

el should be placed, with all cordiality, at the disposal of his Excellency.

The Chaplain of the Forces has taken the complaint very severely. Dr. Hennen told me just now, it is most likely by far he will die; he is at present on the verge of the last hope, I have been requested by the Government to officiate in his stead, in the melancholy work of burying the dead. Twice a day, therefore, I have the painful duty of going a mile and a half to the ground. Thence I have just returned, after burying five bodies in one grave, and a civilian separately. The correspondence on these subjects you will one day receive if I live; if not, it is perhaps enough to know, that my conduct has been approved in the highest quarters here: and I hope that, if I drop, this will turn out to the furtherance of the Gospel hereafter. I am, undoubtedly, now so exposed, that nothing but a special Providence indeed can protect my life. I have it now, indeed, in my hand. But when better motives run low, I ask myself, why should I not be exposed, as well as medicinal men and others? And there is nothing in me better than another to make me exempt, by merit, from a death, however sudden and calamitous, into which others, far, far more worthy, more pious, than I, have sunk. I feel, of course, deeply at the possibility that this is the last letter I shall write you; for I have no constitution to stand against a violent attack of fever. But should that be the case, I now leave my deliberate testimony, that I believe salvation by Jesus Christ to be the true and only worthy object of human life, as a whole. I lament and bewail my own personal unfaithfulness, and ministerial insufficiency. I feel most deeply that I have nothing to trust to for eternity, but the love of God, in Christ Jesus our Lord. The atonement of the son of God, the sanctification of the Spirit of Jesus; here is the only ground of hope to your affectionate servant.

I forgot to mention, that my man-servant took the fever and died. I am living at the house of Mr. Barnard, whom I hope, should I die, you will remunerate. They are very dear and kind friends.

Our greatest number of deaths in one day, according to the official medical report, is twenty-nine; but the number has diminished since, so that some slight hope is felt of a turn in the course of the disease; but the east wind has set in, and the heavy rains keep off. Well! it is the will of God!—it is the will of God! Yet He hears and answers prayer. Oh! pray for us, then; for our need of the mercy of God is very great!

GIBRALTAR, October 16, 1828.

Every remaining friend is to us now very dear indeed. What a scene surrounds us! What a scene have I before me on the Neutral Ground! I rejoice more than I can tell you, and am more thankful than I care to describe, that you, by the good providence of God, were led away before this awful calamity burst on this unhappy place. Had your valuable life been spared by the disease, it would have been sacrificed by distress: a mind and heart all sensibility, must either burst now, or change its very nature. But this is no time for any very particular expression of feeling, or description of facts; in some future time you will hear enough—too much from those who may be survivors. As for myself, I know not what reason, and am sure I have no right to be spared: yet God has, in mercy to me, and in answer to the prayers, as I may without vanity believe, of many dear friends here and in England; spared me to see the 16th of October: but no man can now calculate upon a single hour; and deaths are very, very numerous, at three or four days illness. Among the members of our congregation, beside poor Mr. Walsall, we have lost both Mr. and Mrs. Gray. Their infant is spared, and under the guardianship of Captain Cameron. Quartermaster-Sergeant Vagg is likewise gone; Mrs. Vagg and the children are spared. But the list is too painful to run over. You see I have lost some of my most intimate friends in the Society, to whom my warmest affections were linked, for their piety and love. Great God! how terrible is this! A fierce disease, which you can neither see, nor hear, nor touch, springs invisibly upon its victims; and not by ones or twos, but by scores and hundreds, we are putting them into the grave. The number of dead is so great, that to bury them in single graves is impracticable. Trenches are dug, and the coffins (for, thank God, as yet coffins can be had, though

only by the most praiseworthy vigour of the government) are laid side by side, in regular but most afflictive order. Yesterday, for example, I read the funeral service over nineteen bodies in the Protestant ground. More than that number, of course, were likewise interred in the grounds of the Catholics and Jews. This morning I had to discharge the same melancholy duty for ten more; and how many may follow in the afternoon, I cannot guess. You will not think me stretching my respect beyond the bounds of truth, when I say, that I regard it one of the most special mercies of God, amidst the judgments of this awful time, that Dr. Hennen was stationed here before it began, and that his health has been hitherto preserved. To his vigorous and decided measures we owe it, under God, that we have not one universal waste of disease and death. It is generally believed, that the kind or type of the disease is fully as malignant as in 1804; and the only reason why effects so dreadful as of that year have not yet resulted, must be found in the superiority of the measures adopted. Think of the crowded state of the garrison; think of it pouring forth, at Linnahport, at least ten thousand of its inhabitants; of the Neutral Ground, covered with tents and sheds of the most temporary nature; of the thousands out of employ, dependent on the charity of others for daily support; of the sacrifices every body must make; of the numbers who have fled from danger and duty; and of the many—for, thank God, they are not few, who stand manfully, amidst the raging of disease, and the threats of famine, to alleviate the miseries of the rest; among whom, Mr. T. G. Turner, and Mr. Cochrane, who is to-day down with the fever, are pre-eminant. But I must close. Miss Hennen continues in health; she is the life and soul of her invaluable father, to whom this afflicted place is infinitely more indebted than it can ever be possible for the inhabitants to acknowledge, or the world to know, though in his will, and ought to be known I perceive Dr. Hennen has expressed himself strongly about me. There is more of friendship in this than the occasion calls for.* The Governor has required the use of the Chapel as a hospital; and requested me to act as Chaplain, *ad interim*. The mournful duties of this Station I have had to fulfil for Mr. Hatchman, among others: never have I had duties so melancholy to discharge. The burial ground and the hospitals are spots of intense infection, and I am every moment with my life in my hand. But, "What do ye more than others?" There are very many who deserve infinitely higher praise, if praise at such a moment can be thought of with innocence, than I. With a very, very sinful heart, and a life that looks to me only in the light of something far worse than a blank, I cling myself at the feet of Jesus, and hope for every thing through His atonement alone. Yet that heart feels that it is very affectionately yours.

GIBRALTAR.—It is with deep consciousness of the loss sustained by the surviving Members of our Society here in particular, and by the inhabitants of this garrison in general, that we now record the death of our esteemed Missionary, Mr. Barber.—His indefatigable and unshrinking attention to pastoral duties amid the most appalling scenes of pestilence and mortality, had endeared him to all who knew him, and afforded triumphant proof of the influence of Christian principle; but the fell disease, which had hurried so many of his friends into eternity, seizing on his constitutionally delicate frame, speedily terminated his useful and devoted life, and he rapidly sank into the grave amid the regrets and tears of many of his flock.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Davis, dated

GIBRALTAR, October 30, 1828.

It falls to me to forward to you the melancholy account of the death of our highly esteemed and much loved Brother and Pastor, Mr. William Barber. He was seized with the existing fever on Tuesday 21st, in attending to the call of a sick soldier, belonging to the 23d regiment, and died on the Sunday following, surrounded by myself and many of his flock; and on Monday morning, at eight o'clock, his remains were attended by as many of the Society as could make it convenient, and interred in our own ground, according to his own request while in health; and

* Alluding to a Letter from Dr. Hennen to the same friend in England, and on the same sheet with Mr. Barber's.

I performed the last rite over him, while many were in tears: and I would beg leave to add, as I know it will give you pleasure, that as he was highly valued and esteemed in life by all ranks who knew him, so he is deeply regretted in his death.

As soon as the awful visitation through which we are passing shall subside a little, there will be a more minute account of his sickness and death transmitted to you.

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

The following letter is communicated to the Philadelphian, by the Society of Inquiry on Missions, of the Princeton Theological Seminary, recently received from a similar Society in the Theological Seminary of Paisley, in Scotland.

Relief Divinity Hall, Paisley, October 4th, 1828.

DEAR BRETHREN,—The present address, we are aware may perhaps surprise you. It is presented by the member of an Institution, and of a Society, of the existence of which you are probably ignorant. It is only four years since we enjoyed a separate Theological Seminary, and it is only during the present autumn that as a Society in aid of missions, we have commenced our operations. That we did not sooner enjoy the former, depended upon our principles: as a separate body of dissenters from the Church of Scotland. Differing from the Church only on the ground of her civil establishment, and of the law and practice of patronage, and agreeing with her in those general principles of doctrine and church government contained in her Confession of Faith, the ministers of the Relief Synod, maintaining as they did the principles of free communion, and friendly as they were to the unity of the Church, did not deem it necessary to establish a Divinity Hall different from the halls of the National establishment. A separate Seminary, however, was felt of late to be an essential desideratum in our ecclesiastical constitution. Our students had no common centre of union and association. They wanted that stimulus which resulted from fraternal affection, and mutual intercourse. They had no sufficient opportunities of becoming acquainted with the distinguished principles of that church of which they were members; and the Synod was prevented from bringing into full effect that mode of tuition which they deemed most conducive to their improvement. Swayed by such motives, the Synod, in the year 1824, elected Mr. now Dr. Thompson, of Paisley, professor of Theology, and since that period, we have studied under his able and kind superintendence. We are happy to see these principles for which our ancestors suffered so much, continually gaining more and more popularity in the world. A highly respectable party in our national church have entered into an alliance, to effect if possible, the abolition of patronage. The principles of toleration are now espoused by every enlightened statesman; and in their spirit by every well informed minister of Christ. The principles of Catholic communion, as so ably advocated by Dr. Mason of New-York, and reduced to practice by sever of the American churches, are rapidly extending their influence; and the utility or propriety of national establishments in religion have begun to be questioned by some who were formerly their most tenacious advocates.

With regard to the Relief Church in Scotland, the Synod has under her inspection eighty-five congregations, most respectable in point of numbers. There are thirteen probationers; and ere this reaches you, eight more will in all likelihood be added to the number. Her students amount to thirty. Her ministers are not destitute of piety and talent, and we think that of late years these qualities are on the increase. Our people are composed neither of the highest nor very lowest class in society; and though we lament to say that our communion is far from purity, yet we rejoice to think that there are many whose intelligence, piety, and correct morals, would do honour to any society. As students for the ministry, we wish to have four things constantly in view: viz. the diffusion of truth, the conversion of sinners, the improvement and comforts of the saints, and the glory of our blessed Trinity. These things we wish to keep in view, and for their accomplishment we wish to study.

We are not insensible to the paramount importance of faith and prayer; of labour and perseverance. But if we may venture to suggest any thing additional to these essential requisites, we would suggest