



No. XV. Price One Penny.

MEMOIRS OF

*Mrs. Harriet Newell.*

A SELECTION OF  
AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE  
PAMPHLETS;

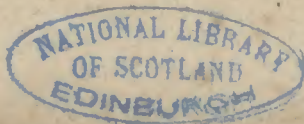
COMPRISING

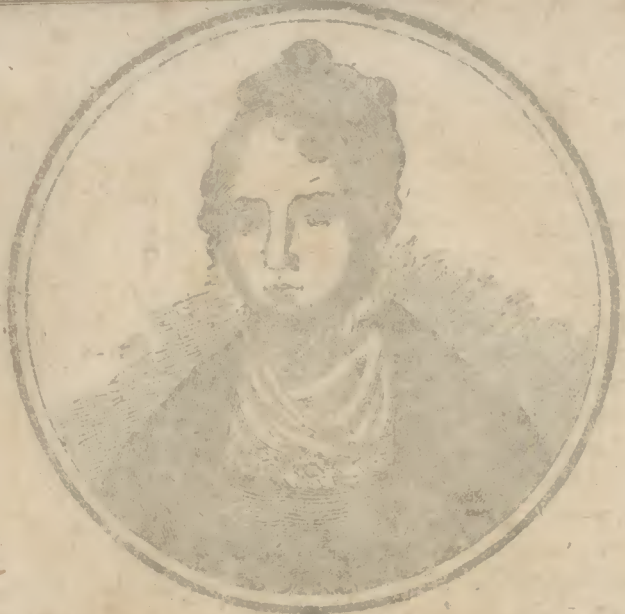
LIVES OF GREAT WARRIORS & STATESMEN,  
BATTLES ON SEA & LAND,  
HISTORIES OF DIFFERENT COUNTRIES,  
ACCOUNTS OF WONDERFUL EVENTS, SINGULAR  
CHARACTERS, and NOTORIOUS OFFENDERS,  
USEFUL FAMILY RECEIPTS, COOKERY, &c. &c.

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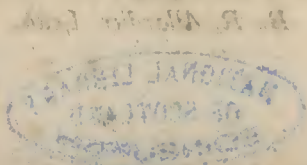
By R. Allardice, Leith.





*Memoirs of Mrs Newell.*  
OF

**T**HE subject of these Memoirs, was a daughter of Mr Moses Arwood, merchant of Haverhill, Massachusetts, North America, was born October 10, 1793. She was naturally cheerful and unreserved; possessed a lively imagination and great sensibility; and early discovered a retentive memory and a taste for reading. She manifested no peculiar and lasting seriousness before the year 1806. In the summer of that year, she first became the subject of those deep religious impressions which laid the foundation of her Christian life. With several of her companions in study, she was roused to attend to the one thing needful. They turned off their eyes from beholding vanity, and employed their leisure in searching the Scriptures, and listening to the instructions of those who were able to direct them in the way of life. A few extracts from letters which



she wrote, will, in some measure, show the state of her mind at that time.

1806.—I should be willing to leave every thing for God; willing to be called by any name which tongue can utter, and to undergo any sufferings, if it would but make me humble, and be for his glory. I care not for myself. Though he lay ever so much upon me, I would be content. Oh, could I but recall this summer!—But it is past, never to return. I have one constant companion, the BIBLE, from which I derive the greatest comfort. *This I intend for the future shall guide me.*—Did you ever read D. ddridge's Sermons to Young People? They are very beautiful sermons. It appears strange to me, why I am not more interested in the cause of Christ, when he has done so much for me! But I will form a resolution that I will give myself up entirely to him.

In another letter to the same friend, she says—  
 "What did Paul and Silas say to the jailor? *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* Let us do the same. Let us improve the accepted time, and make our peace with God. This day, my L. I have formed a resolution, that I will devote the remainder of my life entirely to the service of my God.—Write to me. Tell me my numerous *outward* faults; though you know not the faults of my heart, yet tell me all you know, that I may improve. I shall receive it as a token of love."

*The following Summary Account of her Religious Exercises was found among her private papers.*

DIARY.—A review of past religious experience I have often found useful and encouraging. On this account I have written down the exercises of my mind, hoping that, by frequently reading them, I may be led to adore the riches of sovereign grace,



praise the Lord for his former kindness to me, and feel encouraged to persevere in a holy life.

The first ten years of my life were spent in vanity. I was entirely ignorant of the depravity of my heart. The summer that I entered my eleventh year, I attended a dancing-school. My conscience would sometimes tell me that my time was foolishly spent; and though I never heard it intimated that such amusements were criminal, yet I could not rest until I had solemnly determined that, when the school closed, I would immediately become religious. But these resolutions were not carried into effect. Although I attended every day to secret prayer, and read the Bible with greater attention than before, yet I soon became weary of these exercises, and, by degrees, omitted entirely the duties of the closet.

When I entered my thirteenth year, I was sent by my parents to the academy. A revival of religion commenced in the neighbourhood, which, in a short time, spread into the school. A large number of the young ladies were anxiously inquiring what they should do to inherit eternal life. I began to inquire, what can these things mean? My attention was solemnly called to the concerns of my immortal soul. I was a stranger to hope; and I feared the ridicule of my gay companions. My heart was opposed to the character of God; and I felt that, if I continued an enemy to his government, I must eternally perish. My convictions of sin were not so pungent and distressing, as many have had; but they were of long continuance. It was more than three months before I was brought to cast my soul on the Saviour of sinners, and rely on him alone for salvation.

The ecstasies which many new-born souls possess were not mine. But if I was not lost in raptures

on reflecting upon what I had escaped, I was filled with a sweet peace, a heavenly calmness, which I never can describe. The character of Jesus appeared infinitely lovely, and I could say with the Psalmist, *Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none on earth I desire besides thee.*

Alas! these seasons so precious did not long continue. Soon was I led to exclaim,—Oh, that I were as in months past! My zeal for the cause of religion almost entirely abated; while this vain world engrossed my affections, which had been consecrated to my Redeemer. My Bible, once so lovely, was entirely neglected. Novels and romances engaged my thoughts, and hour after hour was foolishly and sinfully spent in the perusal of them. The company of Christians became, by degrees, irksome and unpleasant. I endeavoured to shun them. The voice of conscience would frequently whisper, “all is not right.” Many a sleepless night have I passed after a day of vanity and sin. But such conflicts did not bring me home to the fold, from which, like a strayed lamb, I had wandered far away. A religion, which was intimately connected with the amusements of the world, and the friendship of those who are at enmity with God, would have suited well my depraved heart. But I knew that the religion of the gospel was vastly different. It exalts the Creator, while it humbles the creature in the dust.

Such was my awful situation! I lived only to wound the cause of my ever blessed Saviour. Weep, O my soul, when contemplating and recording these sins of my youth! Be astonished at the long-suffering of Jehovah!—How great a God is our God! The death of a beloved parent, and uncle, had but little effect on my hard heart. Though these afflictions moved my passions, they did not

lead me to the Fountain of consolation. But God, who is rich in mercy, did not leave me here. He had prepared my heart to receive his grace; and he glorified the riches of his mercy, by carrying on the work. I was invited to visit a friend in Newburyport. The evening previous to my return home, I heard the Rev. Mr F. How did the truths which he delivered sink deep into my inmost soul! My past transgressions rose like great mountains before me. The most poignant anguish seized my mind; my carnal security fled; and I felt myself a guilty transgressor, naked before a holy God. Never, no never, while memory retains her seat in my breast, shall I forget the affectionate manner in which he addressed me. His conversation had the desired effect.

I then made the solemn resolution, as I trust, in the strength of Jesus, that I would make a sincere dedication of my all to my Creator, both for time and eternity. This resolution produced a calm serenity and composure, to which I had long been a stranger. How lovely the way of salvation then appeared!—Oh, how lovely was the character of the Saviour! The duty of professing publicly on which side I was, now was impressed on my mind. I came forward, and offered myself to the church; I was accepted; received into communion; and commemorated, for the first time, the dying love of the blessed Jesus, August 6, 1809. This was a precious season, long to be remembered.—Oh, the depths of sovereign grace! Eternity will be too short to celebrate the perfections of God.

1806. *Sept. 1.*—A large number of my companions, of both sexes, with whom I have associated this summer, are in deep distress for their immortal souls. Many, who were formerly gay and thoughtless, are now in tears, anxiously inquiring



what they shall do to be saved. Oh, how rich is the mercy of Jesus! He dispenses his favours to whom he pleases, without regard to age or sex. Surely it is a wonderful display of the sovereignty of God, to make me a subject of his kingdom, while many of my companions, far more amiable than I am, are left to grovel in the dust, or to mourn their wretched condition, without one gleam of hope.

Oct. 10.—Oh, how much have I enjoyed of God this day! Such views of his holy character, such a desire to glorify his name, I never before experienced. Oh, that this frame might continue through life! This is my birth-day. Thirteen years of my short life have gone for ever.

Oct. 25.—Permitted by my heavenly Father once more to hear the gospel's joyful sound. I have enjoyed greater happiness than tongue can describe. I have indeed been joyful in the house of prayer. Lord let me dwell in thy presence for ever!

Nov. 4.—Examination at the academy. The young ladies to be separated, perhaps for life. Oh, how affecting the scene! I have bid my companions farewell. Though they are endeared to me by the strongest ties of affection, yet I must be separated from them, perhaps never to meet them more till the resurrection. The season has been remarkable for religious impressions. But the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and there are numbers who can say, *we are not saved.*

Dec. 3.—I have had great discoveries of the wickedness of my heart these three days past. But this evening God has graciously revealed himself to me in the beauty and glory of his character. The Saviour provided for fallen man is just such a one as I need. He is altogether lovely.

Dec. 7.—With joy we welcome the morning of another Sabbath. Oh, let this holy day be conse-

erated entirely to God. My Sabbaths on earth will soon be ended; but I look forward with joy unutterable to that holy day which will never have an end.

*March 25.*—Humility has been the subject of my meditations this day. I find I have been greatly deficient in this Christian grace. Oh, for that meek and lowly spirit which Jesus exhibited in the days of his flesh.

*March 25.*—Little B.'s birth-day. Reading of those children who cried Hosanna to the Son of David, when he dwelt on earth, I ardently wished that this dear child might be sanctified. She is not too young to be made a subject of Immanuel's kingdom.

*May 1.*—Where is the cross which Christians speak of so frequently? All that I do for Jesus is pleasant. Though, perhaps, I am ridiculed by the gay and thoughtless for my choice of religion, yet the inward comfort which I enjoy, doubly compensates me for all this. I do not wish for the approbation and love of the world, neither for its splendour or riches. For one blest hour at God's right hand, I'll give them all away.

1809. *July 1.*—God has been pleased in his infinite mercy, again to call up my attention to eternal realities. After spending more than a year in the vanities of the world—thoughtless and unconcerned respecting my eternal welfare, he has, as I have humbly trusted, showed me my awful backslidings from him, and my dependence upon his grace for every blessing.

*Aug. 6. Lord's-day morning.*—Upon this sacred morning, Oh that the Holy Spirit of God would enliven and animate my cold and stupid affections. Oh that I might this day enter his earthly courts, worship him in an acceptable manner, profess his



frame before a scoffing world, sit down at his table, and partake in faith of the body and blood of Jesus.

*Sabbath eve.*—And now I have entered into the most solemn engagement to be the Lord's. I have confessed Christ before the world—I have renounced my wicked companions—I have solemnly promised, that denying ungodliness and every worldly lust, I will live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world. If I should, after taking these solemn vows and covenant engagements upon me; dishonour the cause of my Redeemer; if I should give the enemies of religion reason to say, there is nothing in religion; if I should again return to my former courses, Oh how dreadfully aggravated will be my condemnation! What excuse could I render at the tribunal of a just Judge? My mouth would be stopped, and I should plead guilty before him. How then does it become me to watch and pray, lest the devices of Satan, the world, or my own remaining corruption should lead me into temptation!

*Oct. 21.*—This day God, in infinite mercy, has seen fit to grant me near access to his mercy seat. I have been enabled to call upon his name, and to plead with him for his spiritual Jerusalem. Oh that he would hear and accept my feeble petitions, and answer them for his own name's sake!

*Feb. 25.*—With the light of this holy morning I desire to offer to the kind Shepherd of Israel, who never slumbers nor sleeps, a morning tribute of thanksgiving and praise. Oh that my whole soul might be drawn out in love to God; and all my faculties unite with the inhabitants of the New Jerusalem, in praising the immortal King, for what he has done, and still is doing for rebellious man! But I fall infinitely short of the honour due to his glorious name. When shall I arrive at the destin-

ed port of rest, and with the blood-washed millions praise the Lamb of God for redeeming love? Hasten, blessed Immanuel, that glorious period, when all thy exiled children shall arrive at their eternal home!

*Apr. 29.*—A sudden death this week. Mrs C. was in health and prosperity *one* hour, and the *next*—in the cold embraces of the universal conqueror! May this solemn event be sanctified to surviving friends! And may it lead me to place my affections on the things of eternity!

*May 11.*—Called upon a friend this morning, who, to human appearance, is on the brink of the grave. She was speechless, though not senseless. Her very *countenance* declared the importance of religion. Never shall I forget the affectionate manner in which she pressed my hand to her bosom, and lifted her eyes to heaven, as if calling down a blessing upon me. Oh that I could rightly improve this affecting dispensation of Providence.

1810. *Oct. 10.*—This day entered upon my eighteenth year. Seventeen years have rolled, almost insensibly, away. I still remain a pilgrim in this barren land. Merciful Jesus, on the commencement of this year, may thy supporting hand be underneath me, and if my life is prolonged, may it be more faithfully devoted to thee, and to thy blessed cause.

*Oct. 20.*—A female friend called upon us this morning. She informed me of her determination to quit her native land, to endure the sufferings of a Christian Missionary among heathen nations—to spend her days in India's sultry clime. How did this news affect my heart! Is she willing to do all this for God; and shall I refuse to lend my little aid, in a land where divine revelation has shed its clearest rays? I have *felt* more for the salva-

tion of the heathen this day, than I recollect to have felt through my whole past life.

Oct. 21.—I have seen the glory of God in his sanctuary. “I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.” The Lord is good; may it be my delightful employment on earth to praise him; and in heaven may I join the enraptured millions in a song that shall never end.

Oct. 23.—Mr M. introduced Mr N. to our family. He appears to be an engaged Christian. Expects to spend his life in preaching a Saviour to benighted Pagans.

Oct. 31.—Mr N called on us this morning. He gave me some account of the dealings of God with his soul. If such a man; who has devoted himself to the service of the gospel, has determined to labour in the most difficult part of the vineyard, and is willing to renounce his earthly happiness for the interest of religion; if he doubts his possessing love to God—what shall I say of myself?

1811. Feb. 26.—Mr H. and sister M. informed me that my dear mamma wished me to engage in a school the ensuing summer. Can I think of such a responsible situation as that of instructing little immortals? I know that I ought not to consult my own ease; the question should be, how can I be most useful in the world? I hope I shall be directed by heaven! Oh that God would use me as an instrument of promoting his glory; whether it be in the domestic circle, or in the arduous employment of “teaching young ideas how to shoot.”

April 17.—How shall I record the events of this day! Returned from Boston in the evening after spending three days very agreeably with my friends C. and N. M. handed me a letter with an appearance which indicated that something unusual was



contained in it. I broke the seal, and what were my emotions when I read the name of Newell. This was not a long-wished-for letter: no; it was a long-dreaded one, which I was conscious would involve me in doubt, anxiety, and distress. Nor were the contents such, as I might answer at a *distant* period; they required an *immediate* answer.

And now what shall I say? How shall I decide this *interesting*, this *important* question? Shall I consent to leave for ever the *parent* of my youth, the *friends* of my life, the scenes of my childhood, and my native country, and go to a land of *strangers*, "not knowing the things which shall befall me there?" O for direction from heaven! O for "that wisdom which is profitable to direct!" I will go to God, and with an unprejudiced mind, will seek his guidance. I will cast this heavy burden on him, humbly trusting that he will sustain me and direct me in the path of duty.

April 19.—The *important* decision is not yet made. I am still wavering. I long to see and converse with my dear mother. Never did I so *greatly* long to visit the dear native dwelling. Perhaps my dear mother will *immediately* say, *Harriet shall never go*. Well, if this should be the case, my duty will be *plain*. I cannot act contrary to the advice and express command of a *pious* mother.

Her mother made no objection to her accepting the offer of Mr Newell, but cheerfully left her to act according to her conviction of duty.

1811. Aug. 7.—I have just laid down Horn on Missions. How did his pious heart glow with benevolence to his fellow creatures! How ardent did he wish for the promulgation of the Gospel among the benighted Heathen! I think, for a moment, I partake of his ardour, and long to hear that the

standard of the cross is set up in the distant nations of the earth.

Providence now gives me an opportunity to go myself to the Heathen. Shall I refuse the offer; shall I love the glittering toys of this dying world so well, that I cannot relinquish them for God? Forbid it, heaven! Yes, I will go—however weak and unqualified I am, there is an all-sufficient Saviour ready to support me. In God alone is my hope. I will trust his promises, and consider it one of the highest privileges that can be conferred upon me, to be permitted to engage in his service, among the wretched inhabitants of Hindostan.

Aug. 11.—How reviving to my disconsolate mind has been the word of life this day! Oh, this adorable plan of salvation! Have I the least inclination to alter *one single part of it*, if I could? O no! I would not be less holy—I would not wish God to exact *less perfect* obedience from his creatures.

Aug. 14.—This is indeed a wretched world. How few the joys! How many and various the sorrows of life! Well, if this world is unsatisfying, “if cares and woes promiscuous grow,” how great the consolation that I shall soon leave it!

Sept. 17.—How sweet is this text, “Be careful for nothing, but in every thing, by prayer and supplication, let your requests be made known unto God.” When the difficulties of my future life depress me, how often am I insensibly relieved and comforted by *this* and similar promises. How precious, how exceedingly valuable is the word of God!

Nov. 10.—The rising sun witnesses for my heavenly Father, that he is good. Oh yes! his character is infinitely lovely—his attributes are perfect. I behold his goodness in the works of creation and providence. But the beauty of his character shines most *conspicuously* in the plan of salvation. In the

Redeemer, beauty and worth are combined; and shall my heart remain unaffected, amidst such an endless variety of witnesses of the glory of God? Shall I be silent, for whom the Son of God, on Calvary, bled and died?

1812. *March 9.*—To you my beloved mother, shall these pages be cheerfully dedicated. If they afford you amusement in a solitary hour, if they are instrumental in dissipating one anxious sensation from your heart, I shall be doubly rewarded for writing. Whatever will gratify a mother so valuable as mine, shall here be recorded, however uninteresting it might be to a stranger.—The first week after our embarkation I was confined to my bed with sea-sickness. This was a gloomy week. But my spirits were not so much depressed, as I once expected they would be. The attendants were obliging, and I had every convenience which I could wish for on board a vessel.

*Feb. 24.*—The vessel sprung a leak. We were in the greatest danger of sinking during the night. The men laboured almost constantly at the pumps. The wind changed in the morning. In a day or two the leak was providentially discovered, and prevented from doing any farther injury. Though much fatigued, sleep departed from me. Though a sudden exit from life appeared more solemn than ever before, yet I felt a sweet composure in confiding in God, and in leaving the disposal of my life with him. We have no family worship, which we consider a great affliction. Sabbath forenoon, Mr N. reads a sermon, and performs the exercises of worship in the cabin. The captain and officers favour us with their attendance.

My thoughts were particularly fixed on my brethren and sisters the first Sabbath in March. I thought that our dear pastor would not forget to



intercede with God for an absent sister, while sitting at the communion table, where I have often had a seat. I shall devote much of my time to reading while on the water. There is but little variety in a sea life. I have noticed with pleasure that many little articles, which I *accidentally* brought with me, have contributed much to my comfort.

*March 12.*—A heavy sea to-day; the waves have repeatedly broken on deck, and rushed with violence down the gang-way into the cabin. Our room has not yet been wet.

*March 14*—I have been on deck, and seen the sailors take a turtle. They went out in a boat two or three miles, and took it by surprise with their hands. It weighs about twenty pounds. We have learned how to make yeast. We have occasionally flour-bread, nuts, apple-puddings, apple-pies, &c. We have baked and stewed beans twice a week, which you know are favourite dishes of mine, also fowls, ham, &c. We drink tamarind water, porter, cyder, &c. I have been agreeably disappointed respecting our manner of living at sea, though we are not free from inconveniences, by any means.

*March 16.*—Yesterday morning, religious exercises were performed as usual in the cabin. Several pages in *Lew's Serious Call* read. My thoughts dwell on home, more intensely on the Sabbath than on any other day. The sun rises much earlier here than in Haverhill. At one I think you are going to church.

*March 18.*—We are now more than 3000 miles from home. I shall even find a melancholy pleasure in calling my mother's house in Haverhill *my home*, though the Atlantic floods roll between. Long may the best of heaven's blessings rest upon the dwelling, where I have spent my playful years.

in peace, and where in riper age I have known what tranquillity is by happy experience. Long may my beloved mother, and dear brothers and sisters, enjoy the blessing of my heavenly Father, and be strangers to affliction and woe.

May 8.—My dear Mr N. has been ill this week past with the dysentery; so ill, that he has kept his bed the greater part of the time. Should he fall a victim to this painful disease, and leave me alone in a strange land! But I will not distrust the care of my heavenly Father. I know he will never leave nor forsake me, though a widowed stranger in a strange country.

Four years to-day since my father's death. You, my dear mother, have probably thought of it, and the recollection is painful. Dear cousin C. has probably before this time entered the world of spirits; and perhaps more of my dear Haverhill friends.—We find that we have taken passage in an old leaky vessel, which, perhaps, will not stand the force of the wind and waves, until we get to Calcutta. But if God has any thing for us to do in heathen Asia, we shall get there and accomplish it. Why then do we fear? It is God

“Who rides upon the stormy winds,  
And manages the seas.”

And is not *this* God our God?

May 10.—Mr Newell's health is much improved. “I will bless the Lord, because he hath heard the voice of my supplications.”

June 12.—Rejoice with us, my dear, dear mother, in the goodness of our covenant God. After seeing nothing but sky and water for *one hundred and fourteen days*, we this morning heard the joyful exclamation of “*land, land!*” It is the coast of Orissa, about twenty miles from us. Should the wind be favourable, we shall not lose sight of land again

until we get to Calcutta. We hope to see the *Pagoda*, which contains the *Idol Juggernaut*, before sun-set. The view of the Orissa coast, though at a distance, excites within me a variety of sensations unknown before. For it is the land of Pagan darkness, which *Buchanan* so feelingly describes.

*June 17.*—After a tedious voyage, we have, my dear mother, arrived at Calcutta. We reached here yesterday, at three o'clock in the afternoon. My N. went on shore immediately, and returned in the evening.—Oh, my mother, my heart is pained within me at what I have already seen of these wretched Pagans. Here we are, surrounded by hundreds of them, whose only object is to get their rice, eat, and drink, and sleep. One of the writer cast, who can talk *English*, has just left the cabin. Your pious heart, my dear mother, would melt with compassion to hear him talk. Oh the superstition that prevails through this country!

*June 18.*—Yesterday afternoon we left the vessel, and were conveyed in a palanquin through crowds of Hindoos to Dr Carey's.—No English lady is here seen walking the streets. This I do not now wonder at. The natives are so numerous and noisy, that a walk would be extremely unpleasant.

*June 20.* At Serampore.—We came here last evening by water. The dear Missionaries received us with the same cordiality, as they would, if we had been their own brothers and sisters. This is the most delightful place I ever saw. Here the Missionaries enjoy all the comforts of life, and are actively engaged in the Redeemer's service. After a tedious voyage of four months at sea, think, my dear mother, how grateful to us is this retired and delightful spot. The mission-house consists of four large commodious stone buildings.



June 21.—Mr N. preached this morning in the Mission chapel. Mr W. in the afternoon, in the Bengalee language, to about fifty Hindoos and Mussulmans. This afternoon, I shall ever recollect, with peculiar sensations. The appearance of the Christian Hindoos, when listening to the word of life, would have reproved many an American Christian. Had you been present, I am sure you could not have refrained from weeping. Had an opposer of missions been present, his objections must have vanished. He would have exclaimed, What hath God wrought! To hear the praises of Jesus sung by a people of strange language; to see them kneel before the throne of grace; to behold them eagerly catching every word which proceeded from the mouth of their minister, was a joyful, affecting scene. Rejoice, my mother; the standard of the blessed *Immanuel* is erected in this distant Pagan land! and here the gospel will undoubtedly continue, till the commencement of the bright millennial day.

June 24.—I have just returned from a scene, calculated to awaken every compassionate feeling. At nine in the morning we took a *buggerow*, and went three or four miles up the river to see the worship of Juggernaut. The log of wood was taken from his Pagoda, and bathed in the sacred waters of the Ganges. The assembled worshippers followed the example; and thousands flocked to the river, where, with prayers and many superstitious rites, they bathed. Miserable wretches! Oh! that American Christians would but form an adequate idea of the gross darkness which covers this people!—To-day the great Juggernaut is removed from his temple, placed on his car, and drawn in triumph through the assembled mass of worshippers. Some will probably sacrifice their

es, and this only three miles distant from Ser-  
mpore. While writing, I hear the drum and the  
instruments of idol music.

*Farther Extracts from her Diary*

At four p. m. another message from government  
was received. Mr N. and Mr J. ordered to ap-  
pear before the Police again, to receive further  
commands. Mr J. immediately took the buggy,  
chaise and set out for Calcutta.—In the evening  
went to the car of Juggernaut, which stands in the  
mid. A huge building five stories high; images  
painted all over it; two large horses with a cha-  
racter made of wood in front; with many wheels,  
drawn by the natives with large cables. From the  
car we walked through the market to the temple,  
here the great god of the Hindoos is now resid-  
ing—a horrid object indeed but not allowed to en-  
ter the temple; but could see him plainly—a log  
of wood, painted red, with large hideous eyes.  
Little images were kept for sale in the market.  
We walked through an immense crowd of Hindoos  
and one. I was confused with the noise and bustle  
of the place, and excessively wearied with my long  
walk.

July 18.—My dear Mr N. returned last evening  
tired in body and depressed in mind. There is  
now no alternative left but a return to America,  
or a settlement among some savage tribe, where  
our lives would be in constant danger. Lord, we  
are oppressed! graciously undertake for us. We  
know not which way to direct our steps. Oh that  
the Harmony would arrive! Insurmountable ob-  
stacles attend us on every side. Pity us, O ye  
friends of Immanuel! Pity our perplexed situa-  
tion, and intercede with the prayer-hearing Re-  
deemer for direction in the path of duty.—I long

to engage in the great object for which I left my home. I shall begin to study the French language with Mr N. on the passage. Captain Chiminant talks French. Oh for more ardent piety.

The following letter from Mr Newell to Mr Atwood, completes the affecting history of Mr Newell:—

*Port Louis, (Isle of France.) Dec. 10, 1812*

When I sit down to address you, my dear mother, from this distant land, to me a land of strangers and a place of exile, a thousand tender thoughts arise in my mind, and naturally suggest such inquiries as these:—How is it now with the dear woman to whom I am indebted for my greatest earthly blessing—the mother of my dear Harriet? And mine too; for I must claim the privilege of considering you as my own dear mother. Does the candle of the Lord still shine on her tabernacle, and is the voice of joy and praise yet heard in her dwelling? Or, what is not improbable in this world of disappointment, has some new affliction, the death perhaps of a dear child, or of some other beloved friend, caused her heart again to bleed, and her tears to flow? Ah! my mother though we may live many years, and see good in them all, yet let us remember the days of darkness, for they too will be many. It is decreed by Infinite Wisdom alone, that through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of heaven. You, my dear mother, have had your share of adversity, and I too have had mine. But we will not complain. Sanctified afflictions are the choicest favours of heaven. They cure us of our vain and foolish expectations from the world, and teach our thoughts to ascend, and fix on joys that never die. I never longed so much to see you as I have these several days past. What would I now give to sit one hour



By that dear fireside, where I have tasted the most unalloyed pleasure that earth affords, and recount to you and the dear children, the perils, the toils, and the sufferings, through which I have passed since I left my native land. In this happy circle I should for a moment forget 1799

On the 19th of September we re-embarked, and Mrs N. enjoyed comfortable health till nearly three weeks after leaving Coringa; and about three weeks before reaching the Isle of France, when she became the mother of a fine healthy daughter. Four days after, in consequence of a severe storm of wind and rain, the child took cold, and died on the evening of the next day, after having been devoted to God in baptism. About a week after Mrs N.'s confinement, the symptoms of a consumption appeared. Though Mr N. feared the worst, he did not consider her case as fatal, till the last fortnight of her life, which commenced about ten days after their arrival at the Isle of France. There was but little alteration in Mrs N.'s health, excepting that she gradually lost strength till about a fortnight before her death, when she declined more rapidly, and all hope of her recovery was extinguished. About four o'clock on Monday, the 30th of November, her eyesight failed her, upon which she calmly, and with apparent ease, expired, seven weeks and four days after her confinement.

In view of those sufferings which she afterwards experienced, she writes thus:—“I hope to reach the place of your destination in good health. I feel no anxiety about that. I know that God orders every thing in the best possible manner. He so orders events, that I should suffer pain and sickness on the stormy ocean, without a female friend, exposed to the greatest inconveni-

ces, shall I repine, and think he deals hardly with me? Oh no! Let the *severest trials and disappointments* fall to my lot, guilty and weak as I am, yet I think I can rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation.

"In the first part of her sickness, which succeeded the birth of her babe, she had some doubts which occasionally interrupted her spiritual comfort; but they were soon removed, and her mind was filled with that peace of God which passes all understanding. When I asked her, a few days before she died, if she had any remaining doubts respecting her spiritual state, she answered with emphasis, THAT SHE HAD NONE. During the whole of her sickness, she talked in the most familiar manner, and with great delight, of death and glory that was to follow. When Dr Burke one day told her, those were gloomy thoughts, she better get rid of them; she replied, that, on the contrary; they were to her cheering and joyful beyond what she could express. When I attempted to persuade her that she would recover, (which fondly hoped) it seemed to strike her like a disappointment. She would say, 'You ought rather to pray that I may depart, that I may be perfectly free from sin, and be where God is.'

"Her mind was from day to day filled with the most comforting and delightful views of the character of God and Christ. She often requested me to talk to her on these interesting subjects. She told me that her thoughts were so much confused, by the distress of body she had suffered that she found it difficult steadily to pursue a train of thought on divine things, but that she continually looked to God, and passively rested on him. She often spoke of meeting her friends in heaven. 'Perhaps,' said she, 'my dear mother has g

before me to heaven, and as soon as I leave this body I shall find myself with her.' At another time she said, 'We often talk of meeting our friends in heaven; but what would heaven be with all our friends if God were not there?'

A few days before she died, after one of those distressing turns of coughing and raising phlegm, which so rapidly wasted her strength, she called her to come and sit on the bed beside her, and receive her dying message to her friends. She observed, that her strength was quite exhausted, and she could say only a few words; but feared she should not have another opportunity. 'Tell my dear mother,' said she, 'how much Harriet loved her. Tell her to look to God and keep near to Him, and He will support and comfort her in all trials. I shall meet her in heaven; for surely she is one of the dear children of God.' She then adverted to her brothers and sisters. 'Tell them,' said she, 'from the lips of their dying sister, that there is nothing but religion worth living for. Oh! exhort them to attend immediately to the care of their precious, immortal souls! Tell them not to delay repentance. The eldest of them will be anxious to know how I now feel with respect to missions. Tell them, and also my dear mother, that I have never regretted leaving my native land for the cause of Christ. Let my dear brothers and sisters know that I love them to the last. I hope to meet them in heaven; but Oh! if I should not!'—Here the tears burst from her eyes, and her sobs of grief at the thought of an eternal separation expressed the feelings that were too big for utterance. After she had recovered a little from the shock, which these strong emotions had given to her whole frame, she attempted to speak to several other friends, but was obliged to sum up all she had



to say in 'Love and an affectionate farewell to them all.' Within a day or two of her death, such conversation as the following passed between us:—

"Should you not be willing to recover, and live a while longer here?"

"On some accounts, it would be desirable. I wish to do something for God before I die. But the experience I have had of the deceitfulness of my heart leads me to expect, that if I should recover, my future life would be much the same as my past has been, and I long to be perfectly free from sin. God has called me away before we have entered on the work of the mission, but the case of David affords me comfort; I have had it in my heart to do what I could, for the heathen, and I hope God will accept me."

"But what shall I do, when you are gone? How can I bear the separation?"

"Jesus will be your best friend, and our separation will be short. We shall soon, very soon, meet in a better world; if I thought we should not, it would be painful indeed to part with you."

During Sabbath night, she seemed to be a little wandering; but the next morning she had her recollection perfectly. As I stood by her, I asked if she knew me. At first she made no answer; I said to her again, "My dear Harriet, do you know who I am?"—"My dear Mr. Newell, my husband," was her reply; but in broken accents, and a voice faltering in death.

The last words which I remember, and which I think were the last she uttered relative to her departure, were these, "The pains, the groans, the dying strife—How long, O Lord, how long!"

SAMUEL NEWELL