood, the very centre of the labor market; and I soon

procured beds, bedding, and other requisites, and the preparations were complete. Then once more I experienced the guidance of the same gracious hand that had so often led me right and supplied what I needed. There was a young man who had obtained mercy and salvation at the Blue Bell, and who walked consistently, and to him I confided the management of the new shelter. He has conducted it well and satisfactorily. The average nightly number of inmates has been over sixty, and in cold weather and during times of a sudden scarcity of employment, that number has been much exceeded, men being content to sleep on sacks, or without, and to have a very scanty covering, or none, rather than spend the night in the open-air.

Each nightly inmate receives, as in the other shelters, a meal in the morning before leaving to look for work; the morning papers supply information of "situations vacant;" and a free registry is kept, so that applicants for "generally usefuls," workmen at temporary low wages, etc., are easily brought into intercourse with employers. All are encouraged to become life abstainers, and many follow the lead. The nightly gospel services have been successfully carried on by some of my devoted christian visitors and fellow-laborers, and here, as elsewhere, the power of God has been present to save very many. These services have proved, under God's blessing, a great source of comfort and strength to many, and our faith in Christ's power to save has been greatly strengthened and confirmed from day to day.

THE WIDOWS' COTTAGES.

Some years ago I built on the land in Islington-street, Collingwood, a small cottage for the use of an aged missionary and his daughters; but, as he did not think well to occupy it, it stood vacant for a short time. I soon after met with two christian widows, who were poor, and found it difficult to pay their rent, and to them I offered the use of this cottage. They had not long occupied it when I met with others similarly situated, and it was easy to add rooms

for them also. They were followed by six or seven others and additional cottages were built, so that now twelve aged christian widows are relieved of the charge of rent, and live without anxiety. I supply them with tea and sugar, my daughters give them firewood, and other friends help as occasion requires, so that when unable to earn enough for themselves, or when relatives or families cease to aid them, they are not allowed to suffer want. A bible-class and a prayer-meeting are held with them every Sunday evening, and christian friends visit them very frequently. When necessary special medical and nursing care has always been afforded. Several of these aged saints have died in the Lord in these cottages, their places being quickly filled by others who are found to be in need of such a home. The whole affair is very humble and unpretending, but it has been very useful, and God has greatly blessed it.

NATIVE MEDICAL MISSION IN CHINA.

About twenty-six years ago I met in Maryborough an intelligent young Chinaman, whom the Spirit of God made me instrumental in leading from heathenism to Christ. Immediately Ah Fong Yat knew the truth he became a decided and true evangelist, seeking earnestly the conversion of his countrymen. He had great success, many converts appearing within a few years as the seals of his ministry. About five years later he returned to China, and there in due time he was ordained to the ministry of the gospel by the Bishop of Hong Kong, and he is now one of the ministers of the Episcopal Church there. In his letters to me he informs me that of his Maryborough converts who have also returned to China, forty are known to him as now living consistent christian lives among their countrymen; and that six of these are preaching the gospel in the neighborhood of Canton. In one of my letters to him I had mentioned my medical mission work in Collingwood, and had spoken of its success. The idea took such hold of his mind that he at once proceeded to act upon it; and about four years ago he wrote

to say that he was then commencing such a mission in Canton, and that it promised to be very successful. A Chinese medical man accompanies him in his journeys, they carry a medicine chest of course, and God has remarkably opened up his way, and given him success and acceptance everywhere. As he expressed a wish that I should aid him in maintaining this work, I wrote to *The Southern Cross* on the subject, and obtained some contributions, which I duly sent him. The mission is under the care of the Bishop of Hong Kong and the Rev. Mr. Ost and is prospering exceedingly. My Chinaman has married a wife, and has therefore dropped the prefix *Ah* from his name—he took the christian name of Matthew at his ordination—and he is now the Rev. Matthew Fong Yat San. His wife superintends the Chinese Girls' Training Home, and is there rendering him efficient help in his work, of which the most recent accounts are most encouraging. Thus a little seed, like a grain of mustard seed, becomes a great gospel tree, and multitudes find shelter in its branches.

The following letters from Rev. Matthew Fong Yat Sen and Rev. I. S. Ost, are presented as an evidence of the willingness of the Chinese to hear the gospel, especially when it is proclaimed by a native agency, and when conjoined with the offer of medical advice and assistance:—

Hong Kong, 6th June, 1890.

DEAR DR. SINGLETON,—

Your letter with the draft for twenty pounds arrived safely, and was received by us with grateful thanks.

The work is progressing well, and we have now started similar work in another district, with a second set of preachers, doctor, and medical apparatus. Everywhere we meet with much success, and the Lord opens up the way before us.

As you say, you are now getting old in years and we are not likely to meet again in the flesh, but we shall meet hereafter. I always pray that God will bless you in your work, and that it may bring forth much fruit.

If you find that collecting funds for me is too great a tax on your strength and time, could you not commit the matter into the hand of some warm-hearted christian brother who could get help for us from both English and Chinese christians? A long time ago, Captain Pasco promised

me some help; will you remind him and tell him that if he sends his contributions to me, to the care of either the Bishop or the Rev. I. S. Ost, they will be passed on to me in due course.

With renewed thanks for your kind help, and trusting that you may long be spared in health,

Believe me,

Faithfully yours in Christ,

MATTHEW FONG YAT SAN.

Hong Kong, 6th June, 1890.

MY DEAR DR. SINGLETON,—

Permit me to enclose a line under cover with Matthew's letter to express my warm thanks for the kind help you have recently sent (£20) for our medical evangelistic work on the mainland. Although I have not seen you face to face, yet I have heard much about you and your work for our risen Lord and Master, and I seem to know you quite well. I have likewise prayed for you, and this brings people nearer to each other in spirit; does it not? I know that you have prayed for our work amongst the Chinese, and feel encouraged by the thought that you will continue to pray very earnestly that God's blessing will abundantly rest upon every effort to lead souls to Him. By combining medical and evangelistic work together we appear, under God, to be able to find our way to the hearts of the people up to the present in a more marked manner, and I confidently believe that many souls will not only receive healing of body but also true healing for their spirits. We have been enabled to establish some schools in the Tsang Shing district in consequence of our visits, and have three christian teachers at work teaching the young in as many schools. Further we have two catechists and two colporteurs carrying the Word of Life by voice and book all over the district, and in this way we are sowing the seed of what will, we pray, produce a rich harvest of souls for Christ. We have had the joy of seeing some souls saved, and there are several at different centres under christian instruction who have asked for baptism; this causes us much joy in the Lord. But oh, our efforts are so feeble, and the workers so few when compared with the vast field before us, and our eyes look unto the Lord to strengthen us in our weakness and to thrust forth hundreds of additional workers to carry out the Words of Life to hundreds of thousands who have not yet heard of the Father's love in Christ to sinners. Those just returned from a Missionary Conference at Shanghai, where over 400 visitors took counsel together concerning the things of Christ's Kingdom, tell us the unanimous feeling was that we wanted hundreds of new workers—men and women—for this evangelistic work in China.

Do you not think Australia could send some such laborers, guaranteeing their support? I should be delighted to have such associated with me and to direct them in their work. There is one province, Kionig Tai, within two weeks by boat from here, where the C.M.S.* are trying to establish a mission. Hitherto there has not been a Protestant missionary in that province. Hundreds might find ample scope for all their energies, and you might send some workers for that one, out of many fields.

The Rev. H. B. Macartney takes a great interest in China, and he might be found willing to send such help. I cannot tell you how I prize my native pastor. He is a true, noble fellow, always anxious to see the sinner brought to Christ. I am sure he is supported by the prayers of many of his christian friends in Australia who knew him in former years. Cease not to pray that he may be filled with the Spirit, and led by the Spirit to perform the will of God in all things. Pray, too, for my wife and myself, who are associated with him in work; and for the two single ladies, Miss Hambo and Miss Ridley, who have joined us within the last two years, that we may be all filled with the Holy Spirit, and be made an increasing means of blessing to the people.

If ever you see Captain Pasco, please give him my christian greeting. Matthew often speaks of him too. I send you some copies of our school report of the Victorian Home and Orphanage which I established two years ago, and in which we have had the joy of seeing much spiritual work for Christ.

Yours in Christ's service,

I. S. Ost.

P.S.—If you will be so kind as to circulate the reports amongst some christian friends, asking for their prayers, I shall feel grateful. I want to secure many praying friends. Ora Pro Nobis.

I. S. O.

Since the date of these letters I have been enabled, in conjunction with Captain Pasco, R.N., of Queenscliff, to send a further contribution of £30 for this mission, together with £10 for the schools for Chinese girls. I had several interesting conversations with Dr. Hudson Taylor during his recent visit to this colony, and rejoiced with him in the prospect of success in the future, and in giving praise to God for the success of the past. The following letter I received a few weeks ago. It will be read with pleasure by all who are interested in the continued success of missions to the heathen. I may add here that Captain Pasco or I will be glad to receive further subscriptions in aid of this truly excellent work :—

* Chinese Mission Society.

Church Missionary Society, Hong Kong,
March 5th, 1891.

MY DEAR DR. SINGLETON,—

It is evident from your last letter that one from me, written in December last, when up country, and in which I gave you a long account of the wonderful way God was leading and blessing us, has miscarried. If our letters contribute in a small way to stir up an interest in the extension of our Redeemer's kingdom, Matthew and I shall rejoice by your using them in any way you may think fit. It would rejoice your heart could you but visit our up-country medical evangelistic centres, and see the work the Lord is enabling us to do for Him. Instead of one medical evangelist we now have four, and I am anxious to increase our numbers and extend the work into regions yet untouched by the regular "Christian Herald."

In the Tsang String District, where we first began the combined work (medical and evangelistic), we now have four boys' schools, two girls' schools, and a band of four evangelists and a native doctor. I had the great joy of baptising last year in the district twenty-eight persons, and at several villages there are inquirers. All this I attribute under God to the healing and preaching of our workers there.

God by His Spirit has so blessed the efforts put forth to win souls for Him, that at several places souls have been saved, who are now glorifying their Father by living as his witnesses, and striving to lead others to accept Christ as their Saviour and King. We have been so impressed with the importance of the work, that we have started similar work in three other districts, and the united testimony of all our workers is, that a fresh impulse has been given to evangelistic work, and much done to win the people to listen to the message to be delivered.

In the Hok Suan District there are six applicants for baptism from villages where our workers have stayed and labored, and in Heung Suan I have seen as many as 134 sick attended in one day, and have assisted in preaching to eager and attentive hearers from 150 to 250 in one morning. Over fifty gospel portions were sold to patients at Kong Mun. The average daily attendance is over sixty, and at this place the doctor attends boat people who come from the province of Kion Sai. Far and wide are the blessed influences of this blessed work. This means increase of expenditure, but I am confident that God will raise up supporters when the need is made known, if the results be also. The cost of supporting a band is as follows :—

Doctor at \$20 per month	per year, \$240
Catechist, \$10 "	" 120
Colporteur, \$7 "	" 84
Incidental medicines	200
	<hr/>
	\$644 or about £130

Thus for this amount a most important body of workers may be employed in the further extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. I mention this in case you are able to organise local committees who would like to be represented in China. By an associated band, as above described, I would be most happy to correspond with any of the Lord's people who, in dependence on His Spirit, determine to help forward His return by extending His kingdom on the lines indicated above. Heal the sick and preach the gospel.

Thank you very much for your help in the past, and promise of continued prayerful interest in our work.

The £30 and £10 came very opportunely. I divided the latter as suggested between the mission and the orphanage.

I am going to England for a year, after eleven years and a-half in China. During my absence the Rev. Matthew Fong Yat San will labor under the direction of Bishop Burdon. Should you have any remittance to make to the Bishop or Matthew (care Bishop, St. Paul's College, Hong Kong), it will be duly used. Excuse the writing, as the steamer on which I journey is rocking so. I enclose my London address. I send you a copy of the new evangelistic group, Matthew, the catechist, the doctor, three evangelists, and one christian woman. God bless your efforts for His glory, and make us, whether we labor in China or in Australia, to live only for Him. Matthew will soon write and send you his wife's and his own portrait.

May the Lord grant you several years more in which to labor for Him. He will be with you to the end, and will yet use you to glorify Him, and use you to take an active interest in the spiritual welfare of the heathen.

I am now going home for a rest. With christian love and affection, I remain, yours in Him,

I. S. Ost,
Minister of the Church Missionary Society.

COLPORTAGE.

On various occasions I have felt the vast importance of a well-devised and well-managed system of colportage of good books as a means of placing within reach of large sections of the community a pure, refining, and christian literature as a factor of home enjoyment and personal happiness. This applies to the towns very forcibly, but it applies yet more to the villages, cottages, and farm-houses scattered over the country, where the tendency is to let life

run down, and to let slip even the civilising influences of society. By the gradual formation of home libraries which colportage would produce, the young people of the various households would be induced to stay more at home in the evening, to cultivate a taste for intelligence and for intelligent conversation, to choose refinement rather than coarseness, and good company rather than dissipation. Certainly nothing can be named of greater social and moral importance than the wide diffusion among the people of a literature refined and elevating in its tone, and evangelistic in its spirit, for the benefit of the entire community. I have made attempts in the direction of colportage more than once, and I have never found the difficulties to be insuperable, nor the risk in any direction too great. I have induced individuals to sell suitable books in their stores and shops. In connection with the dispensary in Collingwood there is a *depôt* for the sale of bibles, tracts, etc. Each book sold is stamped with the colportage seal, so as to let all who see them know where such books can be procured, and the result has been very good. As I could never induce any of the churches to take up this work, I set myself to do what I could in that direction on my own account. I therefore sought and found certain suitable, intelligent, earnest christian men to engage themselves in it, and they have had much success. There are at present three persons engaged, and it is proposed to engage others as opportunity may offer, and to send them into the suburban towns as openings may present themselves. The cheap and generally excellent publications of Holness and of Hodder and Co. are generally acceptable, and find a ready sale. By systematically proceeding in various directions they have found almost everywhere a ready sale for many hundreds of books of the kinds indicated, the profits on which have repaid the men for their time and labor. Often the people are found earnestly looking out for the colporteur's return at the appointed time. At first for a week or two he may require to be aided with small sums of a few shillings, but it is usually only at first, and soon the work becomes self-supporting. In the various factories at

the dinner hour access is almost always given, and large sales of books from one penny to one shilling each have been effected. The openings for special conversation of a spiritual kind that are thus made are of the highest value. In more than one neighborhood a marked change is observed among the people, giving ample evidence of the work being of God. The men engaged in it are much encouraged, and are now preparing for cottage meetings of an undenominational character in several localities. I should like to see the work greatly extended, and many towns and districts taking it up earnestly. Many striking incidents which the colporteurs have related to me show the vast field that is open to those who would occupy it, and the rich harvest that is to be gathered by those who will cultivate the field with diligence and fidelity, with a single eye to the glory of God.

MY FELLOW-LABORERS.

Circumstances have always for many years drawn christian workers around me for a variety of christian work. Thus, for some time past, about forty persons have helped me in the many works of charity, or rather of christian duty and usefulness into which God's providence has led me. On three or four days in each week good women, or some of my converted patients, read and explain the scriptures to those who come to the dispensary for advice. They give short addresses, with singing and prayer, and often speak personally with them, to the eternal gain of many. Increasing years and infirmities render me unable now to attend on more than one day in the week; but I have on that day usually about fifty patients to prescribe for, and I bring in, according to circumstances, a little direct conversation on the great questions of personal salvation and gospel truth. Other volunteers aid in the bible-classes, the Sunday-school, and gospel temperance meetings, in one or the other of the night shelters and the refuges; and these not on Sundays only, but on every night in the week. Some visit the gaol and the watch-houses, the Women's Home, and the Widows'

Cottages. Some distribute tracts in the large city lodging-houses, in the slums, and in the back streets, where the fallen and criminal classes mostly reside. And some are engaged in general mission and colportage work. These visits, addresses, faithful home-heart appeals, tracts, periodicals, with short meetings for praise and prayer, have been greatly blessed in the conversion of, I am sure, many hundreds of men and women during some years past. I would mention especially the Sailors' Home out-door mission, with which I have been connected as president (almost a nominal office) from the first. This mission held its meetings for some time on Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock on the Queen's Wharf, in the midst of the masses of people assembling there, and much good was done. But the Harbor Trust interfered, and the wharf assemblies were prohibited. The mission was then offered by the proprietor the use of a large building, formerly a brewery, and there the services are now held, with little or no diminution in the attendance or the apparent results. A service is also held in the Sailors' Home itself on Sunday evenings. A good cabinet organ, lively singing, and earnest gospel addresses, attract many, and a vast amount of good is known to have resulted.

The leader of this mission is Mr. John Webb, formerly a pugilist in London. He was on his way to arrange a prize fight between himself and another, when he was providentially led by a road which he had not intended to take, was attracted by a crowd, and, pausing to listen to an out-door preacher of the gospel, the word of God reached his heart and changed his purpose and his future life. Full of zeal for Christ, and of concern for the salvation of his fellow-men, he has devoted himself to this sailors' mission work for five or six years past, with an earnestness and a fidelity that have brought their own reward. I have usually attended the annual gatherings of the mission, but otherwise I can seldom be with my friends, or help them as I should be glad to do, except by my prayers or occasionally by my influence when need requires it.

Two ladies from New Zealand demand special mention. These are Mrs. Hunter and her friend Mrs. Wardale. The

latter is a much tried and faithful follower of Christ, who has given her life entirely and freely to his service, and who has been remarkably blessed and successful everywhere in her work for Him. She helps me effectively in addressing the men in the smoking-room of a lodging-house which contains over 400 beds ; and at the police stations, where not a few have found the Master to be a present Saviour. Her friend, Mrs. Hunter, whose excellent christian father is a magistrate in New Zealand, has also, by her thorough devotedness to Christ, been eminently useful among the people in the lodging-houses, the slums, and the back lanes of the city. These two ladies have, every Sunday evening since it was opened some years ago, conducted short but remarkably spiritual meetings at the Blue Bell Night Shelter in Perry-street, Collingwood, which is accustomed to receive on an average about fifty men nightly. Of these homeless men many have been savingly converted to Christ, some of whom are constantly present at the meetings, are ready to tell how great things the Lord has done for them, and will speak and pray with inquirers and seekers for salvation there and elsewhere. Mrs. Hunter visits also the Temporary Home for Women, where God has made her a blessing to many.

Mrs. Middlebrook's great *forte* is in rescuing drunkards, in pursuit of whom she will fearlessly enter any public-house, select her man in the midst of any crowd, and will not seldom bring him forth with her "the prey taken from the strong one." A gentle, quiet, unassuming lady, she is possessed of indomitable courage and of perfect tact in this noble work of faith and love in which she has been engaged for some years. Filled with zeal for Christ, and with love for perishing men, she asked me some time ago to aid her in opening a coffee-room and mission hall at the Queen's Wharf. As I had long earnestly desired such a means of benefiting the seamen and wharf laborers I agreed at once. We went together to collect money and various necessary materials for our purpose. We met with considerable success, but we met also with much opposition and difficulty. But we persevered, and after some delay the place was at

length opened and put into working order. It has fully answered our expectations. A large number of seamen and others have found in the mission room not alone a refuge from temptation, but rest also for their spiritual nature, pardon, and renewal, and salvation; and are abundantly repaying by their own labor for others the labors that was spent on them. Thus God is acknowledging the work begun and carried on in simple dependence on His promises. It is as yet comparatively in its infancy, but what we have already seen, not here alone, but in all our similar institutions, warrant us in expecting large things, and we are looking for yet more copious showers of blessing, and for many more men to be converted and saved.

Mr. [redacted] manager of the Mens' Night Shelter, Blue Bell, came to me four years ago, after a heavy drinking bout, asking assistance to get a lodging in his destitute condition. I got him to sign the abstinence pledge, and as he had no [redacted] I gave him one. This was his turning-point from a long course of intemperance, dissipation, and sin. He soon afterwards attended an out-door meeting, heard Mrs. Middlebrook explain the lovely simplicity and beauty of the gospel plan of salvation, and at once, with a humbled and grateful heart, accepted it for himself, and found peace in believing. It was not long afterwards when I appointed him manager of the Blue Bell Night Shelter, and he has proved himself in every way equal to the position, which he still retains with great credit and usefulness, saving me from all anxiety as to the stability or the discipline of the institution. His testimony of personal salvation, and his earnest appeals to the inmates at the night meetings, have won many to the truth of Christ.

Mr. [redacted] is a young man of good family in England, well connected, well brought up, and very well educated. But like so many more, he went into company, sought amusement, and eventually fell into drinking habits, and became a slave to intemperance. He thus alienated his friends and destroyed his prospects in life, and by-and-bye he left home and came to this country. That did not result in

any amendment—he had changed his climate but not his mind. The usual results followed, and after a time he found himself an inmate of the Blue Bell Night Shelter. There he heard the gospel preached—the good news of personal salvation for the worst of sinners; and as he heard he obeyed the truth, yielded himself to Christ, found mercy and peace, and at once commenced a new life to the glory of God. He employed himself in teaching, and in preparing young men for the University; and he was engaged in this work at the time when the Life-boat Night Shelter was opened, and I at once gave him the management of it. He has conducted it with much wisdom and with great success. He still employs his leisure hours in the work of teaching; and in the evenings takes part in the evangelistic work that is conducted in the shelter. I feel persuaded that he has before him a future honorable, useful, and successful.

Mr. Henderson, my oldest helper and fellow-worker in Christ, has visited the Home on ~~one evening~~ in every week for eighteen years past. He has also visited the Women's Night Shelter on one evening weekly during the last four years. He visits the Melbourne Hospital and the Benevolent Asylum, and I have accompanied him in visiting the Austin Hospital for Incurables. Eternity alone will unfold the good that has been done by this aged and much beloved servant of Christ, in his simple, loving mode of unfolding the gospel message to men weary and heavy-laden with their sins. He was a carpenter, and by his thrift and industry had bought a house and some cottages, the rents from which enable him to devote his whole time to his Redeemer's service, which he gladly does. He and dear old John Gamble are the most devoted and heavenly-minded, as well as the most loving and useful men I have met with. I ~~ought perhaps~~ to add to theirs the name of John Martin. This old friend called on me in Dublin fifty-six years ago, having come to the city from the country in search of employment, a stranger, fearing God, and waiting for his guidance. I was able to assist him to a situation, which he filled satisfactorily for ten years; and then to another of a more remunerative kind, which also he

faithfully kept until, in God's providence, he was led to leave, with his family, for Victoria. Here he has maintained his christian profession unblemished. He abounds in thanksgiving and praise to God for all His goodness and His loving-kindness, and he is instant in His Lord's service. My late dear wife had from the first shown a deep interest in his welfare, temporal and eternal, and his loving attachment to her and to me has never abated. He is now living on his son's farm in Gippsland, but he recently called to see me, and to talk with me of all the way by which the Lord has led us. With the exception of my dear sister and brother, Mr. John Martin is my oldest living friend.

Many other christian "fellow-workers" I might name—excellent men and women—"true yoke-fellows," who labor, and have long "labored with me in the gospel"—so many indeed that it is impossible to name them all. They come from all the churches, and are thus in themselves a practical illustration of the essential unity of "the body of Christ," not a jarring string among them, and their only rivalry being as to who shall best and most clearly set forth the simplicity and the truth, the wisdom and the power of the gospel of Christ for the salvation of men. Their names and their work are known to God. Their record is on high, and their reward awaits them.

It is with the deepest thankfulness to God that I find myself able to speak of this noble band of true evangelists, by whom all these varied departments of christian work and usefulness are maintained and carried on with vigor, and with a success that even increases as time passes. The Widows' Cottages I am still able to visit occasionally and to take part in the services there. The men's two night shelters and the lodging-houses are too distant to allow of my walking to them, and as on Sundays I do not, for example sake, like to be seen driving in a vehicle, I cannot on that day reach any of them. But that for which I prayed has been given me. God has raised up a band of workers, of whom, and their labor of love, I have said less than I could say, and would say, but God knows. They have taken the place of

one or two men in visiting the localities in which Mr. Henry Cooke and I so long labored—the watch-houses, the lodging-houses, and the slums and back lanes of the city and suburbs; they leave tracts everywhere; they hold informal gospel meetings in the smoking-room and in the reading-room of “Our Lodgings” in Little Bourke-street, where many straying and lost ones have been found and recovered for the Master; and they carry everywhere the blessed gospel of the grace of God. The men like their services, so short, so simple, so heart-searchingly conducted; the sympathy and self-denial of the visitors overcome their prejudices and objections, and men are saved to the glory of God.

We have our periodical re-unions, which we are accustomed to call “our bread and butter tea-meetings.” At these monthly gatherings from forty to fifty christian workers usually meet to recount the goodness of our God, and the way in which He has blessed our labors in the past; and to encourage each other in still doing faithful work for Him. We sing, and pray, and praise; each feels perfectly at home; and all look up to the Father in heaven to be accepted in His Son, and to be filled with His Spirit. These times of refreshing are eagerly looked forward to in all the shelters and refuges as times when we renew our spiritual strength, arrange new schemes of usefulness, and are encouraged to more strenuous labor, and to greater faithfulness in the service of our Master and Saviour.

RECENT INCIDENTS.

Among the many cases of distress from want of employment that I have more lately met with was the following:—A respectable christian woman, living in Collingwood, called on me to ask me to aid her in her trouble. I did so, of course; but finding on inquiry that she was in desperate need, and a person deserving of help, I gave her a note to a gentleman whom I knew to be both wealthy and charitable. In reply to his question she told him the exact truth—at she owed £3 for rent, and was likely to have all

she possessed sold off to pay the landlord. The gentleman was perhaps like many—if in good humour he would hasten to help freely, and with sound judgment, but if otherwise, he could be short and sometimes painful in his refusals. In this case he said sharply that he did not know whether she deserved relief or not; she must get a note from some one who knew her and come again. I had inquired about her previous to my writing, and had said so in my note; and the good woman naturally said that Dr. Singleton, whose letter of recommendation she had brought, knew her. “Oh,” he replied, “Dr. Singleton would recommend the devil if he came to him asking charity.” There being no reply to that sort of statement the widow went away empty and sorrowing. Two days afterwards her small stock of furniture was seized by a bailiff, and was placed in a van for removal to an auction-room for sale. A lady living near saw from her window the van filling up; and, suspecting the why, she sent for the widow, inquired the cause, asked the amount due, and handed her £3 to be repaid when she was able. Almost immediately afterwards the widow’s son got work, and she called to tell me the result of my letter, on the one hand, and of God’s goodness in aiding her as He did on the other. Her son soon repaid the money that had been lent to his mother, and shortly afterwards the family removed to another part of the colony. I have not since heard from them.

The friends of a young lady in the country appealed to me to do what I could to reclaim her from the habit she had formed of indulging in chlorodyne and intoxicating drinks. Under the circumstances, and to meet their great anxiety, I offered to take her into the Temporary Home, where she would be under the immediate eye and care of the judicious christian matron. For some time she caused much trouble, trying to dispose of her jewellery to procure brandy, and becoming very impatient when she was detected and prevented. I had many interesting conversations with her, and at length she opened her mind fully, and I was able to help her by pointing to Christ as the only true Saviour from sin

had been in Damascus, and knew the street called Straight where, at the house of Judas, Ananias met "one called Saul of Tarsus," and baptised him into the faith he had before persecuted. They had also been in Jerusalem. After a few months they went to South Australia, and we parted, commending each other in prayer to our Father in Heaven.

On another occasion I met two Arabs from Jerusalem, and helped to get them situations. They were both grown-up lads. One of them told me, in tolerable English, that his friends lived near Jerusalem, and that his uncle lived at Nazareth, and was a timber merchant there, having an office at one of the Jerusalem gates. They both professed to be followers of Christ. I obtained employment for them, and have occasionally met them since.

It was with no ordinary pleasure, and with gratitude to God, that I read recently an account of visits by a devoted christian gentleman, himself a Russian, to the prisoners in Siberia, and of his giving them some hundreds of New Testaments in the modern Russ, Polish, and other languages—gifts which they all gladly received. For several years past the spiritual wants of these exiles from Europe, under the severe and brutal treatment to which they are subjected, lay heavy on my mind; and often in the dark watches of the night, as I lay awake, my cry went up on their behalf to the God of compassion and tender pity. Would that, as the Russian prisons of Moscow, and St. Petersburg, and Siberia were thrown open to this man of God to circulate copies of the Divine Evangel, other christian men would follow up this Christ-like work in Siberia and in Russia. God would certainly bless the effort with success, and would also bless the consecrated laborers. The British and Foreign Bible Society, or the Russian Bible Society, would supply as many scriptures as would be required. Who can tell what even that single thousand may effect. "Lord, send forth laborers into this field," and also into all the various European and foreign prisons, to the glory of Thy name.

It was in October, 1889, that a tall old gentleman called on me at the dispensary to consult me respecting his health.

He informed me that he was a Presbyterian minister, and had been so for many years ; that he had recently come from California in bad health ; and that now his means were exhausted, and he was in much anxiety as to what he should do. I subsequently saw his certificates, testimonials, etc., which were of a high character, and spoke strongly of his personal piety, of his faithfulness and ability as a preacher, and of his high classical and general attainments as a scholar. I took a deep interest in this good man, attended him for many months where he lodged a few miles from the city, with the widow of an old school-fellow of his—also a Presbyterian minister—a lady who showed him much kindness ; and at length when he died I had him buried in the Melbourne Cemetery, a minister of his own church reading the service. He had applied, on his arrival in the colony, for ministerial employment, but he was no longer young, and it could not be given. The effect of the refusal was to cause him great anxiety and painful depression of mind. He was without money, without an income, and without friends—a stranger in a strange land. It was under these circumstances that he came to me, and I had the privilege of removing his anxiety, comforting his last days, and smoothing his passage to the tomb. I was able to collect for him as much money as paid some small debts he had incurred, chiefly to his kind landlady, and for this he expressed special thankfulness. His lodging also was paid during the remainder of his life, and he was thus relieved of much anxiety. In the many conversations that I had with him during his protracted illness, when he was confined to bed previous to his death, I found that his mind was kept in perfect peace ; patient in severe suffering, his disease being cancer in the stomach ; continuing instant in prayer ; and resting in an implicit and unwavering trust in Christ as his personal Redeemer and Saviour ; until at length he very tranquilly died, and entered into life. A daughter was living in Sydney who was greatly attached to him, but as she was herself ill at the time she could neither come to him, as she wished to do, to nurse him in his last illness, nor yet assist

him in his necessity. After his death I sent her his clothes, books, papers, etc., and also a little money to help her while she remained an invalid, and until she became able to provide for herself. She was a good daughter, and is a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. I cannot forbear expressing both my surprise and my regret at the little sympathy shown to this good man in his distress by his brethren of the same church. It arose chiefly, I think, from the fact that he had not been connected with the Victorian church, and was a stranger. But while that may explain, it hardly excuses.

At Christmas time in 1890, I went with one of my daughters to Daylesford on the invitation of my kind friends the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Rhodda, and spent some very pleasant days in the parsonage there. I was driven about in various directions through the mountainous and most salubrious district around, returning from every excursion to the happy family where we were staying, and to the society of many dear christian friends whom I met there. When it was known that I was in the neighborhood I had many pressing requests for public addresses in a variety of places. In a rural school-house I spoke to a large company of people on a Sunday evening after the usual service, and I believe my simple address was made to do duty for the accustomed sermon. I had then to appear and speak to the Sunday-schools in the Presbyterian and Wesleyan Churches, and lastly I had to "testify" in the Salvation Army Barracks. I referred briefly to the story of my life, and tried to enlist the sympathies of my hearers on behalf the masses outside the churches, while I pressed on christian men and women their responsibility for the use of the time, talents, opportunities, money, and influence they possessed during the one brief life lent to them as accountable beings.

M. K—— called at the dispensary early in April last to give me a bouquet which she had prepared for me, as she often had done before. She walked with me, after I had attended sixty-two patients, to the Temporary Home. On the way she gave me the following enlarged account of our first meeting twelve or thirteen years ago. She was then

living, she said, in a cottage in Carlton, and had a room furnished for her brother. She took ill, and was taken to the hospital. While she was there her brother also took ill, and died. A fire in the neighborhood reached her cottage, which was burned to the ground with all that was in it; and when she left the hospital she had no home to go to, no money, and no clothing but that she had on at the time. In her distress she went to a neighboring parsonage and asked the minister for help. He heard her story, and then replied, you do not live in my parish, and sent her away. It was raining heavily at the time; and she went to another minister, her clothing dripping and her heart heavy. He also heard her story, and told her to begone—perhaps taking her for an impostor. She turned to him and said, “Your Master would not treat me so;” on which he threatened to give her in charge to the police, and slammed the door. She then thought she would end her miserable life, and went far down the wharfs with that intention in her mind. As she stood near the river a young woman comfortably wrapped in a cloak, observing her, drew near and asked her what was the matter—adding, “I think I know what you are intending.” M. K—— then told her the above story, when the stranger said, “I know a gentleman in East Melbourne who will do something for you—come with me.” She replied, “They are all hypocrites; I do not believe in even one of them.” But she was persuaded to go for all that. Her friend brought her to me, and I may add that they have never seen each other since. Then, said M——, “Your wife, seeing my condition, got me some dry clothing, and something warm to drink. You gave me a note to have me taken care of in this Home of yours that we are going to; there I found pardon and eternal life in my Saviour, and I am still a happy, though unworthy, follower of my Lord.” I saw her to the tram, returning to her situation. Her health is not now so good as formerly, and I shall find her accommodation in the Widows’ Cottages.

The aged Widow Smith, whom, over two years ago, I admitted to the Home from Shepparton, where she had been left homeless, had a comfortable room, with a fire-place, saw

her friends, and went with an escort to church on Sundays, or to some of my meetings during the day. She is now in her 109th year. Although somewhat stooped she is able to walk with a little help, can work neatly with her needle, and can read her bible. At the bible-classes she can read her verse the same as the others, and she can commit to memory and repeat a verse or two of a hymn or of scripture; which she will sometimes do for the encouragement of the younger women. She lately expressed a desire to have a change, and a lady friend has taken her to Kensington, five or six miles from the city. She is a happy christian woman, and can give a good address at a meeting, and offer a clear, scriptural, earnest prayer whenever called upon to do so. She is a wonder to many.

THE CONCLUSION.

Because Thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee. Thus will I bless Thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in Thy name. Because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice. My soul followeth hard after Thee; Thy right hand upholdeth me.

Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
 Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
 Oh, love Divine, Oh, Helper ever present,
 Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
 Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
 And kindly faces to my own uplifting
 The love that answers mine.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
 And both forgiven through my Redeemer's grace,
 I find myself by hands familiar beckoned,
 Into my fitting place.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
 I fain would learn the new and holy song,
 And find, at last, beneath Thy tree of healing,
 The life for which I long.

And now, in more senses than one, the story of my life draws to a close. At the beginning of 1891 my health and strength began rapidly to fail. My advancing age, and an inward disease that for some time has baffled all efforts to remove it, have combined to oblige me to retire from the active work of a number of general committees with which I had been for many years connected, and some of which I helped to originate; and even from some descriptions of christian work in which I had for many years taken a special delight. Of the Society for Promoting Morality I had been for over twenty years honorary corresponding secretary; with the Society for the Relief of Destitute Educated Persons I had long been identified; and in the Committee of the Victorian Branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society I had taken a constant and deep personal interest. Retaining my membership, I have relinquished work in them all. Even the Free Medical Mission Dispensary, which I established twenty-two years ago, and which I have personally superintended during that time, I am now compelled to hand over in a large measure to others. I now visit the dispensary on only one day in each week, when I see and prescribe from forty to sixty patients. The evangelical services, and the conversations with inquirers both while waiting their turn and afterwards, are constantly maintained, and are even becoming more useful and successful than I have ever before known them to be. I still occasionally take part in them; but I more generally speak with special cases, in examining and prescribing for the patient. I am now well and efficiently helped in every part of the work—by three christian physicians for ordinary diseases, by my son for treating his patients psychopathically and as an oculist and aurist, by an Indian gentleman in massage cases, and by three dentists.

On Saturday, the 24th of January, 1891, after sixty consecutive years of voluntary service as a visitor of Her Majesty's prisoners, I paid what I fear will be my last visit to the Melbourne Gaol, and publicly closed my mission there. I went first, on this somewhat painful occasion, to

the women's department. There were about 100 present. I gave a short address, with prayer, and appealed to their hearts with all the force I could command to take the Lord Christ then as their Redeemer, Saviour, and Friend. The Spirit of God greatly helped me as I spoke. Many of the hearers were in tears, and subsequently I heard that several had been brought to a decision for Christ, and resolved to seek the salvation of which I had so often spoken to them. With the men—about 200 were present—a similarly deep and solemn feeling prevailed, although I have reason to think they did not quite understand that I was then probably taking a final leave of them, and of the work in which I had been so long engaged. I should have felt exceedingly this cessation of my visits to the prisoners in the Melbourne Gaol, but for the fact that God had provided me with so suitable a successor in my friend the Rev. J. W. McCutchan, a retired minister of the gospel, whom I had asked some two or three years ago to help me under growing infirmities, and in my probable retirement from a work in which so few feel an interest. Although earnestly engaged, as a volunteer, in managing an important weekly Christian Evidence Lecture for the publication of the gospel, and its defence against all objectors, Mr. McCutchan willingly acceded to my request, and as I retire he continues his free services in the prison. He is well fitted by natural ability and education, as well as by his love for reformatory work and his sense of christian duty, to maintain the task he has taken up ; and he preaches the gospel of human salvation with clearness and power, offering a personal Christ for personal salvation to every man that hears his voice. His acceptance of the work has greatly relieved me under the circumstances of my enforced relinquishing of it. In my own discharge of it I gave away about 1000 New Testaments, and an equal number of Sankey's hymn-books, yearly, for many years, and about 1500 copies of each, yearly, during the last three or four years. The women, as a rule, prefer the hymn-books, and the men the testaments, or "portions" of scripture as

printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society. I still supply such books and tracts for the prisoners. I have obtained signatures to many thousands of the following pledge-card :—

Intoxicating drinks demoralise those engaged in the trade as well as those generally who use them. They cause in this country crime, suicide, madness, poverty, and many home sorrows. St. Paul said he would not drink wine while the world lasts, if it made a weak brother stumble. Give your example for your family's sake, as well as your own and the general good, and you will never regret it ; and use your influence with your friends to do the same.

I voluntarily promise to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors, and to discourage their use, from this date, by God's blessing

.....
M..... is now
a member of the Victorian Total Abstinence Society.

JOHN SINGLETON, M.D., Pres.

Date.....

The women are as ready to sign as are the men. I hope to meet many of both sexes with whom as prisoners I have prayed, and labored, and striven, at the right hand of Christ in the day of his coming.

On the 10th of February, 1891, about 200 aged people, out of 300 on our list, all of them over sixty years old, assembled for tea in the Mission Hall in Wellington-street, it

being the eighteenth anniversary of this almost unique and most interesting meeting. Each of them had received a card of invitation, of which the following is a copy :—

TO MY AGED BROTHERS AND SISTERS OVER SIXTY YEARS OF AGE—
OF ALL CLASSES AND CREEDS.

May I hope to have the pleasure of your company at our
SIXTEENTH ANNUAL GATHERING
IN THE
MISSION HALL, WELLINGTON-STREET, COLLINGWOOD,
ON TUESDAY-EVENING, 10TH FEBRUARY, (D.V.)

To spend together probably our last gathering till we meet in the Glory at
Jesu's feet, Who loved us, and gave His life for us.

TEA TO COMMENCE PRECISELY AT SIX O'CLOCK.

Some friends who love you dearly will conduct the music, singing, recitations, testimonies, and addresses, none to exceed five minutes. As we hope Mrs. Smith, just 108 years of age, may speak, along with other aged friends, we would ask you to join union in prayer until then, that our Lord would crown the meeting with His presence and blessing.

BRING SANKEY'S HYMN BOOKS WITH YOU.

JOHN SINGLETON.

The friends of the aged guests who may wish to accompany them home, will be welcome to the Hall after tea, 7 p.m. Meeting to close 9 p.m.

Mrs. King of Collingwood produced on this occasion the card which she had received, inviting her to the first of these gatherings. It bore the date of 1873, and she was thus enabled to correct the misprint on our card, which ought to have read the *eighteenth* instead of the sixteenth.

The meeting was throughout excellent. Mrs. Smith did not speak, as we thought she would, but she was present, took a lively interest in the proceedings, and conversed cheerily with several of the guests. My old friend John Gamble sat by my side throughout. Edward Elton spoke with unusual power and feeling. Several other friends spoke, and the feeling throughout was that the Spirit of God was abundantly present with us, to refresh and to bless. The consciousness that we were all nearing the verge of earthly existence was prominent in the addresses and in the prayers, and we parted knowing that we must soon meet again in the land where none grow old, and where the inhabitant never says I am sick.

In March, feeling the need of a change, and of rest in a salubrious elevated district, I accepted the kind invitation of my dear christian friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rowe of Glenfine, in the Scarsdale district, and spent a few days with their amiable family, at their hospitable residence there. Not long before a bush-fire had broken out on the station, and had done much mischief. I was particularly struck with the patriarchal character of the morning and evening service of family worship, when as many as forty persons were assembled in the dining-room, and Mr. Rowe conducted the devotions. I was thankful to God to be a witness of such a scene. While there I visited with Mrs. Rowe two houses which she provided, and has managed with excellent judgment and success during some years, for the reception of a number of young girls of various ages who have been given into her care from time to time by Mr. Guillaume, the excellent secretary of the Reformatory Schools. As they had committed various offences they must have gone to the Schools of course, had it not been for Mrs. Rowe's intervention; but under her personal influence, by christian teaching, and the firm but kind and sympathetic treatment they received, the best results have followed. From all that I saw and heard I have no hesitation in saying that the institution has proved itself a great success. She had received of these girls sixty-five in all; forty-two of whom were accounted for in various

ways, including of course those who had returned to their friends, their sentences having expired, those who had died, those who were married, and those who were in various situations. All seemed to be doing well. Twenty-two were on the station when I was there, and only one has had to be dismissed and sent to the schools. After they leave Mrs. Rowe's care she corresponds with them, and with the ladies to whom she sends them, and if any are failing in any way she recalls them, and they spend a further time with her. I saw and read a number of the letters that Mrs. Rowe had received from girls whom she had sent to situations, and they bespoke intelligence and goodness, and the return of a girl to her is seldom necessary. I wish some other benevolent and wealthy ladies would take a leaf out of Mrs. Rowe's book, and devote, like her, their intelligent efforts to the rescue of those who are ready to perish.

It would seem that as I draw near to the Jordan an increasing number and variety of interesting persons call on me every day, and at all hours of the day. And lest I should miss some specially worthy case I try to see everyone, and thus reach a number of not less than fifty to sixty persons every week. Some I get into hospitals, asylums, homes—places specially prepared for the various forms of human sorrow, poverty, or infirmity. For others I obtain employment, or relief in their distressed circumstances, as widows, forsaken wives with families, clerks, servants, etc. All these I find some way or other of assisting. The Lord presents to me an opening of some sort—a way by which to relieve suffering, and of speaking a word of gospel comfort, while I bestow a tract or a New Testament. Hundreds of such cases have occurred, of a character so interesting that, could I recall them all, they would furnish incidents truly wonderful, as illustrating the guiding hand of God's providence, and the power that is in the prayer of God's people to obtain blessings for themselves and for others. Latterly I find that I forget the cases as they arise and pass, almost as matters of course, while I am so engaged in a large correspondence, and the necessary looking after the various charities I have

in hand, that I have ceased even to make memoranda of persons, conversations, or events. My cup of perfect peace, of joyful hope, and of love to my Redeemer overflows. Sixty-three years' experience of His favor and loving care since my conversion in the happy journey of life make me to say with an unspeakable satisfaction and thankfulness, and with an inexpressible force of meaning, that "God's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace."

For some time past, owing to increasing infirmities, I have not been accustomed to rise early, and I seldom leave my house in the forenoon. But all that is no reason why I should not utilise passing opportunities in aiding those who would seek my advice or assistance, and very rarely, when at all able, have I declined to see, even in my bedroom, any person who desired an interview. Among those casual comers I have met with a great variety of character, and have easily traced the causes of the trouble and sorrows of the mass of men to the single source of *sin*. I have found that the temptations to which most were exposed were very great, when were considered the neglect of early example and training, the associations among which youths are constantly and necessarily thrown, and the natural depravity of the human heart. These surely, as well as our own past experience and knowledge of ourselves, ought to lead us to sympathise with those who have fallen in the moral fight, to make reasonable allowance for their failures, and not by any means to refuse any one of them a helping hand to recover his moral footing, and to stand once more erect among his fellow-men. At any rate *I* have considered it to be *my* duty not to reject any, even the most depraved and the most abandoned, but to seek the welfare and ultimate salvation even of those who have again and again broken solemn promises, and again and again fallen when they seemed most assuredly to stand; but again and again to seek to lead them back to that Saviour who "upbraideth not." And I have not always labored and borne thus in vain, thanks be to God. As illustrations of my "casuals" I shall give an account of those whom I met on the evenings of the 6th, 7th, and 8th of April, 1891:—

On the evening of Monday, the 6th, a well-dressed young man, who had been to see me before and had obtained assistance, to whom I had given a New Testament, and whom I had directed where to apply for employment, came to me again. He had but recently arrived in the colony from England, with a wife and child; his wife had been admitted to the Women's Hospital for her confinement; he had disposed of everything he possessed for their maintenance up to the present, and he had not now a single shilling to purchase food for himself and his child. He expected, he said, to get employment in three days. I assisted him once more, and knelt with him in prayer for his wife, his child, and himself. I reminded him of his pious mother's prayers registered in heaven, to be answered in his becoming a follower of Christ and having a happy home through the favor and blessing of God. He shed many tears, and, pressing my hand, departed to his home in the suburbs. An hour later another well-dressed and very intelligent young man requested to see me. I found that he also had but a short time before called on me after a heavy drinking fit. I had given him also on that occasion the same antidote—a New Testament—urged him to decide at once to take Christ's offer of a present salvation, and had prayed with him, and then we parted. He now called to tell me that he had given his heart and life to his Saviour, was in good employment, and had written to his wife, who had expressed her willingness to come, with her little one, to him in Melbourne. She had been staying with her friends in Sydney, and was very glad to hear of the change that God had wrought in her husband. His countenance was expressive of true joy, and of perfect peace.

On Tuesday (7th April) the managers of the two night shelters for men called to give me their weekly reports. Each related a number of conversions as the result of the nightly services held with the men who had come under their respective care, and other matters connected with their good work. Next came Mrs. Lane. She had been until lately the energetic and faithful manager of the Lodging-

house for Women, but had been obliged to resign on account of ill-health, and now called on me to prescribe for her and to give her a letter of recommendation for a situation for which she was applying. I gave her both, and we parted with prayer. She was followed by a young man far on the way to *delirium tremens*, without money, without friends, helpless and hopeless. I gave him a prescription to be made up at the Free Dispensary, and an order for his reception at the Blue Bell, prayed with him, and sent him away. Soon afterwards came a highly-cultured and intellectual man, who told me that his father had been an extensive Manchester merchant, successful and wealthy, in spite of the fact that he had been for a series of years a habitual drunkard, and had died such. He (the son) had received an education second to none, and had the advantage of the best society—had travelled with Mr. Gladstone in his yacht in the Mediterranean, was acquainted with Canon Liddon and Canon Farrar, wrote for several magazines and newspapers, had several interviews with General Booth, and with Mrs. Booth when on her death-bed suffering from cancer—had in fact advantages and opportunities such as come to only a few men, yet, despite the whole, had yielded to his father's besetment, and was overcome by alcohol. I spoke to him plainly and strongly, pressed on his attention the danger, both for this life and more for the life to come, of the course he had been following, and pointed out to him that the only sure remedy for the evil lay in giving his heart to God his Heavenly Father. I gave him a tonic, and a letter to the Rev. L. Morton, in whose Home of Hope I understood he had been before. Mr. Morton again took charge of the moral patient, and soon after sent him to a farm on the south coast, which is seven miles from the nearest public-house, and where more than one inebriate has been enabled to break the snare that bound him. There C. L.—is doing well. I had a letter from him last week, stating the fact, and asking me to send him some books. But the chief object of his writing was to ask for assistance in getting employment for a gentleman who was once private secretary to the

Rev. Dr. Parker in London, but, falling into drink, had gone to ruin. He also shared Mr. Morton's care, and has recovered his self-control, not having drank anything for nine months. He is described as a man of talent, with much capacity for usefulness, and it is hoped he also will do well. But to return. I saw next a man in middle life, able, skilful, an excellent printer, a talented reporter, but given to drink. I had often tried to lead him to Christ. We conversed and prayed together at his request, and he left me. Then came a gentleman, formerly a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, whom I had engaged as a colporteur, and who, as a devoted and saved man, has done much good, and who has been eminently successful in selling many hundreds of religious books among artisans, and in the various factories and cottages where he labors. He told me of many very interesting visits he had paid, of reformations of life and conversions to God that he had witnessed, and we prayed and parted. Then I had a long interview with a good man whom I and two friends recently succeeded in getting discharged from the gaol. He had killed his wife in a fit of delirium eight or nine years ago, and was detained "during the Governor's pleasure," but having no access to drink he is now perfectly sane, and as he is the owner of a good farm in the country, we are endeavoring to rent the farm to his son, and to have his affairs settled. My next interviewer was a man from Balaarat who, while drinking, had lost his money and other valuables, and was without food or lodging or home. He gladly signed the abstinence pledge, and seemed convinced of his sinful course. I gave him an order for admission to one of the shelters, and for food, and he left me. Then came a woman who had recently arrived in the colony with four children, but whose husband had deserted her, asking me for advice and help in her great need. I gave her some necessary directions, with a letter to a friend, and also (if it should be requisite) an order for admission, with her children, to the Women's Night Shelter. She was followed by a lithographer who is preparing some of the illustrations that are to appear in this narrative when it shall be

published, and who wanted some explanations and directions respecting two of them. Then came an aged christian, a man of seventy-five years, to solicit a recommendation for admission to the Benevolent Asylum. I had, as a subscriber, an order form, which I filled and gave him, and commended him to the Lord in prayer. Next an old woman appeared asking for monetary help; but, as I knew her for a long time to have been given to drink, I declined giving money, and she wanted nothing else. Lastly, I interviewed a christian young lady who was seeking a situation as bible-reader, or missionary, or in any capacity in which she could make herself useful. I gave her such help as I could, and I believe she found what she sought.

Wednesday, the 8th, came first a mother with an epileptic daughter, asking me to admit the girl to the Temporary Home. Fearing what the effect on others might be, I declined; but I gave her instead a note of recommendation to the Superintendent of the Immigrants' Home for admission there, which I believe she obtained. Then Mrs. Loxton, the Matron of the Women's Night Shelter, brought me her account of recent gospel meetings there, which greatly pleased me. Everything is doing well there. I prepared her report of numbers, etc., for three morning papers, and sent it, with those of the two Men's Night Shelters, for publication. Next Mr. King, the Manager of the Bible Depôt, Coffee Rooms, Mission Hall, and Boys' and Young Men's Reading and Recreation Rooms, gave me a very interesting account of the week's work there, with several remarkable incidents of an encouraging character in connection with the work in the dispensary building. After him came Mrs. Middlebrook to tell me her difficulties in the conducting and maintaining of the Queen's Wharf Coffee Rooms and Mission Hall, and also of a number of conversions of sailors and others at the gospel services there. I encouraged her, gave her some advice in special matters, prayed with her, and sent her away trusting and hopeful. I had a long letter from J. G. S—— who seems to have been brought by deep poverty and many trials, to see his sin, and to seek again

the Saviour whom he had forsaken. Wrote a letter to *The Argus*, appealing for help for an excellent christian widow in distressed circumstances. I received several subscriptions next day. An interesting young woman, who had been deceived under promise of marriage, and was now forsaken, homeless, and penniless, and very ill in health, came to me, in her distress, for advice and assistance. I gave her some medicine, and a note for admittance to the Temporary Home, with directions that she should have perfect rest and care until I could see her again. I then received a telegram from Dr. D—— to say that he could not attend the dispensary next day. I must take his place. Mrs. W——, whom I had known for many years as a devoted christian worker, had recently by some means got into arrears in her rent, and was in danger of having her furniture sold off for non-payment, and she applied to me in her trouble. I wrote to a gentleman 150 miles away, who sent me the sum she owed, and so relieved her distress. She now called, hearing that my health was breaking up, to inquire more particularly. Our christian fellowship was very pleasant, we offered thanks and praises to our God for His countless mercies in the past, we sought continued guidance and blessing in all the future, and parted, to meet, as we trust, in the heaven of His presence.

So my mornings, and sometimes parts of my days and evenings too, are spent. For many years—for more years than most men, my God permitted me to be actively engaged in his ennobling work, and he was pleased often to accept my unworthy service, and to use it for His own glory, in blessing men for whom Christ died. He now permits me to be passively engaged for Him, and in His condescension and mercy He is still pleased to accept in some measure such feeble service as I can still render.

“They also serve who only stand and wait.”

“I lift up my hands in His name.” “My soul blesses Him—my life and all that is within me blesses His holy name.”

"While I live will I sing praise unto Him," and I will rejoice in His goodness, and mercy, and truth.

"I'll praise Him while He lends me breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
And immortality endures."

POSTSCRIPTUM.

As for some months past my health has been fast declining between disease and old age, as I am now in my eighty-fourth year, and as I find the time draws near when I shall depart hence to be forever with my blessed Lord and Master, I have endeavored, in obedience to these warnings, to complete as far as rests in me, arrangements by deeds of trust, committees and christian managers, for the continuance (after my death) of the various institutions or charities with which I have been so long and so intimately connected.

The land in Wellington-street, Collingwood, on which is erected the Collingwood Free Medical Mission Dispensary, Mission Hall, Book Depôt, Coffee-room, Reading-room, and Gymnasium, is placed by trust deed in the hands of gentlemen as trustees, for the same and similar objects to which it is now set apart ; and a committee of management is provided for the Free Dispensary. The land in Islington-street, Collingwood, on which are erected the Widows' Cottages for aged christian women, the Night Shelter for destitute, Homeless Women and Children, and the Temporary Home for Fallen and Friendless Women, is similarly settled by deed in trust for the same and similar charitable and benevolent objects. That on which the Mission Hall in Little Bourke-street stands, is also placed in trust for its special purpose similarly with the others. Each property has its own separate deed of trust ; each institution is to have its secretary, treasurers, and managers ; and all are to be

carried on on the same lines as hitherto, and for the same objects. I can do no more. For the various night shelters, etc., which are not my own property, I cannot make the same provision. But I have arranged, as far as possible, for their continued conduct by committees of christian men and women, and for their oversight by competent christian matrons and managers, so that they shall still meet the cases for which they were so established.

And now with a truly grateful heart, and after a happy life in Christ's blessed service, I praise my God and Father for all the way by which He has led me through the wilderness. I have special thankfulness that in early life He induced me to consecrate my future days to His most reasonable and happy service. In answer to many prayers that He would guide me to a partner who would help me to heaven, I was led by a remarkable providence to an acquaintance with my late beloved wife; and, for over fifty-two years, we lived one of the happiest of lives together. Her counsels, her prayers, her holy, loving example, were, under God, a constant blessing to me until her triumphant entrance into the joy of her beloved Lord and Saviour. Of our ten children, two died when very young; two dear girls also when grown up, of whose death I have spoken in this Narrative; and six are alive, namely three sons and three daughters. These truly affectionate children are living around me, and are in almost daily intercourse with each other and with me. For close on twenty years I have lived with my two unmarried daughters at their Ladies' College, "Ormiston," East Melbourne, and I have the same unremitting, loving attention and unwearied care that their dear mother so long experienced—our very wishes being anticipated. And so has it been with my married daughter, and with my three sons. Ever since all these have been in a position to provide for themselves and their families, now for many years past, I have been enabled to become my own executor from day to day, and thus have seen with my own eyes some of the happy results of the blessings widely diffused, and at a comparatively small cost, for the happiness

and best interests of others. I write this account of so much and so great enjoyment at Mentone, whither I have come with my daughters during their Easter vacation for rest and means of recruiting our health. Here I have enjoyed the society of my beloved good children, and of several of my grandchildren, with that of several christian friends. I am encompassed with mercies on every hand. My cup of blessing runs over; and with joy I often cry out, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and," by God's wondrous grace, "I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Several of my dear grandchildren have accepted Christ as their personal Saviour, and evidence the change they have experienced by a consistent, loving useful life. Two of my sons have long helped me at the Free Dispensary, beloved by the sick poor whom they so faithfully serve. To God be the glory for ever.

In the dark watches of the night
 I count His mercies o'er;
 I praise Him for ten thousand past,
 And trust His love for more.

I have long and earnestly asked of God to make this Narrative a help to christian workers, so that they may feel it to be their privilege, as also their responsibility, as God's stewards, who must give account as to how they use their influence, money, knowledge of the gospel, the one talent or the ten talents entrusted to them in rescuing those who are ready to perish—perhaps from lack of knowledge of the truth, or for lack of a word of kind and christian sympathy, which, if fitly spoken, might lead even those sunk in the lowest depths of sin to repentance and a return to the prodigal's God. My beloved fellow-workers, let me entreat you never to be discouraged by a seeming want of success, or by opposition, or by indifference. If your eye be single to glorify God, and you lift up the living Christ as the Life and Light of the World, you may confidently reckon on the Divine blessing, and success will be sure to follow. Seek

increasing love for, and likeness to Christ, and a loving sympathy for the straying prodigal—the intemperate, the fallen, the criminal. Christ loves all, died for all, waits to save all. Therefore let us cry earnestly to God—

Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine!
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine;
And lead them to Thy open side,
The sheep for whom the Shepherd died.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

I have consented, at the earnest wish of several christian friends, in whose judgment I have much confidence, to publish, or republish, with this Narrative the subjoined papers. The facts mentioned can hardly fail to have a permanent interest and value ; and I hope the inferences may also be of some public utility to the general reader, and especially to medical men who are called to deal with the facts as they constantly repeat themselves.

TESTIMONIAL.

(P. 96.)

The following is the testimonial presented to me by a number of the leading medical gentlemen of the city of Dublin, prior to my leaving home in 1850. Many of the signatories were my personal friends, and with all of them I was professionally acquainted, and living on terms of mutual confidence and esteem. I have always valued their good opinion very highly, and I insert here the expression which they were pleased to give of it as an illustration of the favor which God gave me in the eyes of those with whom I had to do :—

WE, the undersigned, have been acquainted with Doctor Singleton for more than fifteen years. For the last twenty years he has been engaged in this city as a general medical practitioner. He is now about

to emigrate to Australia, and we feel very great pleasure in stating our experience of his character both as a medical practitioner and as a fellow-citizen. In the former capacity he was active, zealous, most attentive and successful amongst his patients, and was most particularly kind in his attention to the poor of our city. As a citizen he was respected as an upright, conscientious, and exemplary character, and we trust that in another country he will reap those rewards which are due to a man so worthy of our esteem.

PHILIP CROMPTON (Bart.), Surgeon-General.

H. MARSH (Bart.), Physician-in-Ordinary to the Queen.

ROBERT GRAVES, M.D., F.R.S.

WM. STOKES, President College Physicians.

M. CUSACK, M.D., F.R.C.S.

ANDREW ELLIS, late President R.C.S.

JOHN KIRBY, LL.D., F.C.S.

G. T. HAYDEN, M.B., T.C.D., L.C.S.

ROBERT MULOCK, M.D., Governor Apoth. Hall.

FLEETWOOD CHURCHILL, M.D., M.R.I.A.

HENRY SIBTHORPE, M.D., M.R.C.S.I.

MAURICE COLLES, F.R.C.S.I.

WM. F. MONTGOMERY, M.D.

WM. COLLES, Surgeon, Stephen's Green.

CHARLES PHILIPS CROKER, M.D., M.R.C.S.I.

THOMAS E. BEATTIE, M.D., late President R.C.S.I.

CHAS. BENSON, A.M., M.D., Prof. of Prac. Med.

JOHN O'REARDON, M.D., Cor. Mem. M.S. of Paris.

R. S. IRELAND, M.D., Med. Offic. Dublin Police.

S. G. WILMOT, M.D., Surgeon to Steven's Hospital.

J. H. POWER, M.D., Surgeon to Jervis-street and Brunswick-street Hospital.

ARTHUR CLARKE (Knight), M.D., F.R.C.S.I., Physician to the Bank of Ireland, and Surgeon to the Metropolitan Police.

G. D. OSBORNE, M.D., Harcourt-street.

Dublin, September, 1850.

II.

TO MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS
IN THE LOCALITIES
WHERE ASIATIC CHOLERA PREVAILS.

(P. 38).

During the prevalence of cholera in Dublin in 1832 I had many and varied experiences, both as to the medical aspects of the epidemic, and also as to the moral condition in which it found men, and the moral effects which it educed among them in the prospect and in the coming of death. To some of the latter more especially I have adverted in this Narrative. As to the former, after the disease had passed away I felt called upon to put into permanent form, for the public benefit, the observations I had made as to its nature, and as to the best mode of treatment. The result was the publication at the time of the following notes. They are now somewhat out of date perhaps. The disease is not of frequent occurrence: and when it does appear it is well understood by medical men, and it is generally successfully treated. Still the paper may be allowed perhaps to find a place in this appendix as belonging to a special episode in my early experiences, in which I saw much of the value of personal godliness, first in fitting men whose consciences were at peace to struggle with disease, and to fling it off; and when that might not be, in enabling them to meet death with the calmness and courage of a living hope in the salvation of God through Christ.

GENTLEMEN.—Some time since I wrote a letter which appeared in July last in some of the provincial papers, containing a brief account of my views as to the nature of cholera, and my plan of treating it, which had been attended with unusual success. While a disease so alarming, and

hitherto so destructive in its progress, continues to devastate our country I consider it to be the duty of its medical men to give the result of their experience in its treatment, wherever that treatment has been attended with anything above the average degree of success. In common with others, I have wondered that practical men, connected with boards of health, or hospitals for the treatment of cholera, or even men in extensive private practice, have not *publicly* given their views as to its nature, and some fixed principle of management. The fear of alarming the public mind, an unwillingness to subject their theories to the censure of critics, or the fear of being charged with selfish motives, appear to be among the chief objections. The first of these, I am convinced, is perfectly groundless, and I can scarcely imagine that the latter, or indeed any motives prejudicial to the interests of humanity, should influence members of a profession so noble, so benevolent, and so useful to society—men who, in order to lessen the amount of misery and suffering around them, willingly expose their lives to those various contagious disorders with which the poor may be afflicted—in withholding their mite, their tribute, from this praiseworthy purpose. When I consider the vast mortality of this disease, generally from 30 to 80 per cent. and in some districts even higher, and the various, nay often apparently opposite modes of treatment pursued, I willingly hazard the criticism or censure of those who may feel disposed to inflict them, so that I confer any public good, by assisting in dispelling the alarm which prevails, or in saving an individual life, by promulgating my opinions.

In 1832 I suspected that the disease was of a hæmorrhagic character, but of a peculiar or specific description; each day's experience confirms me in this opinion, and on this principle I continue to treat it. To me, and I trust to many, this naturally and satisfactorily explains its various phenomena—the rapid emaciation, coldness of extremities and surface of the body, as well as their darkened hue, altered voice and hearing, spasms of the muscles, and finally, cerebral affections, etc. The circulation of the blood, from

its altered character, is evidently impeded in its course. As a fact illustrative of this, I may here mention that I was called to see a man lately who had congestion of the brain on the night of the day on which he had nearly sunk under cholera; I drew eight ounces of blood from him, which was not only unusually dark-colored, but contained only one-half its usual proportion of serum; this man, I may remark, is now well.

Out of 202 cases of cholera in the second and after stages, I have not, on minute investigation, been able to detect one in which diarrhœa was not the primary symptom. This is a fact which cannot be too generally made known by medical men; and measures could be easily adopted, in country districts especially, by which the poor might be supplied with some safe but effectual astringent to have recourse to, should they be attacked at night, and thus many lives no doubt would be saved. I have succeeded in arresting the progress of several hundred cases in this stage, by the prompt administration of astringents; in obstinate cases I have had recourse to acetate of lead, in pills and enemata—some of the patients were members of families where cholera then existed in some of its worst forms. Of these 202 cases, not one in five died; but of those I saw before the patient was in the collapsed state, the average of deaths has been scarce one in twenty-five. As to my general plan, I admit a stream of cold air, and give cold water or ice, to act as *styptics*, and to supply fresh *serum* to the blood. I give acetate of lead in solution and in pills, with a little opium, or muriated tincture of iron, *instantly*, at each time the stomach is discharged; sometimes I have given enemata with from five to twenty-five grains of acetate of lead, ten to forty drops of tincture of opium, and two or three ounces of *cold* water, with or without spirit of turpentine, assafoetida, valerian, etc., and applied spirit of turpentine or mustard paste, over the abdomen and stomach, and repeated these *frequently*; also heated jars, etc., to the *feet*. In some instances I have placed two or three grains of calomel on the tongue at intervals; but in many others, and with marked

success, I have given from two to eight drops of nitric acid in a little water immediately after vomiting. I have followed this plan as a general rule, of course varying it according to the constitution and duration of the disease, etc., *till the quantity rejected from the stomach became less in amount than that swallowed*; till then the danger is imminent. In the collapsed stage I have found external stimulants by far preferable to internal—the latter, in my experience, frequently inducing the return of the discharges, which in general proves fatal; but I have found the application of dilute nitric acid, or subacetate of lead solution, briskly rubbed to where the serous discharge issues from the skin in many cases immediately stop, or at least restrain it. It is not the medicine, etc., but the prompt and persevering administration of them that succeeds. I generally remain with my patients till a decided change for the better takes place, or manage to see them as frequently as possible, *till the quantity of fluid ejected from the system is evidently less than the amount swallowed*, which in most instances takes place within one hour. I carry with me continually a small case containing nitric acid, muriated tincture of iron, acetate of lead pills, with quarter a grain of opium, and two grains acetate of lead, calomel, camphorated spirit, and ammonia, enema apparatus, etc.; and would recommend you, my medical brethren, to take the same, or those medicines which you may have found more useful, as time is almost everything in meeting this disease.

You have no doubt ere this been convinced that the indiscriminate use of stimulants, as brandy, etc., keeps up a hæmorrhagic pulse, increases the amount of the discharges, and thus hastens death; while on the contrary, in plethoric cases *in the early stages*, and others under peculiar circumstances, venæsection may be used from a large orifice with the very best success. I would particularly direct your attention to this subject which substantiates the hæmorrhagic nature of the disease, in juxta-position with the illustration in the above letter. Camphorated spirit is, in many cases, a most useful addition to other medicines, but I consider it a fatal mistake to depend on it, or creosote, or calomel alone.

I would here observe that mineral acids should not be administered while calomel or lead is in the stomach; but no injurious chemical alteration takes place from the calomel and lead. I have observed that whatever morally or physically lowers the tone of the system—whatever tends to produce diarrhoea under ordinary circumstances, or to disarrange the proportions of the electric fluid in an individual, predisposes to cholera, and should be guarded against.

Gentlemen,—It has been objected to the theory of the hæmorrhagic nature of cholera, and consequently to the plan of treatment based on that theory—"that the fluid ejected from the system in cholera, having been subjected to chemical analysis, had been found to contain no albumen." Now, even granting the truth of this assertion, I submit it to your judgment to decide—does it alter the character, or should it alter the treatment materially, whether the capillaries of the blood-vessels directly, or other vessels secreting it from these, indirectly pour out this fluid into the intestinal canal and stomach, in the first and second stages, or through the skin in its latter stages?—an opinion held by those who dissent from cholera being a hæmorrhagic disease. The danger must be greater, as the density of the blood must be rather increased should the albumen be left behind, and it less fitted to sustain the various functions of life; and I am persuaded it will yet appear evident to those best acquainted with the anatomical structure and physiology of the human frame—"so fearfully and wonderfully made"—that the disease commences in some portion of the intestinal canal, and, if neglected, spreads with greater or lesser rapidity through the entire, and thence to the stomach, and that the capillaries of the blood-vessels DIRECTLY through their open extremities pour forth this *pabulum vitæ*. Nor do I see any reason why the more aqueous portion may not be separated from the serum by a process analogous to that by which the serum in the first instance is separated from the general mass of blood; but from two cases that I have been in attendance on this week, the hæmorrhagic nature of the disease, and the discharge of the serum of the blood directly, appear to me to

be established. The first case was that of a nobleman's servant, who had a return of the hæmorrhagic pulse the day after a severe attack of cholera; large watery discharges, deeply tinged with blood in solution (unclotted) were passed from the bowels; the pulse, as it usually is immediately previous to the discharges, partaking more and more of the hæmorrhagic throb. The second, the messman of Her Majesty's 55th regiment of infantry, now stationed at Richmond Barrack, repeatedly vomited the drinks he took of a deep scarlet color, while before and after drinking they were nearly colorless; a few very minute clots were perceptible in the discharges subsequent—which on being rubbed proved to be blood. These two individuals are convalescent, as well as nineteen others out of twenty-four cases I have had within the last eleven days. Two of the three who died, one in King-street south, the other in Upper Stephen-street, were collapsed previous to my seeing them; the other was a man in his seventy-sixth year, who had been reduced by diarrhœa of some days standing. I have drawn your attention to these matters lest you might have prejudged the subject, and been prejudiced, so as refuse a prompt and persevering trial to a plan of treatment by which several hundreds of cases of diarrhœa have been quickly and safely stopped; and while in the aggregate of 202 cases, of second and after stages, the mortality has been nearly 20 per cent. owing to my having been called to see a great number in a collapsed or moribund state, yet, when tried in the second stage, it was little more than 4 per cent. I would apologise for again drawing your attention to the necessity of treating diarrhœa with watery evacuations in a decided manner, and of watching it closely. I shall take the liberty of referring to the case of the late Dr. Gordon Jackson. I met him in Great Brunswick-street south, where a lady lay ill of cholera, on the fourth day prior to his deservedly-lamented death. I asked did his opinion and experience coincide with mine, that diarrhœa almost invariably preceded, or was the primary stage of cholera. He emphatically replied it was, and that he held those views of cholera in 1832; yet, strange, he was

affected with those very premonitory symptoms two or three days previous to its fatal termination, in the very hospital for the reception of cholera patients, of which he was the chief medical attendant.

This practice may appear to some to be too bold; but when the diminished powers of absorption are considered, and the risk of tampering with the disease (I have repeatedly seen a pill, or a dose of chalk mixture every second or third hour, prescribed in severe diarrhœa, and even in developed cholera, thus allowing the precious moments to pass, till active measures became too late), and when a single dose being *retained* accomplishes the object intended, it will be viewed in a more favorable light; nor have I found any bad effects result from the treatment I have recommended and followed to the present. Perhaps it may appear rather theoretical my mentioning the following; but as anything which throws light on this hitherto mysterious disease deserves attention I shall proceed:—I was told by a pensioner whose child I attended in cholera, that when the 1st Royals were stationed at Wallajabad, in the Madras Presidency, in 1819, in the course of a few days 33 per cent. of the 400 men in the barrack died of this disease, while the cavalry and artillery in the same district were perfectly free, which was then a subject of general remark. I have inquired more fully into the subject within the past day or two, and I think it well worth a careful investigation, as to whether the exposure to the ammoniacal gas, so freely evolved in the vicinity of stables, or some electrical exchange in the act of rubbing down the horse, may not act as a preservative *to a certain degree*; and if so, may be taken advantage of in a practical point of view by scientific men. Some of the above practice I have derived from the observations and experience of other medical men, and some from my own; but as I have only given the general features of my mode of treatment, I shall, with pleasure, answer any inquiries as to particulars, should you think it necessary to make them.

The only favor I would request of you is, that you would receive this letter in the same kindly spirit as I have

endeavoured to write it, and if you see any merit in it, anything likely to benefit mankind—should you be convinced this view of cholera is no *ignis fatuus*, but is based on sound reasoning, and consistent with common sense, and that the treatment I have followed and suggested is not speculative or merely adapted to meet the symptoms as they occur (without reference to a principle)—that you would give publicity to it through the medium of those journals or periodicals of medical science, with which you may be connected, or over which your influence may extend, and assist in making known to the profession generally, what I believe to be three great facts, viz.:—

- 1st. That diarrhœa, with watery discharges, *when cholera is in the vicinity, is that disease in its first stage.*
- 2nd. That cholera is a specific but purely hæmorrhagic disease.
- 3rd. That in its first stage, it is under the control of judicious medical treatment, and the second stage, so far so, that the mortality may not be as great as that of idiopathic fever, under ordinary circumstances.

The report of the House of Recovery, Cork-street, of all descriptions of cases of fever, admitted from 1st May, 1804, to 31st March, 1848, inclusive, being 154,641; discharged, cured, or relieved, 143,513, leaving the mortality so great as 14 per cent. I shall feel truly happy indeed, if, through the Divine blessing, anything contained in this paper should prove useful to the afflicted through your instrumentality.

J. S.

73 Stephen's Green South,
and 4 Aungier-street, Dublin,
September 22nd, 1849.

P.S.—Last night I had an opportunity of testing the serous discharge from the bowels of a child in High-street

(the third of the family affected with cholera), on boiling it in a large spoon, the albumen was quite apparent, adhering to the sides of the spoon, and floating in flocculi through it. I tested the discharge from the stomach of a young man lately by nitric acid; the fluid became *turbid* immediately, but it did not then satisfy me sufficiently.

III.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

(P. 118.)

In the early fifties, when the wonderful finds on the gold-fields made men suddenly and extravagantly rich, a large proportion of the most successful of "the diggers" were wholly uneducated in any proper sense of the word, had no mental resources of any kind, had no previous training in the use of wealth, and seemed to have no conception of any mode of enjoyment except in excessive drinking. The result can hardly be imagined by those who have not witnessed the scenes to which all this gave rise. Extravagance, riot, violence, drunkenness prevailed everywhere. Money was squandered, health was ruined, lives were destroyed, men were ruined for time and for eternity. Efforts were early made to stop the overflowing of the iniquity. It was then the Victoria Liquor Law League was formed, meeting from time to time in my house, Mr. Cooke and myself being joint secretaries. The Legislature of the

State of Maine in America had not long before passed an Act, then and since known as the Maine Liquor Law, of such a character that it has become a kind of model and standard for all temperance reformers to this day. It seemed to be just what was wanted here. I therefore prepared, at the instance of the committee, the following paper on the subject, which was extensively circulated with good effects at the time. Unfortunately we have not yet obtained a prohibitory law for Victoria, and hence the facts and arguments of my paper are as cogent and as necessary to-day as they were the day they were written.

TO THE COLONISTS OF VICTORIA.

"Who would be free—himself must strike the blow."

FELLOW COLONISTS,—

Four years have already elapsed since the State of MAINE, after grappling with many difficulties, and energetically and perseveringly overcoming every opposition, triumphantly carried, in her Representative Legislature, the celebrated Maine Liquor Law.

That Law, since its inauguration, has produced results fully realising the expectations of its advocates, not only in the diminution of taxation, of crime, and of pauperism, in stimulating industry and elevating the standard of character and self-respect, but in bringing peace and comfort to the social circle, and making thousands of families blessed in the enjoyment of a happiness they had been ignorant of before. Several of the neighboring States having observed these results, and being convinced that such a remedy was required to remove drunkenness and its attendant evils, agitated the propriety of its adoption, and by appeals to the people, have returned members to their respective legislatures, who by large majorities carried the law "prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating drinks except for medicinal purposes and those of the arts" in ten states.

Recently "the Empire State" New York, has passed a Maine Law for herself in both Senate and Assembly, and doubtless it is now proclaimed "law," as the present Governor the Honorable Myrin Clarke, Esq., is well known to be favorable to it. In CALIFORNIA and IOWA the late elections are declared favorable to it, and it is confidently hoped that ere long the entire union will be delivered from the traffic and the despotic tyranny which has been maintained throughout it, and in fact wherever the Anglo-Saxon race has been dominant. For the last two or three years this subject has engrossed much public attention in British North America, and from the latest accounts majorities in the legislatures of the CANADAS, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVA SCOTIA, and NEWFOUNDLAND have declared in favor of it, and in PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND it is under discussion. The people of SANDWICH ISLANDS desire to obtain it, while those of TAHITI and MADAGASCAR have "the Maine Law" in full operation. And such has been the progress of the movement in Great Britain and in Ireland that prohibitory enactments have passed the British Parliament forbidding the sale for the whole Sunday in Scotland, and greatly limiting it in England. The statistics we annex as well as the opinions of competent authorities, give evidence of an obvious improvement already. The visits of Professor Stowe and Mrs. H. B. STOWE and Mr. J. B. GOUGH to Britain, have greatly assisted, the one by drawing the attention of many in the literary and higher circles of society to investigate the influence of strong drinks on the well-being of the human race; the other in arousing the slumbering sensibilities of the working and industrial classes to consider their true interests. At present the British Temperance League, the United Kingdom Alliance, and the various total abstinence organisations are disseminating information on this subject, of such momentous consequence to the interests of millions, and several of the leading periodicals, assisting them by their reviews, investigations, and comments, are fast preparing the British public for the reception of the Great Prohibitory Law. Nearly two years have elapsed since a Liquor Law League was formed in VICTORIA, and it has labored to

is as binding on the minority as any other law ; and such a law, enacted in this and the neighboring colonies, will no doubt be observed equally well as in the States, which now are so prosperous and happy under its beneficent influence.

Our new constitution, which places the representation in your hands, may, ere long, be proclaimed ; and as each individual will exert a greater or a less influence for the welfare or the misery of his fellow-men in the circle where he moves, which may be eternal in its consequences, we entreat you to ponder over, and freely and fully investigate and discuss those subjects ; and, if convinced that the effects of intoxicating drinks are vastly more injurious to the best interests of this noble colony than productive of good, as patriots, as philanthropists, as christians, to throw your influence into the scale. Use your elective franchise in support of those only among candidates who will pledge themselves to maintain and advocate the principle of a MAINE LAW for Victoria—for now “ Victoria expects that every man will do his duty.”

Can we remain unmoved and unconcerned while we know that—

75 per 100 of Victoria's criminals,
60 per 100 of her lunatics,
35 per 100 of the mortality amongst her adult male population, and
33 per 100 of cases calling for coroner's inquests,

are among the sad results of this cruel traffic, and say we are not our brother's keeper ! Nay, rather, let us urge the life-boat to the wreck though rocks and surges interpose. Let us surmount the barriers erected by the depraved habits and insane customs of society, and overthrow the bulwarks erected by vested interests or *invested capital*, and cry, “ No peace with that traffic which brings no peace and shows no mercy,” and which has been upheld at the expense of the characters, the liberties, the lives of multitudes ; of the happiness of the domestic circle, as well as of the sighs and tears of the widow and the orphan. No peace with that traffic which, like the fabled Upas tree, spreads death and desolation around, and if permitted to remain rooted in the

land, may allure within its shadow the dear ones that we love ; and, when the cold hand of death shall have removed us from our guardianship over them, may perhaps, by its enchanting influence, poison the morals and hasten to an early grave the little ones who are now entwined around our warmest affections. Then

"Lead on ! lead on ! Victoria now disdains
To bear this cruel Moloch's slavish chains."

HENRY COOKE.

JOHN SINGLETON.

Hon. Secs. Victoria L. L. League.

P.S.—We beg to append the following facts and opinions as illustrations of the above paper :—

The New York Tribune says—"The pretence that as much liquor is sold now in Maine as in former years is false. We spent three days in travelling through the States without seeing a glass of it, or an individual who appeared to be under its influence ; and we were reliably assured that at the Augusta House, where the Governor and most of the legislature board, not only was no liquor to be had, but even the use of tobacco had almost entirely ceased, and all accounts agreed that in the State capital, the illicit sale *is greatly less now* than it was a year ago."

The Bristol Temperance Herald of May, contains the following letter from the Hon. S. L. Tilly, Provincial Secretary, New Brunswick :— "My dear friend Barker, I cannot permit the mail to leave without informing you that a Bill passed the Lower House to-day prohibiting the *importation, manufacture, and sale* of all intoxicating beverages ; it is quite certain to pass the Legislative Council also, and is to become the law of this province on the 1st January, 1856. Our legislature is composed of forty-one members, twenty-three are in favor of the Bill, and eighteen opposed. The principle of a similar Bill has been sustained by the legislature of Nova Scotia, twenty-nine to nineteen ; and in Canada by a vote of forty-five to twenty-five ; *thus the work goes nobly*

on in the British North American Provinces. Our Bill is quite as stringent as any passed in the United States, and is free from all those defects pointed out by your executive committee in their address under date June, 1853, as existing in our law of 1852. Your sincere friend, S. L. TILLY."

From among the interesting and satisfactory statistical returns relative to the working of the Sabbath restriction sale in England, and prohibition in Scotland, we quote the following from *The Eclectic Review* of May, and *The Bristol Temperance Herald* :—

LONDON :—G. A. A'Beckett, Esq., J.P.—“ Previous to the New Beer Bill, the business of this court (Southwark Police Court), was not only considerably greater on Monday than on any other day of the week, but it consisted chiefly of cases of drunkenness and assault, more or less violent, that had been committed under its influence. From the day the Act came into operation I have kept an account of the number of charges of Sunday drunkenness which have been brought before me on every Monday on which I have sat here—*thirty-seven cases in nineteen weeks.*”

The Clerkenwell and Marlborough Courts reports are almost as favorable. Sir William Carden, J.P., says—“ The most beneficial effects had resulted from the Act. Comparing the three months immediately after the Act, with the corresponding three months in the previous year, the cases of drunkenness in the Mansion House district had diminished one-half.”

EDINBURGH.—There has been a decrease of 405 cases in 44 weeks, after the Prohibiting Sabbath Act.

Drunkenness from 8 Sunday to 8 Monday				} decrease...405
morning's, 1854	129	
44 corresponding weeks of 1853	534	

GLASGOW.—

Three months, 1853: drunk, incapable, and disorderly				} decrease...288
...	511	
Three months, 1854: (corresponding) do.				} decrease...3653
...	223	
While the gross committments for seven months of—drunk and disorderly, 1853				} decrease...3653
...	6056	
Do., seven months corresponding do., 1854				2403

GREENOCK.—Total number committed for drunkenness on Sunday and Monday, from 1st January to 1st April:—

Drunk and incapable, three months, 1854	...	1041	} decrease...535
Drunk and incapable, three months, 1855	...	506	

In LEITH the Sunday committals have decreased 20 per cent.

In MELBOURNE the gross committals for drunkenness for seven months, ending 25th September, for Saturday and Sunday, were 1129, or an average of 29 for the two days. It is well known by those visiting the watch-houses, that the committals on the Sundays have not amounted to more than one-fifth of that number. In GEELONG there has been a reduction of one-half in the committals on Sunday since the Act prohibiting the Sunday traffic came into operation, according to the police returns.

1855.

H C.

J. S.

IV.

ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.

(P. 207.)

How medical men came at first to have such constant recourse to alcohol, and to prescribe it so indiscriminately in a great variety of diseases, seems very hard to understand. How it is that they continue to use it in the face of facts again and again scientifically demonstrated, and now beyond the range of intelligent discussion, is more inexplicable still. Alcohol is not a food. Just as little is it a medicine. The

latter fact I had again and again proved in my own practice, and had satisfied myself that, even in cases where stimulant is needed, others, safer in their use, better in their present results, and much less dangerous in their after effect on the constitution and habits of the patient are available to every medical man. It was in view of these facts that in November, 1874, I prepared and read before the Medical Society of Victoria the following paper. See *The Australian Medical Journal* of the date named.

"Prove all things : Hold fast that which is good."

The subject of this paper has long occupied my earnest attention. The extensive use of alcohol, in one or other of its various forms, as a medicinal agent in our public institutions and private practice, seemed to me to rest on an unsound and very unsatisfactory basis. The modern discoveries of science have thrown considerable light on the nature, properties, and uses of alcohol, exploding the time-honored and cherished theories of the past. Medical men of eminence in almost every land now estimate it at its proper worth, agreeably with scientific principles.

There is, however, a large section of our profession who practically ignore the facts and certainties of science by continuing to prescribe alcohol as a food, as nutritious, aiding digestion, blood-forming, strength-producing, and as a source of heat by internal combustion to the human body ; and this to the injury of the public, socially as well as physically, jeopardising the credit of the profession, especially in the eyes of laymen, many of whom are intelligently acquainted with the subject in all its bearings.

In order to elicit discussion, and a thorough inquiry into a subject so important in its results to the community, I have collected and condensed into as small a compass as possible information on its various aspects from standard works of scientific and medical writers, as well as from other reliable

sources, which I have now the honor of reading before this society ; hoping, through its wide-spread influence, that the profession generally may be induced to prescribe alcohol only in harmony with the clear teachings of science.

Dr. Storey, a well known Government Analyst in the United States, in his able work on "Alcohol," says:—"Science is accustomed to exactness. It can measure a ten-thousandth of an inch or of a second, detect the ten-thousandth of a grain in a hogshead of water, make solid silver float invisibly, and again gather it without loss. As easily can science see every particle of alcohol in the living body. Science is the realm of fact, not theories—of certainties, not opinions. Science assures us that alcohol is never changed in the human body into any other compound, hence it can never be food or fuel. It is never appropriated by any organ for its sustenance. It is alcohol when it goes in, while it stays, and when it comes out. The theory that it is in any sense food or fuel is distinctly disproved, and has been everywhere abandoned. When alcohol invades the stomach digestion and assimilation nearly stop, that the enemy may be expelled. What cannot be immediately thrown off is deposited in the brain, liver, etc., from which alcohol that will burn may be obtained (examples can be furnished)."

Baron Liebig, the most eminent and accomplished analyst of modern times, says: "Beer, wine, spirits, etc., furnish no element capable of entering into the composition of the blood, the muscular fibre, or any part which is the seat of the vital principle." Also, "that there is more food in one bushel of barley than there is in 12,000 gallons of the best beer. All food when taken into the stomach is transformed into something that will renew and build up, but alcohol passes out of the body just as it comes in."

Dr. Frederick Lees (to whose researches on this entire subject I am much indebted) says: "Alcohol does not contain the constituent elements of the body, and cannot therefore build it up. It has no iron or salts for the blood, no gluten or phosphorus for the bones, no albumen, which is

the basis of every organism, and even if it had all three, it is an established fact that the body eliminates alcohol from its precincts, whether it be wine or grog. The objector who says that alcohol contains oxygen, carbon, and hydrogen, which are elements of the body, and therefore infers that they will supply the waste of these products, reveals his complete ignorance of the first principles of vital chemistry." "Animals cannot feed on gases, or appropriate charcoal. That is the peculiar function of the vegetable, the appointed organism for preparing food for man. Drink alcohol, and in a few minutes it can be smelt from the breath, or collected from the skin." Dr. Lees also says: "There is more real nourishment in a threepenny brown loaf than in three barrels of Alsop's ale, costing £35."

Drs. Lallemand and Perrin, at the head of their profession in France, with the great chemist Duroy, performed numerous experiments on alcohol. Among them was the following: "They found that the breath of a man who drank a pint and a-half of wine at 10.30 a.m. turned their test solution green at noon in two minutes; the same at 1 o'clock. It took four minutes at 2 o'clock, fifteen minutes at 5 o'clock; at 6 it made but slight change, and at 7 none."

Dr. Rudolph Massing, one of the ablest physicians in Germany, prepared a solution of bichromate of potash and sulphuric acid as a test for alcohol. He found the breath of a drunken man turned red to an emerald green, while that of the sober man had no effect.

Dr. Cheyne, Dublin, Physician to the Forces: "The benefits which have been supposed from their liberal use in medicine, and especially in those diseases which men once universally and are still vulgarly supposed to depend upon mere weakness, have invested these agents with attributes to which they have no claim; and hence, as we physicians no longer use them as we used to do, we ought not to rest satisfied with the mere acknowledgment of error, but we ought also to make every retribution in our power for having so long upheld one of the *most fatal delusions that ever took possession of the human mind.*"

Dr. King Chambers, Physician to the Prince of Wales, says: "Alcohol impoverishes the blood; there is no surer road to that degeneration of the muscular fibre so much to be feared. Three-quarters of the chronic diseases which the medical man is called to treat are occasioned by this. In fact, alcohol seems to produce that peculiar condition of the tissues called fatty degeneracy more than does any other agent." Again: "It is clear we must cease to regard alcohol as in any sense an aliment, because it goes out as it goes in."

Sir Henry Thompson bears a similar testimony.

Dr. Edward Smith, F.R.S., in *The Philosophical Transactions*, says:—"Alcohol is not food, and it neither warms nor sustains the body by the elements of which it is composed."

Dr. Lees: "The warming power of alcohol is a notion altogether unsustained by experience, and distinctly opposed to the plainest facts. The process of combustion in the body is measured by the excretive products of the food, carbonic acid and water. Now alcohol greatly lessens carbonic acid, as Drs. Prout and Fyfe proved as early as 1819."

Dr. Viedort, of Carlsruhe, says: "The expiration of carbonic acid, after the use of fermented liquors, is considerably diminished, and does not return to its normal state for two hours."

Dr. Markham, F.R.S., Physician to St. Mary's Hospital, says in the *British Medical Journal*: "Alcohol is to all intents a foreign agent, which the body gets rid of as soon as it can. It is not a supporter of combustion, therefore not a food in the eye of science. It does not prevent the wear and tear of tissues. None of it, as far as we know, assimilates or serves the purposes of nutrition."

Dr. Darwin, F.R.S., says: "It is remarkable that all the diseases that spring from drinking spirituous and fermented liquors are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation, gradually increasing if the cause be continued, till the cause becomes extinct."

Dr. Charles E. B. Monck, F.R.C.S.I., says: "I am not prepared to say there are no cases of disease in which it might be useful, but I am thoroughly convinced that in

ninety-nine cases out of every hundred in which it is administered, it is not only powerless to relieve, but actually injurious. It is an irritant poison."

Dr. Archibald Billing says: "Tonics give strength; stimulants call it forth. Stimulants excite action, but action is not strength. On the contrary, over-action increases exhaustion. One thing necessary to the recovery of the nervous system in fever is arterial blood. To produce this of good quality, digestion and free ventilation are requisite. I have found milk the best nutriment till the nervous system is renewed. This will not be expedited by stimulants."

Dr. Samuel Wilks, F.R.C.P., Lecturer and Physician in Guy's Hospital, says: "I say it is assumed that a strength-giving property lies in these drinks, that just in proportion to a man's sense of weakness will he need one or other of them. Now, this popular opinion is shared in, I am sorry to say, by many of the profession. I frequently hear medical men say they give brandy to their patients constantly, for they always find them low. If you kill a dozen patients with brandy you have nothing to fear. It is a medicine of which the patients approve, and the friends commend; you have done your duty, etc."

Sir B. Brodie, late Surgeon to Queen Victoria, after a long life of experience, says, in his *Psychological Inquiries*, as his final verdict: "Alcohol removes the uneasy feeling and inability to exertion which the want of sleep occasions, but the relief is only temporary. Stimulants do not create nervous power; they enable you to use up what is left, and then they leave you more in need of rest than before."

Dr. W. B. Carpenter, F.R.S., etc., says: "Nothing in the annals of quackery can be more empirical than the mode in which fermented and distilled liquors are directed or permitted to be taken by a large proportion of medical men."

Lallemand and Perrin proved that a small dose of alcohol would cause globules of fat, clearly distinguishable by the naked eye, to float in the blood. This fat is deposited instead of muscle, producing fatty degeneracy. Take a microscope and examine a section of a temperate man's muscle.

It is firm, elastic, of a bright color, in parallel fibres, with beautiful crossings. Now take a similar section of one who indulged in intoxicating drinks, and you see at once an inelastic, flabby, oily aspect. Fat has displaced fibre. This especially takes place in the involuntary muscles, such as the heart and those concerned in breathing. It is not strange that such a heart should stop beating. It requires no excitement, no sudden shock, for that mass of fat, that ought to be muscle, to cease working.

Professor Youmans, of New York, says: "It has been demonstrated that alcoholic drinks prevent the natural changes going on in the blood, and obstruct the nutritive and reparative functions: chemical experiments have demonstrated that the action of alcohol on the digestive fluid is to destroy its active principle, the pepsin: thus confirming the observations of physiologists, that its use gives rise to the most serious disorders of the stomach, and to the most malignant aberrations of the entire economy. It is evident that alcohol is an active and powerful cause of disease, interfering, as it does, with the respiration and circulation; nor is any other result possible."

Dr. Lyon Playfair, Professor of Chemistry at Edinburgh, explodes the popular fallacy, bolstered up by brewers and others, that ale and porter are nutritive and strengthening, by analysing a specimen of this drink; and he reports that of blood-forming matter it contained exactly one part in 1664.

Drs. Munro, Todd, and Bowman agree "that the use of alcoholic stimulants retards digestion by coagulating the pepsin."

Drs. Magendie and M'Nish found that "alcohol prevents digestion. The strong solvent power of the saliva, gastric juice, and pancreatic juice that combine for digestion, is pepsin. Alcohol acts on this, and stops digestion in an instant, and continues to do so till the alcohol is removed from the stomach."

Dr. Dundas Thompson says: "Alcohol, when added to the digestive fluid, produces a white precipitate, so that the fluid is no longer capable of digesting food." (The case of Alexis Martin, in Canada, by Dr. Beaumont, is in point).

Dr. Aitken (*Practice of Medicine*) says: "It has been shown by abundant testimony, that from excessive drinking the blood becomes surcharged with unused, unchanged material, and contains at least 30 per cent. more of carbon than in a normal state. Alcohol is absorbed without undergoing any change; part is given out slowly by the skin, liver, lungs and kidneys, and less carbon is expired."

Dr. Christison, than whom no higher authority can be named, either as to poisons, or articles of the *materia medica*, says: "The sedative action of alcohol on the brain constitutes it a powerful narcotic poison. For its effects, as such, if rapidly brought on by a large dose, there is no antidote known."

Professor Miller says: "In chemistry and physiology, alcohol is a poison, and this is its proper place."

Dr. Gordon says: "It would be difficult to find a more destructive poison than alcohol."

Professor Pereira says: "The local effects of alcohol are those of a powerful irritant and caustic poison."

Dr. M'Culloch says: "Alcohol stands high in the list of narcotic poisons, in all standard works on poisons. These narcotic stimulants tend to create an artificial, persistent, uncontrollable appetite or craving. This appetite is formed before the friends or the victim are aware."

The sphygmograph is recommended to be used by the advocates of alcoholic stimulants prior to employing them with safety as medicines. It shows (*Chicago Medical Times*) that the number of beats is increased from eighty-three to eighty-nine per minute during the first hour. The force of the heart and pulsations was weakened, whence a congestion of the venous radicles would ensue. Wine and whisky were the stimulants used.

Dr. Anstie, an opponent of the temperance doctrine, lays down the law "that alcohol cannot be scientifically administered until the urine of the patient has been analysed and the sphygmograph has been applied for the course of many hours; otherwise mischief, not benefit, will result." He says also: "Even the slight and trivial symptom of flushing in

the face is a sign of the first degree of poisonous action, namely, a vaso-motor paralysis, and shows that we have touched the border line, where the beneficial action of alcohol ceases and its poisonous effects begin."—*Lancet*, Jan. 25, 1868.

"Alcohols," says Dr. Edward Smith, "are largely used by many persons, in the belief that they support the system and maintain the supply of milk for the infant; but this is a serious error, and is not an unfrequent cause of fits and emaciation in the child."

Drs. Wilks, Rees, and Sutter have treated rheumatic fever extensively without drugs or stimulants, and, instead of the common frightful heart disease as a sequel, with less than one per cent. of it, agreeing with Dr. Massy, who said: "Under the stimulant practice, trains of morbid symptoms are often aggravated and new centres of irritation established, which, if not sufficient to destroy the patient, prolong the fever, and frequently cause relapses." Dr. Lees says, in regard to typhus and typhoid fevers: "The unhappy influence of the late Dr. Todd's treatment has not only led to the sacrifice of the Prince Consort and of himself, but of tens of thousands of valuable lives besides. The mortality in his own practice, in rheumatic fever, was very large, and, as Dr. Barclay, in his *Medical Errors*, says, 'the cases contain their own refutation of his theory in themselves;' the eighteen cases reported give fifteen in which were heart complications, and in some the stimulating treatment was fully carried out. In common fever there were eleven deaths in twenty-four cases."

The reports of fever treated without stimulants by Dr. Henderson, of Shanghai and Dr. Bishop of Naples, which reduced the mortality from 28 to 7 per cent., attracted the attention of several English physicians. Dr. T. K. Chambers, who, under the ordinary treatment, lost one in five, under the new method lost but three by death in 121 cases.

The elaborate statistics published in 1864, as to the treatment of typhus fever in the hospitals of Glasgow, by Dr. W. T. Gairdner, Professor of Physic, are of the greatest weight, and must eventually settle the question with the profession.

In 600 cases of all ages, the mortality lessened exactly as the dose of alcohol diminished, milk or butter-milk being given in its place; wine reduced from 34 ounces to 2½ ounces was followed by a reduction of deaths from 17 to 11 per cent.; of 209 children under fifteen years treated without alcohol, not one died, while of those treated in the Infirmary 6 per cent. died.

The statistics of the London Hospital exhibit, over a series of years, a gradual advance in the quantity of alcohol prescribed, and a no less gradual increase of the mortality. From 1862 to 1864 the mortality advanced from 7 to 10 per cent.; in the surgical mortality, from 1854 to 1864, from 4·48 to 6·55, or one-third in both cases.

Dr. Edmonds had but one death in 167 deliveries in the British Lying-in Hospital on the non-alcoholic treatment, while one in fifty-eight died for the five previous years, during which a large quantity of alcoholic stimulants was used.

Dr. Barber of Ulverstone writes: "I have known abscesses keep discharging for weeks and months through the patient taking wine and malt liquor 'to make up for the waste,' when it was plain the use of alcohols fed the sore instead of healing it, actually encouraging formation of pus."

Dr. Munro of Hull who for many years has abandoned prescribing alcohol, remarks: "In typhoid fever, as well as in other cases of the worst character of fever, in cholera, in sudden and violent hæmorrhages, in *delirium tremens*, in rheumatism, in gout, and in many other diseases, the success of this treatment without alcohol has been most marked and satisfactory. Our profession is beginning to doubt that vaunted efficacy of alcohol as a therapeutic agent. I have no doubt that in a few years alcohol will no longer be administered as an internal medicine.

Dr. Aitken says: "The progress of modern science has distinctly demonstrated the poisonous action of alcohol. In 1828 it was theoretically advanced by Leovielle that *delirium tremens* consisted in an exalted state of the vital powers of the brain, excited by molecules saturated with alcohol, but now it is seen to be a matter of fact, determined by direct experiment as well as observation."

Dr. Lees, writing on these diseases, says: "The old treatment with opium and drink killed in Edinburgh 25 per cent.; in Glasgow, 50 per cent.; while now hundreds have been treated with warm baths, nourishing food, no alcohol, no opium, and not one in a hundred dies!"

Dr. Nicholls, medical officer of Longford Poor House, in his report, says: "Fevers admitted, 231; recovered, 220; died, 11. The treatment was altogether without wines or spirits in any form." He says: "I continue the non-alcoholic treatment, which for the last eighteen years I have found most successful."

Dr. Higginbotham, F.R.S., says: "I have amply tried both ways. I gave alcohol in my practice for twenty years, and have now practised without it for the last thirty years or more. My experience is that acute disease is more readily cured without it, and chronic disease much more manageable. I have not found a single patient injured by the disuse of alcohol, or a constitution requiring it. If I should order alcohol in any form, either as food or medicine, to a patient, I should certainly do it with a felonious intent."

An eminent physician is reported in *The Church of England Temperance Chronicle*, of August 7th, to say: "It is not unusual to give wine or brandy at the apparent approach of death; such a practice is a mistaken kindness. In many cases patients are sent drunk into another world, having their minds beclouded and incapable of leaving a dying testimony to their friends and relations."

Dr. Pye Smith, being requested to take stimulants when dying, charged his wife to refuse to give it should he be insensible.

The celebrated Dr. Munro, of Hull, at a public meeting in Exeter Hall, said: "It is a great sorrow for me now to think that for twenty years I have made many, many families unhappy. I believe I have made many drunkards, not knowingly, not purposely, but I have recommended the drink. It makes my heart ache even now to see the mischief done I cannot remedy. My own experience has brought under notice many cases of reformed drunkards utterly

thrown back by medical men inconsiderately prescribing alcohol for trifling ailments."

I, for over forty-five years, have scarcely used it with any patient, or for any disease. Where a stimulant was thought requisite I used æther, camphor, carbonate of ammonia—when obtainable—as a rule. I never remember losing a case by this course, but believe it has conduced to the small percentage of deaths that I have met with in cases of erysipelas, rheumatic fever, typhoid and other fevers, and in midwifery practice. I have had over 25,000 applications in the last five and a-half years for medical aid at the Collingwood Free Medical Dispensary for Sick Poor, and treated all on the non-alcoholic principle, and have had a lower rate of mortality than usual. I refer to the vital statistics as an indirect proof. I have with pain witnessed, like many others of my medical brethren, reformed drunkards go down to ruin and destruction by the incautious prescribing* of alcohol by their medical attendant as articles of nutriment, when simple nutritious food would have been far more suitable. I have known young children hurried to the grave by these stimulants, or rather irritant poisons, being prescribed; and known many, when dying, so plied with them as strength-sustaining articles of diet, as to die unconscious, to the grief of their friends. I have known women and men taught to love liquor, and become ruined drunkards, by the drinks they were first led to like from the unscientific recommendation of a medical man, and using this latter as a plea or excuse for their continuing them. From what I have heard, vast must be the number of such in this country. Is it then too much to hope for, that with the aid of this society the light of science may soon produce a reaction in this respect; and that medical men, always in the front ranks for benevolent and philanthropic measures and movements, will come forward now and practically ignore the delusions and theories so long in the ascendant, by using

* Ought not medical men, engaged by clubs to supply them with medical attendance and medicine, be required to supply the drink they prescribe as medicine?

it, if not only as an external agent, at least in harmony with science as a guide.

In 1875, with an earnest hope that the paper on "Alcohol as a Medicine" might have some influence in checking the enormous quantities of intoxicating liquors so disastrously and unsuccessfully prescribed by the medical men in the hospitals and in their private practice in Victoria, I sent the following note, with a copy of the paper referred to, to every medical practitioner in the colony:—

DEAR SIR,—You will, I trust, excuse me in inviting your attention to the facts contained in the enclosed paper on "Alcohol as a Medicine," and requesting your thoughtful consideration of them. My apology for so doing is the fact that, in common with many of my medical brethren, I have with considerable sorrow and pain of mind, witnessed the deplorable results arising to families, as well as to individuals, from the inconsiderate prescribing of alcohol in one or other form, and on grounds totally opposed to the clearest teachings of science. The deep interest the subject awoke in my mind induced me thoroughly to investigate it, with a view to diffuse as widely as possible to the members of the profession a correct view of its nature and value as a medicinal agent. Deeply impressed with the paramount importance of the evidence, I had collected for the benefit of the community through the influence of the profession, I read the enclosed paper before a recent meeting of the members of the Medical Society of Victoria.

From your standing and education in an honorable and beneficent profession I believe you will carefully examine and weigh for yourself the facts I have asked your attention to, and that you will, if convinced that they are in harmony with modern scientific discoveries, allow them to influence you in your practice, so as to recommend the medicinal use of those dangerous and seductive stimulants only in cases of necessity, and perhaps when, in your enlightened views, others equally powerful but safer cannot be obtained.

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

J. S.

Fitzroy Gardens, East Melbourne,

April 12th, 1875.

P.S.—In the paper I enclose I refer to the Free Medical Dispensary for the Sick Poor in Collingwood, where alcoholic stimulants are not prescribed, and enclose extracts from report of it.

V.

ON FEVER, AND THE MODE OF TREATMENT ADOPTED AT THE FREE MEDICAL MISSION DISPENSARY, COLLINGWOOD.

(P. 207.)

In 1885, noticing the excessive death-rate in cases of typhoid treated in the public institutions with large quantities of brandy, and comparing it with the small death-rate from that disease in the London Temperance Hospital, and among patients treated at the Free Medical Dispensary in Collingwood, resulting, in both cases, from a simple, common-sense, and non-alcoholic treatment, I had reprinted a paper on the subject, which I read before the Medical Society of Victoria in 1878, and sent it, with a copy of "Alcohol as a Medicine," to each of about 1500 medical practitioners, whose names and addresses I obtained from the public lists of the various Australian colonies, including New Zealand, asking their consideration and investigation of the subject. The note which I have prefixed accompanied each communication. At the request of friends who are interested in this vital question, and as I am more than ever convinced from observation and experience of the soundness of the principles I have advocated, I have consented to allow those papers to appear in the Appendix to this Narrative. The facts in each case can be easily understood by laymen, as well as by

medical men, and I confidently submit them to the candid consideration of both.

DEAR SIR,—As I believe that medical men who have had more than ordinary success in the treatment of any special disease owe it as a duty to their professional brethren to make it known for the general good, I beg to ask your kind and thoughtful consideration to the leading facts contained in the enclosed short paper (a reprint from "The Medical Journal," of March, 1878,) on the nature of fevers in Victoria, and an outline of the treatment practised successfully during the past sixteen years at the Collingwood Free Medical Mission Dispensary, where the attendance has, for some years, exceeded 8000 annually.

I still continue to adopt the same non-alcoholism and simple mode of treatment, not only of fevers, but all other diseases and with results most gratifying and encouraging to myself. As you may feel interested in the subject, and disposed to investigate it more fully, I append an extract from a recent report of the London Temperance Hospital, as being in complete harmony with my views on the subject; also a paper on "Alcohol as a Medicine" written some years ago. I may add that I have for some years retired from private practice, consequently have no personal object to gain in sending you this contribution, but with a sincere hope that it may lead to an unprejudiced and practical investigation of the subject, and through you, prove a real benefit to many.

Yours very truly,

J. S.

"Ormiston House," Gray-street,
East Melbourne, May, 1885.

As a very large number of cases of continued fever have come under my own notice and treatment in connection with the Medical Mission Dispensary for the Sick Poor, accompanied by a very small percentage of deaths, I have felt it to be a duty which I owe to the profession and the public to give a brief outline of the prominent symptoms met with, and of the general mode of treatment adopted.

From a long experience in the diagnosis and treatment of the various forms of continued fever to be met with in Ireland, as well as from a very similar knowledge obtained here during the past twenty-seven years of unremitting practice, I have observed a great similarity in the symptoms; though in this country these, as a rule, were invariably much

milder, and in their results far less fatal ; also, a marked difference as to the mode and periods of their termination. In Great Britain the crisis in typhoid, gastric, and other continued fevers, I found to be in general well-marked, occurring on the ninth, twelfth, fifteenth, or twenty-first days, when a calm sleep, genial perspiration, freedom from pain and restlessness, followed by a desire for some light food, took place. In this country, however, I have observed that while the fevers gradually arrive at the climax, they as gradually abate, lasting from three or four days to as many weeks, and in many instances much longer.

During the past year, out of 6620 applications for medical attendance at the dispensary, fully one-third were for the treatment of acute infantile fevers of short duration, of feverish colds, and the various forms of continued fever, that known as colonial fever especially, which is but a milder form of the continued fever of the home country. The general symptoms of both have a strong resemblance, being each preceded by rigors, accompanied by hot skin, headache, loss of appetite, lassitude and thirst, but differing in the tongue seldom being furred ; and the pulse, though sometimes over a hundred, and compressible, being generally under ninety. In Ireland almost always the pulse was ninety-eight, ranging upwards to one hundred and twenty, and the tongue dry and coated. I have also remarked that in the great majority of cases the patients kept from bed, and even helped to discharge many home duties for a time, till the failure of strength obliged them to yield. These, I need hardly say, were among the poorer classes.

Pure typhus, most providentially, has not taken root in this colony, but the milder form of typhoid has become very general. Properly tested, the symptoms of headache, intolerance of light and sound, heat of the skin, thirst, etc., I have observed to be far more intense than in ordinary continued fevers ; also, that the tongue in many instances was dry and coated with a brown fur, with the same sordes adherent to the teeth ; the pulse compressible, and ranging from eighty to one hundred and twenty in the minute. In special cases I

have noticed nausea, general neuralgia or rheumatic pains, congestion of the brain, lungs, liver, kidneys, bowels, etc., and, in extreme cases, incoherency of speech, with subsultus, or spasmodic twitchings of the tendons.

I have remarked that even in the same family the duration of this disease was variable. In one that I have been recently attending, of four of the family who had the disease, in the first it subsided in three weeks, in the second in five weeks, in the third in twelve days, in the fourth in four weeks. In other and even larger families, the difference was much more marked, while in some large families a single individual only had the fever, though, from want of accommodation, one of the family slept in the bed with the patient.

I cannot recall to mind, neither do the blocks of the certificates of death show, a single case in which an adult died from this or any other fever, continued or otherwise, during the past year, of those whom I attended. A few young children alone are recorded to have died from fever of any description.

The treatment adopted in all feverish attacks as well as in continued fever, has been very similar and simple. Good ventilation night and day, without the sick person being exposed to draught, with attention to cleanliness in every particular, I endeavored to enforce as necessary to recovery. In every instance the bowels were first well cleared out, and mild aperients daily administered, till the discharges from the bowels became *less offensive and more natural in appearance*. This course was, as a rule, pursued even though symptoms of diarrhœa presented themselves, where the peculiarly offensive odor from the alvine secretions continued. The aperients used in such cases were rhubarb and chalk, and (when large or watery) combined with catechu, and the application of mustard sinapisms over the abdomen. In addition to aperients, I have given diaphoretics and diuretics combined, to aid in eliminating the poison from the system, so long as the skin remained dry and hot. Congestions of the various organs were met as they presented themselves,

principally by the application of external stimulants, as mustard sinapisms, and these repeated as occasion required.

In my experience the sleeplessness and restlessness could never be treated safely by opiates, neither could diarrhœa during fever be thus checked without manifest injury to the patient. I have known the attempt to do either to increase the head symptoms at once, and in not a few to end in death, if not directly causing it. With children this is specially the case. I have known instances, even recently, where laudanum was so injudiciously given to check diarrhœa in fever cases, as to produce coma and death.

The wakefulness and restlessness I have found best counteracted by the removal of the hair and the application of ice in a hollowed sponge occasionally over the heated head, or by the application of a fly blister to the back of the neck, sleep generally being the result. As to the diet prescribed, I have in general found considerable difficulty in dispelling the fallacy "that the patient would sink if the strength were not kept up with food continually administered." I have latterly impressed on all "that what they termed food would feed the disease and not the patient, render the disease more unmanageable, and retard, if not prevent, recovery." After nearly fifty years' experience, I have almost invariably found the safest and best plan as to drinks was to leave the sick persons to their own choice. The unsophisticated tastes of the young may always be relied on, thus giving evidence that the teachings of nature in such matters are true.

Cold water is desired above any other liquid, then tea, milk, acidulated water, oatmeal tea, barley water, etc. I never order beef tea, nor any food beyond milk, sago, or arrowroot during the fever, till it has passed the climax, and then only according to the wishes of the patient.

In Ireland I have known the poor in typhoid fever to live three weeks on buttermilk, or oatmeal tea, the residue necessary for their support to supply waste and fuel being drawn by the absorbents from the fat and fibre, to be replaced after recovery and the powers of the digestion were restored. I may mention that I never found the administration of

quinine (except in the remission stage or intervals of remittent fever) do any good, but, on the contrary, a positive injury, at least till the fever had subsided.

Alcohol, which used to be held in such high estimation as a therapeutic agent, is now almost wholly discarded in fever by the intelligent practitioner. Its vaunted power as a strength-producing article of diet has been long since disproved, while its stimulating effects on the diseased nervous system cannot but excite without giving tone, thus producing reaction and a diminution of the nervous power. This I have observed of late years, and believe to be a fair deduction. I myself have never used alcohol as a remedial agent where I had medicines at command; and too frequently I have seen the deplorable consequences of giving these exciting liquids in fevers which appeared to require an opposite mode of treatment. The other medical attendants at the dispensary do not prescribe them in fevers, using camphor, ammonia, or æther, when stimulants are thought necessary. The result has been, in my opinion, that a great saving of human life has been effected.

In Great Britain medical men connected with hospitals and poor-houses are awaking to doubt their therapeutic powers, and in not a few cases have found the mortality in fevers to be remarkably diminished by discarding the use of alcohol in any form in their treatment.

EXTRACT FROM RECENT REPORT OF THE LONDON TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.

Under the heading of *Alcohol in Enteric Fever* by Dr. Edmonds, Visiting Physician, is the following: "Twenty cases of typhoid fever have been treated in the Temperance Hospital (81-82). *No alcohol has been administered in any one of the cases either dietetically or pharmaceutically or medicinally. There has been but one death in the twenty cases.*

From a table prepared by Dr. J. A. M'William, House Surgeon, from notes by Dr. S. L. Smith, while House Surgeon, are the following:—

1. I have prescribed no alcohol, and I have a strong conviction that in typhoid fever, *as a general rule*, alcohol is not only not necessary, but that it is actually injurious. Its effects, when given in doses, of lowering the temperature, is obtained more easily by tepid sponging, the wet pack, simple diaphoretics, such as acetate of ammonia, moderate doses of citrate of potash, etc. On the other hand, reduction of temperature, when obtained by the large doses of alcohol which are necessary, is followed by increased distaste for food, less perfect digestion, and greater intestinal suffering. The use of alcohol also, in my opinion, predisposes to the occurrence of internal hæmorrhage, and of the fatal complication, perforation of the intestines.

2. I never feed my patients with "cold milk solely." I always use more or less of well-boiled gruel, made from fine clean oatmeal, and generally use a mixture of two-parts of thin gruel and one-part of fresh milk, the milk being added to the gruel as soon as this is completely cooked, and thus becoming scalded but not boiled.

3. In cases of hæmorrhage from the intestines, *I never select lead*, but always turpentine in thirty drop doses, given in loaf sugar, or shaken up in milk and repeated every few hours.

4. In troublesome diarrhœa I give opium only as an exceptional remedy. Covering the abdomen with a hot wet flannel and waterproof covering seems to me to relieve the pain and tenderness better than the administration of opium.

5. I always prescribe some daily dose of fresh fruit, such as grape juice, or fresh lemon juice in sweetened barley water, as a drink to be taken at the patient's discretion. Some fresh vegetable element is much longed for by fever patients, and can generally be administered so as not to increase the diarrhœa. The hæmorrhage which so frequently occurs in typhoid I believe to be often due to having overlooked this necessity for fresh vegetable juices. In all long illnesses, if such are not regularly administered, there arises a purpurous tendency which predisposes to irrepressible hæmorrhage and to extensive ulceration.

The mortality in the London Temperance Hospital amounted to but four-and-half per hundred patients, while in the same year, fourteen-and-a-half in the hundred died in the Melbourne Hospital. That the advantage of the above non-alcoholic and simple treatment is worthy of a practical test in the Victorian Hospitals must be apparent. In the medical wards, where fever among other diseases was treated, the average death-rate amounted from 14 to nearly 20 per cent.

P.S.—Previous to the meeting of the Australasian International Medical Congress, in 1889, I was invited by the gentleman who was acting as Honorary Secretary to prepare a paper for presentation. I willingly consented to do so, and not being in good health at the time I fell back on the notes I had prepared some years before on the mode which from the beginning has been followed in the treatment of fever at the Free Medical Mission Dispensary, brought the information down to 1889 inclusive, and forwarded the whole as my contribution. It was in the main identical with the paper which I had formerly written on the subject for the local Medical Society, but slightly enlarged and extended. Continued illness compelled me to be absent during the sittings of the Congress; and I therefore requested the secretary to be so good as to see that my paper should be read at the fitting time. But it was not read, nor was it published in the report of the Congress with the other papers that were sent in. The facts may, I venture to think, excuse its republication here. Every additional year serves only to increase my conviction that its suggestions may be useful, firstly, to persons living at a distance from medical aid, and, secondly, to medical men themselves in dealing with the very common disease of which it treats.

VI.

PHTHISIS IN VICTORIA; AND THE INFLUENCE
OF CLIMATE ON THAT DISEASE.

(P. 234.)

The following paper was written fifteen years ago, and was read before the Medical Society of Victoria on the 6th of September, 1876 (see *The Medical Journal* for that month). During each of those years I have examined the statistics of phthisis, and I see no reason to alter the views I expressed so long ago. Latterly the average death-rate from the disease has slightly increased, it is true; but it is remarkable that the percentage of deaths to the population in the year ending 1888 was lower than that of 1874. What increase appears is owing doubtless to the increased density of the population in our cities, and to the immigration of persons already suffering from the disease. This arising from the proved salubrity of our climate, is so far satisfactory; but it ought to be understood that, while in cases where there is apparent only a tendency to the disease, or where it is yet only in its earliest stages, climate may be much in the patient's favor, yet, if phthisis be developed and advanced, no climate can do more than at best to delay the end which is inevitable.

Mr. W. Thomson, of South Yarra, in an essay lately published, advocates the theory "that climate is powerless to modify or prevent the development of tubercular consumption, or to act as a remedial agent in its cure."

In support of this theory (which is by no means in consonance with the general experience of medical men), he endeavors to prove by the aid of Victorian statistics to which he makes reference, "that tubercular consumption is increasing in Victoria, and is as general and as fatal here as in England; that the Australian or native-born of our population has a special predisposition to it, and that the disease is proving fatal to them at a rapidly increasing ratio." From Mr. Thomson's reputation as a medical practitioner, as well as an author on similar subjects, it would very naturally have been supposed that he would have had incontrovertible evidence of their truthfulness and correctness before he made such statements as these, calculated to involve the character of our climate in the opinion of intending immigrants from Europe, and likely to create anxiety and cause disappointment to the long-cherished hopes of numbers who have made Victoria the land of their adoption, believing they would have a far greater immunity from the ravages of this disease here than they could have had in Europe.

A few years ago I read a paper on a similar subject before this Society, and, from statistical facts which I then became acquainted with, I felt sure that the theory was utterly fallacious and untenable, that the statements made in its support must have been founded on error, and that it would not bear a fair critical examination.

I now redeem my recent promise, by bringing before the Society the results of such an investigation, hoping they may help in some measure to maintain the well-earned position Victoria has held as a most suitable place of residence for those having a predisposition to phthisis, or other lung disease, arising from hereditary or other causes; also to relieve the anxiety created in families by the essay and by favorable reviews of it in the press.

In looking through the works of British statisticians on this subject I have met with a variety of interesting facts on the influence of climate on this disease, to some of which I now refer, as they appeared to me to open up a wide and honorable field for future scientific investigation in the interests of

humanity. Dr. Bowditch of Boston stated in 1862, in a work on the subject, the theory that "dampness of soil had much to do with increasing the prevalence and fatality of tubercular consumption." In 1867 he threw further light on the subject, and it was shown that in those territories of the United States of America, which are swampy and undrained, the deaths from it are 100 per cent. greater than in England.*

Dr. Buchanan, Medical Officer to the Privy Council, in his report of 1867, was quite in unison with Dr. Bowditch, and it was proved that damp, undrained, low-lying positions, or houses built on clay or other moist sub-soils, increased the prevalence or fatality of phthisis.

In Scotland, where the death-rate from this disease is to population higher than in England, being one death to each 398, its presence has been carefully noted in towns and districts; and it has been shown that in the counties of Kilmarnock, Dumfries, Montrose, and Hamilton, which are ill-drained, the death-rate from phthisis is from 30 to 45 per cent. greater than in Dumbarton, Wigton, Kirkcudbright, and Renfrew, which are well drained.

It has also been proved by direct experiment that tubercular consumption can be produced in young dogs, by confining them for a few weeks in a damp cellar.

It has also been stated on reliable authority, that even a cold climate, if free from damp and having good natural drainage, is very favorable to the prevention of phthisis. Archangel, on the White Sea, the most northern port of Russia, although in a very cold latitude, is on this account remarkably free from the disease, and persons from districts less favorably situated as to drainage, dryness of soil, etc., resort to it as a residence with great benefit in the earlier stages of consumption.

Within a recent date, Dr. Lombard and other scientific medical men on the continent of Europe have, by a careful

* Theodore Parker states that in the early part of the seventeenth century his ancestor quitted England, and settled in America; that some years later he bought land in the neighborhood of a large swamp, and settled there with his family; that in the next generation lung consumption set in; and that it had appeared in every generation from that time onward.

observation of facts, thrown considerable light on this subject. They found that at certain altitudes the disease became less frequent and less fatal. Thus, at an elevation of 4000ft. above the sea level it was but little known; and at 6000ft. it scarcely existed. As we have, within two or three hours' journey from Melbourne by railway, Mount Macedon, at an elevation of 3800ft., and five or six mountains over 6000ft. in height in Gippsland, which will shortly be easy of access, no doubt their eastern slopes will soon be tested as a residence for consumptive patients, and the results will be carefully noted by our medical men.

The Swiss have taken advantage of this discovery, by erecting sanatoria on their picturesque and lovely mountains, whence, as well as from other similar institutions in other mountainous parts of Europe, the most hopeful accounts have recently been received.

Other scientific observers have proved that in warm, as well as in dry and well-drained climates, there is almost an immunity from this disease. Upper Egypt and the Cape of Good Hope are given as good examples and proofs of the truth of this theory, each having a particularly warm atmosphere and a dry well-drained soil.

It might very reasonably have been inferred from these facts that Victoria, whose soil is as a rule well drained naturally and free from dampness, with an average temperature ten degrees higher than that of England, and having so low an amount of humidity in the atmosphere, would be favorable in preventing the formation of phthisis, and also in promoting its cure. I have prepared a few tables, taken from the South Australian and English statistics, giving the death-rates from phthisis at certain ages, compared with the same ages of the population. Mr. Hayter, the Government Statist, has in his "Year Book" stated that between the ages of twenty and thirty-five there was at the census of 1871, a deficiency of the population amounting to 43,000 (I suppose to bring it into harmony with that of the same ages in England). It would therefore be necessary in any calculation or comparison with other countries or with former censuses

to take this into account. I have done so in every instance, by adding this deficiency to the population, and its full complement of death-rates to that returned in the census, the more so as four-fifths of the entire death-rate from phthisis in England takes place under the age of thirty-five.

In the table No. 1, I have given the average deaths from phthisis in the population of censuses 1861 and 1871; also of England for the latter census, showing about 100 per cent. more in England than in Victoria. In table No. 2 I give the average of five years of Victoria, 1860 to 1864 and 1870 to 1874 (inclusive), and of England 1871, from which it appears that one in 768 died in the former period, but only one in 800 in the latter; while the number of deaths in England was over 90 per cent. higher than in Victoria, or one in 425.

In examining the question as to whether or not there is special predisposition of the Australian or native born of our population to this disease, as asserted by Mr. Thomson, it is necessary to draw attention to a fact of some importance, which seems to have escaped his notice, or he would hardly have written on the subject as he has. It is this, namely, that the census return in 1871 gives the large number of 358,226 as Australian or Victorian born, nearly one-half the entire population at that time. It might, without any stretch of fancy, be assumed that these were with very rare exceptions included in the population under thirty-five, numbering 524,381 (by the recorded numbers in the Victorian statistics), and that as by far the greater proportion of these to the different ages were under twenty years of age, that the latter especially would give unmistakeable evidence either as to the liability to, or the special immunity from, this most destructive of all diseases, when compared with the population of England at the same ages. The results of such comparison may be seen in the annexed table (No. 3), which shows that under thirty-five (from birth) there was in Victoria one death from phthisis to 921 of the population in 1861, while there was but one to 1144 of that of 1871; and in England, the same year, one death to 374; being nearly 200 per cent. more than in Victoria, *or*

three deaths in England for one here, in a similar number of the population of the same ages.

The contrast of those under twenty is even more remarkable. In Victoria, in the 1861 census there was one death to 2559 under twenty; in the 1871 census, one death to 4780; *and in England, in the 1871 census there was one death from phthisis to 991 of the population, or 400 per cent. greater than in Victoria.* Between the ages twenty and thirty-five, there was one death in England to 170 inhabitants at the same ages; one to 485 in Victoria, *or nearly three times more in England.* In 1861 the death-rate was but one to 546, very little less than in 1871.

This great immunity of the native born of Victoria from this much dreaded disease is fully sustained by a comparison of the death-rates from *tabes mesenterica* or consumption of the mesenteric glands, a cognate disease with phthisis, mostly confined to children, and therefore to the native born here, there being but one death from it in the average mortality from 1870 to 1874, to 10,981 of the population, while that of England was one to each 3389, or 300 per cent. greater mortality from it in England than here, (see table No. 4). A considerable diminution occurred in Victoria from the census in 1861, (upwards of 40 per cent).

The same testimony is given by a comparison even of Melbourne, with its hospitals, and its benevolent and immigrants' homes, where so many from the rural districts die of phthisis, when the death-rate is compared with the death-rates of England, rural and urban, under thirty-five years of age. In 1861 there was one death to 511; in 1871 only one death to 631 of the Melbourne population under thirty-five; while *in the whole of England there was one death to 375 of the corresponding population* (Table No. 5). This is more remarkable when we take into consideration the large number of immigrants from Europe hopelessly affected with this disease, who from time to time arrive here only to swell the bills of mortality.

The very small amount of death-rate from pneumonia, bronchitis, and all other diseases of the respiratory organs in Victoria is also worthy of note, being but one death to 670 of the population, *while in England the number is one to 275, or 150*

per cent greater than in Victoria (Table No. 6). With such facts as these, and a general death-rate from all diseases 33 per cent. less than that of England, rural as well as urban, it may with confidence and truth be made known to the world, that Victoria is not excelled, if equalled, for salubrity by any other country, more particularly as a means of preservation from phthisis and other tubercular diseases, especially among the native born; and with reasonable hope, based on statistical information for past years, that, as this class predominates, the death-rates from these, as well as from all other lung diseases, will with ordinary precautions be reduced to a minimum; while Victoria may, ere long, become even more of a sanitarium to less favored countries, by a careful testing and noting of the experiences and scientific observations of American and European writers on these interesting subjects by our medical men here, and thus conferring on the public a lasting and invaluable benefit.

In order to test the advantages or otherwise of altitude in preventing the development of phthisis, I wrote ten or twelve years ago to the general registrars of eight different registration divisions of Victoria, at elevations of from 1000 to 2400ft. above the sea level, asking the population and the death-rate from phthisis in each respectively. On summing up the returns I found the total death-rate in proportion to population to be less than one-half that of the colony as a whole. This I consider helps to demonstrate the effect of climate on the disease, and confirms the conclusions to which I had already been led.

TABLE NO. 1.

1861		1871	
Mortality from Phthisis.	Population.	Mortality from Phthisis.	Population.
755	541,025*	841 88	738,725 43,000
		929	781,725†

* One death to each 716 of the population.

† One death to 841 of the population.

TABLE NO. 2.

MORTALITY FROM PHTHISIS, AND AVERAGE OF FIVE YEARS.

VICTORIA.					ENGLAND, 1871.	
Years.	Death-rate for 5 years from Phthisis.		Population.		Deaths from Phthisis.	Population.
	1860 to '64	1870 to '74	1860 to 1864	1870 to 1874		
1st year	766	888	539,337	709,839	53,376	22,712,323
2nd "	755	841	541,025	738,725		
3rd "	707	876	548,087	760,991		
4th "	716	945	561,322	780,362		
5th "	673	1,011	580,160	798,688		
	3,618	4,561	2,778,731	3,788,605		
Average ...	723	912 88	555,746	757,221 43,000		
		1,000		800,721		
One in ...	768	800	of the whole	Vict. populat.	One in 425 of the population of England.	

In South Australia, where the native-born population greatly preponderates, there is only one death to 1,176 of the population.

TABLE NO. 3.

Age.	VICTORIA.				ENGLAND, 1871.	
	Mortality from Phthisis, under 35 years of age.		Population under 35 years of age.		Mortality from Phthisis, under 35 yrs. of age.	Population under 35 years of age.
	1861	1871	1861	1871		
Under 5	32	20	91,514	116,688	2,554	3,071,276
" 10	9	6	53,265	106,503	1,022	2,706,526
" 15	15	8	34,535	85,585	1,670	2,424,239
" 20	27	42	33,117	54,556	5,229*	2,180,412*
" 25	71	84	56,147	49,422	7,285	2,004,860
" 30	151	130	81,073	54,270	13,808	1,780,567
" 35	156	118	69,308	57,357	10,282†	1,559,995†
	461	408 88	418,959	524,381 43,000	41,850	15,727,875
		496		567,381		

* Total deaths from phthisis in England under 20, 10,475; total population under 20, 10,382,453.

† Total deaths 20 to 35, 31,375; total population 20 to 35, 5,345,422.

Mortality from Phthisis in	Under 20	20 to 35.	Birth to 35.
Victoria, 1861, one in ...	2,559	546	921
" 1871 " ...	4,780	614	1,144
England, 1871 " ...	991	170	374

TABLE NO. 4.
TABES MESENTERICA.

VICTORIA, 1870 TO 1874.			ENGLAND, 1871.		
Year.	Average Death-rates.	Population.	Year.	Average Death-rate.	Population.
1870	85	709,839	1871	6.700	22,712,256 †
1871	65	738,725			
1872	63	760,991			
1873	54	780,362			
1874	68	798,688			
	335	3,788,605			
Average	67	757,721*			

* One death to 11,488 of population of Victoria.

† One death to 3,389 of England's population.

N.B.—In census 1860 to 1864 the death-rate was 40 per cent. higher.

TABLE NO. 5.

MELBOURNE.					ENGLAND, 1871.		
Age.	Mortality from Phthisis, under 35 years of age.		Population under 35 years of age.		Age.	Mortality from Phthisis, under 35 yrs. of age.	Population under 35 years of age.
	1861	1871	1861	1871			
Under 5	14	12	24,243	30,204	Under 20	10,475	10,382,453
10	4	2	15,592	27,849	20 to 35	31,375	5,345,422
15	9	6	11,370	24,060			
20	15	23	10,345	17,650			
25	39	52	13,590	17,476			
30	59	73	17,324	17,355			
35	71	65	15,364	15,743			
	211	233	107,828†	150,337		41,850	15,727,875
		22*		10,750‡			
		255		161,087 §			

* Add to 1871 the one-fourth or complement to population and death-rate under 35.

† One death to each 511 inhabitants of Melbourne this year, 1861.

‡ Add to 1871 the one-fourth of population, or complement of ages under 35.

§ One death from phthisis to every 631 of the inhabitants of Melbourne under 35 years of age.

|| Or one death from phthisis to every 375 of England's population under 35 years of age.

TABLE NO. 6.

DISEASES OF RESPIRATORY ORGANS.

VICTORIA. Average of five years, 1870 to 1874, inclusive.		ENGLAND. Average for 1871.	
Average Death-rate.	Average Population.	Average Death-rate.	Average Population.
1,123	757,721 *	82,142	22,712,256 †

* One death to 670 of Victoria's population.

† One death to 275 of England's population.

VII.

LADY DOCTORS.

For a long time I had earnestly wished that women should be educated for the practice of the medical profession, so as to attend their own sex, especially in cases of midwifery; and also in the treatment of the diseases of children. When, in 1885, Dr. Laura Morgan arrived in the colony, I promptly called upon her to give her a friendly welcome to our shores, and to express to her, as far as I personally might, a courteous recognition, and a wish for her success in the profession to which I have the honor to belong, offering her, at the same time, any assistance in her arrangements that it might be in my power to give her. Her application to the Medical Board to be placed on the Medical Register of the colony was at once rejected, the Board refusing to recognise her American degree. She then submitted her certificates and testimonials to me, and, as I found them to be altogether satisfactory, I advised her to apply to the Premier, the Hon. Mr. Service, and to ask his assistance in the business. Mr. Service received her with all kindness, and expressed his opinion as altogether favorable to the practice of medicine by women. He also wrote me a note, requesting me to meet him at the Treasury, with Dr. Laura Morgan, to consider what should be done in the case. I attended at the time named, and explained to Mr. Service the difficulty that had been raised. He then sent for the Chief Secretary, the Hon. Mr. Berry, and on his coming they talked the subject over in very significant terms. Both were of one mind as to the wisdom and propriety of women practising medicine among their own sex; but "how could they interfere with the Medical Board?" They then asked me if I knew any medical men, not members of the

Board, who entertained liberal views on such subjects. I at once named two well-known physicians; their names were promptly gazetted as members of the Board; and it is significant that Dr. Laura Morgan commenced her practice without further interference or objection. It was in connection with this case that I published, under the above heading, in one of the morning journals, the following letter:—

SIR,—The employment of women is a subject forcing itself on public attention more and more of late. The opening of our universities, and the latent ability displayed, as well as the patience, perseverance, gentleness and attention shown in positions they have of late occupied in the telegraph and post offices, as well as in other departments, give evidence of woman's adaptability for many sources of emolument and favorable employment hitherto held by men exclusively. Among the latter is the practice of the medical profession. Ladies with a scientific taste and natural abilities for it have graduated on the Continent, in Great Britain, and in America, and, to the great satisfaction of thousands of women, are now successfully treating the diseases of women and children, for which they are at least fully as well qualified and better adapted in many respects than men. An American lady physician, Dr. Laura Morgan, now about practising in St. Kilda, has been in Melbourne lately. In deep sympathy with her object in settling here, I called upon her, and being satisfied with the genuineness and the sufficiency of her medical degree, obtained at the Women's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, and with her other certificates and letters, I asked her to assist me at the Collingwood and Fitzroy Free Medical Mission Dispensary as one of the medical attendants for the treatment of the diseases of women and children. When Dr. Laura Morgan heard that nearly ten thousand had made application there last year for medical aid, and that I had found much difficulty till just now in obtaining any medical permanent assistance, she at once consented to attend on Thursdays at 3 o'clock, as advertised. This brings me to remark that in the medical branch there lies before women a noble field of usefulness and remunerative practice in this and other colonies if they pursue the usual course of instruction that Dr. Laura Morgan did at the Women's Medical College of the Infirmary of New York, where most of the professors, as well as the dean of the college, are women, while the examiners are medical men from the various medical schools in New York, with a three years' course of study, which may be extended to a fourth year, with frequent examinations on the subjects lectured on, as I perceive in the reports of the college.

I am, etc.,

J. S.

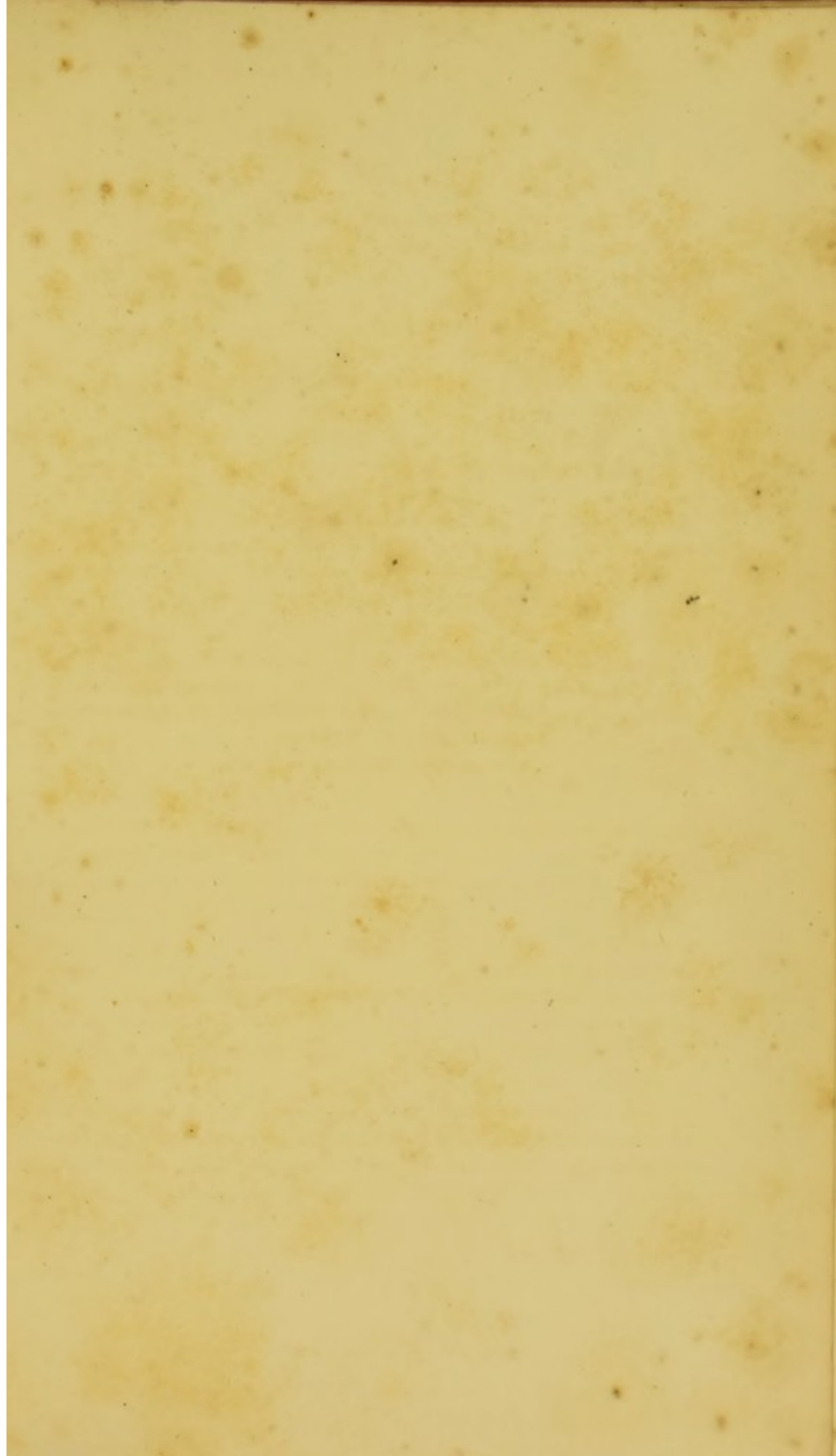
CORRIGENDA.

- Page 14, Line 22, for "Persuasions" read *Persuasives*.
 „ 31, „ 7, for "Wesleyan's" read *Wesleyan*.
 „ 46, „ 14, strike out "Sheol."
 „ 58, „ 20, for "Rich" read *Rice*.
 „ 77, Last Line, after "nurse" insert *met*.
 „ 111, Lines 3 and 8, for "Ballarat" read *Balaarat*.
 „ 127, Line 20, for "I" read *me*.
 „ 177, „ 20, for "Melbourne" read *Warrnambool*.
 „ 218, „ 6, for "third" read *fourth*.
 „ „ 9, for "daughter" read *granddaughter*.
 „ 242, „ 5 from foot, for "1868" read 1886.
 „ 295, „ 13, for "gathered" read *gathereth*.
 „ 303, „ 17, for "friends" read *friend*.
 „ 313, „ 5, for "to" read *for*.
 „ 314, „ 10 from foot, after "and" read *she*.
 „ 347, „ 22, after "prescribe" read *for*.

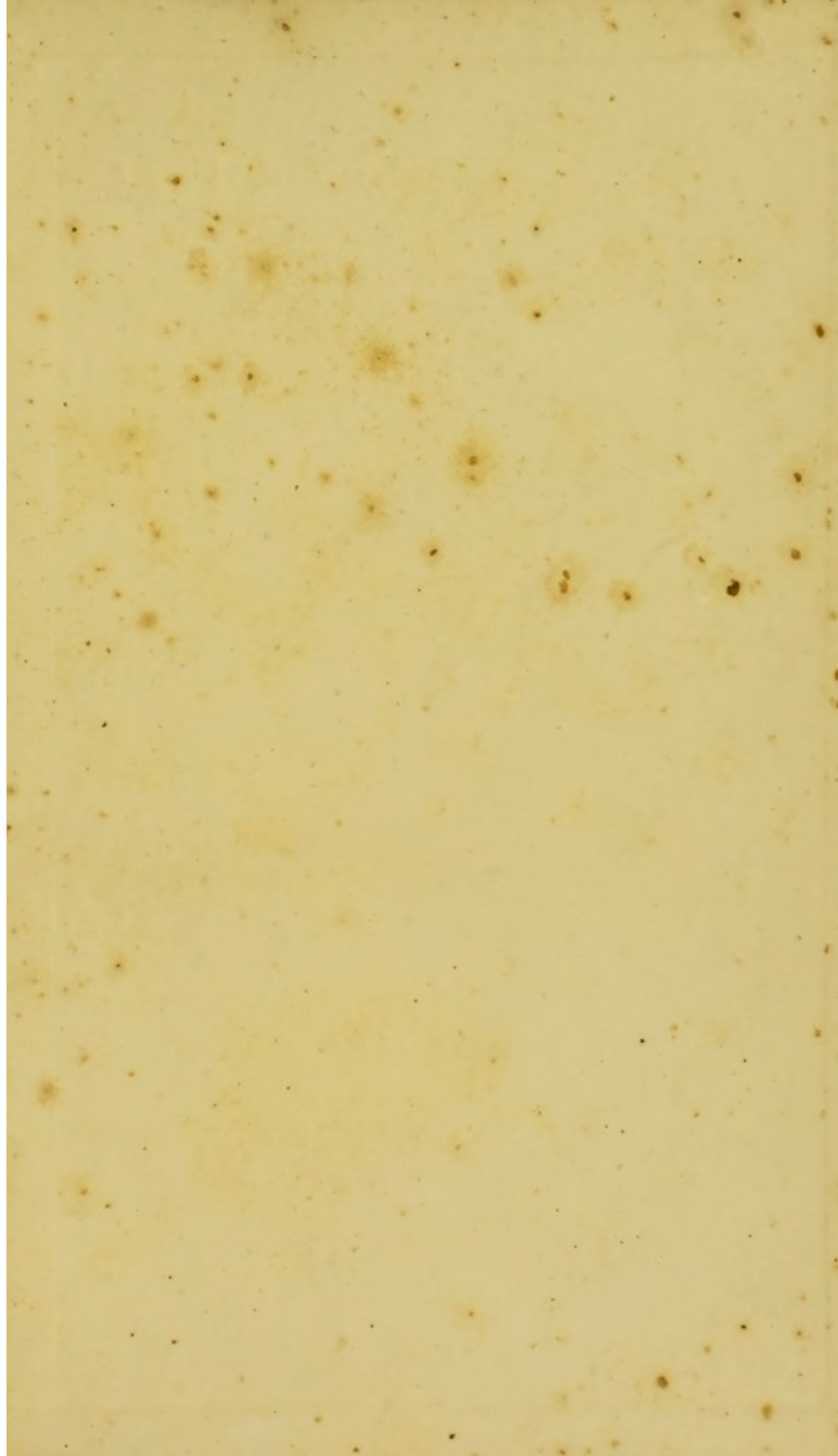


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