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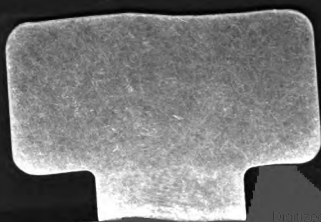
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*Preaching tours and missionary  
labours of George Müller*



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*Yours affectionately,  
George Müller.*

PREACHING TOURS

AND

Missionary Labours

OF

GEORGE MÜLLER

(OF BRISTOL.)

BY

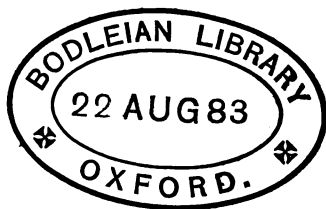
MRS. MÜLLER.

1883.

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

## INTRODUCTION.

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BEFORE the perusal of this book is entered upon, it seems desirable that I should myself state to the reader, what led me to undertake these missionary tours. It may be well to refer also to the objects I had particularly in view in connection with them; to mention how far the desired result has been attained; and to notice a few other points relating to these journeys.

During many years the thought occurred to me again and again, that it might be the will of God I should seek to benefit His children and the unconverted, not through my publications only, but by ministering personally amongst them in other places besides Bristol; but my position as pastor of a large church, and as Director of a great Institution, which seemed to require my constant presence, for a long time put aside the thought. At last, however, when staying in the Isle of Wight in the autumn of 1874, finding that my preaching at Ventnor and Ryde had been unusually blessed and valued, I judged, that,

having very efficient fellow labourers in the Church at Bristol, I could be spared, and that my absence would not be particularly felt. With reference to the work on Ashley Down, too, as Mr. Wright had for many years been an able helper in connection with it; as he had by that time been appointed Co-Director of the Institution; and as I had laboured in word and doctrine in Bristol (almost exclusively) for forty-three years; it was laid upon my heart to go from city to city, and from country to country, in order to benefit (if possible) both the Church of Christ and the world at large, by my ministry and experience. Accordingly, after much prayer and waiting upon God, I decided upon devoting a very considerable portion of my time habitually to this service, as long as health and strength should be continued to me.

The objects I have in view in undertaking these tours are the following:—

1. To preach the Gospel in the simplest way possible, that persons may understand how the blessing, which sinners receive through faith in Christ, is to be obtained. Many who are really in earnest about their salvation, are nevertheless without peace, because they rest upon their *feelings*. They do not

see that every one, who is convinced that he is a lost sinner by nature, and confesses this before God, passes sentence upon himself (so to speak), that, if he depends solely on the perfect obedience of the Lord Jesus unto death, even the death on the cross and upon His substitutional sacrifice, he receives the forgiveness of all his sins, *is* justified the moment he believes in Jesus and shall not perish, but have everlasting life. Rom. v. 1 ; Acts x. 43 ; John iii. 16.

2. During my pastoral labours for many years I found, that numbers of true children of God are without the knowledge of their standing in Christ. They do not enter into the fact, that they *have* passed from death unto life, that they *are* regenerated, pardoned, justified, accepted in the Beloved, and are no longer under condemnation. Now, having entered into all this experimentally for more than half a century myself, I desire (with the help of God) to bring others also to an apprehension of these blessings ; and how greatly this service is needed, is obvious from the fact, that there are great numbers of preachers of the Gospel and pastors, who, being without the knowledge of their own personal salvation, are, in consequence, entirely destitute of any real peace and joy in the Lord.

3. Another object I aim at is, to bring Christians back to the Holy Scriptures; to urge them to try everything by the word of God, and to value that *only*, which will stand this test. I endeavour therefore, to lead believers to become *lovers* of the Bible, by exhorting them to a daily, systematic, consecutive reading and study of it; for I know from an experience of more than half a century the blessedness of doing this myself, and also, what loss I experienced during the first three years after my conversion, from not attending to it.

4. Further, I aim at a removal of sectarianism, at promoting brotherly love amongst true Christians; and with this object in view go amongst all real believers, by whatever name they are called, *provided* they are sound in the foundation truths of our holy faith. Though not agreeing at all, with some of their opinions and practices, I nevertheless preach amongst all, having seen for many years how greatly the heart of the Lord Jesus must be grieved by the disunion that exists among His own true disciples. On this account, therefore, I have sought (in my feeble measure) to unite all real believers; but, as this cannot be done, by standing aloof from our brethren in Christ, until they see eye to eye with us, in every

point, I have gone amongst them, and have united with them, in so far as nothing has been required of me which I could not do with a good conscience.

5. As for more than half a century I have seen how very little *real* trust in the Living God there is (generally speaking), even amongst true Christians, I have sought also in these my missionary tours, particularly, to strengthen their faith; because, in the course of my pastoral labours, the blessed results of *real* confidence in God on the one hand have come to my knowledge, and the misery of distrusting Him also on the other.

6. Both in my public ministry of the Word, and private intercourse with Christians, I seek to lead my fellow disciples to more real separation from the world and deadness to it, and to promote heavenly mindedness in them, according to the Scriptures. At the same time, however, I warn them against *extravagances* (such as sinless perfection in the flesh), which are not to be found in the Word of God.

7. As the Lord enables me, I give instruction also about the true character of the present dispensation and the end thereof, and strive to lead the Church of Christ to look for His second coming as her great hope.

In these nine long missionary tours, I have gladly embraced every opportunity also of having meetings with ministers and pastors of Churches, both for the sake of encouraging them in their service, and that I might benefit them through my own experience of fifty-seven years in the ministry of the Word. I have availed myself too of every opportunity of addressing students in Universities, Theological Seminaries, and Colleges, and have had opportunities likewise of addressing 1,000 or 1,500 Christian workers at a time, and of seeking to benefit them by my experience. This kind of work I have now been able to do in twenty-two different countries; forafter having spent a considerable time in such labour in England, Scotland, and Ireland, I was led in the providence of God to Switzerland, Germany, Holland, France, Spain, Italy, Canada, the United States, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Turkey, Greece, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Russia, and Russian Poland.

The reader may now be desirous of asking—"And what has been the *result* of all this service?" My reply is—The day of the Lord alone will reveal it. Here on earth but little can be known, comparatively, of the fruit of our labours; yet, as far as I have

been permitted to see, even *here*, there is good reason to believe, that I have not been directed to *one single* place, regarding which there was not manifest proof, that the Lord sent me there, on account of the visible blessing which rested on my labours.

It may be desirable also to state, why an account of these missionary tours has been published in *this form*, as several of these journeys have already been referred to in the Reports of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution. The reason is, that, in the Reports a very brief account only of them has been given, and that always in detached portions. Now, as my dear wife has invariably accompanied me in my travels, during the past eight years, and has kept a journal regularly of my labours for the Lord, we judged that a connected and much fuller account of them might be given in a book, than could be published in any other manner. Through a perusal of this Narrative it is hoped also that Christians may be led to give themselves to prayer for blessing on this my past service, and that God may help me in any future labours, to which, in His providence, I may yet be called. We considered likewise, that, in this way, Christians may be led to give themselves to prayer for the countries, in which I have been



labouring ; and, lastly, that, with God's blessing, other *aged* and *experienced* brethren and pastors may be led to devote the *evening of their life* to similar service. God has been pleased within the last thirty-five years to raise up thousands for evangelistic work ; but, it is well known, that there are comparatively very few who labour amongst the *churches*, and can bring the experience of a *long life* in the service of the Lord to bear upon the *assemblies* of Christians whom they visit. If, through the reading of this book, God should be pleased to incline the hearts of aged, experienced, and very godly servants of Christ, to devote their declining years to the visiting of *Churches*, both my dear wife and myself shall consider ourselves abundantly recompensed for our attempt to serve Him by publishing this Narrative. Hundreds of times, both separately and unitedly, we have besought our Heavenly Father to bless this labour for Him, and we are sure that He will graciously answer our request.

It now remains only, that I say a few words regarding the photograph, which is given in this book.

During the last thirty years I have been asked many hundreds of times, both verbally and in writing, for my likeness ; but my reply has invariably been :

“As I do not wish to direct attention to myself, but to my Lord and Master, I must decline to comply with your request.” Notwithstanding this, however, applications for my portrait have been continued, and are still made more than ever. Twenty years ago I was offered £500, if I would allow it to be published; but the offer was declined for the reasons already given. Since we have been travelling about, in almost every town or city, where I have laboured (with very rare exception) this request has been renewed; and very often has been made by *many* residing in the *same place*. Again and again photographers (brethren in Christ) have called and begged me to let them take my likeness, because so many friends desired to possess it. Whilst at St. Petersburg, a Christian gentleman came to see me (who, together with his wife, after a state of long spiritual deadness, had been revived in soul through my ministry), and on taking leave of me, with the probability that we should never meet again on earth, begged earnestly for my photograph; but I gave the answer, which has always been given under such circumstances. As recently as during my last stay in London, I received a letter from a photographer, stating that a servant of Christ, who was going to publish the photographs of certain well

known pastors and teachers, desired particularly to include mine amongst the rest; but his application succeeded no better than others of the same kind have done. This very day on which I am now writing, another request for my photograph has been made to me by letter, and many hundreds of times have I thus been entreated for my likeness, but in vain.

And what has been the result of all this? In consequence of my steadfast refusal to be photographed, several *representations* of me (for *likenesses* they cannot be called, as I never sat for one of them) have been published, without my knowledge and against my will. A religious periodical, extensively circulated in America, containing one of these portraits, has gone all through the United States. An enterprising photographer tried once to secure my likeness too, by an instantaneous process, as I was driving in an open carriage up a hill, but was foiled in the attempt. A portrait of George Müller also, with a *most doleful* expression of countenance (conveying not the slightest idea of the happy man he really *is*), has been going the round, and occasionally has come before me, even in the houses of my best friends. In the fear of God, therefore, I have come to this con-

clusion : Since the public *insist* upon having a portrait of me (whether I like to give it or whether I do not), let my beloved Christian friends at least have a photograph that is a *real* and not a false representation of their unworthy brother in Christ ; and especially, let it be one with a pleasant, cheerful expression of countenance, that will glorify and not dishonour the Lord I love ; for our very *faces* even should show forth His praise.

And now in conclusion, I have one earnest request to make, which is this : that (after yielding to the desire for my likeness so very long expressed, and having had it published) my friends will have the great kindness to refrain from applying either to me or to any of my helpers at the Orphan Houses for it, under the supposition that the photograph can be obtained in the form of a "carte-de-visite." *As it has not been published separately from this book, it cannot possibly be had in any other form than is given here.* One especial reason I had for inserting it in the book, and for not allowing it to be published separately, was, that as the amount of work we have at the Orphan Houses is already very great, I earnestly desire that it may not be increased by our having to respond to continual applications by letter

for my photograph, which in all probability would be made, if the likeness could be obtained separately. I am sure, however, that nothing further need be said on the subject, as all my dear Christian friends, who really love and esteem me, will at once see how reasonable and important my request is.

GEORGE MÜLLER.

NEW ORPHAN HOUSES,  
Ashley Down, Bristol.  
*July, 1883.*

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## FIRST MISSIONARY TOUR.

### ENGLAND.

*From March 26th to July 6th, 1875.*

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**A**S the origin of these Missionary Tours has been fully explained in the Introduction to this book, it will be unnecessary to advert to the circumstances which led to them any further. It may therefore now be stated, that on March 26th, 1875, Mr. Müller and myself set off upon our first missionary journey to a few places in England, and began by visiting Brighton, where he preached several times. He held one meeting also at Lewes; and after he had preached repeatedly again at the Presbyterian Church, the Pavilion Dome, etc., at Brighton, we went to London, where, on the evening of May 6th, he addressed a very large congregation at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. On May 8th, we went to Sunderland, where he preached six times, and on the 25th proceeded to Newcastle, at which town he held a meeting at one of the Wesleyan Chapels, and gave a long address to Christian workers at a Union Prayer-Meeting the next day. He preached at Newcastle also on May 26th, and on the



27th we returned to Sunderland. There he preached on the morning and evening of May 30th, attended a Union Prayer-Meeting the following day, at which he spoke for three quarters of an hour, and gave a farewell address on June 2nd. On the 3rd we went again to Newcastle, at which town he held eighteen meetings—making a total of sixty-two since we left home on March 26th—and thence returned to London, where, on June 24th and 25th, he spoke at the Conference Hall, Mildmay Park, and was one of the speakers who addressed about 3,000 persons on the evening of the 27th. On July 1st we went to Notting Hill. There my husband preached at the Talbot Street Tabernacle four times, and on the evening of June 5th addressed 1,500 Christian Workers for nearly an hour and a half at the “Edinburgh Castle,” London—a service which brought his first preaching tour to a close.

On July 6th we returned to Bristol, where, besides working daily at the Orphan Houses, and transacting much business connected with the other branches of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, Mr. Müller preached, as usual, several times ; and after remaining at home for five weeks and four days, we set off again upon our missionary travels.

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## SECOND TOUR.

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

*From August 14th, 1875, to July 5th, 1876.*

ON August 14th, 1875, we went to London on our second tour, of which, for the sake of brevity, it may be desirable to give a very short sketch only.

On the 15th my husband preached in the afternoon and evening at the Mildmay Conference Hall, when on the latter occasion he addressed about 3,000 persons from 1st Peter i. 8 ; and during the 15 days we were in London he preached 14 times altogether. Whilst there, he held several meetings also at the Mildmay Conference Hall for the benefit of young converts. Messrs. Moody and Sankey, after their long service in England, Scotland, and Ireland, had by that time returned to the United States ; and as these devoted servants of Christ, whose labours were so abundantly blessed in the conversion of sinners, were unable to remain long in the places they visited, Mr. Müller had it especially laid upon his heart to preach in the large cities where they laboured, in order that, through his long experience in the ministry of the Word,

he might help young converts, and instruct them more than (from want of time) these brethren had been able to do.

On August 30th we went to Stafford, on our way to Windermere and the Lake District in the north of England, where a few days were spent ; and on Sept. 11th reached Kilmarnock, Scotland, at which town Mr. Müller preached morning and evening on the 12th. At Saltcoats he spoke on the 16th for an hour and a quarter at a Conference, and preached altogether seven times at Kilmarnock in the Churches of that town.

On Sept. 20th we went to Dundee, where on the 21st he spoke at the Conference Hall in the morning to about 1,200 people, and in the evening addressed 2,000 in the same place. On the 23rd he gave an address at a public breakfast, spoke at the Conference Hall again in the afternoon, and held a third meeting in the evening. On Sept. 29th, at St. Peter's, where McCheyne laboured, he preached from Psalm ciii. 3-5 ; held a meeting on the 30th at the Free Memorial Church, preached on the evening of Oct. 3rd at Kinnaird Hall to about 3,000 hearers, and during the 15 days we were at Dundee, spoke 17 times in public altogether. After leaving Dundee and visiting Dalkeith, on Oct. 9th we went to Perth, where Mr. Müller preached five times, and on the 13th proceeded to Glasgow, in which city, at the Convention, he gave two addresses, on the 14th, on the power of the Spirit, speaking on the first occasion to about 5,000 people, and

afterwards (by request) on the same subject to an overflow meeting of 1,200.

On the evening of the 17th, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Glasgow, he addressed an assembly of 3,000 from 1st Cor. xv. 1-2, when, at the inquirers' meeting which followed this service, it was found that 20 persons were impressed, and that one individual had found peace in Christ. Upon four subsequent occasions he preached at the same Theatre; and on the evening of Nov. 3rd addressed a congregation of 1,000 at Kirkentilloch, including eight or ten ministers who were present. On the 9th he spoke to 1,600 Sunday School and other Christian teachers at Glasgow for an hour and a quarter, preached at Queen's Park Free Church on the 10th, and on the 14th spoke at the Marble Hall from Ex. xii. 1-12. On Nov. 17th he held a meeting for young men at Queen's Park Free Church, and on the 18th, at the noon prayer meeting, spoke for the last time at Glasgow. During our visit of 36 days, Mr. Müller spoke 38 times in public altogether, with much help from the Lord, and there is reason to believe that great blessing resulted from his ministry.

Our tour through Scotland would have been continued at that time, but having received an earnest invitation to attend a Convention at Dublin, fixed for the end of November, on the afternoon of the 19th we left Glasgow for Greenock, and went by steamer to Dublin, where, after

a favourable night passage, we arrived on the 20th. On the 21st my husband spoke in the morning at Merrion Hall, and preached in the evening at the same place to a congregation of about 2,000.

On the 23rd he spoke (by request) at the Christian Convention to an assembly of 400, consisting of ministers only, on "What is holiness, and how is it attained?" and in the afternoon addressed 2,000 persons at the same place on "Faith which worketh by love." On Nov. 25th he spoke again at the Convention, gave an address at the noon prayer meeting also on the 26th, and immediately after closing it, gave it over again (by particular request) to an overflow meeting assembled at the United Presbyterian Church close by. On Dec. 3rd he preached at the Metropolitan Hall; and at the Exhibition Palace, on the afternoon of Sunday, the 5th, addressed the largest congregation he had in Dublin—2,500 persons, at least, being present. During the 20 days we were there, he spoke in public 21 times altogether.

Not being able conveniently to remain longer in Ireland, in consequence of having accepted invitations for other places, on Dec. 10th we left Dublin, and went, *via* Kingstown and Holyhead, to Leamington, Warwickshire, where Mr. Müller preached many times to crowds of hearers at the Public Hall, the Wesleyan Church, the Albert Hall, the Congregational Church, and at other places. He preached once at Warwick also, once at

Kenilworth, twice at Coventry, once at Rugby, on Jan. 4th, 1876, and gave a farewell address at the Public Hall Leamington, from Ephes. vi. 10-18, the next evening. During our stay at Leamington of 27 days, including the services just mentioned, and expositions of the Scriptures to visitors at the Arboretum, a large Hydropathic Establishment in the town, he held 46 meetings altogether.

On Jan. 7th we went to Liverpool, as he had been requested to preach for a time at the great Victoria Hall there, erected for Messrs. Moody and Sankey. On the 8th he gave an address at the opening of a small Institution, spoke at the Albion Hall on Sunday, the 9th, and on the evening of that day preached from Psalm xxiii., at the great Victoria Hall, to between 6,000 and 7,000 hearers. During our stay at Liverpool he spoke many times at the Victoria Hall, on Sundays, at the daily noon prayer meetings, and at 7 o'clock every evening to very large audiences, until Jan. 18th, when we went to the Conference at York, where he gave addresses upon different subjects at three meetings, each of which lasted about three-quarters of an hour. On Jan. 22nd we returned to Liverpool, where he continued to hold services at the Albion and Victoria Halls; on Feb. 6th he preached at Toxteth Tabernacle, and continued to speak in public until the 14th. During the 35 days we were at Liverpool, and the 3 in York, he spoke at 48 meetings altogether. Whilst engaged in these services he was greatly

helped by the Lord, and believers and young converts thanked him repeatedly for the blessing his ministry had been to them. At the Victoria Hall one of the orphans, formerly under his care—the commander of a merchant vessel—was converted the *very first evening* through his preaching.

On Feb. 15th we went to Kendal, where, on the 16th, he addressed about 800 people at the Friends' Meeting House, and held three other meetings in the town, including two at the Sand Area Chapel. On Feb. 21st we left for Carlisle, and here, on the evening of the 22nd, Mr. Müller addressed 400 men and women, the work people of Messrs. Cann. The next day we started for Annan, Scotland, a little town of 3,000 inhabitants, at which place, on the 23rd, he preached at the United Presbyterian Church to about 600 hearers. On Feb. 24th we went on to Edinburgh, where the General Assembly Hall of the Free Church was at once kindly placed at his disposal, that he might hold as many meetings in it as he pleased. In this beautiful Hall every Sunday evening, and at the Noon meetings, he addressed very large congregations during the six weeks that we remained in Edinburgh. Besides these services, he preached at St. George's Free Church, at North Leith Free Church three times, at Dr. Chalmers's Memorial Church, at Bristol Street Baptist Church, Barclay Free Church, etc., and held 53 meetings altogether. On April 6th we went to Arbroath, at which place, and at Montrose, he preached eight times ; and at

Aberdeen, where we arrived on April 16th, in 21 days he preached 31 times. In Edinburgh and at Aberdeen he had also two meetings, at which he addressed a number of ministers for upwards of an hour; and at the Free Church College, Edinburgh, spoke to the Theological Students for about the same time.

On May 10th he held a meeting at the Free Church, Ballater; on the 12th preached at Crathie Free Church, near Balmoral Castle; and after he had held three other services at Crathie, we went by stage coach to Bræmar, where he preached once at the National, and once at the Free Church. On our return to Crathie, two more meetings were also held there. Whilst at this village, we became acquainted with a Christian housekeeper living at Balmoral Castle, who kindly conducted us one afternoon through the Queen's residence in Scotland; and, a short time before we left Crathie, Her Majesty arrived at the Castle, whom we saw driving out occasionally, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice.

After our departure from Crathie we went to Inverness, where Mr. Müller preached many times, and remained there until May 31st, when we set off for Wick, about 15 miles from John O'Groat's House, in the extreme North of Scotland. During our short stay at Wick, on the morning of June 1st we took a drive to Canisbury, the parish in which John O'Groat's House is situated, and walked upon the sea-shore, from which the Orkney



Islands can be seen. At 2 in the afternoon Mr. Müller preached at Canisbury Free Church, where the country people flocked in great numbers from their little farms and cottages, three, four, and five miles off to hear him ; and after the service, at 4 o'clock we returned to Wick, where he held a meeting in the evening.

On June 3rd we went back to Inverness, and here he resumed his labours until the 8th, when, in consequence of the death of an aged lady residing at Reading, Berkshire, who had made him her executor, we were obliged rather suddenly to leave ; but during our two visits to this town, including the services at Wick and Canisbury, he preached 24 times altogether.

From Inverness we went—*vid* Edinburgh and London, to Reading, where he preached 13 times, and thence proceeded to London. There, during the 10 days we remained, he spoke ten times in public. These services brought his second preaching tour to a close, and, on July 5th, we returned to Bristol.

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## THIRD TOUR.

## CONTINENT OF EUROPE. \*

*From August 16th, 1876, to June 25th, 1877.*

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AFTER being occupied daily for a few weeks at the Orphan Houses on Ashley Down, and attending to business connected with the other branches of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, besides ministering regularly at the three chapels in Bristol with which he is connected, as Mr. Müller had it particularly laid upon his heart to visit Switzerland and Germany, that he might labour in the gospel in those countries, on Aug. 16th, 1876, we went to Dover, crossed over to Calais the next morning, and proceeding to Boulogne, where we stayed one night, continued our journey afterwards to Paris, where we arrived on the 18th. During our stay in Paris he preached five times at the Congregational Chapel, Rue

\* In the following Narrative, passages which describe cities and places in Europe and America (*marked as being quotations by inverted commas*) have been taken either from "Appleton's Handbook of American Travel," from "Bradshaw's Continental Guide," or from one of "Murray's European Handbooks."

Royale, in English. Before our departure we visited Versailles and Charenton-le-Pont, and availed ourselves of every suitable opportunity upon these occasions of giving away little gospel books in French to the numerous Roman Catholics we met with. On the 28th we started for Dijon, remained there one night, and went on to Neuchâtel, Switzerland, on the 29th. There, during our short visit of one day, we took a drive to Chaumont, on the Jura, 3845 feet above the level of the sea, whence a magnificent general view of the Alps can be obtained, and reached Berne on the 31st.

On Sept. 1st Mr. Müller preached in *German* — for the first time after 31 years — at the Free Church, where, because the crowd was so great, notice was given that the next service would be held at the French Church, a much larger building, in which accordingly a service was conducted on the 2nd. On Sunday afternoon, Sept. 3rd, he addressed a mixed assembly of about 1,800, consisting of pastors, young men, Sunday School teachers, country women in their Swiss costumes, children, etc., at a large Hall called the Festhütte; and in the evening preached for the third time at the French Church, with very great help and power. On the afternoon of the 4th we went to Die Enge, a Hall on the side of a steep hill at Berne, where 150 brethren and sisters in the Lord had been invited by Col. von Büren to meet us. After walking about for a short time outside the building to gaze at

the beauty of the distant Alps, lighted up by the glory of the setting sun, whose departing rays shed a lovely rose-coloured hue over their snowy summits, and hearing this remark: "Le bon Dieu l'a fait exprès pour vous donner plaisir," we partook of coffee with our friends in the Hall, who heartily welcomed us to Switzerland. Mr. Müller then gave a short address, and afterwards allowed the meeting to take a conversational turn, when he answered a number of important questions that were put to him. Whilst at Berne he addressed the girls and teachers one afternoon at Dr. Blösch's Orphan Institution, preached every evening until Sunday, the 10th—when he spoke at the Festhütte, at 3 P.M., to about 1,900 persons—and preached a farewell sermon at the French Church to nearly 2,000 in the evening. The Lord helped him wonderfully, many persons appeared to be greatly impressed, and it was a glorious meeting.

Having before him an immense amount of work, with the prospect of preaching evening after evening for several months to large audiences in the close, heated atmosphere of Churches, Halls, etc.; and desiring a few days of entire rest and relaxation before the short days and cold weather of winter should set in; we decided at this time upon a little excursion amongst the mountains, and accordingly on Sept. 11th started for Lucerne. At that town, which is in full view of Mont Pilatus, we passed one night, and the next morning went by steamer across the lake to

Vitznau, at the foot of the Rigi. Thence we ascended the mountain — which is 5,905 feet above the level of the sea—by cog-wheel railway, and beheld from its summit a view unrivalled for extent and grandeur. The panorama of lake and mountain scenery was magnificent, the horizon presenting a circumference of 300 miles, and including in the prospect 13 lakes, the snowy masses of the Bernese Oberland, the grand range of the Jura from Geneva to Basle, and the mountains of the Black Forest in Germany.

A considerable quantity of snow lay upon the ground in the immediate neighbourhood of the Rigi Kulm, the cold was severe, and, as snow began to fall, we were glad to find shelter, near the top of the mountain, at an hotel. At half past 4 the next morning we rose and ascended the Rigi Kulm, whence splendid ranges of innumerable snowy mountain peaks and distant glaciers could be seen extending far and wide, to which, illuminated as they were by the bright beams of the rising sun, a gorgeous prismatic colouring was imparted; and there we stood for a considerable time, gazing round upon that grand, wild, solitary, silent region with an interest that could scarcely be exceeded.

“ God of stillness and of motion,  
Of the desert and the ocean,  
Of the mountain, rock, and river,  
Blessed be **THY** name for ever !”

At 10 o'clock we descended the mountain, embarked in a lake steamer at Vitznau for Fluellen and Altdorf, and remained at the latter place until Sept. 15th. On the morning of that day we started by diligence for Mont St. Gothard, slowly ascended a mountain Pass by an Alpine road that winds between stupendous precipices of enormous height, dark, frowning, and perpendicular; and after crossing the Pont du Diable, and changing carriages at Andermatt, drove on to the foot of the St. Gothard. From that point a gradual ascent of the mountain (by carriage) was commenced; the grand scenery and bold outline of the rocks becoming, as we advanced, more and more striking and conspicuous; but all was soon obscured by clouds and mists, and we alighted at the Hospice (situated at the top of the St. Gothard Pass, about 9,000 feet above the level of the sea) encompassed by a dense fog. In these regions *above the clouds* the cold was so intense, that we were thankful to accept the very poor accommodation afforded at the Hospice (a little inn intended principally for the reception of travellers on their way to and from Italy), and, in spite of the smoke from the cigars of some Italians that filled the only room with a fire in it which the house contained, were glad to be allowed to share it with them, and with any other travellers who happened to come in. At 10 we retired to our room, which was a very small one without a stove or fireplace, where the cold during the night was severe. The next morning (the 16th) we rose

early, and, finding that clouds and fog still hung over the whole mountain region, concealing entirely the beauty of the grand scenery around, we got into the first diligence that stopped at the Hospice, and went down the mountain at a rapid pace to Andermatt. From there we returned to Altdorf, took the steamer to Lucerne, and went on by rail to Zürich, where we arrived in time for my husband to fulfil the engagements he had made in that town for the 17th. On the following afternoon (Sunday) he preached at the Anna Capelle to a large congregation, the Church being crowded to the utmost, and the staircases and doorways filled ; and in the evening held a second meeting at the same place, which was also very numerously attended.

At Zürich he continued to conduct services every afternoon or evening until the 24th, when he addressed a large audience at the Methodist Episcopal Chapel in the morning, and preached in the afternoon at the Frau Münster—an immense Church—to about 1,900 persons. On Sept. 25th we went by lake steamer to Männedorf, and there were cordially welcomed by Mr. Zeller, successor to Dorothea Trudel, who conducted us to lodgings at a pretty cottage, with vines trained up against the walls, in which she used to live. After Mr. Müller had preached twice at Männedorf, and held two meetings at Wädenschwyl, a small town on the opposite side of the lake, we returned to Zürich ; and on the evening of Sept. 29th he preached at Wytikon, a village four miles distant, where special

arrangements for lighting the Church with lamps were necessary, because evening services were never held. During our two visits to Zürich he preached in that town and in the neighbourhood 18 times altogether.

On Oct. 1st we went to St. Gallen, and afterwards visited Hauptweil, Heinrichsbad (a small Sanatorium), Herisau, Heiden, Niederuzwyl, Mollis, Glarus, and Trogen, and on Oct. 23rd returned to Heiden. At all of these places he held meetings with great encouragement and success, except at Glarus, where the population is partly of an infidel character. Here some young men entered the Hall, evidently intending to disturb the meeting; but the service, nevertheless, was of a most solemn character. On the following evening the number of hearers at the same Hall was considerably larger, and the preacher was listened to with great attention.

From the grandeur and sublimity of their mountain scenery, Mollis, Glarus, and the whole neighbourhood for miles around, are wonderful localities. These are no places, one would think, for infidels; for here, if *anywhere*, the most careless even must be constrained to acknowledge that "the strength of the hills is His also." On Oct. 20th we went to Ragatz (situated in a picturesque spot on the Splügen Road, in the Valley of the Rhine), and on the following morning took a drive to Pfäfers-Bad, three miles distant, in the narrow deep gorge of the Tamina, between perpendicular cliffs of an amazing height,



where, even during the summer months, the sun shines only from 10 o'clock till 4. The hot sulphur springs (temperature 94°) are reached by a road of planks at the bottom of the gorge, which has high precipices on each side of it, only wide enough apart for the Bath House to stand on the level ground between them. This Pfäfers-Bad is considered one of the most curious and remarkable spots throughout the whole of Switzerland.

On Oct. 24th we left Heiden and went to Constance, where, on the evening of that day, Mr. Müller held a meeting at a large Hall of the Insel Hotel, which is situated on an island in the Bodensee, or Lake of Constance. This hotel used formerly to be a Dominican Monastery, and the Hall, just referred to, was the Church originally belonging to the building. An old tower, connected with the Monastery, in which John Huss was imprisoned, is still standing close to the hotel. During our short stay at Constance, three other meetings were held (two of them in the town), and before our departure we visited the Council Chamber at the Merchants' Hall, in which the Council sat by whom Huss was tried and sentenced to be burned at the stake. The spot—now marked by a monument near the Brühl outside, where, in the year 1416, he and Jerome, of Prague, suffered martyrdom, is also one of the interesting places in this neighbourhood.

On Oct. 28th we went to Schaffhausen, visited the beautiful Falls of the Rhine, and on the 29th, at the

Johannes Kirche (an immense building), Mr. Müller addressed a congregation of about 3,000. Upon four other occasions also he preached at the same Church, with great help from the Lord. From Schaffhausen, on Nov. 3rd, we proceeded to Winterthur, and after he had held two meetings there, left for Basle on the 4th. Here, during the fortnight we remained, he addressed very large congregations every evening, either at the great Hall of the Vereins Haus, at a Hall belonging to the Moravians, or at one of the Churches. He addressed the Theological Students of the University also, and spoke for an hour and a quarter to 85 Missionary Students and their Teachers. On the 15th, at Beugen, he held a meeting at an Institution for young men who were being trained for teachers; on the 16th addressed 65 Missionary Students at Creschona, and on the 17th preached at Lehrach. On Nov. 18th we went to Mülhausen, and afterwards visited Strasburg, Stuttgart, Kornthal, Ludwigsburg, Reutlingen, Ober-Urbach, Heilbronn, Karlsruhe, Gernsbach (in the neighbourhood of the Black Forest), Heidelberg, Mannheim, Frankfort on the Maine, Darmstadt, Bonn, Cologne, Düsseldorf, Mülheim, Gladbach, Reydt, Viersen, Crefeld, Duisburg, Essen, Elberfeld, and Barmen, at all of which places important, happy meetings—generally crowded to the very utmost—were held, both at Halls and in the Churches.

At Bonn Mr. Müller addressed the Theological Students

of the University; and at Barmen, spoke to the Missionary Students at the Mission House. Mülheim an der Ruhr, Barmen, and Elberfeld were found by us the green spots (spiritually) of Germany, where it was refreshing to be—on account of the great measure of spiritual life that existed there. The details, however, of all these services are not given, because it is undesirable to make this narrative too long; but it may be interesting to mention that at Stuttgart he was honoured by an interview with the Queen of Wurtemberg, who sent for him to the palace and asked a number of questions about the Orphan Work in Bristol; and on Jan. 13th, 1877, at Darmstadt, he held a drawing-room meeting at the house of the Court preacher, Mr. Bender, giving (by particular request) a short account of his life and labours to a large company of gentlemen and ladies assembled there. Upon this occasion four drawing-rooms were thrown open, and Princess Karl, (mother of Prince Louis of Hesse, husband of the late Princess Alice of England) Princess von Battenburg, and several gentlemen and ladies connected with the Court were present. The two Princesses shook hands with us very kindly afterwards, and expressed much interest in the account which had been given.

On March 24th we left Barmen for Cassel, where, on Sunday morning, the 25th, at half past 9, Mr. Müller preached at the Brüder Kirche to about 500 people, and in the afternoon, at St. Martin's Kirche—the largest

Church in the city—to only between 600 and 700, a circumstance which showed how low the state of spiritual life was at Cassel compared with that of Barmen, Elberfeld, and Mülheim, where the Churches were so thronged, that, even when the rain fell in torrents, they were not large enough to contain the people who crowded to the meetings, though many had to walk to them six, eight, or ten miles. The congregations, however, increased in size continually.

Whilst at Cassel we took a drive to the Palace of Wilhelmshöhe, four miles distant, situated in a beautiful park, surrounded by extensive grounds, where, in 1870, after his ignominious defeat at Sedan, Napoleon III., the late Emperor of the French, was sent as a State prisoner by the present Emperor of Germany.

On March 28th we left Cassel and went to Halle, *via* Eisenach, to visit the Wartburg (an old Castle standing on a steep hill, 1,355 feet in height, where Luther was concealed in 1521) and explored the interior of the building. The sitting-room, occupied by the great Reformer, when he translated the Scriptures into German, is shown to visitors. His chair also, and an old bedstead upon which he slept, are preserved as objects of interest. The Wartburg contains a small chapel likewise, and numerous valuable relics. At 9 in the evening we reached Halle. The next afternoon Mr. Müller spoke at the great Hall of Francke's Orphan Institution from Heb. xi., 4,

and on March 30th gave an address on prayer at the same Hall, upon which occasion he made particular reference to the life and labours of Francke, because the example set by that devoted servant of Christ of founding an Orphan Institution, in dependence upon God alone for help, was a great encouragement to him when he began his Orphan Work in Bristol. Whilst at Halle we went through the Orphan Asylum, founded by Francke in 1698, and visited the different departments of the Institution. My husband called also upon his old friend Dr. Tholuck, Counsellor of the Upper Consistorium of Prussia, and Professor of Theology at the University of Halle, who was then living.

On March 31st we left Halle for Berlin, and on the way there went to Wittenberg, a fortified town on the Elbe, to visit the Schlosskirche, which contains the tombs of Luther and Melancthon. Here, too, we saw the Church doors upon which, on Oct. 31st, 1517, Luther's 95 Theses against the doctrine of Indulgencies were posted up, introducing the Reformation; and at an old Monastery were conducted to the room where he lived as an Augustine Monk, and shown the cup out of which he used to drink. In the market place is a great bronze statue of the Reformer, and another of Melancthon near it. We visited an Oak also, which marks the spot where, on Dec. 10th, 1520, Luther burned the Pope's bulls; saw the exterior of Melancthon's house; and afterwards, continuing

our journey by rail, arrived at Berlin late the same evening. There, as long as we remained, Mr. Müller preached nearly every evening at one of the various places of worship in the city, and held meetings at St. Johannes Kirche, Old Moabit, the Erste Vereins Haus, the Christus Kirche, the Moravian Brethren's Hall, etc. On Sundays he preached regularly twice. The audiences generally were very large. On April 7th, Count Bismarck, (a cousin of Prince Bismarck), came a distance of 125 miles on purpose to see and hear him, because my husband's Narrative had been made a great blessing to his soul.

On the 21st we visited Potsdam, on the morning of the 23rd left Berlin, and in the afternoon arrived at Stettin, Pomerania, near the Baltic. Here Mr. Müller preached several times, and afterwards we visited Lübeck (one of the three great Hanse towns, about 200 miles from Stettin), Hanover, Bielefeld (in Westphalia), Soest (a very remarkable old Hanseatic town), and Ruhrort, at each of which places he preached also repeatedly. On May 16th we arrived at Nimeguen, Holland, where he held a meeting the same evening at the Dutch Reformed Church, and on the 17th visited an Orphan Institution for 450 children, seven miles from Nimeguen, established in consequence of the blessing which has rested upon the Ashley Down Orphan Houses, and carried on in the same spirit in which our own Institution is conducted. There he addressed the children with translation into Dutch, and we after-

wards went through the various Departments of the Asylum. At Nimeguen, Mr. Müller continued to preach until May 21st, when we went by steamer to Arnheim (a beautiful town in Guelderland, on the banks of the Rhine), and afterwards visited Utrecht, at each of which places he held meetings repeatedly. On May 26th we reached Amsterdam, where he preached several times, either in German, or in German with translation into Dutch; and whilst there a letter arrived from the United States, signed by the Rev. E. P. Thwing, and four other pastors, earnestly inviting him to labour in America.

“Amsterdam is built upon piles driven through 5) or 60 feet of peat and sand, and is protected by dykes. Its numerous canals and 95 islands are spanned by 800 bridges. The diamond cutting industry of Amsterdam is the most celebrated in the world, and supports 10,000 workmen, 9,000 of whom are Jews. At Koster's the Kohinoor and other diamonds were cut.”

On June 3rd we went to Zeist, an interesting Moravian settlement, where my husband preached three times, and afterwards visited Haarlem, Leyden, and the Hague (the residence of the Court and Government), at each of which places he held several meetings. Those at the Hague were attended by many both of the upper and the lower classes, but by none belonging to the middle ranks of life. Before our departure from the Hague we spent a few hours at Scheveling, a small sea-port on the Dutch

coast ; and on June 13th left for Rotterdam, where Mr. Müller spoke the same evening at a Conference. The following evening he gave another address at the Conference Hall, and on June 15th preached at one of the Reformed Churches, to a large Congregation. This was his last service on the Continent. During this long tour, there is the fullest reason to believe, that God greatly blessed his labours at all the places that we visited. On June 16th we left Rotterdam for England, viâ Brussels, Calais, and Dover, and arrived in London on the 18th. On the 21st he spoke at one of the Mildmay Conference meetings ; on the 23rd gave an address at the noon prayer meeting, and on Sunday (24th) preached in the afternoon and evening at the Conference Hall to very large congregations. These services brought the labours of his third missionary tour to a close, and on June 25th we left London and returned to Bristol.

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## FOURTH TOUR.

## CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

*From August 18th, 1877, to July 8th, 1878.*

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**A**FTER returning from the Continent, a few weeks were spent at the Orphan Houses on Ashley Down, where everything was found to be going on well; but, after much prayer, considering it to be the will of God we should respond to the letter of invitation received at Amsterdam, and visit the United States, on August 18th, 1877, we went to Liverpool, in order to embark for Canada, having been strongly advised to take the shorter sea voyage to Quebec instead of going to New York. On the morning of Sunday, the 19th, Mr. Müller, spoke at the Albion Hall, in the evening he preached at Toxteth Tabernacle; and whilst we remained at Liverpool held three other meetings.

On Thursday afternoon, August 23rd, we went on board the steamship "Sardinian" (Allan Line) and sailed at 7 in the evening. The following morning we touched at Moville, on the North coast of Ireland; and, after waiting there a few hours, to take in the mails, steamed out into the Atlantic.

Our cabin, the chief officer's deck room, was tolerably comfortable, and the voyage, though rough, was a favourable one upon the whole. Off the Island of Newfoundland, the weather became cold, and the progress of the vessel was retarded considerably by fogs; but on August 30th, the welcome cry of "land!" from the steerage passengers was heard, and when the fog lifted, Belle Island on our right was in full view, at a short distance only from the ship. On the evening of that day Mr. Müller held a meeting in the forecastle for the sailors and steerage passengers, and spoke afterwards in the Chart Room to as many of the cabin passengers as were able to attend. On the 31st we entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence—460 miles in length—where a heavy sea was running, and soon came in sight of the island of Anticosti, inhabited only (it is said) by bears and wolves.

On the evening of that day, Mr. Müller gave an address at a meeting in the saloon, and early on the morning of Saturday, Sept. 1st, the mail bags were landed at Rimouski, where a few passengers went on shore. The remainder of the day was occupied in going up the River St. Lawrence. On its northern bank, a long range of mountain district extends for many miles; and on its southern side close to the river's brink, numbers of white houses—the homes of French-Canadian settlers—are dotted along the shore for a great distance. In the evening, as we drew near Quebec, the "Sardinian" fired guns as a

signal of her approach ; and at half-past eight we reached Point Louis, South Quebec, after a voyage of nine days, six hours and a half, and anchored alongside the wharf. From the landing-place a carriage conveyed us up a steep hill to the Hotel St. Louis, where a number of letters awaited our arrival, containing a warm welcome to America, and numerous invitations for my husband to preach in the United States. On Sunday evening, Sept. 2nd, at the Baptist Church, he preached for the first time in Canada, and the following day at a Hall in the city held two other services. We had happy interviews also with several Christian friends. An abundance of work would have been ready for him at once at various places in Canada ; but as the letter of invitation, received at Amsterdam came from pastors in the United States, it seemed right to go there first, and particularly to Brooklyn, where Mr. Thwing resided.

On the morning of Sept. 4th, some friends took us in a carriage to see the beautiful Falls of Montmorenci, nine miles distant, where the river of that name, after leaping for miles over a rocky bed, rushes with great velocity to the edge of the high rocks over which it falls, and pours its snowy cataract 250 feet into the valley below. Quebec is beautifully situated, and is a place of great historic interest. Near the town are the "Plains of Abraham," and the spot where General Wolfe fell. A monument erected to his memory and to that of Mont-

calm, stands upon it. The Citadel, sometimes called the "Gibraltar of America," is a fortress upon the summit of a very high rock, from which there is a magnificent view of the St. Lawrence, and of the surrounding neighbourhood. At 6 o'clock on the evening of the 4th, we went on board a river steamer, and, after a favourable night passage, at 7 the next morning, arrived at Montreal, where some brethren waiting on the landing-stage asked us to remain; we did not, however, accept their kind invitation, and at 9 o'clock started for Toronto, where, after a long railway journey of 333 miles, we arrived at half-past 11 the same night. On the 6th we went on, viâ Hamilton, to Niagara, and—having decided to remain there till the next day—spent the afternoon in surveying the wonders of the celebrated "Falls," situated on the River Niagara, a strait connecting the floods of Lake Erie and Ontario.

The first distant view of them was rather disappointing; but a closer inspection revealed their magnitude and grandeur to the full. "The waters for which the Niagara (a name signifying Thunder of Waters) forms an outlet cover an area of 150,000 square miles, floods so grand and inexhaustible as to be totally unaffected by the loss of the hundreds of millions of tons which they pour every hour through succeeding centuries over rugged, perpendicular cliffs into the depths beneath."

After driving to a bridge just above the American Falls,

we made a partial circuit of Goat Island on foot, halting at all the chief points of interest. A staircase on the right led first to Luna Island, where, standing by a railing close to the edge of the precipice, we beheld the vast, swift, overwhelming waters of the *American Falls*, 169 feet high, immediately beside us, rushing in a tremendous torrent right over the brink, down into the fearful gulf below. "This, we thought, surpasses everything; surely this must be the grandest Cataract in the world." But it was not; for a few more steps brought us full upon the great Horse Shoe Fall, on the Canadian side of the river, a mighty Cataract 150 feet high, and 1,900 feet in breadth, where with overwhelming velocity and force, "1,500 millions of cubic feet of water" (according to Professor Lyell) rush every hour over the ledge of rocks, forming a huge, boiling cauldron at the bottom of the cliffs. And then the "Rapids!" those wondrous Rapids—which some think equal to the great Cataracts themselves—especially attracted our attention. Just above the Falls, the bed of the Niagara descends about 51 feet in three-quarters of a mile, and there, over rough ridges of rock, great masses of stone and large boulders, its waters surge and foam, in ten thousand fantastic shapes, and in the wildest turmoil, as though frantically eager to rush over the precipices into the abyss below. After seeing the "Rapids" we crossed the river by the new Suspension Bridge, and returned to the Clifton Hotel.

The next afternoon, at half-past 2, we left for New York, travelled in a Pullman's sleeping-car all night, and at 7 on the morning of Sept. 8th reached our destination, after a journey of 446 miles. From the terminus a carriage conveyed us to Brooklyn, "the City of Churches," about seven miles distant, where—at the Pierpoint House—we remained for six weeks. On Sunday morning, Sept. 9th, at Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle (said to be the largest church in the United States), in the absence of Dr. Talmage, Mr. Müller was most affectionately introduced to the audience by Professor Thwing, who in the course of a short speech from the platform, paused for a few moments, and shaking hands with him before the assembled multitude welcomed him to the United States. Mr. Müller then addressed the congregation, and preached for three-quarters of an hour with much help from the Lord. In the evening he spoke again at the Tabernacle, and after the meeting, amongst the numbers who pressed forward to greet us was a sister in Christ, one of the former Orphans from Ashley Down, who has been married for many years.

During our visit to Brooklyn, Mr. Müller held a great number of meetings. On Sept. 12th he spoke at the Fulton Street prayer meeting, New York, and besides his regular preaching, visited Orphan and other Institutions, ministered amongst the Germans (of whom there are about ten millions throughout the United States), and

continued actively engaged in the Lord's service until Sept. 20th, when we went by river steamer up the Hudson, to the city of Hudson, and attended a Convention, where he gave three addresses. On the 22nd we returned to Brooklyn, and on the following morning and evening he preached at Plymouth Church. On the 24th he spoke again at the Fulton Street prayer meeting, preached in German at Newark on the 25th, addressed the German students of the Theological Seminary at Bloomfield on the 26th, attended meetings for pastors, whom he addressed, visited a Homœopathic Institution, preached at Williamsburg, East Brooklyn, on Oct. 7th, and continued day after day to labour uninterruptedly, until Oct. 20th, when we went to Boston, after he had spoken in public at Brooklyn and the other places above mentioned 50 times.

At Boston Mr. Müller began his work by speaking on Sunday morning, Oct. 21st, at Mr. Moody's Tabernacle—a large building which holds 7,000, but where on this occasion, as rain fell heavily, the congregation was comparatively small—and in the evening he preached at Park Street Church. On Oct. 22nd he held a meeting at Berkeley Street Church, and the next morning was called upon by an inquirer, a young man under deep conviction of sin, who, having experienced an overwhelming consciousness of his lost condition by nature, during the sermon of the previous evening, was so affected that he could scarcely speak for weeping. During

our stay at Boston my husband held meetings also at Dr. Cullis's Chapel; addressed the 350 young ladies at Wellesley College, 15 miles from Boston; preached at the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, at Warren Avenue Baptist Church, at Charlestown; spoke at Dr. Cullis's Faith College; addressed 500 school teachers at Cambridge; preached at Dudley Baptist Church, at Boston Highlands, at Clarendon Street Church; visited Dr. Cullis's Institution for Consumptive patients, whom he addressed, when Dr. C. remarked, "But for your example, all this would never have been in existence"—and continued his labours until Nov. 3rd, on which day we went to Newburyport.

There, on the morning of the 4th, at the Old Presbyterian Church—founded by George Whitefield, and where he ministered—Mr. Müller spoke from Isaiah liii., 5, 6, and read out of the Bible which belonged to that eminent servant of Christ, a circumstance noted with interest by the hearers, as this Bible is not generally used. He occupied a pulpit also which stands just above the spot where the remains of Whitefield lie interred. In one corner of the Church a handsome monument has been erected to his memory, and the vault is shown in which his coffin rests; but when the lid was removed, the skull and a few bones only could be seen of the celebrated man, whose voice once reached the ears of tens of thousands, and whose eloquent appeals, in years gone by, made careless, unconverted



sinner tremble. The following inscription is upon the monument :—“This Cenotaph is erected with affectionate veneration to the memory of the Rev. George Whitefield, born at Gloucester, England, Dec. 16th, 1714, educated at Oxford University, ordained 1736. In a ministry of 34 years, he crossed the Atlantic 13 times, and preached more than 18,000 sermons. As a soldier of the cross, humble, devout, ardent, he put on the whole armour of God, preferring the honour of Christ to his own interest, repose, reputation, or life. As a Christian orator, his deep piety, disinterested zeal, and vivid imagination, gave unexampled energy to his look, action, and utterance. Bold, fervent, pungent, and popular in his eloquence, no other uninspired man ever preached to so large assemblies, or enforced the simple truths of the gospel by motives so persuasive and awful, and with an influence so powerful on the hearts of his hearers. He died of asthma Sept. 30th, 1770 ; solemnly exchanging a life of unparalleled labours for his eternal rest.”

In a “Memoir of his Life and Labours,” published in the United States, his biographer remarks that—“His out-of-door audiences consisted of twenty, thirty, and forty thousand at a time, whose singing could be heard two miles off, and Whitefield’s own voice also could be heard at a distance of a mile from where he stood. When exhorting Howell Harris about his people in a letter, Whitefield wrote—“Show them in the map of the Word,

the kingdoms of the upper world, and the transcendent glories of them ; and assure them that all shall be theirs, if they believe on Jesus Christ with their whole hearts. Press them to believe on Him immediately. Intersperse prayers with your exhortations, and thereby call down fire from heaven, even the fire of the Holy Ghost. Speak every time, my dear brother, as though it were your last ; weep out, if possible, every argument ; and, as it were, compel them to cry,—“ Behold how He loveth us ! ” The author of this Memoir further says—“ Present duty was the only thing that ever pressed hard upon him ; past bitternesses he quickly forgot ; future troubles he left with God. He lived one day at a time and lived it *thoroughly* ; exhorting every one around, to follow his Lord and Master.”

On the afternoon of Nov. 4th, Mr. Müller preached again at Whitefield’s Church. During our stay at Newburyport, he held three other meetings, and on the evening of the 7th at the Baptist Church he gave a farewell address. On the 8th we went to Amherst, where there is a College containing 350 students, to whom and to other hearers from the town, my husband spoke for an hour on the evening of that day. During our stay, at the house of President Seelye, Principal of the Institution, the following interesting account of a former College student (a Japanese) was related to us. Whilst in his native country, many years ago, this young man, becoming dis-

satisfied with his gods of wood and stone, happened one day to meet with a Primer for children, written by a missionary in the Japanese tongue, when his eyes lighted upon these words :—" In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Genesis i., 1. The thought, that there was a Being who had *created* the material universe around, the beautiful earth with all its wonders, and the starry host in the spacious firmament above, struck him forcibly. " *That* God (thought he) is the Being *I* will worship;" and for some time he ignorantly, but sincerely, worshipped the God of Genesis i. At length, ardently desiring to learn something more about the true God, he determined to leave the country secretly, and to go to China, with the hope of obtaining further light. At Shanghai a New Testament in the Japanese language was given him, when, on opening the book, he immediately caught sight of this verse :—" God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." John iii., 16. " Whosoever?" (he thought to himself) " that must mean *anybody*, and as *I* am somebody, that must mean *me*." He studied his New Testament with the deepest interest ; *believed* what he read, and, through the teaching of the Holy Spirit, became a decided Christian. Desiring to be more fully instructed in the truth, he determined to go to the United States, and sailed for Boston in a ship belonging to a Christian merchant of that city, who, on

his arrival, became so much interested in the young convert, that he sent him to school at Andover, where he remained three years. After that, he studied for three years at Amherst College, and then returned to Andover, where, at a Theological Seminary—as he intended to become a minister of the gospel—his education was further carried on. Finally he returned to Japan as a missionary, and was the means of bringing his parents and brothers to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. A photograph of this young man was shown to us by President Seelye.

On Nov. 9th we took a drive to Mount Holyoke Seminary, South Hadley, founded by Mary Lyon; a most interesting and important Institution, where, in a large Hall, Mr. Müller addressed the 225 lady students and their 25 teachers. We afterwards walked through the beautiful and extensive grounds connected with the Seminary, were conducted through its various Departments, and visited Miss Lyon's grave. From Amherst, on Nov. 10th, we went to Providence, Rhode Island, where my husband preached four times to large, attentive audiences, and—at the request of the President—addressed the Students of the University. After leaving Providence we proceeded to New York. There he spoke for an hour at the Bible Union meeting, preached at the Baptist Central Church, and at the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association addressed a very large Ger-

man congregation, including about 30 German ministers. On the 15th, at the Presbyterian Church, Orange, New Jersey, he addressed the teachers of 22 different Sunday Schools with reference to their service, when the building was crowded with an immense congregation ; and on the 16th, preached at a Baptist Church, New York.

On Nov. 17th, we left for Jersey City—at which place, as well as at Elizabeth and Morristown, several important meetings were held—and on the 24th, went on to Philadelphia. There my husband began work the next day, and, during our stay, preached many times to crowded congregations. On the evening of Nov. 26th, a meeting for Christian workers was held at Chambers' Presbyterian Church, when he addressed about 1,400 brethren and sisters in Christ for an hour and a half, with great help from the Lord, and on the morning of Dec. 3rd (by invitation) attended a meeting of pastors at one of the Methodist Episcopal Churches, where, at their request, he addressed about 500 ministers of various denominations, who had assembled to hear him. Upon this occasion he spoke to them for an hour and 20 minutes on 15 different points connected with their service for the Lord, and considered this meeting one of the most precious opportunities of witnessing for Christ ever afforded to him in his whole life. Numbers of these brethren pressed round him afterwards, expressed their thanks, and cordially invited him to preach in their churches. In a very short time

also, he received an invitation to address the *Episcopal* ministers on the following Monday morning. On the 4th Dec. he preached at the Scott Methodist Episcopal Church from 1st Tim. i., 15, 16, with great power, when the people appeared to be deeply impressed; and on the afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 9th, spoke at the Hall of a Sunday School, built by a Christian gentleman at a cost of 150,000 dollars. This school (probably the largest in the world) is generally attended by 2,200 children; but, on this occasion, the younger ones having been dismissed, 1,500 only were present. As about 1,500 other hearers, however, were there, he had altogether a congregation of 3,000. The arrangements connected with this Sunday School were the most perfect we have ever seen, and the Hall, where the school is held, is a very large beautiful building. Before our departure from Philadelphia, Mr. Müller preached at Haddonfield, New Jersey, on Dec. 6th and at German Town, on the 7th, to a very large audience, at the great Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. On Monday, Dec. 10th, he attended the united meeting of Episcopal ministers already referred to, when he addressed them for an hour, on ten weighty points connected with their service; 48 were present. At All Saints Episcopal Church, on the evening of Dec. 14th, he preached from the 103rd Psalm, when the church was filled with hearers. No clerical gown was put on, and a few collects only were

read by the minister at the commencement of the service.

On Dec. 15th, we left Philadelphia for Baltimore, where, the next morning (Sunday, 16th), he preached at the largest Methodist Episcopal Church, which was crowded, the aisles, etc., being thronged; and in the evening held a meeting at the First Presbyterian Church, when this building also was filled—many had to stand, and others to go away for want of room. During the whole of our stay at Baltimore, my husband continued to labour uninterruptedly, preaching night after night to immense audiences; but as a minute account of his work in the various cities we visited, throughout our long tour, would take up too much space, a few particulars only of his ministry at the most important places can be given. On Dec. 21st, he spoke at a State Convention, in the presence of about 150 gentlemen connected with jails, reformatories, etc., who had assembled to consider this subject—“Is religious instruction an agent necessary for the reformation of prisoners?”—a question which was answered by him most decidedly in the affirmative.

On Dec. 22nd we went by rail to Annapolis, 21 miles from Baltimore, and by steamer afterwards down the Severn out into the Bay of Chesapeake, which is the largest Bay in the United States. On our return to Baltimore by water, we got into important conversation with some German infidels, and were glad to have opportunities of

giving little books and tracts to them as well as to other passengers on board the steamer. On Dec. 25th, Mr. Müller preached at the Independent Methodist Church, and continued to labour at Baltimore until the 29th, when we went to Washington. There, on the morning of Sunday, the 30th, he preached at the Congregational Church—the largest in the city—and in the afternoon at 3 o'clock at Lincoln Hall. On the evening of Dec. 31st, at Dr. Sunderland's Church, he spoke from Psalm ciii., 3-5, with particular reference to the close of the year, when he addressed his hearers with great solemnity, earnestness, and power.

On Jan. 1st, 1878, the firing of canons early in the morning ushered in the new year, which is a time of much excitement and gaiety in Washington, when the President holds a "reception," and there is a great deal of visiting from house to house. On the evening of that day my husband preached at the Foundry Church, from Exodus xvii. 1-7, when, although it was a time of so much pleasure and amusement, between 700 and 800 people were present. On Jan. 3rd we visited Wayland Seminary, a few miles from Washington, where he addressed 97 male and female coloured students, who were being trained for missionary work: a deeply important service. As they possessed great taste for music, and considerable vocal talent, it was quite a treat to hear them sing; for music—in the Lord's service—being carefully studied at this



Seminary, the sacred pieces which they sang were exquisitely given. In the evening Mr. Müller preached at Dr. Mitchell's Church, from Romans xii. 2, where, after the service, one of the pastors came up to him and said : " God sent you to America, dear Brother. That's *just* the kind of teaching that we want ; something that will rouse and wake up *Christians* as well as the unconverted. God sent you to America, Sir ; of that I am certain." On Jan. 4th he preached at the Calvary Baptist Church, and on the 5th we went to the Virginia Episcopal Theological Seminary, near Alexandria, about 11 miles from Washington, and were driven three miles from the railway station to the Institution in an open carriage in bitterly cold weather, the thermometer being six degrees below zero, that is, it registered 38 degrees of frost. There, in the presence of their professors—4 in number—and the President, my husband addressed 41 young men, students, who were preparing for the ministry and for missionary service ; and about 40 young students from the High School besides, who, with their tutors, had been invited to attend the meeting. On Sunday, the 6th, he preached three times : in the morning at the Metropolitan Church, a very large one, which was crowded ; in the afternoon at Lincoln Hall to about 1,500 persons ; and in the evening at the Foundry Church.

On the morning of Jan. 10th, at half past 9, we accompanied Mr. Shipley, of Cincinnati (by appointment), to

the White House, to be introduced by him to the President and to Mrs. Hayes. They received us with much courtesy, and, after making some inquiries about our work in England, the former entered for half an hour into conversation with Mr. Müller. Mrs. Hayes afterwards conducted us through the White House, a large old mansion, and showed us the State apartments, with the various objects of interest which this residence contains.

On Jan. 11th Mr. Müller addressed about 1,000 Christian Workers, at the Lutheran Memorial Church, for an hour and 20 minutes; and on the 15th spoke to the coloured students at Howard University for an hour, where the work carried on is of a most important character. During the whole of our stay at Washington, his time was fully occupied, and he preached every evening, and sometimes twice a day, as long as we remained. On the 19th we visited the Capitol, which has a dome nearly 400 feet in height; from the top of which the river Potomac, Mount Vernon, Alexandria, Washington, and the whole neighbourhood could be seen, and afterwards walked through the Government Buildings, public offices, etc. On the morning of Sunday, Jan. 20th, Mr. Müller preached at the First Baptist Church, and in the afternoon at 4 o'clock gave a farewell address at the Lutheran Memorial Church to a very crowded audience.

On Jan. 21st we left for Salem, in Virginia, 239 miles from Washington, and on our way passed many of the

places which were the scenes of deadly conflict between the Federals and Confederates during the civil war that raged in the United States many years ago. Near the line of railway Cemeteries were to be seen, filled with long rows of graves placed close together, and marked by white stones, where the corpses of those who were slain in battle lie interred. Alas ! what an awful, melancholy war was *that* ! After travelling for twelve hours, at 8 p.m. we arrived at Salem, a small secluded town, 1,450 feet above the level of the sea, situated in a beautiful valley amongst the Alleghany Mountains. On the following evening my husband preached at the Lutheran Church to a most crowded congregation, consisting of pastors, theological students, ladies, country people, negroes, children, the visitors from the Duval Hotel—where we were staying—its three proprietors, the servants (one woman only being left at home); and an elderly Welch minister from Merthyr Tydvil, for 30 years a resident in the United States, walked seven miles from the country to be present at the meeting. All who could possibly attend turned out to hear George Müller, of Bristol, England, who preached for upwards of an hour, and was listened to with the liveliest interest and attention. On the evening of the 23rd he held a second meeting at the Lutheran Church, and addressed a densely crowded congregation, when the appearance of the building plainly showed that it is not necessary to go to large cities in order to have vast

audiences. Hundreds of young men were present, most of them students from Roanoke College and the Theological Seminary, many of whom were standing at the entrance closely packed together; whilst others sat upon the pulpit platform side by side. The gallery was thronged. At the back of it several young men were standing upon forms, with their heads near the ceiling, and upon the edge of the front seats in the gallery a few boys were perched, with their legs hanging over the pews, in a somewhat dangerous position. Mr. Müller spoke for an hour and 35 minutes, giving (by particular request) some account of his life and labours, and the meeting, which lasted two hours, was a very blessed one. The next morning he spoke at the Theological Seminary to the students, and in the evening preached for the third time at the Lutheran Church, his particular object being to address the young men from Roanoke College and the students of the Theological Seminary. The portion of Scripture from which he spoke was Eccles. xi. 9, 10, and chapter xii. 1.

On Jan. 25th we rose at 4, left the railway station—at some distance from our hotel—at a quarter past six, and travelled, *via* Lynchburg, Dundee, Salisbury, and Charlotte, to Columbia, in South Carolina, where, after a long, fatiguing journey of 378 miles, which it took 21 hours to accomplish, we arrived at half past 3, early on the morning of the 26th, and (by special invitation) went to the house of Chief Justice Willard. The next day,

(Sunday,) Mr. Müller preached in the morning at the Presbyterian, and in the evening at the Methodist Episcopal Church, where, though the congregations were small compared with those in the North, they were large for the Southern States. On the morning of the 28th we went through the State House, the Capitol of Columbia, and were introduced by Judge Willard to the Governor, the Secretary of State for South Carolina, the Comptroller-General, and other government officers. We visited the Senate Chamber also while the senators were sitting, and the House of Representatives, where, on the following morning (by particular request), Mr. Müller opened the deliberations of the day, according to custom, with prayer. At 1 o'clock he addressed the young men and lads at the Reformatory Prison, and, before our departure from Columbia, preached four times at the different churches, giving an address besides to 41 students, with their President and professors, at the Theological Seminary on Feb. 21st. Columbia *was* a fine city once; but two-thirds of it were destroyed by fire during the civil war, and the place, though now re-built, has never thoroughly recovered its former beauty. It is situated on the Bluffs of the Congaree, and used to be celebrated for its delightfully shaded streets, its lovely flower-gardens, and the model plantations in its vicinity.

On the afternoon of the 1st we left Columbia for Charleston, the metropolis of South Carolina, seven

miles from the ocean ; and after a journey of 135 miles, arrived there on the 2nd, at half-past 12 in the middle of the night. There, on the morning of Sunday the 3rd, Mr. Müller preached at the Citadel Baptist Church, and in the evening at Trinity Church ; but in consequence of the rain, which fell heavily all day, the congregations were only small. On the two following evenings he held meetings at the Second Presbyterian Church, addressed the orphans of the Charleston Orphan Asylum on the 6th, in the presence of their teachers and a number of gentlemen and ladies connected with the Institution, and on the evening of that day preached at the First Baptist Church. On the following evening he held a meeting for Christian Workers, and on the 8th preached at Morris Street Coloured Baptist Church, with great help from the Lord, to 1,000 negroes and coloured people, and about 60 whites. On the morning of Sunday, the 10th, he preached at the Bethel Methodist Church, and in the evening at the Citadel Baptist Church, a very large building, where a union service or mass-meeting was held, which was crowded to overflowing, most of the churches in the town having been closed, that their congregations and ministers might be present. On the following morning he addressed a meeting of pastors for an hour and 10 minutes, preached in the evening at the Old Bethel Church for coloured people, and on the 12th held a meeting at the Centenary Church, where an immense congregation of negroes and

coloured persons assembled, many of whom stood in the aisles and outside the doors, whilst numbers were unable to get in.

On Feb. 13th we left Charleston for Savannah, the chief city of Georgia, and travelled all day slowly by "accommodation train" through one of the great American swamps, a morass with stagnant water and luxuriant vegetation on each side of the railway.

"This route lies within a few miles of the coast, and passes through many of these seaside and lowland towns and villages of the State, situated in the midst of the wildest, richest scenery. For miles the rails are laid on piles passing through marsh and morass, and crossing swift rushing streams; but it is in regions of this nature that the grandest and most tropical vegetation is to be found. In this country of miasmas, fever, and excessive heat, where, in the summer months, few but the negro can exist, the most profuse and abundant vegetation thrives luxuriantly. Extensive pine forests, lofty cypresses wreathed with garlands of grey moss, the bay and the laurel covered with the vines of the wild grape or ivy, and immense live oaks, line the road on each side. Wild flowers grow in profusion during the spring and summer, and the canebrake rises to a height of ten, twelve, or fifteen feet. In these regions alligators abound, which delight in the muddy, stagnant waters, and find in them a river home."

We passed many negro log-cabins, built where the ground was tolerably firm; but they were wretched-looking

habitations, damp and miserable, many of them being mere hovels of a most unhealthy character. Though the rice fields, cotton, sugar, and tobacco plantations may be benefited by a constant supply of moisture, the damp heat produced by the sun's scorching rays in summer, as they fall upon this marshy ground, is exceedingly unhealthy, and produces yellow fever, which is often most fatal in the Southern States.

Upon our arrival at Savannah—a beautiful city with plantations of orange and lemon trees growing in winter in the open air, and adorned with geraniums, creeping plants and various choice flowers—we accepted an invitation to the house of Mr. Charles Green, a Christian merchant; and during our short stay were entertained at his mansion most hospitably. Whilst there, Mr. Müller preached at the Baptist, Independent, Presbyterian, and Methodist Episcopal Churches, gave addresses to the girls of the Episcopal Orphan Asylum, of Whitefield's Orphanage in Georgia, and spoke to the children of the Preventive Home. Before our departure from Savannah, we took drives to Buonaventura Cemetery, to Plantation, and to Thunderbolt, and particularly noticed the luxuriant, but peculiar-looking, Spanish moss which attaches itself to the trunks and branches of the trees, and grows in great profusion all through the Southern States. Being of a grey colour, it is unlike European moss, and forms a long, deep fringe, a kind of sweeping, mournful drapery,



which, as it is waved about by the wind, has so melancholy an appearance that it seems appropriate for cemeteries, where it is found in great abundance.

On Feb. 25th, Mr. Müller gave a farewell address at the Presbyterian Church, and on the 26th we went on board the "City of Bridgetown," an "inland route" river steamer, in which, with 136 other passengers, we sailed (viâ Brunswick and Fernandina) for Jacksonville, in Florida. By the term "inland route," is meant a voyage down the river Savannah, across lakes, estuaries, and along wide streams, but inside the land which forms a boundary to the Atlantic Ocean. Our voyage proved, however, most tedious and intricate; for several times the vessel grounded, and as it was necessary to wait for the tide to rise and set her afloat again, great delay and inconvenience were occasioned; but on the afternoon of the 28th, after steaming through a most tortuous water-course, a perfect labyrinth of winding streams, we got safely into the St. John's river, and in the evening reached Jacksonville, after a voyage of 350 miles, which it took 52 hours and a half to accomplish. We arrived too late, however, for Mr. Müller to preach that evening, though the service had been advertised. He held meetings therefore in this city five times only, all of which were numerously attended; and at Polk's Hall, on Sunday evening, March 3rd, there was a union or mass meeting, where a vast audience assembled, which was said to be the largest con-

gregation ever known in Jacksonville. Here, and in Florida generally, vegetation was most luxuriant ; for, as some parts of the coast are only 130 miles from the West Indies, the climate of this State is tropical ; and flowers, fruit, and vegetables were in season, that in most other countries can be obtained only in the summer.

On March 4th, at 3.45 p.m., we left Jacksonville, and travelled all night in a train where the sleeping arrangements were more comfortable than usual. The following day we crossed the Chattahoochee River, and in the course of our journey became interested in a gentleman, very ill in consumption, whose severe cough had reached us often in the night. He had been staying in Florida for the benefit of his health ; but, as he said, " I can't talk," we ventured to hand him a couple of tracts ; " Eternity," and " How is it with you ? " which there is reason to believe he read. The train stopped at Dawson, Eufala, and many other places ; and at 9 o'clock on the evening of the 5th, we arrived at Montgomery, in Alabama, after a tedious journey of 483 miles. Here, desiring to get on quickly to Mobile (in Alabama) Mr. Müller preached a few times only ; and, on the morning of the 9th, we rose at half-past 5, in order to continue our journey further South. In the course of it we passed several large cotton plantations, where cotton of the previous year still remained upon the plants ; peach trees in full blossom were growing wild in great abundance, fir and

pine trees by the million lined each side of the railway, and occasionally "turpentine orchards" containing the fir trees from which turpentine is made, were close at hand. At a distance of about 20 miles from Mobile, we crossed the rivers Alabama and Tombigby—fine broad streams, filled with water to the brim—a few creeks, and a great quantity of marshy ground; and afterwards entered one of the great "swamps," with which the Southern States abound. At length, after 11 hours' slow travelling by "accommodation train," at 7 p.m. we reached Mobile, 180 miles from Montgomery, and were most kindly received there by Judge Horton and his family, to whose house we went. In this city, Mr. Müller held a number of meetings, which (for the Southern States) were numerous attended, and had daily happy intercourse with Christian friends.

Our stay, however, was but short, for on the morning of March 15th we bade them all adieu, and set off for New Orleans, Louisiana, 141 miles distant, where, after stopping at 25 stations, travelling through inlets of the Mississippi Sound, much swamp and water, and crossing the Bay of St. Louis (a portion of the Gulf of Mexico) by a railway bridge two miles in length, we arrived at a quarter before nine, on the evening of the same day.

At New Orleans my husband held many meetings, including services at the Canal Street Presbyterian, Carondelet Street, and Methodist Churches; he preached

also in German, at three different places of worship, and gave two addresses, one to the 250 coloured students of Leeland College, and the other to the coloured students of Straight University, 215 in number. New Orleans, which is the chief cotton mart of the world, contains a large Roman Catholic, French, and Spanish population, and is said to be the most wicked city in the United States. During our visit, Popish processions frequently passed along the streets, and little or no regard was shown for the Lord's Day, when business was carried on as usual. Before our departure we visited the Orange Groves and Lake Pontchartrain; but with this exception, saw very little of the neighbourhood.

On the afternoon of March 29th we went on board the "John Scudder," a large river steamer, and at 6 p.m. left New Orleans, and started on a voyage up the Mississippi, for Memphis, Tennessee. The room we occupied was rather large, and was one of a great number of cabins ranged along the sides of a very long saloon, used as a general sitting and dining-room by the passengers. It had two berths, six little windows—or ventilators—close to the ceiling, and two doors, one of which opened into the saloon. The food provided for the passengers was excellent, but no drinking water was to be had on board, except the unfiltered water of the Mississippi; and this was so full of impurities, and muddy sediment, which formed a thick deposit on the bottom of any vessel where

it was allowed to stand, that we could neither make up our minds to drink it cold, nor in the form of tea or coffee, particularly as it was said to have an injurious effect upon the health. We therefore obtained a jug filled with ice, allowed the ice to melt, and after mixing a little wine with the water, to take off the coldness of it, procured a wholesome palatable draught. On the evening of March 31st, Mr. Müller (by permission) held a meeting in the saloon, when he addressed the passengers, coloured servants, and as many of the ship's company as were able to attend; but though there were a few Christians on board who appreciated the service, the passengers were chiefly worldly people, who amused themselves every evening in the saloon with music, singing, dancing, and card-playing, from which there was no escape, as in our cabin, we could distinctly hear, even if we did not see, all that was going on. The voyage, however, though slow, was a pleasant one upon the whole. The Mississippi, or "Father of Waters," from its source in Minnesota, to its mouth in the Gulf of Mexico, is 3160 miles in length; but the *Upper* Mississippi is considered much more beautiful than the lower portion of the river. Whilst on board, Mr. Müller was occupied a few hours every day in writing the new Report, and on April 3rd, at 6 p.m., we landed at Memphis—situated on one of the Chickasaw Bluffs of the Mississippi—after a voyage of about 800 miles. There we passed the night at an hotel in very uncomfortable

quarters, and, at 11.15 on the morning of the next day, left by rail for St. Louis, Missouri, a city of more than half a million of inhabitants, where, after a journey of 327 miles, we arrived at 7.15 a.m. on April 5th, and went immediately to the Planters' House.

On Sunday, April 7th, Mr. Müller began his work by preaching in the morning at the Second Presbyterian Church, and in the evening at the Pilgrim Congregational, when, upon each occasion, the audience was immense. On the 8th, he gave an address on prayer at the Methodist Episcopal Church, to crowds of hearers, and preached at Pine Street Presbyterian Church on the evening of the 9th. On the 10th and 11th, he held meetings at the Second Baptist and at Lafayette Park Presbyterian Churches, and on the 12th addressed an assembly of at least 2,500 at the Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, the largest in the city. On the 13th, at the German Protestant Orphan Home, nine miles from our hotel, he spoke to 161 orphans in German, in the presence of their teachers and other persons; on Sunday morning the 14th preached at Dr. Brookes's Church, Walnut Street, on the second coming of Christ, and on the evening of that day, at the Mercantile Library Hall, addressed a mass meeting of Germans, about 2,000 in number. On the morning of the 15th, he attended a meeting for pastors—when he spoke to 150 for an hour and 20 minutes—and in the evening preached at a German

Church, at the corner of Autumn and Tenth Streets. On the 16th, a meeting for Christian Workers was held at the First Presbyterian Church, when he addressed a congregation of 1,200, and on Wednesday evening, April 17th, preached a farewell sermon at Dr. Brookes's Church, from the Epistle of Jude, verses 20-21, with great power and solemnity. Throughout the whole of our stay at St. Louis the meetings were exceedingly large, on week evenings as well as on Sundays; and the interest and attention manifested throughout the whole series of services were most encouraging.

On April 18th we rose at half past 5, and commended ourselves to the Lord in prayer for the long journey to San Francisco—undertaken after much waiting upon God—before us; and at half past 8 left St. Louis in a Pullman's car. In the course of the morning we crossed the Missouri, and, the weather being lovely, with vegetation in perfection, the journey was delightful. In the evening we alighted at the supper station to partake of some refreshment, and at 9 o'clock retired to rest. The little room we occupied was comfortable, and the sleeping arrangements were excellent. Our windows remained shut, but as the six ventilators above them were left open, there was thorough ventilation; and, after passing a good night, at 9 o'clock the next morning we reached Council Bluffs. There, after breakfast, at half past 9, we got into the same train; but, having to take seats in one of

the other carriages until the Pullman cars were unlocked, a multitude of emigrants—who were pouring into California at the rate of 1,000 per day—soon surrounded us, amongst whom we distributed some tracts. At Omaha, Nebraska (476 miles from St. Louis, where the Union Pacific Railway begins), we arrived in half an hour; and, after waiting three hours at the station, got into another train, without emigrants, and there engaged a second little private room. At 1 o'clock our journey was resumed, and soon after leaving Omaha we entered upon the prairies, which consist of millions of acres of wild, barren, uncultivated land, stretching away for hundreds of miles in all directions, with scarcely a bush, tree, or plant of any size upon them, and covered only with dry, short, stunted grass. Throughout this district (appropriately called the "American Desert") the cold must often be intense, for there is no shelter for many miles, and nothing to break the force and severity of winter gales. During this portion of our journey the train advanced only at the rate of 15 miles an hour; for, though travelling *apparently* over immense level plains, we were gradually ascending some thousands of feet above the level of the sea. On April 20th, at noon, the engine got out of order, and as we and all the other passengers alighted from the train, there was further opportunity of distributing tracts and of surveying the immense plains around. Some idea could be formed also of the wilderness through which the Children of Israel



passed, on their way to Canaan, the promised land. Soon after continuing our journey, the elevation became greater, and quantities of snow in large patches were seen lying on the ground. Just before reaching Archer, distant ranges of the Rocky Mountains became visible, having peaks covered with perpetual snow ; but, in consequence of defective power in our locomotive, Cheyenne, the dinner station (a town 5,931 feet above the level of the sea, consisting chiefly of detached wooden houses,) was not reached until 4 p.m., when the train drew up at a short distance from the Inter-Ocean Hotel. After leaving Cheyenne, numerous snow sheds were passed, erected at intervals to protect the railway from great snow drifts in heavy winter storms ; and during the night we ascended to Sherman, (8,235 feet above the level of the sea, a point more elevated than the summit of the Rigi, and the highest railway station in the world) where the cold became severe, and the snow in places was several feet deep.

On April 21st all through the day we continued to travel in the midst of a wild, barren, desolate region, with long ranges of lofty, snow-capped mountains in the distance, and snow in great abundance everywhere. There was neither foliage nor vegetation, and though the railway carriages were warmed, the cold outside was piercing. For several hours we passed repeatedly under snow sheds, of which there were considerable numbers ; and, in consequence of our detention on the previous day, arrived at the

breakfast station very late. In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, Evanstone, 6,870 feet above the level of the sea, was reached, and towards the evening we descended gradually towards the valleys, where the wild and desolate character of the scenery gave way to grandeur and magnificence. At Ogden (35 miles only from Salt Lake City, where the Union Pacific Railway terminates and the Central Pacific begins) we arrived at 7 o'clock, and after waiting there an hour and a quarter, changed trains; but were obliged to be satisfied then merely with a "section," as the only little private room in the next train had been engaged. On April 22nd we rose at half past 5, at 9 a.m. reached Elko, Nevada, 5,650 feet above the level of the sea, and afterwards travelled across the American alkali desert, consisting of vast plains covered with sage brush, bounded by long, snowy mountain ranges. At Wells, an elevation of only 5,030 feet above the level of the sea, where the train stopped for half an hour, we observed groups of Indians, wrapped either in scarlet blankets or in striped woollen mantles dyed with brilliant colours. They wore curious looking hats, trimmed with feathers and wide ribbons, and had their faces painted with patches of vermilion. At some of the stations a few Chinese also were standing about, with their hair plaited in long tails, reaching nearly to the heels. At Bewawe and Battle Mountain there were more Indians, and towards evening we reached Winnemucca, where several copper-coloured men

and women gathered round the train. On the morning of April 23rd, at a very early hour, we entered California, and then the ascent of the Sierra Nevada Mountains became so steep that two locomotives were employed to draw the train up hill. At short intervals strong wooden snow sheds, like tunnels, had been erected, as a protection to the railway against injury from heavy snow drifts; but they could be regarded only as necessary evils, on account of the interruption they occasioned to the possibility of seeing everything around. At 6 o'clock we reached Summit Station, 7,042 feet above the level of the sea, an elevation to which the train had been gradually mounting in the night, and here a magnificent prospect of indescribable grandeur suddenly burst upon our view. Far above the station innumerable mountain peaks were towering towards the sky; the sun, which shone brilliantly, lighted up the snow to a whiteness that was dazzling; deep abysses, chasms, and ravines surrounded us; millions of pine and fir-trees were growing up the mountains' sides; and thousands of feet far down below, valleys clothed with the richest verdure, added beauty to the scene.

During the construction of this wonderful mountain railway, it is said that the sum spent upon blasting-powder alone amounted to a million dollars. At 8 o'clock the door of our compartment was thrown open, and the conductor called out, "Cape Horn!" when all the passengers jumped up immediately and looked intently out of window,

for the train was travelling slowly along the very edge of a precipice, 2,450 feet in height; a point from which an extensive landscape of great beauty could be seen extending far and wide. After leaving "Cape Horn," we crossed a timber bridge, erected over a portion of the valley, proceeded to "Emigrant's Gap," thence to Colfax, and afterwards descended the mountain with a rush, further on into California, where the weather was warm, and the country looked most beautiful, the trees being covered with foliage, and the ground highly cultivated everywhere. For many miles we passed rich meadow land, and numbers of large trees; the fields were covered with grass, intermingled with brilliant masses of wild flowers; lupines, eschcoltzias, wild roses, geraniums, etc., were flourishing in many places, and millions of Californian poppies of an intense yellow, deepening into orange colour, outshone all the rest. An American gentleman once said: "I never saw flowers till I saw them in California." At half past 10 we arrived at Sacramento, and, after remaining there an hour, travelled all day through a beautiful part of the country, favoured with fine summer weather. In the course of the afternoon Livermore and Niles were reached, the train stopped a few minutes at San José, and finally we arrived at Oakland, a suburb of San Francisco, where two gentlemen entered the carriage who welcomed us cordially, and earnestly invited my husband to preach there. At 5.35 we alighted at the station, where two

brethren were kindly waiting to receive us, with whom we went on board the "El Capitan," a large ferry steamer; and, after crossing the Bay, landed at San Francisco, where our friends conducted us to the rooms they had engaged at the Palace Hotel.

Thus ended our journey of 2,390 miles (from St. Louis), accomplished in six days and five nights, the longest railway journey we had ever taken at one time; and truly thankful to the Lord were we for His protecting care during our travels, and for the comforts of the resting place now provided for us.

On the evening of Friday, April 26th, at the lecture room of the Calvary Presbyterian Church, Mr. Müller gave his first address at San Francisco; and, after the meeting was over, James Wilkinson, an orphan formerly on Ashley Down, came up to speak to him. He had been living in the United States for fifteen years, and was not only converted himself, but had been used by the Lord as an instrument of great blessing to the souls of others. On Sunday morning, April 28th, Mr. Müller preached at the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, Tyler Street, to about 1,800 people; in the evening he addressed nearly 2,000 at the same church; and on the 29th preached at the Metropolitan Temple to a congregation of 800.

On the 30th, a gentleman called in his carriage and took us for a drive to Cliff House, seven miles distant, near the Golden Gate, a strait two miles wide, which leads from the

Bay into the Pacific Ocean. Many years ago the spot on which San Francisco now stands was covered with hills formed of sand, blown there in immense quantities from the shores of the Pacific by the strong winds which constantly prevail ; but now a " magnificent city " (as some call it) has been erected upon the site that formerly was nothing but a barren waste. Upon arriving at the coast of the Pacific, we took a walk upon the beach, a vast region composed entirely of sand, which, as no rain falls in California from the middle of April until October, becomes extremely troublesome, because it is blown inland in prodigious quantities for miles by the trade winds, for which that locality is noted. During the winter rain falls every day ; but frost, except in the mountains and northern portions of the State (generally speaking), is unknown. During our walk the tide was nearly high ; but when low, beautiful shells in great variety are found upon these shores. After walking some time upon the sands, our friend conducted us to Cliff House, an hotel built upon a high rock overlooking the ocean, where, from a balcony, we had an opportunity of observing the sea-lions, by which the rocks that stand out in the sea are frequented. Hundreds of these curious, amphibious creatures were there, with their pointed heads, and bodies shining with salt water. Some were basking in the sunshine on dry portions of the cliffs, others were plunging into the sea, several were climbing up sloping places on the rocks, and

others were barking discordantly. Soon after our arrival at Cliff House, a young waiter introduced himself as the brother of Emma Evans, one of the orphans formerly on Ashley Down. He knew we were in the United States, and having often heard Mr. Müller preach in Bristol years ago, recognized him with great delight, and before our departure presented us with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, as a little token of his gratitude.

After our return to San Francisco, on the evening of that day, my husband preached at the First Congregational Church, to a large assembly, with great help and earnestness. Amongst the congregation were some Chinese, who occupied front seats near the pulpit. On the afternoon of May 1st we visited China Town, situated in a part of San Francisco called Sacramento, which is thickly peopled with Chinese, where thousands of them live. The ground floors of many of their houses contain shops filled with curious and costly articles, manufactured by the natives of China and Japan; but most of the Chinese live down in places like cellars underneath their shops, where they dwell crowded together, smoking and eating quantities of opium. On the evening of that day, Mr. Müller preached at Broadway German Methodist Episcopal Church, when he addressed a large number of Germans in their own language; and the following evening held a meeting at a church in Howard Street. On May 3rd, we walked to the top of a hill not far distant,

and from it looked down upon the Bay, and upon San Francisco.

“The first house ever built there was in the year 1835, which was the commencement of a village, afterwards called ‘Yerba Buena,’ or good herb, from a medicinal plant growing in great abundance in the vicinity. At the present time, great numbers of eucalyptus trees flourish in the neighbourhood; which, from their sanitary properties, are considered a great blessing to the people. In 1847 the name of the city was changed to San Francisco; in 1848 (the year that gold was first discovered in California), the population had grown to 1,000; and from this small beginning it steadily increased, until in 1870 it reached 149,482. Now, the city contains about 256,000 inhabitants, including 50,000 Chinese, and many thousands of negroes.”

On the evening of that day, Mr. Müller preached at the Calvary Presbyterian Church, to about 1,200 people, when he spoke for nearly an hour and a half, with great power and earnestness. On Sunday, May 5th, he preached in the morning at the First Baptist Church, and in the evening at the Calvary Presbyterian, from Romans viii., 28-30, when the Church (a very large one) was crowded to the utmost, the body of the building and the galleries being so thronged, that numbers who could not gain admittance went away. His appeal to believers, and words of warning to the unconverted, were of a weighty, solemn cha-



acter. Several gentlemen and ladies occupied seats upon the platform, and the steps leading up to it were filled with hearers. On the 6th, at 2 in the afternoon, he attended a meeting of pastors belonging to the city and the State (some of whom came a distance of 20, 30, and 50 miles in order to be present at the meeting), when he addressed about 150 of his brethren in the ministry for an hour and 20 minutes. In the evening at the Tabernacle, Tyler Street, he preached a farewell sermon. The congregation was large; numbers took leave of us as they left the building, and a beautiful bouquet of choice flowers was handed in as a parting gift by a gentleman who once lived in England.

On May 8th we left San Francisco and went to Oakland, where Mr. Müller preached in the evening at the First Baptist Church. On the 9th he addressed 1,000 people at the First Congregational Church, and on the 10th preached to about the same number at the First Methodist Church. On the 11th a gentleman took us in his carriage to visit the University of California, six miles distant, which stands upon high ground, commanding a distant view of the Bay, Government Island, Goat Island, etc.; but we could see only the exterior of the buildings, as they were closed to visitors on Saturdays. On our return we drove through Oakland, a name derived from the fine groves of "live oaks," in the midst of which the town was originally built. These trees are not ornamental only,

but they serve to screen the place from the fierce gales that blow through the "Golden Gap" in summer, to the force of which Oakland is particularly exposed; for the climate of San Francisco and the neighbourhood has this peculiarity, that in summer the strongest and most trying winds prevail, though, at all times of the year, trade winds from the Pacific set in every morning at 11 o'clock, and last for about five hours. During our drive, the only discomfort was the dust, which, from the lack of rain in this country, soon becomes extremely troublesome; and the scorching heat of the sun would have been overpowering, if it had not been tempered by breezes from the Bay. On Sunday morning, May 12th, Mr. Müller preached at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, from 1st Chron., 4-10, to a large, attentive audience, and, when the service was over, Sheang Chack, a Chinese convert, who labours amongst his own countrymen, came to shake hands with us.

In the evening my husband preached at the First Presbyterian Church, a large building in the shape of an amphitheatre, where there was a "Union Service," all the principal churches having been closed, that their congregations might attend this meeting. He spoke for an hour from Lamentations iii., 22-26; but the crowd was so great that hundreds were unable to obtain admittance. After the service, a pastor said—"We have had a glorious [meeting]." On the afternoon of the 13th, Mr.

Müller addressed the young ladies at Mills' Seminary, six miles from Oakland ; in the evening he preached in German at the Methodist Episcopal Church ; and on the following day attended a Sunday School State Convention at San Francisco, where he addressed many hundreds of Christian Workers for an hour and a quarter.

Early on the morning of May 15th we left by rail for Santa Cruz, in South California, on the Pacific coast, 120 miles from San Francisco; and after a tedious journey reached our destination at 4 o'clock. Rooms had been engaged for us at Pope's Cottage, a boarding-house in a lovely situation on a hill, about a mile from the sea shore ; and in the evening at 8, Mr. Müller preached at the Methodist Episcopal Church, where we were heartily welcomed both by the pastor and the congregation. On the following evening, he held another meeting, also at the same church.

On the 17th we went by rail to Felton, seven miles from Santa Cruz, to see some of the "*Big Trees*," for which California is celebrated ; and after crossing a rustic bridge and passing through a shady glen, reached a secluded spot, where the large trees became more immense than usual. Some of them are of gigantic growth, and shoot up their tall, straight trunks, like towering masts into the sky. The largest of these trees is 62 feet in circumference ; its height was originally 371 feet, but the upper portion of the trunk having been blown off, its present

height is only 296 feet. It is a kind of cedar, called the "red wood," belonging to the "Sequoia Gigantea" species; but in other parts of California, there are "Big Trees" considerably larger than the ones we saw. At Mariposa, for instance, the "Grizzly Giant" is 107 feet in circumference, 34 in diameter, and 400 high; and the first branch (nearly 200 feet from the ground) is 8 feet in diameter. In the evening, after our return, Mr. Müller preached at the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the third and last time at Santa Cruz, as, in consequence of other engagements, we were unable to prolong our stay.

On May 30th, at 9.30 a.m., we set off, *viâ* Pajaro, for San José (pronounced *Yozée*); and, after a journey by rail of 70 miles, arrived there in the afternoon at half-past 2. At the Auzierais Hotel, the following letter from a pastor at Oakland, was awaiting our arrival:—

"Oakland, May 15th, 1878.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I have just returned from our prayer meeting, and it may be a source of gratitude and encouragement to you to know, that very many testimonies were given to the great benefit received from your ministrations here. In fact there is evidence on every hand, that the seed you have sown, has taken root in many hearts. The faith of God's children has been greatly strengthened, and principles of divine truth and Christian life have been received through your teaching, which will

be of great good for *many many* years to come. I rejoice with hundreds of others here, that God has led you to these shores, to teach us the way of God more perfectly. May the Lord wonderfully sustain you and your good wife, in your labours from place to place. You will have the prayers of a host of brethren beloved, who will henceforth have a great interest in you personally, and a still deeper interest in the cause of our dear Lord which you are labouring to promote.—With much love and gratitude for your faithful services, I am

“YOUR BROTHER IN CHRIST,

\* \* \* \*”

That night at 8 o'clock, Mr. Müller preached for the first time at San José, at the Methodist Episcopal Church, where, though it was Saturday evening, there was a large congregation. He preached also on the morning and evening of Sunday the 19th, to crowded audiences at the same Church. At the close of the latter meeting, numbers of friends came forward to shake hands with us, who, in the warmest terms, expressed delight at our visit to their city. “San José is in the middle of the Santa Clara Valley; and, in consequence of its healthful climate, which is a medium between the cold winds of the coast, and the hot valleys of the interior, is much resorted to by invalids. One street is occupied entirely by French inhabitants, and another quarter only by Chinese.” During our stay there, on

May 20th, we took a drive through Alameda Valley, to Santa Clara, a beautiful little town three miles distant, which contains several Churches, Schools, and the Pacific University. Here Mr. Müller preached twice ; and besides the inhabitants of Santa Clara, several persons from San José came over to attend the meetings ; but we remained one night only, and late on the evening of the 21st returned to San José.

The next morning a letter arrived from San Francisco, written by a lady, who earnestly commended her only daughter to our prayers. This young person was converted at the age of 15, but two years afterwards became a prey to the delusions of Spiritualism, to which she clung tenaciously for nine years. At San Francisco, however, she heard Mr. Müller preach several times, and was so impressed by one sermon in particular, that her poor mother fully hoped she would be restored to soundness in the faith. She wrote—"You are the first person who has found the way to her heart for these nine years. She crossed the Bay last Sunday morning to hear you, and says she would not have lost that sermon for 100 dollars. Oh ! *how much* I wish you could see her ! but, as you cannot, what I want is, that you will make her case a special subject of prayer. She is dearer to me than my own life, and I would be willing to die a thousand deaths to save her. Oh ! help by your prayers.—Mrs. ——."

Early on the morning of May 22nd, we went by rail to

Stockton, 70 miles from San José, where, at 3 in the afternoon, Mr. Müller addressed 22 pastors, and about 130 other Christian workers for an hour and ten minutes, and, during our short stay, held two other meetings. At Stockton the heat became oppressive, and walking out of doors in the middle of the day was given up. There, too, at night we had terrible conflict with the mosquitos; but though we killed them by the score, could do very little in the way of exterminating the foe, so that our visit to Stockton was marked by a regular mosquito war. Our rest at night was so disturbed, that we were scarcely fit for travelling; but, having been repeatedly advised by several Christian friends, on no account to leave California without visiting the celebrated Yosemite Valley, in that State; and as my husband desired to have a little break for a few days, after so much constant preaching; on May 24th, at 8 a.m. we left by train for Milton, 30 miles from Stockton. There, a large, old-fashioned conveyance, combining coach and omnibus together, was waiting for the passengers, into which we, and several others stepped; and—drawn by four horses—were driven off towards the Sierra Nevada mountains. For some miles our road lay across an open plain, without houses, where the scanty vegetation was nearly burned up by the sun's scorching rays, and what little wind there was resembled a sirocco; but, after a drive of fourteen miles, we arrived at Copperopolis—so called from the quantity of copper ore found there. At one

o'clock, after changing horses, we left Copperopolis—reached Chinese Camp, eighteen miles further, at 4; and, after getting into a smaller conveyance, at 6 o'clock continued our journey, with only one gentleman passenger besides ourselves. Though often told that travelling by Californian stage-waggon would prove an adventure *never* to be forgotten, scarcely were we prepared for the unpleasant jolting that now awaited us. Our coachman drove furiously. Rough and smooth, hill and dale, all were alike to him. Now we were driven over one great stone, and then came into collision with another; and as for a drag, going down hill, such a thing was never thought of. The man was doubtless an experienced driver, or at any rate he was a fearless one; but, being ourselves sober-minded persons, unaccustomed to such "go ahead" proceedings, we should have been thankful to take things more quietly; and besides this, desired greatly to reach our journey's end, with no bruises and without broken bones. Through the Lord's kindness, however, we reached Priest's Hotel (on a high hill, twelve miles from Chinese Camp) in safety, where we alighted for the night; and, after a journey of eleven hours and a half, retired immediately to rest. Our room was small, and reminded us of the little apartment we occupied at the Hospice on Mount St. Gothard, Switzerland, but it was comfortable, and not a single mosquito was there to disturb our night's repose.

The next morning we rose punctually at 4, and at 5 our



journey in another stage waggon, drawn by five horses, was continued. The early morning air was cool and pleasant, and the sky unclouded; but our new driver urged on the horses also to their utmost speed, and, after rattling up and down steep declivities, and galloping along rugged roads, we reached the end of a stage of about 18 miles, and got into another waggon. Our next coachman, happily, was of a different mould, for he conducted us slowly and carefully along. At 12 we reached the dinner station, and at 1 set off again in another waggon, with five fresh horses. At 3 o'clock we alighted at some "Big Trees," the largest of which was 66 feet in circumference, and 420 feet in height; and, through the trunk of a tree partially burned down, a road was being made, wide enough for two carriages side by side to be driven between the outside portions of the stump. After leaving the "Big Trees," our journey was continued, and, having gradually all the morning been going up hill, an elevation of about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea was shortly reached, where much snow lay upon the ground. At about 4 o'clock we began gradually to descend into the Valley; and, as the waggon was slowly driven down hill, the wonders of the great Yosemite (pronounced Yozemitty) at every turn broke in upon us. Stupendous perpendicular precipices, as we advanced, reared their gigantic summits, like enormous walls into the sky; the Bridal Veil Waterfall, with its rainbow hues, looked beautiful; whole ranges

of rocky peaks and towering heights were seen ; and one Cataract succeeded another, until at last, soon after 6 o'clock, we drove up to Barnard's Hotel, exactly opposite the Falls of the Yosemite.

The next morning (Sunday, May 26th) Mr. Müller preached in the large dining-room of the hotel, where he addressed the visitors of the house, and of the two other hotels in the Valley. A gentleman from San Francisco, another from the Eastern States, a lawyer from Washington, two gentlemen from England, some ladies, and a number of other persons formed the congregation. After the service we conversed with several, and distributed little books and tracts amongst them, which were gratefully accepted. Being without hymn books, there was no singing ; and our only music was the thunder of the Cataract close by.

The next morning we surveyed the " Falls of the Yosemite, three in one, formed by a stream of water which takes a leap of 1,600 feet from the top of the rock into a vast basin of rock, where, gathering strength, it again leaps forth a distance of 434 feet, and, falling between the North Dome and the Three Brothers, rebounds, and takes its final plunge of 600 feet into the Valley. Twenty-four thousand gallons of water roll over the edge of the cliff every minute ; and probably no Falls in the world can be compared with these in *height*." During our brief sojourn in the Yosemite, we visited all its chief points of interest.

“ This Valley is on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, and is a narrow gorge about 10 miles long and half a mile in width, enclosed within gigantic granite precipices like monstrous walls, which rise, almost unbroken and perpendicular, to a height of from 4,000 to 6,000 feet above the green, quiet vale beneath. Its most remarkable features are its perpendicular walls, and their great height, as compared with the narrow width of the Valley. In the spring and early summer it is one vast flower garden, and plants, shrubs, and flowers, of every hue, cover the ground as with a carpet. El Capitan is the most prominent attraction it contains, which, though not as high as some of its giant neighbours, is remarkable for its isolation, height, prodigious breadth, bold shape, and defiant attitude, as it stands up like an enormous wall, the Great Chief of the Yosemite. It is 3,300 feet above the Valley, —which is itself 4,000 feet above the level of the sea— is solid, massive, seamless, thousands of millions of tons in weight ; and its grey granite sides, destitute of vegetation, are perpendicular.”\* The Bridal Veil Waterfall leaps a distance of 940 feet into the Valley, and a beautiful rainbow was produced by the sun's rays as they fell upon it. From Artists' Point and Inspiration Point, a fine general view of the Yosemite is obtained ; and three miles off is Mirror Lake, at the foot of, and between the North and South Dome, which reflects every rock, ledge,

\* “ Nordhoff's California.”

and mountain like a mirror. The Cathedral Rocks, the Sentinel Rock, the Three Brothers, etc., also form a portion of the mountain scenery. The Vernal Fall (or Cataract of Diamonds) and the Nevada Falls, in wild, romantic situations, are also grand and beautiful; but, as the wonders of this neighbourhood, if entered into fully, would require a volume, a minute description of them cannot be attempted.

On May 29th we rose at half past 4, and at 6, after taking outside seats, started, with ten other passengers, in a stage waggon, drawn by five horses, on our return journey. Our drive *up* the mountains, which was slow and gradual, occupied several hours; but in the afternoon we began to descend them on the other side, when the road became wider and the route less solitary, and at 4 o'clock a cart approached, in which a man and woman were seated. They drew up on one side of the road to let us pass, when, just as our waggon reached the spot, the woman stood up and eagerly called out, "Is that George Müller?" "It is," was the reply. "Then I *must* shake hands with you, Sir. I have read your 'Life of Trust,' and it has been a *great blessing* to my soul." With this the good woman leaned forward and stretched out her hand; we shook hands also with her husband; but who they were, and whence they came, we knew not, nor was there any time to ask. Her last words were, "Pray for me!" After changing horses twice, towards evening we reached

a district upon level ground, which had been cut up into a vast number of furrows and channels for gold digging, where hundreds of acres had been cleared completely of the precious metal. At 6 o'clock we reached Priest's Hotel, and were afterwards driven at a rapid rate down the steep hill close to it. A ferry boat then conveyed us across the Tuama River whilst seated in the waggon; the horses waded through Wood's Creek, and at last we reached the Garret House, Chinese Camp, where at half past 7 we alighted for the night. The next day we rose at half past 3, and at a quarter before 5 were again "en route." At the Union Hotel, Copperopolis, we arrived in two hours and three-quarters, and at half past 10 reached Milton, from which place we went on immediately by rail to Stockton, where our luggage (which had been telegraphed for) was sent to meet us at the station.

At a quarter past 12 on the same day (May 30th) we left for Sacramento, the capital of California, 48 miles from Stockton, where Mr. Müller preached at one of the Churches in the evening to about 1,000 persons. The next morning, at 10 o'clock, he held another meeting, and in the evening preached, for the third and last time, at Sacramento to a very large audience.

On June 1st, at 2 p.m., we set off by the Central Pacific Railway for Salt Lake City; on the 2nd distributed little books and tracts amongst the passengers, by whom the train was crowded; and at 8 a.m., on June 3rd, reached Ogden,

where, branching off for Salt Lake City, the capital of Utah — 1,068 miles West of Omaha, and 916 East of San Francisco—we arrived at 11.40 the same morning. “ It lies in a great valley, extending close to the Wahsatch Mountains on the North, with more than 100 miles of plains stretching towards the South; beyond which, in the distance, rise snow-covered mountains, the highest of which is 11,400 feet above the level of the sea. The waters of the Great Salt Lake are *so* salt, that no living creature can exist in them. The city covers an area of nine square miles, its streets — or roads — are long and very wide; and, as each dwelling has a garden, or orchard, the whole place looks like one large plantation.” In the evening, at the Congregational Church, Mr. Müller preached the gospel in this city (which is the great stronghold of Mormonism), in the plainest, clearest, most decided manner; and on the following day had interviews with several Christians.

Before our departure we visited the great Mormon Tabernacle, said to hold 18,000 people. It is of wood, and has 46 pillars of red sandstone, with an immense dome resting on them like a roof; but it did not look large enough to contain more than from 9,000 to 10,000 at the utmost. Lion House, the former residence of Brigham Young, was also pointed out. His body lies buried in a miserable, neglected piece of ground—a sort of back yard—and his grave is covered by a large, flat

stone, bearing an inscription ; but what the epitaph upon it was, we did not care to ascertain. The residences of his 18 wives are also in the city. From Camp Douglas, a military station which stands upon an eminence outside the town, Salt Lake City appears embowered in trees, and little more than the roofs of the houses are visible.

In the evening Mr. Müller preached at the Methodist Church, where he addressed a large congregation, including several Mormons ; and after the service conversed with many of the hearers. Having been told that his ministry was more needed at Salt Lake City, than at almost any other place in the *world*, he greatly regretted being unable to hold other meetings ; but as our time was limited, and engagements had been made for other places, we could not possibly remain. The morning of June 5th, therefore, was fixed upon for our departure, when we rose at a quarter before 5, and at 7 o'clock left by train for Ogden, 35 miles distant, whence, after engaging a "section" in a Pullman's carriage, we set off, at 10, by the Union Pacific Railway, for Omaha.

The train (a very long one) was full of passengers, and, when seated in the carriage, we heard that a gentleman, an invalid, had died suddenly the night before, whilst travelling on the Central Pacific Railway. After he had retired to his berth, a violent fit of coughing came on, which occasioned the rupture of a blood vessel, and in three minutes he was dead. He was not accompanied by

any relative or friend. Some railway officials carried his body immediately into the smoking compartment; but though the circumstance was concealed from the other passengers as much as possible, the sad event soon became generally known. On the 6th we breakfasted at Rock Creek; reached Summit House, Sherman, 8,235 feet above the level of the sea, at half-past one; dined at Cheyenne; and, after travelling for some hours, reached the prairies on which there were a few wild antelopes and immense herds of cattle, followed by men on horseback keeping them together. At 2 o'clock, on June 7th, we reached Tremont, and at 4.30 arrived at Omaha, a journey of 1,032 miles from Ogden. At a quarter before 5 our journey was continued, when, after crossing the Missouri, we went on to Council Bluffs, and there got into a train with an hotel car attached to it, containing a kitchen and a dining-room. On June 8th we rose early, breakfasted at 7 in the dining-room, reached Davenport at 11, and, after crossing the Mississippi, arrived at Rock Island, the other side of the river. Later in the day we crossed the Illinois, and at 4 in the afternoon arrived at Chicago, after a journey of 503 miles from Omaha.

On Sunday morning (the 9th) Mr. Müller preached at the First Congregational Church, to about 1,500 people; and in the evening held a meeting at Mr. Moody's Tabernacle, which seats 3,000. It contained an immense audience, and numbers—including the choir—were on the platform



“Hold the fort, for I am coming,” was sung with great spirit at the opening of the service, the vast audience joining heartily in the chorus ; and after prayer and the reading of the Scriptures, my husband spoke for an hour with much help and earnestness. When the meeting was over, William Howell, an orphan, formerly on Ashley Down, who left in 1860, came up to shake hands with us. He was delighted to meet his early friend and benefactor.

On the following afternoon, Mr. Müller spoke at Farwell Hall for an hour and a quarter to an audience of about 2,500, including many pastors ; after the meeting we shook hands with multitudes, amongst whom were two more Orphans, formerly on Ashley Down, and on the morning of the 11th, we took a drive with some friends through Chicago, when the scene of the great conflagration of October, 1871, was pointed out.

“It had its origin in a small wooden barn or cow-shed, in the Western district of the city, and, the fire gradually increasing, the flames, fanned by a strong westerly wind, at last raged like a furnace, sweeping everything before them ; so that stone, iron, brick, and other hard substances were burned up like chaff, the intensity of the heat being indescribable. From the very outset the fire had been completely beyond the control of any human agency, and it was only after it had raged with the utmost fury for upwards of four and twenty hours, that a great storm providentially drenched the city, and stopped the

progress of the flames. The number of buildings destroyed was 17,450, and 98,500 persons were rendered homeless ; but the hearts of millions were touched by the catastrophe, and from all parts of the world contributions for the relief of the sufferers were sent in. Three millions and a half of dollars promptly came to hand, and were the means (under God) of saving Chicago from the horrors which usually follow such an awful calamity."

On the afternoon of that day, Mr. Müller preached again at Farwell Hall ; and in the evening we attended a "reception," at a gentleman's house, where about 50 Christian friends had been invited to meet us. On the morning of the 12th my husband addressed about 200 pastors and ministers for an hour and a quarter ; and in a note from a hearer received afterwards the writer said,— "The meeting this morning was one of *power*. I do not know of better days in the churches and in Farwell Hall than these. The witness our Lord has sent by Mr. Müller is one of our greatest blessings." In the evening my husband preached at Dr. Gibson's Church from the Epistle of Jude, verses 20, 21, and on the following morning spoke (for the last time at Chicago) at Farwell Hall, on the Second Coming of Christ, to nearly 2,000 people, a subject which led many to inquire about this truth, who afterwards obtained light respecting it.

In the afternoon at 5 o'clock, we left by rail for Cleveland, Ohio, 353 miles from Chicago ; travelled along the

shores of Lake Michigan—a great inland sea, 500 miles in length, and from 90 to 100 miles in breadth ; and on June 14th, at 7 a.m., arrived at Cleveland, where Mr. Müller preached six times at the great Tabernacle to immense congregations, occasionally numbering about 3,000. His last address, on June 17th, was upon the Second Coming of the Lord, when he spoke with great help and power. At Cleveland we remained a short time only ; for having (when at San Francisco) received an earnest invitation to return to Washington, on account of the blessing which accompanied his ministry during our first visit ; on June 18th, at 5 p.m. we left, and after a journey of 524 miles, arrived at Washington the next morning at 9 o'clock. Here Mr. Müller held seven meetings, including services at Lincoln Hall, the Calvary Baptist, Wesley, Fourth Presbyterian, and Lutheran Memorial Churches ; and, on Sunday evening, (June 23rd,) at the Metropolitan Church, he preached a farewell sermon from 2nd Tim. iv., 7, 8.

On June 24th we rose at half past 3, left Washington by an early train, and reached Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, at 11 a.m., where we visited the field upon which, on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of July, 1863, the great battle was fought between the Union forces of the Americans under General Meade, and the Confederate army under General Lee, when the latter was defeated with a loss of many thousands of men. “ In the National, or Soldiers' Cemetery

on the hill, there is a monument 60 feet high, around which are ranged, in semi-circular slopes, the graves of many who fell during the war. The divisions between the States are marked by alleys and pathways radiating from the monument to the outer circle, the rows of graves being divided by continuous granite blocks, a few inches high, upon which are the name and regiment of each soldier, as far as could be ascertained. Originally about 32,000 corpses were interred in this Cemetery, but eventually the Southern States removed the bodies of their own soldiers and deposited them elsewhere." To look upon this burial ground, literally *sown* with the corpses of the slain, was an affecting sight; but Jesus is coming and the resurrection, when "*all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation.*" This Cemetery is kept in beautiful order by the Government.

After leaving it, we returned to Gettysburg, and in the evening a meeting was held at the College Church, when Mr. Müller addressed the students at Pennsylvania College, the students of the Theological Seminary, and a large number of other persons for an hour and 20 minutes. On June 25th, we rose at 5, and leaving Gettysburg by the 6.45 train, reached New York the same afternoon, where we remained until Thursday, the 27th, and on the

afternoon of that day, at 2 o'clock, sailed in the "Adriatic," (White Star Line,) for Liverpool. On Sunday morning, June 30th, Mr. Müller gave an address from John xiv., 2, 3, to the cabin passengers, ship's officers, and a few steerage passengers in the saloon, and held a conversational meeting likewise in the afternoon. On the following Sunday morning, July 7th, he gave another address in the saloon, a service which closed his labours for that tour. In the course of it he spoke 308 times in public, and we travelled nineteen thousand and fifty miles by land and water altogether. At 3 p.m. we landed at Liverpool, returned the following day to Bristol, and upon arriving in an open carriage at the top of Ashley Hill at half past 4, found a little army of the Orphan boys and girls, with almost all our helpers at the Orphan Houses, waiting to receive us. There, as we slowly drove along, the boys cheered heartily, and the girls waved their handkerchiefs, determined (as a by-stander remarked) to give us "a right royal welcome"; and at the entrance of New Orphan House No. 3, a crowd of children closed around us, with loving, friendly greetings.

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## FIFTH TOUR.

## CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

*From Sept. 5th, 1878, to June 18th, 1879.*

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**A**FTER remaining at the Orphan Houses on Ashley Down for eight weeks and three days, (a period which gave Mr. Müller time to attend to business connected with the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, and to resume his public ministry in Bristol,) on Sept. 5th, 1878, we went to Dover, crossed over to Calais the next morning, and reached Paris by rail at 6 p.m. On Sunday, the 8th—morning and evening—my husband preached in English at the Chapelle Evangélique, Rue Royale, and held another meeting there on the evening of the 9th. On the following day we left Paris for Dijon, and passed the night there; rose at 4 the next morning; and, after continuing our journey to Neuchâtel, proceeded thence to Berne, where we arrived at 7 o'clock. On the evening of Thursday, Sept. 12th, Mr. Müller preached in German at the Salle Evangélique, which was crowded to overflowing, the lower part of the building, galleries, and stair-cases being thronged. On the 13th, he held a meeting at the Eglise Française; on the 14th addressed some poor people at a small Institution at Muri, near

Berne; on the 15th, 16th, and 17th, preached at the great Eglise Française to very large congregations; gave an address on the morning of the 18th, at a Seminary near the Fest Hütte to 65 young men who were being trained for teachers; and at 2 p.m. the same day we left by rail for Thun, 18 miles from Berne. From there we drove to Gurzelen, a village on the mountains, three miles from Thun, in a lovely situation near the Alps, where, for the benefit of the poor of that locality, my husband held two meetings at a Vereins Haus, which was crowded with people from the country. On Sept. 19th we returned to Berne, and the following evening attended a social meeting of Christians at "Die Enge," where he gave an address, and afterwards answered some important questions that were put to him. On the afternoon of Sept. 21st he spoke to between 600 and 700 Christian workers—including 300 teachers of different denominations—at the Salle Evangélique; held a meeting on the afternoon of Sunday, the 22nd, at the Fest Hütte, and on the evening of that day preached a farewell sermon, at the Eglise Française, to an immense audience. On this occasion his subject was the Second Coming of the Lord, on which he was enabled to speak with great power, and much to the profit of his hearers, as we heard afterwards. At the close of this meeting, before the benediction, Colonel von Büren rose, and, on behalf of the Christians of Berne, thanked him publicly for his visit to the city; and here,

before proceeding any further, it seems desirable to make the following observations :—

Some of the readers of this Narrative may possibly feel inclined to say—“ With so much travelling from place to place, so many public meetings, and such continual intercourse with strangers, how does Mr. Müller find time to attend to his *own* spiritual welfare? Whence does he obtain refreshment for the inner man *himself*? How do matters stand between his *own* soul and Christ?—because persons who are continually engaged in ministering to others, more than any class of individuals that can be mentioned, require divine grace and wisdom for themselves.” The reply to such inquiries is this. Through the goodness of the Lord, he is a man *given* to the reading of the Scriptures and to prayer. Whether travelling or at rest, a day *never* passes, without his devoting as much time as possible to the diligent, prayerful study of the word of God. He is a man of *one* book; and that book is the Bible. Besides reading the Scriptures regularly together early in the morning; in the course of the day, whenever there is time, my husband employs it in studying the Bible, in meditation, and in prayer. He waits habitually upon *God*, and thus it is, that day by day, his spiritual strength and vigour are renewed. This opportunity is taken, however, of commending him earnestly to the prayers of the Lord’s people; whether he may be known or unknown to them personally.



On Sept. 23rd, at 9 in the morning, some sweet singing outside the door of our room announced the unexpected arrival of Dr. Blösch, a party of Orphan girls belonging to the Institution he has founded, and four teachers, who all stood outside in the passage until the German hymn was finished; when a large bouquet of flowers from the gardens of the children was handed in, a wreath of ivy, and an address in German, beautifully written, congratulating Mr. Müller upon the approach of his birthday (on the 27th) and giving him Isaiah liv., 10, as a Scripture portion. These young girls brought a small contribution also from their own little pocket money, for the Orphans on Ashley Down. Their whole visit was of a most touching character. After my husband had spoken to them for a few minutes, they sang another hymn; we then shook hands with them all, and the whole party took leave of us.

On the 24th, we left Berne for Thun, at 10.40 a.m., proceeded thence by steamer to the other end of the lake, and afterwards went on by rail to Interlaken, where we arrived at 2 o'clock. There, at half-past 3, Mr. Müller preached at the English Church in German; but, as the weather was unfavourable, the congregation was very small. On the evening of the following day, however, when he held another meeting at the same Church, the audience was about five times as large as it had been on the previous afternoon. Interlaken is in the vicinity of the

glaciers of Grindelwald, the Faulhorn, and the Wengern Alp; and is within a few miles of the waterfalls, Giessbach, on Lake Brientz, and Staubbach in the Valley of the Lauterbrunnen. The Jungfrau also, and other mountains, can be seen from the town. From Interlaken, on the 26th, we went to Thun, the chief town of the Bernese Oberland, where, on that evening and the next, he addressed crowded congregations at the German Methodist Church. On the 28th, by particular invitation, we returned to Gurzelen, where, on Sunday morning (29th), Mr. Müller preached at the village Church to a congregation of country people, some of whom had walked many miles to hear him. This place of worship was a quaint, old-fashioned building. An hour-glass on a stand (intended, probably, to remind the preacher of the flight of time, and to admonish him not to be too long in delivering his discourse) projected conspicuously from the pulpit. In the evening, my husband held a meeting at the Vereins Haus, and there addressed a very crowded congregation.

On Sept. 30th, we went to Neuchâtel, in French Switzerland, where, on Oct. the 1st and 2nd, he preached in German, at "Le Temple," and held a "German-French" meeting at the same place on the 3rd; that is, he occupied the pulpit, and spoke in German, whilst a French pastor, in the desk below, translated his Sermon into French. The congregation was very large, and Monsieur Nagel succeeded admirably with the translation. On the

4th, Mr. Müller held a second meeting of the same kind at Le Temple, when he was listened to with the deepest interest and attention; and the following morning a French brother called to congratulate him on the success of his ministry at Neuchâtel, "for"—said he—"Toute la population a été saisie et émue." On Oct. 6th my husband preached at the Salle des Conférences; on the 7th he spoke in English at the Oratoire, and, on our return in the evening, the following letter from one of his French hearers arrived by post.

"Trés Révérend Monsieur le Pasteur Müller de Bristol, —Soyez béni pour le bien que vous m'avez fait! Depuis neuf ans, sans relâche, les plus cruelles épreuves m'ont été dispensées. Il a plu au Seigneur, après des années d'affreuses maladies, de me retirer une mère adorée, femme éminente, puis, un père bien aimé, une sœur unique, un neveu chéri comme un fils, et d'autres afflictions, et ensuite et en même temps, d'une manière particulièrement douloureuse, les trois quarts de ma fortune. Il a plu au Seigneur de m'envoyer coup sur coup, tous les déchirements, toutes les douleurs, toutes les difficultés de la vie, et de me laisser ainsi à l'entrée de la vieillesse, dans le plus douloureux isolement. Ma foi, jadis si ferme, défailait, le découragement m'écrasait; souvent je ne pouvais plus prier, et j'arrivais à un état de mort spirituelle. Soyez béni Monsieur le Pasteur! Il me *fallait* votre parole simple, ferme, concise, énergique, convaincue, ardente, brulante de foi et d'amour, pour me

raviver un peu. Soyez béni, cher et vénéré Pasteur ! J'ai suivi, quoique Suisse Française, toutes vos conférences, et s'il plaît à Dieu, j'irai vous entendre encore demain, au culte allemande, lundi au soir, à la Chapelle Anglaise, et mardi, au dernier sermon allemand. Adieu, cher et vénéré Pasteur ; que votre Dieu tout puissant, tout bon, vous conserve pour sa gloire, et pour le bien de tous les malheureux. Une sœur sous la croix."

On the evening of the 8th, at "Le Temple," Mr. Müller gave a farewell address to the inhabitants of Neuchâtel, and on the 11th we left for Lausanne, where, on the 13th and 14th, he preached at "Le Temple Allemand, which was crowded in every part. On the 15th, he held an English service at the Chapelle Ecossoise, and on the 16th and 17th, preached in German—with translation into French by Monsieur Duprat—at the Chapelle des Terreaux. The next evening he held another English service at the Chapelle Ecossoise ; on the morning of Sunday, the 20th, attended a Brethren's meeting for the breaking of bread, where he gave an address, and in the evening preached again at the Temple Allemand in German. On Oct. 21st he preached in English at the Chapelle du Valentin, and, on the 22nd, in German at the Chapelle de Martheray ; upon both occasions with translation into French. On the 23rd we took a drive to the Cimetière de la Sallaz, and visited the tomb of Manuel Matomoros, the well known Spanish brother,

so long imprisoned in his native country for Christ's sake, who died at Lausanne some time after his liberation (aged 32) from the effects of ill-treatment received during his confinement. The grave of the departed one—situated in a beautiful part of the Cemetery—was surrounded by an iron railing, and covered by a flat stone monument, raised a little above the surface of the ground, on which the following inscription in Spanish could easily be read:—

MANUEL MATAMOROS

DE

MALAGA.

8 Octobre, 1834.

31 Julio, 1866.

“ Porque yo me resuelvo en que lo que en este tiempo se padece no es de comparar con la gloria venidera que en nosotros ha de ser manifestada.”—Rom. viii. 18.

“ Y nos gloriamos en la esperanza de la gloria de Dios.”  
—Rom. v. 2.

“ Por la ovra de Cristo ha llegado hasta la muerte.”—  
Fili (Phil.) ii. 30.

The tomb of this beloved brother was an interesting object, and the Cemetery, in which it was, looked beautiful; for, although the autumn was so far advanced, roses, and other flowers were in full bloom. That evening Mr. Müller preached at the Presbyterian Church, and on the 24th, at the Temple Allemand, he gave a farewell

address ; when, at the close of the service, Pastor Wagner—in the name of the Evangelical Alliance—thanked him, in the presence of the whole congregation, for his labours at Lausanne. Before our departure we saw a lime-tree at Prilly, measuring 14 yards round the trunk, which was said to be 1,000 years old ; but, though the branches were large, and its circumference was great, it looked small compared with the “Big Trees” of California.

On the afternoon of Oct. 25th, we left Lausanne and embarked in a steamer at Ouchy (a small port on the Lake of Geneva) for Vevey. There Mr. Müller preached at the German Church in the evening ; but, in consequence of a heavy thunderstorm and the torrents of rain which fell, the congregation was very small. On the following Sunday morning we attended a Brethren’s meeting for the breaking of bread, where he spoke in English, with translation into French ; in the evening he preached at the German Church a second time, and on the 28th held his last meeting at Vevey, at the same church.

The next day we went on to Montreux, where he preached that evening, and the next morning at the German Church. On the morning of Oct. 31st, and Nov. 1st, and the afternoon of Sunday, Nov. 3rd, at the Eglise Ecossaise, he addressed large congregations of visitors staying at Montreux, Bex, Aigle, Clarens, Vernex, and Vevey, and, on the evening of the 3rd, preached at the Eglise Libre in

German, for the last time at Montreux. This town—sometimes called the Nice of Switzerland—is generally considered the most beautiful on the Lake of Geneva; and the Dent du Midi, the lake scenery, and the mountain ranges round it, are very grand. Before our departure, we went through the Castle of Chillon, upon the margin of the lake, which is built in the style of the middle ages, and is now used as a prison for the whole Canton de Vaud. Its dungeons—hewn in the foundation rock, and extending 100 yards beneath the Castle, where, in the 14th and 15th centuries, thousands of Jews were decapitated, and other cruelties committed—are shown to strangers.

After leaving Montreux, we visited Bex, Aigle, and Yverdun, at each of which places Mr. Müller held meetings; and, on Nov. 9th, went on to Geneva, where a series of services had been arranged for him by the Evangelical Alliance. There he preached at the Salle de la Réformation, the Casino, the Eglise Rive Droite, the Eglise Lutherienne, the German Swiss Church, the Lutheran Church, the English-American Church, and the Oratoire de l'Eglise Libre, to very large congregations. On the 18th, at the Salle de la Réformation, a meeting was held expressly for pastors, theological professors of the University, and theological students, whom he addressed for an hour, and afterwards replied to questions that were asked. Whilst at Geneva, we visited the Protestant Cathedral Church of St. Peter, built in 1024, where Calvin used to

preach; and saw the house in which he resided, and another in the Rue des Chanoines, where he died. The Bibliothèque Publique, founded by Bonivard in 1551, contains 70,000 volumes, Calvin's manuscripts, and some autographs and portraits of celebrated persons. There also, fastened to a high stand, was "La Bible Vulgate" of the 10th century, a ponderous volume, *written* by the monks throughout with pen and ink. During our walks at Geneva, the Mont Blanc range, in French Savoy, about 45 miles distant, formed a conspicuous and beautiful object in the landscape, the highest point of which is 15,780 feet above the level of the sea. On Nov. 20th, at the Oratoire de l'Eglise Libre, Mr. Müller held his last meeting at Geneva, and spoke in English upon that occasion, with translation into French, by Professor de la Harpe.

On the morning of the 21st, at half past 10, we left by rail for Lyons, France; and, after a journey of 130 miles, reached our destination in the afternoon at half past 4. Exactly opposite the windows of the hotel to which we went, on a very high hill, called La Fourvière, the other side of the river, stood the Church of Notre Dame, with a gilded statue of the Virgin, 20 feet high, standing on its cupola, with arms outstretched; for Lyons is considered by the Papists to be under the protection of Mary, and as especially—"Consacrée à la sainte vierge."

Soon after our arrival, a German pastor called, and gave us an interesting account of his labours at Lyons during



the preceding 27 years. This large, beautiful city, the second in France, is a stronghold of Popery; and, when he first arrived, no Protestant services could be held there; but after a terrible struggle to obtain *some* religious liberty, through the influence of the British ambassador, permission to hold Protestant meetings was at last granted by the Government, *provided* the preaching should always be in German, and never in French. For the Protestants to derive any benefit, however, from this permission, was *extremely* difficult, on account of the furious opposition of the Romish priests, "who (said he) if they had been able to do so, would gladly have burned me at the stake;" but now, as their animosity is somewhat less fierce, French and German Protestant services are regularly held. The population of Lyons—about 350,000—is divided (this pastor further stated) into two classes, one half of whom consists of bigoted Papists, and the other of Infidels and Rationalists. There is, however, a *very* small Protestant community in this city, amongst whom a few real Christians are to be found.

On Nov. 22nd, Mr. Müller preached at the Chapelle Evangélique, Rue de la Lanterne, in English, with translation into French by Monsieur Monod. Many assembled to hear him; the presence and power of the Holy Spirit were felt; and it was a happy meeting. On the morning of Sunday (the 24th), he preached at the German Church—a small, insignificant building in a neighbouring street;

and in the afternoon held another meeting at the Chapelle Evangélique, where, considering the character of the population, the congregation was very large. Before our departure, we went to the top of La Fourvière to see the prospect from the summit, which embraces the whole town and the surrounding neighbourhood for many miles. "Lyons, which is the chief manufacturing city of France, is situated at the junction of the rivers Saone and Rhone, the former of which is crossed by nine bridges, the latter by eight. It contains upwards of 10,000 establishments for the manufacture of silk, which employ 120,000 looms, support 140,000 persons, and produce annually a supply of goods valued at nearly four hundred millions of francs."

On Nov. 25th, at the Chapelle Evangélique, my husband preached for the last time at Lyons. The next morning we rose at 5; at a quarter before 7, left for Marseilles, and, after travelling for many miles through the Valley of the Rhone, reached our destination at half past 3. On the 27th, Mr. Müller preached at the Temple Evangélique, an "église nationale," where the congregation was large, and included several pastors and members of the Consistory. The service did not begin until half past 8. On the following evening he preached again at the Temple; addressed the children of Miss Renger's school in French on the afternoon of the 30th; and, on the evening of that day, and the afternoon of Dec. 1st, preached again in German

at Le Temple. On the evening of the 1st he gave a farewell address, in English, at the Temple Evangélique, and on Monday morning, Dec. 2nd, we left for Nismes by express at 10.45.

As this town is a "Protestant centre," my husband preached that evening at the Chapelle Wesléyenne to a crowded audience; and the following afternoon a Christian gentleman conducted us through the town, to point out the Roman antiquities for which Nismes is famous. The principal building, the Amphitheatre—erected as long ago as from A.D. 138 to 160—is a very remarkable ruin. It is in the form of a vast oval or ellipse, and contains tiers of stone seats one above the other, rising around it to a considerable height. In the central area, conflicts between gladiators, and combats between condemned criminals and wild beasts, formerly took place; and here many persecuted disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ were torn in pieces by lions and other savage animals that were let loose upon them. The caverns, where prisoners were confined, and some dens in which the wild beasts were shut up, are still in existence. This Amphitheatre is 400 feet long, 303 wide, and 64 high, and was large enough to seat 25,000 people. When all its antecedents are remembered, a fearful interest attaches to the place.

During our short stay at Nismes, Mr. Müller held other meetings, which were conducted at the Chapelle Wesléyenne, the Eglise Libre, and at the house of a Christian gentle-

man residing in the town. Before our departure, we visited some rocks and stone quarries, about two miles distant, where, during a persecution of the Protestants in the reign of Louis XIV., the little Church of Christ at Nismes used to assemble for religious worship, because its members were not permitted to hold meetings in the town.

On Dec. 7th we left Nismes for Montpellier, where Mr. Müller preached three times at the *Eglise Reformée Indépendente*, attended a prayer meeting, where he gave an address, and held a conversational meeting at the house of a Christian lady. In this town, just in front of our hotel, was a piece of ground—now a large public garden—where, about the year 1720, pastors were hung, simply because they were Protestants. Other servants of Christ, after their arms and legs had been broken with a bar of iron, were left to suffer excruciating pain, until a final blow on the chest—given as a “*coup de grace*”—terminated their agonies. “We have been more persecuted” (said a gentleman who related these particulars—a descendant of the Huguenots) “than any other race of human beings under Heaven.” How faint a conception have Christians of the present day, who live in the comfortable, easy circumstances to which most of us are accustomed, of the tribulation endured by disciples of the Lord Jesus, in years long gone by, and even as recently as the last century! The Christians of Montpellier were able to relate numberless instances of the most infamous and wanton cruelty,

practised upon the Huguenots, before, during, and after the reign of Louis XIV.

On Dec. 12th, we rose at 5, left Montpellier by rail at 7 o'clock, and went through Cette to Narbonne, from which place—after changing trains—we proceeded on our journey; and at 2 o'clock reached Perpignan, the chief town of the Pyrénées Orientales, at no great distance from the Spanish frontier. The climate of Perpignan is generally mild, and in summer is very hot; but just then wintry winds were sweeping over the snow-covered heights of the Pyrenees, which made the atmosphere unusually cold. This town is overlooked by a strong Citadel, and contains several houses built in the Spanish style. Mont Canigou, 9,140 feet high, is in the distance. The next morning, at 10 o'clock, we left Perpignan, and our journey was continued. For many miles long ranges of the Pyrenees were on our right; and on the left, the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, were occasionally so close, that a stone might have been thrown into them from the railway carriage; and after travelling *through* the mountains, by means of numerous tunnels, we—for the first time—found ourselves in Spain. At Portbou, on the frontier, the usual Custom House examination took place, and afterwards, as we advanced into the country, the costumes of the people and the style of the buildings became more and more Spanish in appearance. Here, as in the South of France, there were vines and olive trees innumerable, and aloes, either singly or in hedges, were growing

wild in the fields or by the roadside. As the train stopped at nearly every station, our progress was but slow ; but at half past 8 we arrived at Barcelona, where two brethren were kindly waiting to receive, and to conduct us to the Fonda Las Cuatro Naciones. There we took possession of two small front rooms at the top of the house, with a south aspect and stone floors. The sitting-room contained an open fire-place, in which we occasionally had small fires, made of the dried roots of olive trees ; but the weather being generally mild and genial, they were not often needed. The street below our rooms—one of the leading thoroughfares of Barcelona—was crowded day and night.

The following morning a party of English friends, labouring in Spain, called and welcomed us to the country most affectionately. On Sunday morning, Dec. 15th, we attended a meeting for the breaking of bread, held at a schoolroom in Calle San Gabriel, Gracia, where, at the commencement of the service, a poor blind brother prayed, some portions of Scripture were read by one of the brethren, and afterwards Mr. Müller spoke for half an hour, with translation into Spanish by Mr. Payne. The breaking of bread followed, a hymn was sung, and the meeting was closed with prayer. We then shook hands with our Spanish brethren and sisters, and, amongst them, with the blind man just referred to, who, pointing upwards with his finger, said in Spanish, “ We shall all speak one language *there*.” Whilst talking his face was lighted up with smiles,

and he made us understand that he rejoiced greatly at our visit. He was very poorly clothed, but a friend remarked, "He is rich in faith, and has been a noble witness for Christ by reading the Scriptures aloud, in raised type, in the streets and public walks of Barcelona."

On the evening of that day, Mr. Müller preached, with Spanish interpretation, at another large schoolroom in the city. On the following Tuesday afternoon, at the house of a Wesleyan minister, he held a meeting for English Christian Workers in Spain, and addressed the party there assembled, with reference to their labours, for upwards of an hour. Conversation respecting the Lord's work in that dark Popish land, was freely entered into afterwards, and the meeting was of so profitable a character, that, though it had lasted two hours and a half, no one was willing to leave, until a promise had been given that another should be held the following afternoon. The next day, accordingly, all met again at the same time and place, and continued for two hours and a half together. On Thursday morning, Dec. 19th, we accompanied Mr. Payne to visit four of the Spanish Day Schools, which are entirely supported by the funds of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution. They are in Barcelonetta (or little Barcelona), a poor part of the city, where, on the first floor of one of the houses, we found two schools (one of big, and the other of little boys) assembled. One master, a converted Spaniard, was present; but the other, in consequence of indisposition, was unable

to attend that day. The boys were all quiet and orderly in their behaviour; and, after the younger ones from the other schoolroom had come in, Mr. Müller—with the help of Mr. Payne as a translator—began speaking to them as follows:—"My dear children, I love you all very much, and pray for you every day. I long from my inmost soul to meet every one of you in Heaven; but, in order that you may go to that happy place, as poor, lost, guilty sinners, you must put your trust in the blessed Lord Jesus Christ, who was punished in our room and stead; for His blood *alone* can cleanse us from our sins." After preaching the gospel further to them, he related a few particulars about the Orphan boys on Ashley Down, and mentioned that *some* of them, about the same age as those he was addressing, were true disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, who, at an early age, had been led to trust in Him wholly as their Saviour. It was most interesting to look upon these poor Spanish children—gathered out from the mass of popery and infidelity around—and to know that they were brought habitually under Christian influence and teaching. There were about 150 of them, and their parents were all either Papists or Infidels. Two schools for girls, under the same roof, downstairs, were close at hand. The room for the elder girls was large, but it was below the level of the street, and a short flight of five steps led down to it. When the children were seated, Mr. Müller spoke to them from a low platform; afterwards they sang a hymn, and then a



pretty little girl, about six years old, with black hair and very bright dark eyes, was mounted on a form, when she repeated the 128th Psalm in Spanish with great ease, and apparently without missing a word. Another followed with the 24th Psalm, and then an older girl, of about 13, repeated a long Spanish poem, referring to the love of Christ, His death, etc., in a firm, clear voice, without the slightest hesitation or inaccuracy. She could have gone on with a great deal more; and the other children, too, were ready with portions of Scripture and with hymns; but our time did not allow us to hear any further recitation. Close to the large room was a smaller one, devoted to a school for Infant Girls; an interesting company of *little* children, who understood the Catalan dialect only. Mr. Payne's Spanish had therefore to be translated into Catalan by the governess, a second interpretation, and in this way they were told that the kind gentleman from England, who was speaking, loved them, cared for them, and was glad to see their bright, merry, little faces. We gave them a text also, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," to carry home to their parents. Thus ended our visit to these schools, a work so blessed and important, that we hope, by prayer, long to hold up the hands of those who are engaged in it. In the afternoon, at the house of the Wesleyan minister, Mr. Müller held a third meeting for Christian Workers, and on the evening of that day preached at the Wesleyan Church. The next

morning, at 10 o'clock, we visited two more of the schools, supported by the funds of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, and went first to the boys who were on the ground floor. They first of all sang a hymn; and, after Mr. Müller had addressed them, answered several questions asked by the master, and repeated portions of Scripture with great ease and readiness. The girls' school upstairs was next visited, where we inspected the children's writing, and their needlework. They excel in penmanship; and articles of needlework, beautifully made by them, were on sale for their own benefit. This room contained also a small but interesting school of Infant Girls. In the evening my husband preached again at the Wesleyan Chapel, and, on Dec. 21st, we inspected the San Gabriel schools, where two sheets of texts in ornamental writing, beautifully executed, one from the boys and the other from the girls, were presented to us. We visited a small school of Infant Girls also conducted at the same place. This visit closed our inspection of the ten Barcelona day-schools, supported entirely by the funds of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, which were all in a most satisfactory condition.

In the afternoon we walked up Mont Juich, which overlooks the Mediterranean and the whole of Barcelona and the neighbourhood. This city is situated in a beautiful and highly-cultivated country, and is the capital of Catalonia. It is a place of great trade, carrying on various manufactures, and has some fine squares and promenades;

but the streets, generally speaking, are narrow, with very high houses that exclude the air and sunshine.

On Sunday morning, Dec. 22nd, Mr. Müller gave an address at a meeting for the breaking of bread, held in the upper schoolroom, in Calle Fernandina; and in the evening preached in German at a Chapel belonging to Mr. A. Luis Empaytaz, who translated for him. On the evening of the 23rd, he preached at the English Episcopal Church, but the congregation was very small; for in the whole of Barcelona there were not more than about 120 English persons altogether. On the afternoon of the 24th he attended a meeting for prayer and exhortation at the house of the Wesleyan minister, and gave an address again to Christian Workers; preached in the evening at the Fernandina schoolroom, and, on the morning of Christmas Day, held a meeting at the Chapel belonging to Mr. Empaytaz, where he preached in German, without translation. On the afternoon of that day, at a tea-meeting at the San Gabriel schoolroom, Gracia, he gave an address; and afterwards a letter in Spanish, from many of the pupils then present (who formerly attended the schools of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution), was read, thanking him for his visit to Barcelona, and expressing their grateful acknowledgments for the education they had received. Some of these young men were studying at the University of Barcelona, and others were engaged elsewhere in various useful occupations. A translation of this letter into German was

then handed in, and soon after 7 the meeting was brought to a close.

On Dec. 28th we rose at 5, and at half past 6 were accompanied to the station by several Christian friends, who kindly came to take leave of us before our departure for Saragossa. At 7 o'clock we left Barcelona, and travelled with two Spaniards, to each of whom we gave a Spanish Gospel and some tracts, which were thankfully accepted, and read with great attention. At 2 o'clock the passengers alighted to dine, at Lerida; but we walked up and down the platform and gave away some tracts, when in a moment a crowd of third-class passengers surrounded us, who all pressed forward, eagerly desiring to obtain tracts or gospels for themselves. The few we had were distributed immediately; but so anxious were the applicants to obtain one *each*, that they followed us to the railway carriage and lingered about the door. In a few minutes other tracts were found and handed out, but, fearing to attract attention and that our actions might be watched by Romish priests, we held up our empty hands to show that we had nothing more to give. The poor people were loth, however, to depart, and waited until the last moment, thrusting their hands in at the window, with the hope of receiving either a gospel or a tract. At half past 2 we left Lerida, and after a journey of 228 miles, at a quarter to 9 p.m., reached Saragossa, where, at the Fonda de las Cuatro Naciones, we found suitable accommodation. The

following morning (Sunday, Nov. 29th) a meeting was held at Mr. Gulich's Church, when Mr. Müller preached, with translation by the pastor, and in the afternoon addressed the Sunday School children at the same place. At the beginning of the service they chanted the 23rd Psalm, and, at the close, sang a hymn, of which the following words are a translation of the first verse :—

“Jesus Christ came down,  
From Heaven to Bethlehem ;  
There, our Peace was born,  
Our Felicity, Light, and Good.  
Oh, blessed be God ! Thanks be unto Thee, Lord,  
For Jesus the Saviour.”

This hymn was set to a lively tune, and sung in marked, quick time, with great spirit and animation. In the evening Mr. Müller preached again at the same Church to a large, attentive audience.

On Dec. 30th we walked out with Mr. Gulick, who conducted us to one of the *two* Cathedrals in Saragossa—the only city in Spain which has two Cathedral Churches. The architecture is Moorish, and some sculpture on the walls represents the martyrdom of a few of the early Christians, and that of St. Lawrence in particular, who, in the 4th century, was roasted to death on a gridiron over a slow fire, by the command of one of the Pagan Roman emperors. Though considered a Catholic by the Papists, it is said that he was a true disciple of Christ. Some poor devotees were worshipping at the shrines, to a few of whom we quietly gave Spanish gospel tracts ; and a tract was

handed also to a gowned individual, a verger or sacristan, with a wand of office, as he slowly wandered up and down the aisles, who looked at us gloomily, but accepted it nevertheless.

Our next visit was to the Cathedral of Nuestra Senora del Pilar, which contains an image of the Virgin and Child on a jasper pedestal, said to have come down direct from Heaven in the 1st century, and to have been brought by the Apostle *James* to Saragossa! To this image the most extravagant miracles are attributed. Many persons were kissing the pillar and crossing themselves, whilst others, dispersed about the Cathedral, were kneeling on the stone pavement before various images of saints. Whole regiments of soldiers, too, come in to kneel, bow, cross themselves, and perform their devotions before the different shrines. Oh! how responsible are *we*, who possess the pure gospel of the grace of God, to make it known to poor idolators like these. In order to form a correct idea of the degrading superstitions, the debasing idolatry of Popery, there is nothing like *witnessing* these things in a country such as Spain, where the Roman Catholic religion appears to be of a grosser type than it is in Protestant countries. Our last remaining tract was slipped into the hand of a worshipper, kneeling upon a stone step before an altar.

Besides these two Cathedrals, Saragossa contains many curious old Moorish houses and ancient monuments, including the Aljaferia, now a fort, but formerly a Moorish palace. As we walked through the streets, almost every

one turned round to have a good look at us as strangers ; and occasionally some children followed close behind, desiring to have a thorough gaze at the walking curiosities from a foreign country.

In the evening, Mr. Müller preached again at Mr. Gulick's Church, and on the following morning (Dec. 31st) we rose at half-past 4, in order to start early for Madrid. The journey was extremely tedious, and, after stopping at every one of the 35 stations, in the evening, at 10 o'clock, we reached our destination, where Mr. Fenn (an English missionary) was kindly waiting to receive and to conduct us to the Fonda Peninsular, near the Puerta del Sol, about two miles from the station. The next morning (Jan. 1st, 1879), at 10 o'clock, a procession passed along the street consisting of boys carrying lighted tapers ; soldiers, priests, and men bore a large figure of the Virgin, robed in crimson satin, with a crown upon her head ; whilst a small image of the Saviour was carried immediately *behind* it. The men in this procession were bareheaded, and all the passers-by took off their hats.

In the evening, at a coffee meeting at Chamberi, Mr. Müller addressed a gathering of Spanish Christians, with translation by Mr. Fenn. On the afternoon of Jan. 2nd, we attended a meeting of Christian Workers, to whom my husband gave a short address, and in the evening he preached at Chamberi. At a gospel service held the following Sunday morning at Chamberi, he preached

again ; spoke in German in the afternoon at Pastor Fliedner's Church, and in the evening preached at Chamberi a second time, with translation into Spanish. The next day a meeting of school teachers was held at Mr. Fenn's house, where Mr. Müller gave them a short address, and in the evening he attended the first of a series of prayer meetings at Mr. Fliedner's Church.

On Jan. 7th, we inspected the five schools—three at Chamberi, and two in another part of Madrid—which are supported by the funds of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, and are under the care and superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. Fenn, where it was gratifying to find the dear children (contrary to custom, as their Christmas holidays were scarcely over) assembled in considerable numbers to see the strangers from England, whose presence seemed to afford them great delight. After visiting the three Chamberi schools, which are admirably conducted, all the children formed one assembly in the Chapel, where Mr. Müller addressed them for about twenty minutes, with translation by Mr. Fenn. He spoke also to the children of the two other schools. Sheets of paper, containing texts and short addresses, beautifully written, were presented to us by the pupils at Chamberi. On our way back to the hotel, we passed an open piece of ground, where, several years ago, large quantities of human bones were disinterred, the remains of victims of the Inquisition, about 130 Protestants having been burned alive there in former



times, as an "auto da fé," by their enemies, the Papists. Here the hand of a young girl was found, with a large nail driven through it ; tresses of long hair were discovered, and other revolting evidences were brought to light of the cruelties that had been perpetrated. We visited the Plaza Mayor also, a large Square in *Old Madrid*, where, centuries ago, Jews, Protestants, and criminals, all dressed in hideous garments, and high, pointed caps, were brought before their judges ; by whom, after sentence of death had been pronounced, they were sent to the spot above mentioned, near Chamberi, and there burned alive.

On the evening of Jan. 9th, at a united prayer meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, Mr. Müller gave an address on prayer, and spoke at Chamberi also, at a prayer meeting the next evening. On the 11th, we visited Mr. and Mrs. Fenn's interesting Orphan Institution ; on the morning of Sunday, the 12th, my husband preached at Chamberi, and in the evening addressed a large English congregation at a Hall connected with the residence of the Presbyterian minister. This Hall, and the premises connected with it, at one time formed a portion of the Spanish Inquisition.

On the afternoon of Monday, Jan. 13th, at a quarter before 5, we left Madrid for Bayonne, and at 7 reached the Escorial—both palace and monastery in one ; which, on account of the lateness of the hour, could be seen very indistinctly. We passed Avila also, a town enclosed by

ancient granite walls 800 years old, which has 86 towers and gates, and is considered the finest specimen of a walled town in Europe. Valladolid was reached at midnight; and soon after 6, on the 14th, as the day began to dawn, we arrived at Vitoria, where the mountainous, picturesque character of the country formed an entire contrast to the plain on which Madrid is situated. For many miles we travelled through the Passes at the western extremity of the Pyrenees, and went through tunnel after tunnel, until, at 10.15, the train drew up at San Sebastian, a town on the Bay of Biscay, besieged by the British army under Wellington in 1813; where numbers of English soldiers, who fell during the war on the Peninsula, lie interred. The last stations in Spain were Irun and Hendaya; and, after travelling close to the Bay of Biscay, where great rolling waves were dashing in upon the shore, at half past 1 p.m. we reached Bayonne.

On the afternoon of Jan. 15th, at a little meeting held at the house of Monsieur Nogaret, pastor of the Reformed Church, Mr. Müller spoke in French for three quarters of an hour; and afterwards we walked to the fortifications, from which the district between Bayonne and the frontier could be seen—a locality memorable as the scene of the struggle between Wellington and Soult in the year 1813. On the 17th we went to Biarritz, a beautiful watering place on the Bay of Biscay, six miles from Bayonne, where the rocky coast lies open to the full sweep of rollers

from the Bay. There, at 2 o'clock, in a large salon of the Hôtel de France, Mr. Müller held a meeting for the English, of whom he addressed a considerable number, for an hour. At half past 3 we returned to Bayonne, and at 5.20 left by rail for Pau in the Pyrenees. There, on the following Sunday (Jan. 19th), my husband preached morning and afternoon in English at the Presbyterian Church, to large congregations, with much help from the Lord. On the evening of the 20th, he conducted a French service at Le Temple, and preached the following morning in German at the Presbyterian Church. He held English meetings also at this Church every morning (except Saturday) throughout the week.

Pau is famous for its mild, genial climate, its beautiful scenery, and for being much resorted to by visitors—especially the English—of whom, during our stay, there were about 2,000 in the place. The Chateau of Henry 4th is joined by three bridges to the town. On the morning of Sunday, Jan. 26th, Mr. Müller preached a farewell sermon at the Presbyterian Church and held a French meeting in the evening for the working classes, at a large Hall.

On the 27th, we left Pau for Bordeaux, about 150 miles distant, where, at the Chapelle Evangélique, he held two French meetings. An address was also given by him at a Hall belonging to the "Union Chrétienne de jeunes gens," and on the 29th, we went to the Asylums of La Force, of which the late Mr. John Bost was the

Founder and Director. After a journey of 70 miles we reached our destination, and in the afternoon accompanied Mr. Bost in a small omnibus belonging to the Institution, to visit his Asylums, which are situated at some little distance from each other. They are eight in number. "La Famille Evangélique is for Orphan girls of all ages. Bethesda is an asylum for girls infirm or incurable, blind, or threatened with blindness, idiot, imbecile, or of feeble intellect. Ebenezer is an asylum for epileptic girls. Siloam is for boys infirm or incurable, blind or threatened with blindness. Bethel is an asylum for epileptic boys. Le Repos is for invalid governesses, infirm school mistresses, widows or spinsters who are ill or without resources. La Retraite is for servants, widows or spinsters, who are ill, infirm, or without means of support, and afflicted with incurable diseases; and La Miséricorde is for idiot girls who have lost all intelligence; also for epileptics, who are idiot and infirm." After we had inspected these deeply interesting, and most Christ-like Institutions, a very large gathering of the inmates who were well enough to attend, assembled at "La Famille," where Mr. Müller addressed them for three quarters of an hour; for though the community is so afflicted as a *whole*, a meeting was hailed by them with delight, many of the patients being intelligent, and some of the epileptics even, persons of sound mind, when not suffering from their dreadful fits. The next day, at half past 2, another service was held at "Le Temple" (the

Church of the Institution) where upwards of 400 individuals assembled; and as Mr. Bost would not hear of a translation—because, said he, “Monsieur Müller, est admirable”—my husband addressed this large company for an hour and a quarter in French. Afterwards we drank tea at “La Famille,” and returned by railway in the evening to Bordeaux. [Since our visit to these Asylums, their beloved Founder and Director, Mr. Bost, has departed to be with Christ. “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; they rest from their labours and their works do follow them.”] On the afternoon of Jan. 31st, at the Chapelle Evangélique, Mr. Müller held his fourth and last meeting in the city, and at 6.50 we left by the night express for Cannes. Toulouse was reached in the middle of the night; the next morning we stopped at Marseille, and proceeded along the coast of the Mediterranean, until (after a journey of 480 miles) at a quarter to 1 p.m. we arrived at Cannes.

There, on Sunday, Feb. 2nd, Mr. Müller preached in the morning at the German, and in the afternoon at the Presbyterian, Church; gave an address on the 4th, at the Eglise Evangélique, held another meeting at the German Church the following afternoon, and continued his labours every day until the 12th, when he spoke in French at the Eglise de la Rédemption, in the evening. On the 13th, he preached at the Presbyterian Church, and on the 14th gave a farewell address in English at the Eglise de la Rédemption.

During our stay at Cannes, we visited "Les Orangers"—large plantations of orange and lemon trees, laden with ripe fruit—and greatly enjoyed the climate of that delightful place.

On Feb. 15th we left Cannes, and, just before our departure, received a little parcel, containing an ivory paper-cutter, with a slip of paper on which these words were written—"For dear Mr. Müller from one of his former Orphans, and wishing both Mr. and Mrs. Müller, God speed." At half-past 2 we arrived at Nice, where, on the following afternoon (Sunday) my husband preached in English at the Presbyterian Church, held a meeting in the evening at the Vaudois Church, and continued to conduct services in English, French, or German during the remainder of our stay, including a meeting at the Presbyterian Church on the 26th, when he preached in English, to a large congregation on the second coming of Christ. Whilst we were at Nice, the whole town was in a state of excitement from the Carnival, for which that place is noted. During our walks, to and from the meetings, we met troops of individuals in masks, dressed in extraordinary costumes, who danced along the streets, and made merry with anybody and everybody who happened to come across them; but by promptly branching off into back streets, *we* (happily) escaped their notice altogether. The popular idea seems to be that, just before the austerities of Lent, commence, a season of extravagance, folly, and amusement is particularly appropriate. That children and young people

should be tempted to indulge in such diversions, is not perhaps surprising ; but how persons of mature age can take delight in making such *fools* of themselves, is really most astonishing. We heard a Christian gentleman from London lamenting greatly that the English too—Protestants—who might be expected to set a good example to their Catholic neighbours, were amongst the foremost in these amusements.

On Feb. 21st, we visited Monaco, one of the most beautiful spots along the whole coast of the Mediterranean. It is notorious, however, for its gambling saloons, which lead many who frequent them both to temporal and eternal ruin. Suicide was said to be a common thing also amongst the votaries of those gaming tables.

On March 1st we left for Mentone, 24 miles from Nice, where Mr. Müller preached at the Hall of the Free Church of Scotland, at the Eglise Française, and at the German Church, to large congregations; and continued to hold meetings daily as long as we remained. As on Sunday mornings the little Hall of the Free Church was crowded, its doors and windows were left open ; several persons therefore sat outside in the balcony, on chairs, and amongst the number was Mr. Spurgeon, who attended three meetings. Whilst at Mentone, we had the pleasure of seeing and driving out with him occasionally. One afternoon, the Turin road leading to Castiglione, was selected for our route, where, whilst slowly winding up hill in an

open carriage, surrounded by magnificent scenery, Mr. Spurgeon said :—" When in the midst of landscapes such as these, from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, I feel as though I could burst out into one song of praise."

On the morning of March 11th, at the Free Church Hall, my husband gave a farewell address. At 3.50 that afternoon we left Mentone for Ventimiglia on the Italian frontier, and proceeded afterwards to Bella Vista, Bordighera, the residence of Mrs. Boyce, two miles distant from the station. In the evening Mr. Müller preached at a small church in Bordighera (built by Mrs. Boyce) with translation into Italian by Signor Malan, a young Italian pastor. The congregation consisted of the children belonging to Mrs. Boyce's schools, their teachers, and some country people from the neighbourhood, most of whom were Roman Catholics. This little church at Bordighera was then the only centre of real Christian influence throughout a very extensive district, as there were no other Italian *Protestant* services between Bordighera and Genoa. On the following morning, we visited Mrs. Boyce's schools, and at half past two, Mr. Müller held a drawing-room meeting for English residents and visitors, at Viletta Aurelia, where, for upwards of an hour he addressed a large company of gentlemen and ladies. On March 13th we accompanied Mrs. Boyce in a carriage to San Rémo, on the coast of the Mediterranean, nine miles distant ; and there, in the large drawing-rooms of Villa



Theresa, at 2 o'clock ; he held a meeting for the English also, which was crowded with gentlemen and ladies. He spoke with great power ; the hearers were all attention, and one lady said afterwards—" I was never so much interested in my whole life." This meeting was an important one, as many present were always under ritualistic teaching, and never heard the pure gospel preached. In the evening, at half-past 6, we left San Rémo by express—reached Genoa at 11, and the next day at 1.10 p.m. set off for Pisa, when our route through Spezzia and near Carrara extended along the coast of the Mediterranean, through scenery of the most beautiful description. At 7 o'clock we arrived at Pisa, and the next morning, before our departure for Florence, saw the exterior of its celebrated leaning tower, 180 feet high, and 13 feet out of the perpendicular, built in the year 1174, by Bonanno of Pisa.

As our object was to reach Florence, we did not remain either at Genoa or at Pisa, but simply passed through those cities on the way. At noon, therefore, on March 15th, our journey was continued ; and at 3 in the afternoon we arrived at Florence, where, at the station, we were received by some Christian friends, with—" A warm welcome in the Master's name." The next day (Sunday) we attended a meeting for the breaking of bread at a Hall in Via San Spirito, which, with an ante-room adjoining it, was crowded. There, Mr. Müller spoke for nearly an hour,

with Italian translation by Signor Rossetti; and in the evening, preached at the Vaudois Church. During our stay at Florence he held a number of other meetings also, including services at two Italian Churches—one in Via Palazuolo, and the other in Via dei Benci—a meeting at the Chapel of Dr. Comandi's Asilo in Via Aretina, an English service at the Presbyterian Church, a meeting at the French Swiss Church, with Italian translation, a service at the Methodist Episcopal Church in English with Italian translation, and a drawing-room meeting at Dr. Young's, where he addressed the students of the Theological Seminary, their professors, several pastors, and a number of gentlemen and ladies. He held a second drawing-room meeting also at Dr. Young's, and had a Bible reading at the house of the Presbyterian minister. On most of these occasions, there were large, attentive audiences. A few days after the service at the Italian Church in Via dei Benci, a gentleman said—"God be praised for the glorious meeting you had. I was there, and enjoyed very much your powerful testimony." During our stay at Florence, we looked with interest at the exterior of the prison where Francesco and Rosa Madai were confined, and had a good view of the city and neighbourhood from an elevated spot called the Piazza Michel Angelo.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 6th of March, we left Florence for Rome, and arrived there in the afternoon at a quarter before 5. The next morning at a prayer meeting

in Via San Nicola da Tolentino, Mr. Müller gave his first address in Rome. On the 28th, he held a meeting for Christian Workers in Via delle Coppelle; spoke at the Brethren's Hall at a meeting for the breaking of bread on Sunday morning, the 30th, and preached in the evening at Mr. Wall's Chapel. On the 31st he conducted a service at the Oratorio Evangelico, and subsequently preached at various places of worship including the Tempio Evangelico, the Presbyterian Church, the Waldensian Church, the Sala Cristiana, the American Baptist Chapel, the Italian Free Church, a Hall in Via della Scrofa connected with the Tempio Evangelico (where a service for Italian soldiers was held), the Italian Free Church, and the Wesleyan Chapel.

During our stay in Rome, we visited the Catacombs. There are about 60 in all, which extend in various directions, outside the walls of the city. "They consist of subterranean excavations, which served as places of refuge and worship to the earliest followers of the Christian faith, during the persecutions they had to suffer under the predecessors of Constantine, and where, after death, many thousands were interred, from the earliest period of Christianity to the sixth century of the present era."

We visited St. Peter's also, the Vatican, drove along the Via Appia, by which the Apostle Paul entered Rome, and saw the Arch of Titus. The Coliseum (which originally accommodated 87,000 spectators) is likewise a remarkable ruin. "The caverns in which the wild beasts were

confined are still in existence, and the gladiatorial spectacles, of which for nearly 400 years it was the scene, are matters of history. In the reign of Trajan, Ignatius was brought there from Antioch, on purpose to be torn in pieces by wild beasts; and great numbers of martyrs perished on its arena." The Basilica of the Lateran—which we visited also—was long regarded as the first of Christian Churches, and stiled by an inscription at the entrance, "The Mother and Head of all the Churches in the world!" One of the sights of Rome, too, is the Scala Santa, where eleven penitents were ascending a long flight of 28 marble steps upon their knees. This Scala Santa is the celebrated staircase up which Luther, before his conversion, was once working his weary way, when these words, "The just shall live by faith," seemed to reach him like a voice from heaven.

Before our departure from Rome, we visited the Basilica of San Paolo likewise, a vast marble Cathedral, erected on the spot where—according to tradition—the Apostles Peter and Paul embraced each other before they were led away to execution—the former to be crucified with his head downwards, the latter to be beheaded.

The Church and Monastery of the three Fountains, the Baths of Caracalla, the Columbaria—remarkable ancient burying places for the remains of the dead, after they had been burned to ashes—the Pantheon, the Column of Trajan, the Arch of Septimus Severus, some curious old

aqueducts, the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars, and other famous antiquities, we also saw ; but the sights of Rome are so numerous and celebrated, that no minute description of them can be attempted, especially as our visits to those just mentioned were most brief and hasty, compared with the time usually devoted to them by strangers. The ruins of Rome—once proudly called the “Eternal City”—plainly show “that the fashion of this world passeth away, and the lust thereof.” “He (and he *only*) who doeth the will of God, abideth for ever.” What a blessed thing it is to have “no abiding City” here, but to look for “the City which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.”

On April 9th, we went to Naples, where, the following morning, at the Chiesa Metodista, Mr. Müller addressed about 100 Christian Workers, including pastors, evangelists, colporteurs, Sunday School teachers, leaders of Mothers’ Meetings, etc. ; and in the evening (by particular request) he held a service in the Bethel Mission ship, for the English seamen of Naples, amongst whom were a few sailors from Bristol, who had expressed a desire that he should address them. On the following evening he preached at the Presbyterian Church, in English, to a large congregation ; and, during our stay at Naples, held a number of other meetings, including services at the Chiesa Evangelica, the Italian Free Church, the Waldensian Church—where he preached in French, with Italian trans-

lation — the Chiese Cristiana Apostolica, the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the German Church. He addressed a large class of young ladies also at a school, both in English and in German.

During our stay at Naples, we visited the ruins of Pompeii, 14 miles distant, “a city which was partially overthrown by an earthquake, on Feb. 5th, A.D. 63, and destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, Aug. 24th, A.D. 79. Pompeii was overwhelmed by showers of pumice stones and ashes, no current of lava having ever reached it; but through the excavations that have been made, a large portion of the city has been disinterred. Many of the houses still standing, were probably built before, or during, our Saviour’s life on earth.” We saw the ruins of Herculaneum also, a city destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, when it was destroyed by torrents of volcanic mud.

The Solfatara, a semi-extinct volcano near Naples, is a remarkable locality; and the spot where the Apostle Paul, after touching at Rhegium, first landed in Italy, was particularly pointed out. We likewise saw the road along which he travelled on his way to Rome, of which the ancient pavement, composed of massive blocks of lava, in some places is still perfect.

On April 21st—accompanied by Mr. Gray, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, who kindly acted as our guide—after driving through Naples, Portici, and Resina, we

slowly ascended the slopes of Mount Vesuvius, which is about 30 miles in circumference at its base ; and, whilst going up the steep incline, marked a gradual decrease of vegetation, until great lava fields, consisting of immense black boulders, and enormous quantities of lava, cooled, and hardened into the most fantastic shapes, were reached. At 2 o'clock we alighted at the Hermitage, and afterwards walked towards the eruptive cone, but made no attempt to reach its top. The distant view, however, was very beautiful, and the surroundings on every side were grand. A Museum at the Observatory contains a valuable collection of minerals from Vesuvius, some volcanic bombs, and a few curious scientific instruments, amongst which is an " eisograph " for measuring the duration and violence of earthquakes, so constructed that the precise time of their duration can be measured with the greatest accuracy. Before leaving the Museum, we heard that a gentleman, whilst in the act of mounting the cone of Vesuvius, had just died suddenly of apoplexy, brought on by over exertion during its ascent ; and a short time afterwards several men passed us carrying his corpse down the mountain in a chair. He appeared to be about 45 years of age, and was sitting upright, with his head hanging over the left shoulder. His countenance was deadly pale, and life was quite extinct. The sight was both solemn and affecting.

On the evening of April 24th, my husband gave a farewell address in English at the Presbyterian Church, when

at the close of the service, Mr. Gray, on his own behalf and that of the congregation, publicly expressed his gratitude for "Mr. Müller's valued ministry" amongst them. Our visit to Naples was a very happy one, and the meetings were of a most important character.

The next morning we rose at 4, to leave by an early train for Rome, but our stay there was a short one only. That evening Mr. Müller preached at Mr. Wall's Chapel to a large congregation, and the following evening held a meeting at the American Episcopal Church. On Sunday morning, April 27th, he gave an address at the Brethren's Hall, and preached at the Sala Cristiana in the evening from Heb. xi. 24, 25, 26—a solemn farewell sermon.

On the 28th we went again to Florence, and when he had held six meetings in that city (including a service at Dr. Comandi's Institution, where, on May 2nd, he addressed the children of the various evangelical schools in Florence), on the morning of the 5th we left, and, after crossing the Appenines, reached Bologna in the afternoon. There he preached in French, with Italian translation, that evening and the next, at Monsieur Roland's Church to crowded congregations.

On May 8th we went on to Venice; passed through Ferrara, Padua, and other places on the way; and, after travelling by rail through the watery district by which the city is surrounded, reached our destination in the evening, where, instead of an omnibus, a gondola was waiting for



passengers, in which we were rowed along several canals, to the Hotel Danieli. That evening, at 8 o'clock, Mr. Müller preached at the Vaudois Church, and at the Methodist Episcopal Church the next evening. He held two other meetings also, whilst we remained at Venice, one of which was in English at the American Consul's house; but his labours in this city were shortened considerably, in consequence of the inability of Monsieur Meille, the Italian pastor (who was suffering seriously from a throat affection), to translate.

Venice, from being full of canals and nearly surrounded by the sea, is one of the most extraordinary cities in the world. During our brief sojourn there, two or three little voyages in gondolas enabled us to form some idea of the place. "This city is built upon piles, on three large and 114 small islands, formed by 150 narrow canals, and crossed by 380 short bridges. The islands and city upon them are in a shallow lagune of the Adriatic. Palaces and houses, *once* magnificent, line the banks of the Grand Canal, which is two miles and a half in length, and the "Bridge of Sighs" connects the Palace of the Doges with the prisons that belong to it; but the whole city bears marks of a grandeur that has passed away, and its fame and glory are of a bygone character. Venice is divided into two unequal parts by the Grand Canal, which is crossed near the middle of its course by the Ponte di Rialto, a marble bridge of one single, spacious arch. The

city contains upwards of 4,000 gondolas. From the top of the Campanile (a square tower 316 feet in height) an extensive prospect is obtained, embracing the Alps, the Adriatic, the Istrian Mountains, and Monti Euganei, near Padua."

On May 15th, early in the morning, we left for Brescia, and, after passing through Padua, Vicenza, and Verona, reached Peschiera, close to Lago Garda, one of the beautiful lakes in northern Italy. After our arrival at Brescia, Mr. Müller preached that evening at the Vaudois Church, from John i. 29. Amongst his hearers were several Roman Catholics, and some officers and soldiers belonging to a regiment in the city. He held another meeting, also, the following evening at the same church, and after the service we distributed little Italian books amongst the people, which were gratefully accepted.

On May 17th we left for Milan, and from there proceeded by an evening train to Como, where, at the Vaudois Church, he preached four times, with translation into Italian. Here the congregation consisted of poor country people; and great was the interest with which they listened to a preacher, who told them that he was a poor man himself. Everything he needs (they were told) is obtained by prayer and faith, and his wants are made known to his Heavenly Father only. On May 20th we spent a few hours at Bellagio, 16 miles distant, one of the most beautiful places on the Lake of Como; and the next

day returned to Milan, where Mr. Müller preached at the Wesleyan Church, with Italian interpretation, in the evening. During our stay, he held meetings also at the Italian Free Church, the Brethren's Room, the Vaudois Church, at an Italian Church in Place Charles Beccaria, and at a Protestant Church in Rue Agnello. On the 28th (by invitation) he held a drawing-room meeting at the British Chaplain's house, and the next evening preached in German at the Vaudois Church, not being able to address the Germans in their own place of worship, because their pastor was a neologian. On our way to and from the meetings, we passed Milan Cathedral (built of white marble from the Simplon) repeatedly. Next to St. Peter's at Rome, and Seville Cathedral, it is the largest church in Europe. These splendid Cathedrals, however, are all Popish, and the religious services carried on in them are full of the grossest idolatry and superstition.

On May 31st, we left Milan for Turin; and after Mr. Müller had conducted three services in that city, on Tuesday, June 3rd, set off for an excursion through the Waldensian Valleys, which contain a Protestant population of about 26,000, whereas Turin has only between 800 and 900 *Protestant* inhabitants. The journey from Turin to Pignerola was performed by rail; but at the latter place we took an open carriage, and drove to Villa Sèche, a village inhabited principally by Protestants. During the drive, we passed several mountain torrents, saw the distant Alps,

and drove for miles close to the river Chison, which was rushing over its rocky bed with a loud noise, down a steep incline into the Valley. The whole of this district is extremely interesting, because for hundreds of years it has been inhabited by the Waldenses, who, in the 16th and 17th centuries, on account of their faithfulness to Christ, were cruelly persecuted by the Papists; and, as their attachment to the reformed faith brought many sufferings upon them, they were compelled to flee from their beloved homes to any hiding place that afforded them a refuge. The two principal Waldensian Valleys are St. Martin and Luzerne, which contain 15 parishes; but the houses in them are scattered, and being at a great distance from each other, the members of the little Churches are obliged to walk many miles in order to attend the meetings. These Waldensian Christians are generally very poor, and many of them live in houses roofed with rough, flat stones loosely put together, instead of slates or tiles. In the windows, too, of a few of their abodes, paper occupied the place of glass. At Pomaret some of the people were standing at their doors to gaze at us, because our visit was expected; and as we drove along "Monsieur le pasteur Georges Müller" had many respectful bows and salutations. At five o'clock we reached the house of the pastor at Villa Sèche, and in the evening accompanied him to his Church, a very ancient Vaudois place of worship, situated at a great height upon a mountain, many hundreds

of feet above his residence. A steep, rugged, winding pathway, covered in places with loose stones, led up this mountain towards the Church; and as some rivulets streamed over the ascent, it was difficult to avoid getting ankle-deep in water. The silence and solitude of the whole region, too, were striking. At length, warm, tired, and almost breathless, we reached the Church, a large, old-fashioned building, which was crowded with a rustic congregation, who (the meeting having been announced for 5 o'clock, though circumstances did not allow of our getting there till 7) had been sitting there two hours, patiently waiting our arrival. The service, which was in French, was opened with singing and prayer, after which Mr. Müller addressed the audience for an hour, throwing himself heart and soul into their circumstances. At the close of the meeting we distributed little French and Italian books amongst the people; shook hands with many of them; and soon after 9 reached the pastor's cottage down below, a Swiss chalet, with a projecting roof, and two wooden galleries outside. In this mountain home the domestic arrangements were of the simplest, most frugal character possible, many of the comforts and conveniences of life (often considered indispensable) being wanting; but we were most kindly entertained, and greatly enjoyed our little visit.

The next morning we took a drive to Perrier, two miles further up the Valley, and called upon the village pastor.

Underneath his house were two "souterrains," or caverns where, in the last century, some Vaudois Christians were imprisoned, and left to starve, by their bitter enemies the Papists. By the light of a candle we explored these subterranean cavities; but as the ground was covered with water, it was necessary to step carefully on blocks of wood. Some snow covered mountains were afterwards pointed out, where, during the last century, 80 Vaudois women with their infants were obliged to pass the night whilst escaping from their cruel foes; but, when morning came, they were discovered in a semi-frozen state, and most of them perished eventually through the severity of the cold.

In the afternoon we drove to La Perouse, where a night's lodging was proposed for us at the Hospital; we decided, however, upon going to the "Hôtel National," a little Italian public-house, but found the accommodation most uncomfortable, and that no one understood a word of French. At 4 o'clock a meeting was held at the Vaudois Church, Pomaret, when Mr. Müller preached in French to a large, attentive audience. On the morning of June 5th we visited St. Germain, seven miles from La Perouse, at which place he addressed a large congregation of poor people in French at 10 o'clock for three quarters of an hour. At one we set off again in the little open carriage; and, after a drive of eleven miles, reached La Tour, the largest Vaudois settlement, and the principal Protestant

station in the Valleys. In the evening, at St. Jean (three miles from La Tour), Mr. Müller preached at a school-room, belonging to the Church, in French, where a large congregation, including several gentlemen and ladies, had assembled. Here, at the close of the service, the pastor prayed—"Que le discours excellent de notre frère soit gravé sur nos cœurs"; and another gentleman afterwards remarked—"Monsieur Müller nous a dit précisément ce qu'il nous faut; le sermon était admirable."

On the afternoon of June 7th, we visited the "Orphelinât des Vallées Vaudoises," a small Orphan Establishment for 50 girls, in a delightful situation, just outside La Tour. The Directrice conducted us through the various departments of the Institution, where cleanliness and order reigned supreme; for all the back, out-of-door premises, yards, courts, etc., were so beautifully neat and clean, as well as the school-rooms and the dormitories, that we asked whether this was because visitors were expected. The reply, however, was: "Les départements sont tous les jours comme vous les voyez maintenant." The garden too was admirably kept. It contained an abundance of vegetables and fruit trees; vines were gracefully trained against a wooden paling surrounding the enclosure, and a few flowers were cultivated in beds. After visiting the different departments of the institution, the Directrice conducted us to a school-room, where all the girls were busily engaged with needlework. They rose as we entered,

Mr. Müller spoke to them for a few minutes ; and, when they had sung a hymn, we took leave of the interesting party.

On the evening of that day my husband preached at the Ecole de Saint Marguerite ; on Sunday morning, June 8th, he held a French meeting at " Le Temple," and in the afternoon we went to an old Church at Chabas, built by the Vaudois Christians, after the persecutions, from which they suffered so long, had in a great measure terminated. Here, the building was crowded to the utmost, and Mr. Müller's address in French (which occupied an hour) was listened to by the audience with the greatest interest. At the close of the service, Monsieur Pons (one of the pastors) was deputed " to express the best thanks of the Christians of that locality to Mr. George Müller for his timely and most acceptable visit to the Valleys, and to express their gratitude to him and to Mrs. Müller for coming amongst them."

Having finished our little tour of 125 miles in the Waldensian Valleys, on June 9th we returned *viâ* Pignerola to Turin. There, on the evening of that day my husband held a meeting at the Italian Baptist Church, and on the following evening at half past 8 preached a farewell sermon at the Tempio Valdese Evangelico.

On Thursday, June 12th, at 9 a.m., we left Turin ; crossed the Alps, *viâ* the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and after a long, tedious journey reached Dijon at midnight. The



next day our journey was continued; and at half past 4 we arrived in Paris. There, on Sunday, June 15th, Mr. Müller preached twice in French—at the Chapelle Malesherbe, Rue Roquépine in the afternoon, and at the Eglise des Billettes in the evening. On the 17th we went on to Calais and Dover; proceeded to London on the 18th, and in the evening at half past 6 reached Ashley Down, Bristol, where, as usual, a warm welcome from the Orphans and numerous kind friends awaited us. This long Continental tour was abundantly marked by the goodness of the Lord throughout the whole of its duration, and is always remembered by us both with feelings of the deepest gratitude. On June 24th we went to London for the Mildmay Conference, where Mr. Müller spoke on four different occasions. At Cheltenham (where we stayed from June 30th to July 2nd) he preached twice, and subsequently held two meetings at the Guildhall, Bath. He preached once also at Clevedon.

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## SIXTH TOUR.

## UNITED STATES AND CANADA

*From August 27th, 1879, to June 17th, 1880.*

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**A**FTER remaining ten weeks in Bristol, where Mr. Müller attended daily to business connected with the Orphan Houses and the other branches of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, and was occupied with his usual ministry of the Word at the three Chapels with which he is connected; having seen it to be the Lord's will that he should again visit the United States, on Wednesday, August 27th, 1879, we went to Liverpool, and, on the following afternoon, sailed in the "Germanic" for New York. During the first few days of our voyage, we had very rough weather; but, when the wind abated, the sea became calm, and our passage was a favourable one upon the whole.

On Friday evening, Sept. 5th, at the request of the passengers, my husband gave an address in the saloon, and on the 6th, at 4.20 p.m., we landed at New York.

There we stayed at the Rossmore Hotel until Sept. 20th, but Mr. Müller did not commence his work before the

evening of Sunday, the 14th, when he preached at the Methodist Episcopal Church, South Second Street, Brooklyn, about six miles distant. Here, the pastor of the Church (who longed so earnestly for the conversion of sinners, that he described his desire for their salvation as "a consuming fire" within him) introduced the preacher to his congregation by making the following original remarks :—" My dear Friends, I rejoice to tell you that we are about to hear the gospel from the heart and lips of our venerable friend, who, though now aged 74, has preached the gospel upwards of 1,400 times during the last four years, in the various cities and countries he has visited. Hear this, you young men, and remember that he is no smoker, nor lover of alcoholic drink ; but see how God can strengthen for His blessed service, those who trust in Him, and seek to live to His honour and glory. I have now great pleasure in introducing to you Mr. George Müller, of Bristol, England." After this opening speech, all eyes (as may be supposed) were fixed upon the preacher, who took Isaiah iii., 10, 11, for his text, and was enabled to speak with great faithfulness and power.

The following evening we went to Newark, nine miles distant, when he preached at one of the churches to a German congregation, held a German meeting at New York on the 16th, preached at Newark in English the next evening, and on the 18th and 19th conducted services in German at New York.

On Sept. 20th, we left for Morristown, New Jersey, where he held several important meetings, and at Drew Theological Seminary addressed the students—91 in number—for an hour and ten minutes. About nine months afterwards, one of the hearers (a gentleman who has since become the pastor of a church) told us, the blessing he had received, through this address, was so great, that he had experienced something like a second conversion by means of it. He added, that about one half of the other students also were similarly blessed upon the same occasion.

On Sept. 26th we returned to New York, and proceeded thence, *viâ* Po'keepsy and Albany, to Troy, 157 miles distant, where, at the "Climbers' Rest," (a house standing on a steep hill in a beautiful situation, the residence of a gentleman who had kindly invited us to be his guests) we remained during our stay. At Troy Mr. Müller preached several times to crowded congregations, and on the 29th attended a meeting of about 80 pastors from the city and neighbourhood, whom he addressed for an hour and a quarter. He visited Troy Orphan Asylum also, spoke to the children, and held one meeting at Lansingburg. On Oct. 4th we went to Albany, and proceeded afterwards to Saratoga Springs (a beautiful and salubrious spot, much frequented by the Americans) at both of which places my husband preached repeatedly, and gave addresses at pastors' meetings likewise. His last service at Saratoga Springs was held at the First Baptist Church, on the evening

of Oct. 14th, when he preached from 1st Thess. v., 16, to a large congregation. The meeting was a very precious one.

On the 15th we left Saratoga Springs, early in the morning, and travelling via Schenectady, Utica, Rome, and Syracuse, arrived at Dr. Foster's Sanatorium, Clifton Springs, 175 miles distant, in the evening. As this establishment is a Christian centre, much resorted to by the Lord's people from various parts of the United States, we remained there until the 23rd; and, during our stay, Mr. Müller conducted family worship every morning in the Chapel belonging to the Institution. He preached in the evening also, to congregations consisting of invalids, visitors, and persons from the neighbourhood. On Sunday evening, Oct. 19th, his subject was the second Advent, on which he spoke for an hour and a quarter with great liberty, earnestness, and joy, breaking out during his discourse into fervent prayer that "Christ would graciously revive the Church, and arouse His slumbering Bride, to look, and watch, and wait for her absent Lord's return." The solemnity with which he spoke was particularly noticed, and the subject was one in which many took a lively interest.

From Clifton Springs we went on to Rochester, where he preached at St. Peter's, the Plymouth, the First Presbyterian, and the Baptist Churches; and on Sunday evening, Oct. 26th, at the large Brick Church, addressed an overflowing audience, when more than 1,000 people were unable to obtain admittance.

On Oct. 28th we went, viâ Niagara Falls, to Hamilton, Canada, on the shores of Lake Ontario, and afterwards to Brantford, at each of which places Mr. Müller held several meetings. At Hamilton also, at the Music Hall, he addressed the inmates of a Blind Asylum (71 in number), and at Brantford, besides visiting an Institute for the children of North American Indians, to whom he spoke, called upon the widows at a Widows' Home, and addressed them likewise.

On the 8th we left Brantford for Toronto, where, in the afternoon at Shaftesbury Hall, he addressed 400 Sunday School teachers, and held a meeting in the evening for 200 young men belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association. He preached also on the morning of Sunday, the 9th, at Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, addressed a Bible class at Shaftesbury Hall in the afternoon, and preached for an hour in the evening at Knox Presbyterian Church, to about 1,500 persons. On Oct. 10th he gave two addresses (in the afternoon and evening) at Shaftesbury Hall, and one address every afternoon in the week besides; preached on the morning of Sunday, the 16th, at the Central Presbyterian Church, and on that evening and the next, addressed large audiences at the great Metropolitan Church, which holds 3,000. On the former of these occasions the building was crowded to overflowing.

On Nov. 19th we rose at 5, and at 7.12 set off on a journey of 333 miles, by "through express" for Montreal (a city which contains a population numbering upwards of

100,000 Papists, and only about 50,000 Protestants), where we arrived at 9 o'clock that night. There Mr. Müller preached every evening in the week, and twice on Sunday until our departure. His ministry (we heard) was highly valued in that city, and many spoke of blessing received by means of it.

On Nov. 29th at 4 o'clock, we left for Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada, 117 miles from Montreal, where we arrived at half past 9, and on the following day (Sunday) my husband preached morning and evening at the Tabernacle to large congregations. During our short stay at Ottawa, the cold was intense, and there were heavy falls of snow, but we took a drive to the Chaudière Falls, and saw the residence of the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada. From Barrack Hill, which rises almost perpendicularly to an elevation of 350 feet, the prospect was extensive, and the beauty of the scenery in the neighbourhood of Ottawa is said to be unrivalled. In the neighbourhood of the Falls the frost work was remarkable, and the icicles (several feet in length) formed quite a picture.

On Tuesday, Dec. 3rd, we left Ottawa for Brockville, Ontario, and on the 5th proceeded to Kingston, at each of which places Mr. Müller held meetings. At Kingston, on Saturday morning, Dec. 6th, he addressed the students of Queen's College, and in the evening preached at the Methodist Episcopal Church. On the morning of Sunday,

the 7th, he held a meeting at the First Congregational Church, and in the evening addressed an overflowing audience at a mass meeting in the City Hall, where hundreds were unable to obtain admission.

On Dec. 8th he preached again at the City Hall; gave an address at a pastors' meeting on the morning of the 9th, and in the afternoon returned to Toronto, 170 miles from Kingston, where we arrived at 11.15 that night. There, having been particularly invited to attend the Conference meetings at Shaftesbury Hall, on the following morning (Dec. 10th) we were present at the opening prayer meeting, when the Hon. Vice-Chancellor Blake was President. From 10 to 11 Mr. Müller gave an address on "The inspiration of the Scriptures," and was followed by the Rev. W. J. Erdman of Jamestown, New York, who spoke from 11 to 12 on the *study* of the Bible; a subject upon which he threw out several valuable hints. He spoke, for instance, of the importance of reading the Holy Scriptures with a humble, teachable, *receptive* mind, prepared to set aside notions, thoughts, and prejudices of our own; to believe *all* that God reveals; and to *carry out* the light received. In the afternoon, Mr. Robert Cameron of Brantford spoke, on the second Advent, dwelling upon the *glory* of that period, when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ; and remarked that, in apostolic times, young converts, at the very outset of their



course, were instructed in the precious truth of His personal return, to which the Scriptures so largely and so definitely point. He reminded his hearers also of the instruction given by the Apostle Paul to the Thessalonians, namely:—"That the day of the Lord shall not come, except there come the apostasy first, and the man of sin (the personal Antichrist) be revealed, the son of perdition, whom the Lord shall consume with the Spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming." Mr. Cameron was followed by Mr. Müller, who spoke from 4 to 5 upon "Christ in all the Scriptures;" and in the evening there were addresses to Christian Workers from Messrs. Erdman, Macleod, Parlans, and others.

On the morning of the 11th, the attendance at Shaftesbury Hall was large, and Vice-Chancellor Blake again occupied the chair. After half an hour had been spent in prayer, the Rev. E. Harris, of St. Thomas, addressed the meeting; the Rev. P. Macleod of Stratford spoke afterwards, and an address from Mr. Erdman brought the morning service to a close.

In the afternoon Mr. Müller's subject was "The Second Coming of Christ," when he gave an outline of the chief events that will precede and accompany that glorious event, and dwelt upon many important truths connected with it. He spoke for an hour and 20 minutes. After Mr. Erdman had followed with his subject, "No Millennium until Jesus comes" (for which here was very little

time), "Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Jesus comes" was sung with great animation, and the meeting terminated.

In the evening, from 8 to 9, Mr. Müller spoke again upon the second Advent, when he expounded Daniel vii., and in the course of his address made practical remarks connected with the subject, which took up so much time, that Mr. Erdman (as before) was able to say a few words only, on the topic allotted to him; but, as this dear brother in the Lord, possessed a gracious, Christ-like spirit, he only said—"I rejoice that Brother Müller should take the lead, for I feel like Timothy standing by the side of Paul." As Mr. Erdman subsequently gave us a few interesting particulars about his own conversion and experience which are instructive, for the benefit of others, it may be desirable to record them here.

When quite a boy, he was an ardent lover of his Greek Testament, and used to read it habitually long before he really *believed* the truths which the precious book contained; but, through his constant study of it, became at length a true disciple of the Lord Jesus. Some time after his conversion, however, when the pastor of a church, he, like many of his brethren in the ministry, was so thoroughly opposed to the doctrine of Christ's pre-millennial advent, that he debated publicly against it. Still, from his early youth he had always been a great lover of the simple word of God, apart from human teaching, and now in the course of his study of the Greek Testament, was led to see

his standing in Christ more clearly than he did when first converted. He found that, by trusting in Jesus, he was pardoned and justified, that he was "Accepted in the Beloved"; and whilst rejoicing in a full assurance of his own personal salvation, this thought began gradually to steal into his mind—"Ought I not in the same way to take *simply* and *literally* (whenever it is possible to do so) all the statements both in the Old and New Testaments that point to the *personal return of the Lord Jesus Christ*, and throw light upon that great event?" This single ray of light he diligently followed, and his study of the prophetic word eventually led to his becoming as *certain* that the second coming of Christ will be pre-millennial, as he is of any other truth revealed in the Holy Scriptures.

On Dec. 12th, the Rev. Arthur Burson presided at the Conference, when addresses were given by Vice-Chancellor Blake and other brethren. The subject for the Vice-Chancellor was—"Watch"; the Rev. J. Salmon's, "Man, as seen in the Old and New Testaments"; Mr. Erdman's, "Eternal Life"; and in the afternoon at Shaftesbury Hall, Mr. Müller replied in public, to nine written questions that had been handed in, one of which was this—"Are we to expect our Lord's return at *any moment*, or that certain events must be fulfilled before He comes again?" His answer was—"I know that on this subject there is great diversity of judgment, and I do not wish to force on other persons the light I have myself.

The subject, however, is not new to me ; for having been a careful, diligent student of the Bible for nearly fifty years, my mind has long been settled on this point, and I have not the shadow of a doubt about it. The Scriptures declare plainly, that the Lord Jesus will *not* come until the apostasy shall have taken place, and the man of sin, the "son of perdition" (or personal Antichrist) shall have been revealed, as seen in 2nd Thess. ii. Many other portions also of the Word of God distinctly teach, that certain *events* are to be fulfilled before the return of our Lord Jesus Christ. This does not, however, alter the fact, that the *coming of Christ*, and not death, is the great Hope of the Church, and, if in a right state of heart, *we* (as the Thessalonian believers did) shall 'serve the living and true God, *and—wait for His Son from Heaven.*' "

In the evening Mr. Müller spoke for 40 minutes on "Walking with God," some valedictory addresses from the Vice-Chancellor and other brethren followed, and after singing—"Till He come, oh let that word," etc., the President requested "Our dear brother, Mr. Müller, to give the benediction," when the happy Toronto Conference terminated.

During his concluding remarks, Vice-Chancellor Blake expressed his surprise that pastors and servants of Christ, who minister in word and doctrine, take so little notice of the second Advent, as nearly "one third of the Bible, either directly or indirectly, points to it." By most of

them the subject is ignored ; but " Christ crucified, Christ risen, and Christ *coming*," *should* be their theme. One important feature in the Toronto Conference was—that instruction was given as to the character of the dispensation in which we live. How important it is to understand that there will be *no* universal blessing *now*, but that the *very opposite* of this is to be expected ; for iniquity will abound and *increase*, in the professing *Church* as well as in the world, until at last " the man of sin will be revealed the son of perdition," whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming." How earnestly should we seek to walk and to act *now*, as in the light of the great day of Christ's appearing !

On Sunday morning, Dec. 14th, Mr. Müller preached at Elm Street Methodist Church ; and at the great Metropolitan Church, addressed an immense congregation in the evening, from John xiv., 16, 17. His subject was the indwelling and power of the Holy Ghost, and he concluded his sermon with a word of warning to believers not to grieve the Spirit. The unconverted were also solemnly reminded, that—" If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." That evening we heard from Mr. Clarkson (pastor of the Sherborne Street Methodist Church) that on Sunday morning, Nov. 9th, when my husband preached for him, there were several conversions amongst his congregation. Referring also to himself, he

said—"Your ministry, under God, has greatly quickened me."

On Saturday morning, Dec. 20th, we left Toronto, and went, viâ Hamilton and Niagara Falls, to Buffalo, on the shores of Lake Erie, in the United States, 120 miles distant. There, on the following day (Sunday), Mr. Müller preached at the Westminster Presbyterian Church in the morning, and at the Central Presbyterian in the evening, where there was a "union service." During our visit to Buffalo, he held meetings also at the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, at Prospect Avenue Church, the North Presbyterian, First Baptist, and Lafayette Street Churches, at St. Peter's (a large German Church which was crowded to the utmost with a mass meeting of Germans, 2,000 being present) at the new Church of the Evangelical Association, and at Calvary Presbyterian Church. On Dec. 30th, at a meeting for pastors, he addressed about 50 for an hour and 10 minutes, who received him most affectionately, and on Jan. 4th, 1880, preached again at St. Peter's in German to a vast audience of 2,000. In addition to his English services, he held four large German meetings altogether.

On Jan. 5th we left Buffalo, and returning through Niagara Falls and Hamilton, went viâ Paris, to Woodstock, Canada, where, during our short stay, my husband preached at the Baptist, Knox, and Methodist Churches, and gave an address at the Baptist College to the students.

During our stay at Woodstock, a pastor from Hamilton related to us the following interesting circumstance:—

Several years ago John and Thomas Gain of Hamilton (two orphan lads) were converted through going to a Sunday School, which they had been in the habit of attending, and some time afterwards "George Müller's Life of Trust" was given to them. In consequence of reading this book—having determined to begin business for themselves, and to carry it on by prayer and faith, according to the principles therein so strongly advocated, they began to manufacture paper bags, with addresses printed on them of the men of business by whom the bags were ordered. Desiring, however, to adhere closely to their principle of trust in God, they were most careful to avoid undertaking orders that involved any departure from it, and all *kinds* of business upon which they could not confidently ask His blessing. This path of faith resulted in prosperity, for the Lord so blessed them, that they became comparatively rich. John Gain, who has since departed to be with Christ, died triumphantly; but his brother Thomas is still living, and continues to carry on business at Hamilton. The gentleman who related these particulars, knew them both well, as they were formerly members of the church of which he was the pastor.

On Jan. 10th, we left Woodstock, and went to London, Ontario, where, the next morning (Sunday), Mr. Müller preached at Queen's Avenue Methodist Church, and that

evening and the next addressed large audiences at St. Andrew's. After this last service we were introduced to several persons, amongst whom was the Rev. Josiah Henson, a venerable negro, with a pleasant expression of countenance, and white hair, who shook hands with us most cordially. This was "Uncle Tom," the hero of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a well-known character to many.

During the remainder of our short stay at London, Mr. Müller held a few other meetings; and on Jan. 17th we left Canada for Detroit, Michigan, United States, where, on the afternoons of Sunday, the 18th, and Monday, the 19th, he preached at Fort Street Presbyterian Church; and on the evening of the latter day, at St. John's, a German Lutheran Church, which was crowded. A number of German ministers too from the city and neighbourhood were present on this occasion. Whilst at Detroit, my husband preached likewise at the First Baptist, Jefferson Avenue, Central Methodist Episcopal, Simpson Methodist Episcopal, and Central Presbyterian Churches; held three more meetings for the Germans, addressed a number of pastors at Lafayette Street Church, spoke at the Central Methodist Episcopal Church on Feb. 2nd, to about 500 Christian Workers, and had five private interviews of two hours each with Dr. Pierson (pastor of Fort Street Presbyterian Church) with reference to his labours in the ministry.

From Detroit, on Feb. 4th, we went to Ypsilanti (at



which place Mr. Müller preached three times, and addressed about 200 students of the Normal School, or State College who were being trained for teachers), and from Ypsilanti proceeded to Ann Arbor, where, on Sunday morning, Feb. 8th, he addressed a union meeting of Germans in their own language at a German Church. On that evening also, at the great University Hall (the largest in the State of Michigan) he addressed a mass-meeting, consisting of about 1,000 students out of the 2,000 who belong to the University, and 1,800 persons from churches which had been closed, that their members might attend this service. From the platform of the Hall a large semi-circular building), just before the sermon, Dr. Brown, of the Presbyterian Church, made a short opening speech, and concluded his remarks by saying:—"We have for years, Mr. Müller, been acquainted with your life and labours; we thank God for you; your work has been an inspiration to us, and we now most heartily welcome you to the University and to the Churches of Ann Arbor." My husband then addressed the vast audience for an hour, and spoke particularly to the students who formed a large portion of the congregation.

The following brief account of this University may here be considered interesting:—

"The University of Michigan, located in Ann Arbor, is one of the noblest Institutions in the land. With fees little more than nominal, and with a standard of scholar-

ship as high as any College or University in the country, it numbers amongst its students natives of every part of the globe. The University buildings occupy a square of ground, each front of which is nearly a quarter of a mile in length. There are no dormitories, all the space being devoted to purposes of instruction. The library is large and constantly increasing ; the geological collection is one of the most perfect in the country ; there is a fine art gallery ; and the medical museum is complete." Before our departure, Mr. Müller preached at the Presbyterian Church, and held a second German service on Feb. 10th.

On the 11th we left Ann Arbor for Olivet, but, in consequence of a railway accident, our journey was delayed ; and having to pass one night at Jackson on the way, and to drive through Charlotte to another station, we did not reach our destination until Thursday afternoon the 12th. At Olivet, a little village, remarkable chiefly for its College, my husband preached only twice ; and on the latter occasion addressed the College students (of whom there were about 300) at the Church belonging to the Institution.

On Feb. 14th, we had a long drive to Marshall, 12 miles distant, and then continued our journey by rail to Kalamazoo, 35 miles from Marshall. Here Mr. Müller preached twice at the First Presbyterian Church, and held two union meetings, one at the Wesleyan and the other at the Baptist Church. On the afternoon of Feb. 8th, he

gave an address also at Mount Holyoke Seminary for Ladies, which stands upon a hill in a beautiful situation, at a little distance from the town. On Feb. 19th, he held a meeting for the 135 students of Kalamazoo College, and on the 20th we left for Chicago, 142 miles from Kalamazoo.

There my husband preached at the First Congregational Church on Sunday morning, the 22nd; addressed about 2,000 Germans at Mr. Moody's Tabernacle in the afternoon; held German meetings at Farwell Hall, on the evenings of the 23rd, 24th, and 25th; and on the 26th gave a farewell address to the Germans of Chicago at Moody's Tabernacle in the evening. On Feb. 27th, at an evening meeting connected with the Sunday School Teachers' Convention for Cook's County, held at Farwell Hall, which was attended by delegates and superintendents from Chicago and other places; Mr. Müller addressed 1,000 Christian workers for about an hour, and was followed by Major Whittle and Mr. Jacobs, who also gave addresses. On Sunday, Feb. 29th, my husband preached at the Tabernacle in the morning, from 2nd Tim. iv., 7, 8, with great help and power, and spoke in the afternoon on the Second Coming of Christ, from the parable of the ten virgins, at the same place.

On the evenings of the 1st and 2nd of March, he preached again at the Tabernacle; held a meeting at the Second Presbyterian Church on the evening of the 3rd,

gave an address at the lecture room of the First Congregational Church on the 4th, and on the 5th held a farewell meeting at the lecture room of Dr. Goodwin's Church. Before our departure the German pastors stated that his ministry had been made a great blessing to their congregations.

On March 6th we left Chicago for Milwaukee, the commercial capital of Wisconsin, 85 miles distant, which contains a population of 130,000, two thirds of whom are Germans. On the following day (Sunday) Mr. Müller preached both morning and evening at Immanuel Church, held a meeting on the 8th at Plymouth Congregational Church, and on the evening of Tuesday, March 9th, addressed a mass meeting of Germans at the Second Congregational Church. During our stay at Milwaukee, he held three other German meetings, and on the evening of the 11th preached at the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was his last service in that city.

On March 12th, at midnight, we left for St. Paul, Minnesota, 324 miles from Milwaukee; and, after travelling for many miles along the banks of the *Upper* Mississippi through a beautiful district, reached our destination on the 13th, at 1.25 p.m. After our arrival the cold became so severe, that the thermometer registered 10 degrees below zero, that is, 42 degrees of frost. The next morning (Sunday, 14th), at Immanuel Church, Mr. Müller held a meeting for the Germans, who form more than

half the population of St. Paul ; and in the evening a mass meeting of Germans assembled at the Opera House, where he addressed them in their own language for an hour. On Monday morning, the 15th, he attended a meeting of pastors, and on that evening and the next, preached to large congregations of Germans. During the remainder of our stay at St. Paul, he preached in English also at the Congregational, Methodist Episcopal, and Baptist Churches, and gave an address at a meeting of ladies one afternoon.

“ St. Paul, the capital of Minnesota, is on the river Mississippi, 2,082 miles from its mouth at New Orleans, and is the largest city in the State. The Mississippi rises in Minnesota ; at its source it is 3,160 miles from its mouth, and passes over more than 18 degrees of latitude.”

During our visit to St. Paul the weather was intensely cold, but the air was of the dryest, purest, most invigorating character, and is considered particularly healthy even for invalids.

On March 20th, we went to Minneapolis, where, on the morning of Sunday, the 21st, Mr. Müller spoke at the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, and preached in the evening at the Plymouth Congregational Church, to about 1,800 people. On March 22nd, at a pastors' meeting, he addressed 50 of his brethren in the ministry, by whom he was most affectionately received ; preached on the 24th at East Minneapolis, on the opposite

bank of the Mississippi ; held a meeting for the Germans on the 25th ; answered written questions at the Methodist Episcopal Centenary Church the following evening, which had been handed in ; and on the 27th, addressed the students of the College at Minneapolis, 275 in number.

The following note from a pastor at Minneapolis was received after our departure :—

“ Dear Brother in Christ,—I cannot express to you the pleasure I have enjoyed in listening to your addresses in this city, all of which, in the English language, I have heard. My faith in God, as the hearer and answerer of prayer, has been greatly strengthened, and I feel that, through his abounding grace, I have, during the last week, enjoyed especial nearness to Him, and have been better fitted for the ministry I love. I shall ever be thankful for your visit to Minneapolis, and think of you and your work with affectionate interest. For twelve years I have ministered to the church which I now serve, and God has been pleased to give me some souls as seals of my ministry ; but I long to be more like my Master, and more successful in my work. God bless you, dear Mr. Müller, and your beloved wife, your Orphanage in Bristol ; and may He abundantly prosper all the labours of your hands. If it shall never be my privilege to meet you again in this world, I shall hope to be filled with your company in our Father’s house above.”

“ Yours, until He come.”

The State of Minnesota, in which St. Paul and Minneapolis are situated, is remarkable for the richness and fertility of its soil. The land is divided into sections which contain many hundreds of acres each, and the field operations carried on are conducted by hundreds of men, who form a little army, and work at the same time, with military order and regularity. The harvesting machines used are so constructed that the corn is reaped, gathered into sheaves, bound into bundles, and thrown aside by one single machine; and as there is no ploughing by hand—at the time of seed sowing furrows, seven miles in length, are made across the prairies by ploughing machines which turn up the soil, deposit the grain in the earth, and then cover it over.

On March 27th we left by rail for Northfield, a village in Minnesota, 42 miles from Minneapolis, where (on our arrival at the Archer House) we found the wife of a Baptist minister of Faribault kindly waiting to receive us, who, when only 12 years of age, was converted at Bristol through my husband's ministry. The next morning (Easter Sunday) Mr. Müller preached at the Methodist Episcopal Church to a crowded audience from 1st Cor. xv. ; in the evening, at the Congregational Church, he addressed a union meeting of the various Northfield congregations; and before our departure held a meeting for the Germans at a German Church.

The morning of March 31st was ushered in by heavy

thunder storms, accompanied by high wind ; but the weather moderated in time for us to reach the station at half-past 8. After passing through Faribault, we changed trains at Austin, travelled thence to Plymouth Junction, on one of the great prairies, and at half-past 8 p.m. reached Cedar Rapids, on the Red Cedar river (222 miles from Northfield) where we passed the night. The next afternoon our journey was continued, and at 5 p.m. we arrived at Mount Vernon, Iowa, where a rough, covered waggon conveyed us to the village inn. There, in the evening, and twice on the following Sunday (April 4th) Mr. Müller preached at the Methodist Episcopal Church, to large attentive audiences ; but, as engagements had been made for other places, our visit to Mount Vernon was of brief duration only.

On April 5th, accordingly, we rose at half-past 4, and at 6 left for Davenport, Iowa ; where (after waiting at De Witt for an hour and a half) we arrived in the middle of the day. That evening, and on the 6th and 7th, Mr. Müller preached at the German Congregational Church ; during the remainder of our stay at Davenport he held meetings at the Methodist Episcopal, Congregational, and Baptist Churches ; and addressed about 200 students at the High School besides.

Before our departure, we visited Rock Island, in the Mississippi, upon which a town of the same name stands ; and drove through Moline, celebrated for its large arsenal. Rock Island is connected with Davenport by a bridge.



On April 13th we set off for Jacksonville, Illinois ; and in the course of our journey south, found the weather become as hot as an English July. At this town (which is 85 miles from Davenport) we arrived at 9.20 p.m. ; and, after alighting from the train, were driven to the Dunlap House, about a mile distant from the station. The next evening Mr. Müller preached at the Methodist Episcopal Church, to a large congregation, where, as the thermometer was at 80, its 14 windows and the front doors were left open, that no inconvenience might be occasioned from the oppressiveness of the heat.

On April 15th we visited the "State Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb," a most interesting institution, where the Principal (Dr. Gillett) conducted us to a large hall, in which the inmates of the Establishment (consisting of 460 deaf and dumb pupils, male and female, and 35 teachers) were at dinner. All eyes being immediately directed towards us, Dr. Gillett explained at once by signs and finger language, who the visitors were ; and announced that at half-past one, Mr. George Müller, of Bristol, England, would address the whole assembly in the Chapel ; upon which, a young man (one of the deaf mutes) stood up, and with his fingers said—"My ears itch to hear him." Our attention was then directed to 'the happy family' seated at two adjoining tables, the members of which included a Pole, some Jews, a German, a Portuguese, a Frenchman, a negro, a Swede, an Eng-

lishman, an Irishman, a Scotchman, an American, and an Italian. At the hour appointed, we went into the Chapel, which adjoins the Institution, and there, from a high platform (with Dr. Gillett standing close to him, who, with his fingers, interpreted as rapidly as the words were uttered) Mr. Müller preached the gospel to the large community of deaf and dumb, and afterwards (by particular request) gave a very brief account of the Orphan work on Ashley Down, Bristol, and the other branches of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution. At the close of his address, an attempt was made by the—*hearers* (can they be called?) to express their satisfaction by applause; but the desire was checked instantly by Dr. Gillett. We then distributed some gospel tracts amongst them, and afterwards visited the educational and industrial departments of the Institution, including a room devoted to drawing, painting, and other artistic employments, in which some of the deaf and dumb pupils excel. All the furniture used in the Establishment, as well as the boots and shoes worn by its inmates, are made on the premises. This is the largest Deaf and Dumb Institution in the world.

Before our departure from Jacksonville, Mr. Müller preached twice at the Presbyterian Church; but, having made engagements for other places, was unable to prolong his visit.

On April 17th, therefore, we rose at half past 4, set off by an early train for Bloomington, Illinois (90 miles from

Jacksonville), and arrived there the same morning at half past 10. The next day (Sunday, the 18th), my husband preached morning and evening at the First Presbyterian Church, when the congregations were larger than could have been expected, considering the unfavourable weather, which was oppressively hot, with very high wind and rain that fell at intervals in torrents. These storms gradually increased, and on Monday, in the middle of the night, we were roused by a cyclone, which broke over the town. The high wind then became a hurricane, the sky was in a blaze with lightning for hours, loud peals of thunder burst overhead, and rain, mixed with hail, swept down upon the streets in a complete deluge. Every moment we expected our windows to be blown in, and feared that a frightful crash in some part of the hotel would announce that great damage had been done; but, happily, towards morning, the wind gradually abated, and at last (through the Lord's kindness) the storm ceased. For a few days the newspapers contained alarming accounts of this tornado, and mentioned numerous places devastated by it, amongst which was Marshfield, where the destruction was overwhelming.

“This part of the country” (said the “Daily Sentinel,” of Indianapolis) “was visited last evening by one of the most terrific cyclones on record. After passing through several miles of country, it struck Marshfield about half past 6 p.m., when, an eye witness of the approaching

storm, described it as a frightful-looking black cloud, lined with fleecy white. It was funnel shaped, and moved like a screw-propeller with wonderful velocity, literally destroying and blowing away everything in its path, which was about half a mile wide, and carrying death and destruction with it. Seventy-eight people were killed instantly, and eighty-five were wounded. Large trees were twisted off, telegraph wires were snapped, houses were blown from their foundations, and what was a beautiful, peaceful, quiet town 24 hours ago, is now a waste of desolation."

Before our departure from Bloomington, Mr. Müller preached at each of the two Presbyterian Churches, and held one German meeting.

On April 21st we went to Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana (166 miles from Bloomington) a beautiful city on the western branch of the White River, surrounded by an extensive plain. There my husband preached at the Second and Third Presbyterian, the First Baptist, the Meridian Street Methodist, and the German Methodist Churches, and attended a meeting of pastors on the 26th, when he addressed many of his brethren in the ministry for an hour.

From Indianapolis, on April 28th we proceeded to Cincinnati, Ohio, where, during our visit of 10 days, he preached three times at the Vine Street Congregational Church, and twice at the Central Presbyterian Church; gave an address at the Friends' Meeting House, conducted three services in

the city for the Germans (of whom there are many thousands in Cincinnati), addressed about 200 ministers at a pastors' meeting, and, on the evening of May 5th, preached in German at Immanuel Methodist Church, Covington, Kentucky, about five miles distant. Besides these services, on May 1st we visited Mr. Shipley's Home for Children, when he gave a short address to the young people.

Cincinnati is 861 miles from New York. It extends along the northern bank of the river Ohio, and has a population of between three and four hundred thousand.

From there, on May 8th we went to Dayton, Ohio, 56 miles from Cincinnati, where Mr. Müller preached the same evening at a German Church. During our stay, he held meetings also at the First Presbyterian and First Baptist Churches, and gave an address at the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association.

On May 11th we visited the "Central National Soldiers' Home," three miles and a half from Dayton, which consists of a group of buildings more than 40 in number, where (up to that time) 4,245 men had been received, all of whom were soldiers disabled or invalided by wounds, received during the late war. The Brick Hall (which seats 3,000) is the largest dining hall in the United States. As numbers of these soldiers were either walking or sitting about in the beautiful grounds belonging to the Institution, we were able to distribute tracts amongst

them. The average expenses of the Home are 400,000 dollars (or £80,000) per annum.

From Dayton, on May 12th, we went to Cleveland, Ohio, 190 miles distant, where, on that evening and the next, my husband preached at the United German Church.

On the 14th we left for Buffalo, and the following day continued our journey to Dansville, Livingstone County, New York (283 miles from Cleveland) where, at "Our Home on the Hill Side" (a Hygienic Institution) we spent eleven days, having received an invitation from Dr. Jackson, the Principal of the Establishment, to be his guests.

There, on Sunday morning (the 16th) Mr. Müller preached at "Liberty Hall" (the Chapel belonging to the Institution) to the patients, and the other inmates of the Home; and in the evening addressed a large, crowded audience, at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Dansville. During the week, he conducted morning family worship at "Our Home," gave one or two addresses at the prayer meetings; and on the following Sunday (May 23rd) preached at the English and German Lutheran Churches.

This Hygienic Institution consists of one large main building, and a number of smaller detached residences, which belong to it. Here, "all the natural agencies, such as air, water, food, sunlight, electricity, exercise, rest, and recreation are brought into use for the restoration of the sick, and obedience to the laws of nature is enjoined, as one of the first requisites for recovery."

On the morning of May 27th, Mr. Muller gave a farewell address to the inmates of "Our Home;" at half past 3 we left for Rochester, and in the evening went on to the Sanatorium, at Clifton Springs, 90 miles from Dansville. There he preached at the Chapel on the evening of the 28th, conducted family worship on the mornings of Saturday the 29th, and Sunday the 30th, and preached on the evening of the 30th at the Chapel to a large congregation. On Monday evening (May 31st) he preached again at the Chapel of the Sanatorium, gave a farewell address at the same place the following morning; and, at a little prayer meeting in the evening, we were both commended to the Lord for our approaching voyage to England.

As the time for our departure from the United States had now arrived, on Wednesday, June 2nd, at 9.22 a.m., we started (viâ Syracuse, Richland, and Watertown) for Cape Vincent, at the north-east extremity of Lake Ontario; reached our destination at half past 6, and, embarking in the boat which was waiting, after a pleasant little voyage of eleven miles across the lake, landed at Kingston at half past 8, and went to the "British American Hotel."

On the following morning we rose at half past 3, went on board the steamer "Spartan" and started for Montreal. The vessel was crowded with passengers, but, the weather being fine, the voyage was delightful. After leaving Lake

Ontario, we passed through the "Lake of the Thousand Islands" (as the first 40 miles of the river St. Lawrence are called) surrounded by the most beautiful scenery, reached Ogdensburg in a few hours, and at 4 o'clock went down "the Rapids," a dangerous passage, formerly considered impracticable, but now, by the help of Indian pilots, successfully accomplished. In the evening, at the close of a long day's voyage, we arrived at Montreal, changed steamers there, and after a favourable night passage, on Friday morning, June 4th, at half past 7, landed at Quebec.

On the evening of that day Mr. Müller preached at the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, but there was no time for him to hold further meetings before our departure for England.

The next morning, Saturday, the 5th of June, at 9 o'clock, we went on board the "Sardinian" (Allan Line), and soon after 10 began our voyage down the river. In the evening, at 7 o'clock, a meeting was held in the fore-castle for the sailors, to whom my husband spoke for 20 minutes, and at 8 o'clock he conducted a Bible reading in the Chart Room. On Sunday morning, June 6th, he preached in the saloon, and every day had a Bible reading with the passengers. After entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence, we passed through six hundred miles of fogs and icebergs, which so greatly hindered the progress of the ship, that the voyage occupied eleven days instead of



only eight or nine. On Sunday morning, June 13th, Mr. Müller preached again in the saloon, and spoke in the afternoon from Job xvii., 9, at a little meeting in the Chart Room.

On Wednesday, the 16th, at 3 p.m., we landed at Liverpool, proceeded the next day to Bristol, and arrived on Ashley Down at half past 4; where the dear Orphan boys and girls received and welcomed us with hearty cheers. Near the lodge a number of Christian friends also had assembled to witness our arrival, and, at New Orphan House No. 3, we had the pleasure of greeting and shaking hands with nearly all our numerous helpers.

Thus ended our sixth missionary tour (marked in every way by the loving kindness of the Lord), in the course of which my husband preached 299 times at 42 different places.

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## SEVENTH TOUR.

## CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

*From Sept. 15th, 1880, to May 31st, 1881.*

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**A**FTER Mr. Müller had laboured for ten months in word and doctrine during his first visit to America, though he preached 308 times, he had to leave the country with 108 written invitations which he was not then able to accept. This led him to go to the United States a second time, when he stayed nine months, and spoke in public 299 times altogether; but on leaving found, that 154 written invitations remained unaccepted. On this account therefore, after staying in Bristol from June 17th, 1880, to Sept. 15th of the same year (where he laboured continually at the Orphan Houses, and in pastoral work belonging to the three chapels with which he is connected) —believing it to be the will of God that he should return to the United States, on Thursday, Sept. 16th, we embarked at Liverpool for Canada in the “Sardinian;” and, after a favourable voyage, on Sept. 26th, at 11 a.m., landed at Quebec.

During the passage, he held eight meetings; spoke

at three Bible readings, and circulated about 200 little books amongst the passengers and crew. On the evening of the 26th, he preached at the Baptist Church, Quebec; and during the seven days that we remained held eight other meetings in the city. Whilst at Quebec, a Roman Catholic gentleman of high position, attended nearly all the services; we conversed with him afterwards; and he gladly accepted the three volumes of my husband's Narrative.

On Oct. 4th, at 8 p.m., we left Quebec by rail, arrived at Boston, in the United States, at 10 minutes past 5 on the following afternoon, and remained there five weeks. During that period, Mr. Müller preached many times at the different places of worship, and attended the "Market men's prayer meeting" at noon, where he habitually gave addresses. This meeting was frequented chiefly by men of business, who met every day for prayer and exhortation from 12 to 1 o'clock. My husband preached also at East Cambridge, Chelsea, Newton, and Newtonville; addressed the students of the Theological Seminary at Newton Central, seven miles from Boston, and on Oct. 27th held a meeting for the students of the Theological Seminary of the University of Boston.

On Oct. 29th we went to Wellesley College, 16 miles from Boston, where, on that evening and the next morning, he addressed the 360 lady students who belong to it, many of whom were Christians. Neither in Great Britain

nor on the Continent of Europe, have we ever seen educational establishments for young ladies equal to the Colleges which are to be found in the United States. When visiting four of these Institutions, we heard that the pupils are not only instructed in the various branches of a first-class education, but that the young ladies are carefully trained in a knowledge of housekeeping also, and of the numerous domestic duties connected with home life. By turns, they each do the portion of the daily work of the establishment assigned to them, both for the sake of learning *how* it should be done properly, and also that physical exercise may be healthfully combined with the culture of the mind. The religious training at these Colleges too is excellent, and the spiritual interests of the young ladies are carefully attended to.

Before our departure from Boston, we visited Plymouth, New England, 37 miles distant, where Mr. Müller preached at the "Church of the Pilgrims," an interesting place of worship, because it represents the Church erected by the "Pilgrim Fathers" on their first arrival in the United States. Plymouth is noted as being the place where they landed on the 22nd of Dec., 1620, and as containing the site of the first house ever built in New England. At "Pilgrims' Hall" are many interesting relics that belonged to them, brought over to America in the "Mayflower," which conveyed the strangers across the Atlantic to their new home. At Boston and in the

neighbourhood my husband spoke 38 times in public altogether.

After leaving this city, Milford, Massachusetts, was our next resting place, where four meetings were held ; and on Nov. 13th we left for Amherst. Here, on the following afternoon, at the College Chapel, Mr. Müller addressed 339 students ; in the evening, at the Congregational Church, he preached to a crowded congregation, and the next morning attended a pastors' meeting, when he addressed fifteen of his fellow labourers in the ministry, whom he sought to encourage in their service for the Lord.

From Amherst we went to Northampton, where, at Smith's College, he addressed 260 of the lady students. In this town, President Edwards resided for many years, and the Church, at which he ministered, was pointed out. On Nov. 18th we paid a second visit to Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, South Hadley, founded in 1837 by Mary Lyon, where, that evening and the next morning, Mr. Müller addressed the 250 lady students who belong to it. From this Institution, many godly young women have gone forth as missionaries ; and some Christian school-teachers of note, were trained and educated at Mount Holyoke. On the evening of Nov. 19th, my husband preached at South Hadley Church, early on the morning of the 20th, he gave a third address to the young ladies at the Seminary, and on the forenoon of that day we left

for Hartford, Connecticut, 52 miles from South Hadley, where he preached six times, and addressed thirty of his brethren in Christ at a pastors' meeting. He held three meetings also in this city for the Germans.

On Nov. 27th we went to New Haven, Connecticut (the seat of Yale College, founded in the year 1700); and whilst there, through the courtesy of the President and of the University chaplain, Mr. Müller had opportunities of addressing a considerable number of the students, for whom he held two meetings. This was an important service, which he gladly undertook, having heard of great blessing resulting from his labours amongst the students of Colleges, Theological Seminaries, and Universities, both in Europe and America.

At New Haven he preached twelve times, and once at Fair Haven in the vicinity. Four of these meetings were in German; at one he addressed a number of pastors, and at another spoke to 140 children belonging to the Orphan Asylum.

On Dec. 8th we left New Haven for New York, and remained there fourteen weeks and three days; because, during our two former visits to America, having been able to give but little time, to this, the largest city in the United States, Mr. Müller considered it right to remain as long as possible, that he might do what he could for the spiritual welfare of the people. The population of New York is about one million four hundred thousand.

It contains upwards of three hundred thousand Germans, and as at Brooklyn there are two hundred thousand more, he had abundant opportunity of labouring amongst them. The English-speaking population of this city, Brooklyn and the neighbourhood, is about one million and a half. We remained therefore at New York from Dec. 8th, 1880, to March 19th, 1881.

During the whole of this period, my husband preached 69 times in the city, 15 times at Brooklyn, once at Harlem, twice at Hoboken, New Jersey, twice at Tremont, once at Washington Heights, and twice at Union Hill, New Jersey—92 meetings altogether, 38 of which were in German. That winter was the coldest that had been known in New York for thirty years, and the many long drives my beloved husband took at night to Brooklyn and other places, seven, eight, or nine miles from our hotel, when the weather was most severe, were very trying, especially as it was necessary to cross a ferry, where the ice was occasionally so thick, that it was with difficulty a passage could be forced through it by the steamer. Constrained by the love of Christ, however, he persevered in a service, that would have been considered, by most persons of his age, an arduous undertaking; but though he *felt* the cold, was not allowed to suffer from it in the least.

On March 19th we went to Newark, New Jersey, a city of about 120,000 inhabitants, amongst whom there are more than 30,000 Germans. Before our arrival,

a series of services for them had been arranged, so that for three weeks Mr. Müller preached exclusively amongst the Germans, and not until a later period, at the large American churches of the city. During our visit to Newark, he preached three times at Elizabeth, twice at Orange, twice at Bloomfield, gave long addresses at two meetings for pastors, held three meetings for Christian workers, conducted one service for Theological students, and preached 26 times at Newark.

On April 18th we went to Port Chester, where he preached four times; on the afternoon of April 22nd we left for Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, 464 miles distant; and on the morning of April 23rd, arrived at the Monongahela Hotel, Pittsburg, after travelling all night. There, my husband held nine meetings in English, and nine in German (as Pittsburg and Alleghany, an adjoining city, contain about 60,000 Germans) and attended two meetings of German and American pastors whom he addressed.

Pittsburg (which is a very large manufacturing city) was enveloped in one vast cloud of smoke, and fine particles of dust, so that, although the weather was at times sultry and oppressive, it was necessary always to keep the windows shut. "This city is at the head of the river Ohio, at the confluence of the Alleghany and the Monongahela, and is situated in a district extremely rich in mineral wealth, whilst its vicinity to inexhaustible coal and iron mines, has raised it to great distinction as a manu-



facturing place. The immense extent of its manufactures, and of the coal and oil trade of the city can be realized, from the fact, that within the limits of what is known throughout the country as Pittsburg, there are 35 *miles* of manufactories of iron, glass, steel, copper, oil, woods, cotton, and brass, without including manufactories of various other materials."

On May 12th we left Pittsburg, and, after passing one night at Philadelphia, returned to New York on the 13th, where Mr. Müller fulfilled a few preaching engagements, before our embarkation for England on the 21st. During this our third tour in the United States, he preached 244 times altogether. At eighteen of these meetings, he addressed German or American pastors; fifteen were held for the students of Universities, Theological Seminaries, and Colleges; and seven for Christian workers.

On Saturday, May 21st, we embarked for England in the "Britannic," and, after a most favourable passage, landed at Liverpool on May 30th. The next day we returned to Bristol; and, on reaching Ashley Down in the afternoon at half-past 4, were cordially welcomed home by many hundreds of the Orphan boys and girls, who, with several Christian friends and a large staff of helpers at the Orphan Houses, were waiting our arrival. Thus ended this seventh missionary tour, a long journey by land and water, which (like our previous travels) was marked from beginning to end by innumerable mercies.

## EIGHTH TOUR.

EGYPT, PALESTINE, ASIA MINOR, TURKEY,  
AND GREECE.

*From August 23rd, 1881, to May 30th, 1882.*

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**A**FTER remaining in Bristol for eleven weeks, on August 23rd, 1881, we set off for Dover on our eighth missionary tour ; crossed over to Calais on the 24th, went on to Paris, and, having started for Switzerland on the 25th, arrived at Berne on the 27th.

After Mr. Müller had preached many times there, had held meetings at Männedorf, Wädenschwyl, Zurich, Basel, and Stuttgart, having been led through the advice of a brother in Christ, to decide on visiting the Holy Land, on Thursday, Oct. 20th, at 2 p.m., we embarked at Marseilles in the steamer "Said," for Alexandria. My husband had had it particularly laid upon his heart to comfort and encourage the missionaries from Great Britain, America, Germany, Switzerland, and other countries, who labour in the East, because their trials and difficulties are great ; and he desired to visit some of the German colonies, that he might preach amongst them, and encourage the German pastors in their work. After

leaving Marseilles, for eighteen hours the weather was very rough, but as the wind gradually abated, the sea became calm ; we anchored in the Bay of Naples for a few hours, and at half-past 2 on the afternoon of Oct. 26th, landed at Alexandria.

Here the Scotch minister, the German pastor, and the German deaconesses showed us much kindness ; and, during the ten days that we remained, Mr. Müller had a considerable amount of work. He preached repeatedly in German at the Prussian Hospital, held meetings in English at the Scotch Free Church, addressed the children of the Scotch Jewish Mission Schools, and the children of the American United Presbyterian Mission Schools, and preached at the German Church.

On the afternoon of Nov. 3rd, we went by rail to Ramleh, six miles distant, which has a cooler climate than Alexandria, and contains a few handsome residences, where some of the wealthy inhabitants of the city live. On the way, we passed four cemeteries, one Jewish, another Catholic, a third Greek, and the fourth Mahometan. The tombs in the Mahometan burying ground were of an Oriental character, and very unlike monuments erected over graves in European cemeteries. We passed a palace belonging to the Khedive or Viceroy of Egypt also. A large grove of palm trees laden with dates had a most luxuriant appearance. At Ramleh, at a small chapel, Mr. Müller addressed a congregation of

Catholics, Jews, and Protestants who understood English ; and on the 4th, at the Scotch Mission School, conversed with several Jewish girls, by means of Arabic translation.

In going to and from the meetings, we noticed the great variety of costumes worn by persons who passed us in the streets. Loose, white garments, and red turbans with gold ornaments, were worn by the Turks ; most of the women were closely veiled, so that their eyes only could be seen ; and a few had veils arranged in such a manner, that one eye alone was visible. Brass ornaments too, fixed between the eyes, were generally worn by *un-veiled* women, which disfigured their countenances much. Most of the poor walked about barefoot, and some Arabs, in thin clothings, slept soundly, as they lay stretched at full length by the side of the pavement in the streets. During our short stay at Alexandria the heat was great ; as late in the year as the beginning of November, the thermometer sometimes registered 90 degrees, and the flies and mosquitos were most troublesome.

On Nov. 4th Mr. Müller preached a farewell sermon at the Prussian Hospital, in German, and on the 5th we went by rail to Cairo, where he preached for the German pastor, and held meetings in connection with the American Mission ; openings for service being numerous in this city as well as at Alexandria.

On Nov. 9th, we set off early in an open carriage, with a dragoman as interpreter, to see the Pyramids, ten miles

from Cairo, which are reached by a good road under a shady avenue of trees ; and a little before noon alighted near " the great Pyramid of Cheops, 460 feet high, which was erected as a tomb, about 30 centuries ago, when its construction employed 100,000 men for twenty years. The exterior of this Pyramid was once smooth, but it is now rough and uneven, presenting 206 steps from one to four feet high, by which an ascent to the summit is made. From this point the view includes the Nile, the minarets of Cairo, the plain where the French defeated the Mamelukes, the site of Memphis, the great African Desert, a multitude of tombs, and two other Pyramids. From Gizeh to Memphis on the west side of the Nile, about 70 Pyramids can be counted, all burial places of kings, with tombs and chapels adjoining them. A quarter of a mile from the nearest Pyramid, lies the Sphinx, a stone lion 102 feet long, now heavily buried in sand, having a human face 18 feet in length ; but the head and part of the neck only are now visible." Our walk to the Sphinx was oppressively warm, for the sun shone with a brightness that was dazzling. The heat and glare too from the sandy ground on which we trod, made the atmosphere around like the hot air issuing from an oven. Troups of Bedouin Arabs congregate in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids, who flock around strangers and volunteer their services as guides.

Besides visiting the Pyramids, before our departure

from Cairo, we walked through the Museum, which contains a valuable collection of Egyptian curiosities, consisting of statues, pottery, manuscripts of the Pharaohs, and other relics, some of which are supposed to be nearly 4,000 years old ; but the most remarkable objects in the Museum are the mummies. These are embalmed bodies (principally of Egyptian Kings), recently discovered, and amongst them (it is said) is the mummy of that great oppressor of the Israelites, the Pharaoh, during whose reign they had so much to suffer, until delivered by Jehovah through His servant Moses.

On Nov. 11th, we left Cairo for Ismailia, and from there proceeded in a small mail steamer (viâ the Suez Canal) to Port Said, where we arrived two hours after midnight. At this town Mr. Müller preached twice in English, and on Sunday, Nov. 13th, at the former of these two services, were fourteen English sailors who had recently been shipwrecked. Their lives therefore having been so mercifully preserved, he took advantage of the circumstance to press upon them the acceptance of the gospel. At Port Said he held only one German meeting, upon which occasion, fifteen young men and women from Bohemia (who gained a livelihood by exercising their talent for music) were present, all of whom were Roman Catholics. To each a copy of the Bible or New Testament in German was given, and the fourteen sailors were presented with Bibles or Testaments in English. After

this German service was over, a meeting was held also for the breaking of bread, where Mr. Müller gave an address in English.

On the following day, at 2 p.m. we went on board a large Russian mail steamer bound for Jaffa, and found that, besides the saloon passengers, there were about 100 Russian pilgrims in the steerage of the ship, accompanied by their priests of the Greek Church, who were all travelling on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. These pilgrims performed their religious services on deck, where they bowed, crossed themselves repeatedly, and turned their faces eastward towards the Holy Land. They looked very poor, and were dirty in their habits and appearance. Each individual belonging to this company was supplied with a copy of the Holy Scriptures in Russ, at a nominal price, by a Scotch Evangelist, and a colporteur, who labour for the Lord habitually at Port Said.

After a favourable passage, on Nov. 15th, at 8 a.m., we arrived off Jaffa, on the coast of Palestine and (as there is no harbour to the town) anchored about a mile distant from the shore; but on account of cholera at Mecca, had to remain there for quarantine four and twenty hours. On the 16th, however, at 8 a.m., the Turkish doctors permitted us to land; but the passage from the steamer to the shore, in a boat rowed by eight Arabs, was exceedingly unpleasant, the waves at Jaffa being tremendous when the wind is high.

From the ship's deck, the town had a striking and even beautiful appearance ; but, on walking through the streets, we found them only filthy lanes, and were glad to take up our abode at the Jerusalem Hotel, situated in a pleasant locality, at some distance from the shore. As there is a large German colony at Jaffa, and American and English missionaries reside in the town, Mr. Müller was able to preach both to German and to English congregations, and with Arabic interpretation, when neither of these languages was understood. He preached also at Saron, another German colony, three miles distant, and held meetings in German at the house of a Russian Baron residing at Jaffa. On Nov. 21st, at the residence of the English clergyman, he addressed about 60 persons at half-past 4 ; and on the following day preached at a Hall belonging to Miss Arnot (a Christian lady from Scotland) who has a large school for Arabic children. On the morning of the 24th he spoke at the Dispensary to a congregation consisting of Mahometans, Jews, and members of the Greek Church, when the Syrian doctor (a Christian) translated for him into Arabic ; and on the 25th addressed 100 individuals, including natives, and English-speaking persons, with Arabic translation, at the same place. On the morning of Sunday, Nov. 27th, he gave an address at the Baron's house in German, and in the afternoon preached (for the English clergyman,) on the second coming of Christ.



During our walks at Jaffa, we greatly admired the plantations of orange and lemon trees which flourish there luxuriantly; and the high, thick hedges of prickly pears, cactus, etc., which abound, show that the warmth of the climate is semi-tropical; but the town itself consists of poor bazaars, dismal houses, and dirty, crooked lanes, which repel visitors instead of inviting them to sojourn there.

After a sojourn of twelve days at Jaffa, at 7 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 28th, we started for Jerusalem in an open Russian waggon, drawn by three horses (the only kind of conveyance to be obtained), and noticed that between Jaffa and Ramleh—where we stopped for an hour—the land was tolerably well cultivated, and looked fertile. At half-past 12, as the horses required further rest, we alighted at a little road-side inn, and in two hours our journey was resumed. Now we travelled through a district called in Scripture, the “Mountains of Judæa,” where the aspect of the country became wild and desolate. Palestine (spoken of in the Old Testament as—“A land flowing with milk and honey,” and as—“The glory of all lands”) is now barren, rocky, and uncultivated; and it is evident that the curse of God rests not only upon the Jews, but upon their *country* also, which is now under Turkish rule.

Nevertheless, the day is coming when Jehovah will remember the *land* also; for at the return of the Lord

Jesus, when Israel as a nation will be converted and restored, "The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

At length, after a trying journey of twelve hours, over a rough, rugged road, nearly covered with large, loose stones, at a quarter-past 7, we reached Jerusalem and alighted *outside* the Jaffa gate, because carriages cannot enter the city, as the streets are far too narrow and too badly paved, for conveyances of any kind to be driven along them. At the Mediterranean Hotel, we engaged a pleasant corner room upon the first floor, from which there was a fine view of the Mount of Olives; and the terrace on its flat roof (where we took our daily walks) commanded an extensive prospect. It included the Mosque of Omar on Mount Moriah, where the Temple formerly stood, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Mosque on Mount Zion, which contains the tomb of David, the site formerly occupied by Herod's Palace, the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, The Citadel, or Tower of David, most of the public buildings in the city, and the Mount of Olives. During our stay at Jerusalem, Mr. Müller held numerous meetings in English and in German, and preached habitually in these two languages, both with and without interpretation into Arabic. At a church where Arab Christians assemble for worship he preached with translation into that language; at Zion School (founded by Bishop Gobat) he addressed the teachers be-

longing to it; spoke in English and in German at the Jewish School of Industry; preached six times in part of a building called St. John's Palace, now fitted up as a German chapel; gave an address at the lecture room of the English Church; spoke to the children of a Syrian Orphanage outside the city, two miles distant, with Arabic interpretation; addressed 108 Arab girls in German twice at the Talitha Cumi boarding school; spoke in English, without translation, to 135 boys and several gentlemen and ladies at Bishop Gobat's school; attended a Dorcas meeting two afternoons, where he addressed a considerable number of ladies, in German; spoke a second time at the Syrian Orphanage with Arabic interpretation, and upon two different occasions addressed the patients at a small hospital for lepers outside the city. He spoke twice also to the patients of another hospital.

Jerusalem, when compared with European cities, is now only a small town (round which the traveller may walk in less than 50 minutes) containing a population of about 28,000, which includes the Jews, of whom there are 8,000. These Israelites are generally very poor, and settle in Jerusalem, because money is frequently sent there from Europe by wealthier Jews for the relief of their poorer brethren in Palestine; but at the present time, there is no indication whatever of any gathering of Jews on an extensive scale from other countries to their own

land. The missionaries who labour amongst them, meet with comparatively little encouragement in their work, for the number of true converts from Judaism to Christianity is *extremely* small, a fact mentioned, not as a discouragement for service, but to stir up Christians to prayer. Since our return from Palestine, however, these brethren have (it appears) been more successful in their labours, and have had great cause for thankfulness.

On the afternoon of Dec. 3rd, we joined a party of English friends, and rode on donkeys to Bethany, a mile and a half distant, the English clergyman kindly acting as our guide. On our way we crossed the Brook Kidron, saw the Garden of Gethsemane, now enclosed by a wall; and visited the cave, hewn out of a rock, where it is supposed Lazarus was buried. An old ruined house, said to have been the dwelling place of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus, was also pointed out. From the summit of the Mount of Olives the view embraced a portion of the Dead Sea, 25 miles distant, the plain of Jordan, the well-watered plain which Lot chose for himself, the Mountains of Moab in the distance, the neighbourhood of the Cave of Adullam, and a small part of the river Jordan which flows into the Dead Sea. The weather was magnificent; after sunset the whole scene was lighted up by the full moon which shone brilliantly, and coming down the Mount of Olives, we had the finest view of Jerusalem, that is to be obtained from any point.

The Garden of Gethsemane, containing eight very old olive trees (considered by some, from their ancient characteristics, to be coeval with the period of our Lord's history on earth) we passed both on our way to and from the Mount.

On the morning of Dec. 9th, we rode on donkeys to Bethlehem, six miles from Jerusalem ; and, after lunching in a cloister of the Latin Convent, visited a church erected on the spot, where (according to tradition) the manger stood, in which after His birth our Lord was laid. During our stay at Jerusalem, we had opportunities also of visiting the various places of interest for which the city is celebrated. The Via Dolorosa, the Mosque of Omar, (built on the site formerly occupied by Solomon's Temple,) the Church of the Holy Sepulchre (erected, according to tradition, on the spot where our Lord was crucified), Absalom's Pillar, the Pool of Bethesda, the site of Herod's palace, the ruins of the Castle to which Paul was taken, and the Pool of Siloam, were all visited in turn. One of the most memorable places in the city is—"The Wailing Place of the Jews"—where, every Friday afternoon, shortly before sunset, they assemble to bewail the calamities that have befallen their land and city. On Dec. 2nd we saw about 200 Israelites gathered close to some immense old stones—the remains of the Temple it is supposed—which (after praying and bowing repeatedly) with tears in their eyes, they kissed.

About one third of the present small population of Jerusalem (28,000) consists of Mussulmans; the rest are Jews, Christians of the Greek, Armenian, and Roman Catholic Churches, and a very few Protestants. There are 25 Convents, 10 Monasteries, and three large Synagogues within its walls. The Jaffa Gate, situated near the Citadel or Tower of David, is one of the principal entrances to the city, and the southern portion of the town (between the ancient Temple and part of Mount Zion) is the quarter occupied by the Jews.

In the streets of Jerusalem, day after day, we saw numbers of men, women, and children standing about half-naked, or clothed in miserable rags; and strangers cannot walk a short distance even, without being besieged for alms by the beggars that abound, not a few of whom are lepers. They hold up their disfigured hands and arms, and, pointing to their dreadful sores, follow visitors persistently, entreating them, in piteous, lamentable tones of voice, to have compassion on, and help them.

Whilst at Jerusalem, from the windows of our room, we saw many funeral processions pass, when the remains of the deceased were borne along, either in open coffins, or in coffins with glass covers to them; and on Dec. 23rd, the funeral of a child, belonging to the Greek Church, took place outside the city walls, whose body was lowered into the grave *without* a coffin.

As there are no carriage roads in Palestine, with the

exception of the one from Jaffa to Jerusalem ; being unwilling to undertake long journeys of many miles on horseback, in order to visit the numerous places of interest usually resorted to by strangers, we did not travel any further into the interior of the country ; but, after remaining at Jerusalem for nine weeks and two days, on Feb. 1st, 1882, returned to Jaffa. There, heavy gales of wind, and violent storms of rain, which lasted several days, detained us until Feb. 8th ; the weather became also unusually cold, and as there were neither stoves nor fire-places in the rooms of our hotel—because fires are seldom wanted in Palestine, we suffered greatly from the wintry climate.

During this our second visit to Jaffa, Mr. Müller again held meetings for the Germans ; and on Wednesday, Feb. 8th, the violence of the gales having to some extent abated, we embarked for Haipha (or Kaifa) on the coast of Palestine, about 70 miles north of Jaffa. Our passage, however, in a small boat, to the Austrian steamship "Flora" (lying at a considerable distance from the shore) during weather still tempestuous, was most trying and even dangerous ; for, after riding over heavy breakers, and getting clear of the rocks, our boat was tossed about upon the waves for nearly half an hour ; and, after at last we reached the ship, a favourable opportunity of getting a footing on board (to be seized just at the right moment as the boat was lifted upwards by the waves) had to be closely

watched for, when one after the other, at the risk of our *lives*, we had to *spring* on to the steep ladder staircase, that led up towards the deck. At 2 o'clock the vessel sailed, and on the evening of that day, at half-past 9, we arrived off Haipha, where, in consequence of the roughness of the sea, and our distance from the shore, it became a question whether we should disembark *at all*; but after considering the matter, and praying over it, we resolved to brave the disagreeables and land. Some time elapsed before the boat, which had been sent ashore with passengers, returned; but soon after midnight we stepped into it, and, with less discomfort than had been experienced at Jaffa, were rowed safely to the beach. There, some German brethren were waiting our arrival with an open waggon, in which, during torrents of rain, we were conveyed to the Hôtel du Mont Carmel, a mile and a half distant, where we arrived soon after one o'clock.

The little town of Haipha is beautifully situated, on the sea shore, close to the foot of Mount Carmel. During the twelve days of our visit there, Mr. Müller preached 14 times amongst the large colony of Germans, settled at this place, and here the Lord was pleased to grant a particular blessing upon his labours; for his ministry was the means of bringing about a complete revival amongst the people, who had previously been in a very dead state, spiritually. On Feb. 13th, accompanied by some German brethren, we rode on donkeys up Mount Carmel, and when near its



summit, alighted at a Monastery, where the monks entertained us with cups of black coffee without milk, and glasses of mulberry wine, flavoured with lemon juice. They afterwards showed us into a Church containing (according to tradition) the cave in which Elijah dwelt, and finally led the way to a lighthouse standing on a rock, that we might see, from this elevated point, the magnificent prospect which extended far and wide. It embraced Mount Tabor in the extreme distance, Brook Kishon, the Valley of the Sea of Tiberias, the Bay and town of Haipha, with the houses of the German colony, the town of Acre the other side of the Bay, the plain of Esdraelon, and the vast expanse of the Mediterranean, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, which looked as unruffled as a sea of glass, and offered a striking contrast to the troubled waves at Jaffa. Being favoured with bright sunshine, and a beautifully clear atmosphere, the whole scene was viewed under particularly favourable circumstances. The place where Elijah slew the false prophets of Baal, and by prayer brought down fire from heaven to consume his sacrifice upon the altar, is situated near Haipha; and after the drought of three years and six months, during which there had been neither rain nor dew—it was upon Mount Carmel he prayed, that Jehovah would again send rain upon the earth.

Before our departure from Haipha, we intended to visit Nazareth; but as there was no carriage road even *tolerably*

good, and as riding on horseback for nearly 40 miles would have been objectionable, serious difficulties were in the way. We desired to engage a Russian waggon, and did our utmost to obtain one, but the Brook Kishon (through which our route lay) being swollen from the recent heavy rains, and as the adjacent country was partially under water, its owner refused to let us have it, because the journey was impracticable. Though Haipha possessed attractions of its own, there were discomforts also connected with our visit; for the hotel accommodation was inferior and uncomfortable. Our apartment for instance had a rough, dusty, uneven stone floor, without any carpet; and even in cold, rainy weather, as it possessed neither fireplace nor stove, no fire could be had. The room too, from being scantily furnished, was comfortless in appearance; and though the sleeping accommodation was clean it was hard and uninviting. The meals, however, were good, and for wholesome, nourishing food we felt most thankful; but let no one visit small towns or villages in the Holy Land, and expect to find that they contain European comforts. The English clergyman at Nazareth (who had resided there for a considerable time) informed us, that throughout the winter he had one constant series of "domestic miseries" to contend with. Through the flat roof of his house, the rain leaked in, fuel was scarce and expensive, provisions were dear and not easily obtained, meat was tough and of inferior

quality, and often little besides goats' flesh could be procured. He remarked also that visitors to the Holy Land, who frequent the best hotels at Jaffa and Jerusalem, and carry their comforts about with them, can form no conception of the real poverty of the country, and of the degraded condition of the *native* population, as seen in the little towns and villages of the interior. As far as the hotels at Haipha, however, are concerned, they must be superior to the inn accommodation in some parts of *Asia Minor*, which, according to the guide books, is "*execrable*."

On the afternoon of Feb. 20th we left Haipha, in an open waggon; and, after alighting on the sea shore, were carried on the shoulders of Arabs across some shallow water to a boat, which conveyed us to a large Austrian steamer bound for Beyrout, Syria. At half-past 8 p.m. the vessel sailed; at 7 o'clock the next morning we reached our destination (where a most unpleasant rough landing in a small boat awaited us), and were afterwards conducted by a guide to the *Hôtel de l'Orient*, at a short distance only from the landing place.

There we remained twenty-one days, and besides preaching many times at the Anglo-American Mission Church, and at the Church of the Deaconesses' Institution, Beyrout, both in English and in German, Mr. Müller addressed the students of the Syrian College with Arabic interpretation, spoke to the Theological students for an

hour, conducted a service for the Moslem girls at Miss Taylor's school, and held three meetings for Christian workers, in German. At the residence of Mr. Mott (a mansion on the hill) he held a large drawing-room meeting also, which was attended by a number of the principal residents and visitors of Beyrout, including His Excellency Rustem Pasha, Governor-General of the Lebanon, Pasha Rickards, Mrs. Eldridge, wife of the British Consul-General, the English clergyman and his wife, the Presbyterian minister, some visitors from the hotels, and many other persons.

The climate of Beyrout is delightful. Whilst there, we walked through the beautiful gardens which belong to the Pasha, and took a long drive on the Damascus road, to the foot of the mountains of Lebanon, the tops of which were covered with snow. A visit to Damascus, which we had in contemplation, was abandoned, because it would have been necessary to rise at 3 o'clock, in order to travel by an early diligence. The journey of 70 miles too over a very rough road would have been very fatiguing; and having before us the prospect of much more travelling both by land and water, we decided upon giving up this excursion. Three days before we left Beyrout an exceedingly heavy sea rolled in for many hours upon the shore, making it impossible to undertake a passage from the land to a steamer in a small boat; it seemed probable therefore that our departure might be delayed; but as the wind gradually abated, on March 14th, we sailed for

Smyrna, in Asia Minor, by the Austrian steamship "Jupiter."

On the following morning, between 6 and 7 o'clock, we anchored off Cyprus, in the Levant, which, after Sicily and Sardinia, is the largest and most important island in the Mediterranean; and from our cabin window had an excellent view of it. Larnaca, its chief port, is built on flat ground close to the sea; but high mountains rise behind the town, and a long range of hilly country extends for miles beyond it. Cyprus (of which Nicosia is the capital and seat of Government) is 120 miles in length and about 50 broad.

After remaining stationary for some hours, in the afternoon our voyage was continued, and on Thursday, March 16th, we sailed between the islands of the Archipelago, where, as the currents are swift and powerful, the sea became extremely rough; but towards evening the vessel got into smoother water, and at 10 o'clock we arrived off Rhodes, an island visited by the Apostle Paul, when returning from his third missionary journey.

At the expiration of a few hours, our voyage was resumed, and the next evening we touched at Chios, an island which in 1881 was fearfully devastated by earthquakes. There we remained four hours, and then went on to Smyrna, where on Saturday, March 18th, we arrived at 5 a.m.

Here Mr. Müller found work immediately, and, during

our stay, preached on the Lord's days twice, and every afternoon or evening in the week, but generally with interpretation into Armenian, Turkish, or modern Greek; and once, when addressing a congregation of Spanish Jews, with translation into Spanish. On the morning of Sunday, April 2nd, he preached to an Armenian congregation with Turkish interpretation, and in the afternoon at the Scotch Church, in English. These services were held at different places, including the Hall of the Smyrna Sailors' Rest, the Dutch Chapel, the Deaconesses' Institution, the Presbyterian Church, and the Armenian School Room.

On Tuesday, April 4th, we rose early; at 8 o'clock started by rail for Ayasaloup (a little village 48 miles from Smyrna, close to the ruins of Ephesus), and on our arrival at half past 10, took a guide to the Mosque and to the Temple of Diana, which are the principal ruins in that particular locality. The Mosque bears traces of having been a large, magnificent building, and contains granite columns from the Temple of Diana. It is now in a dilapidated state; but the view from it (which consists of extensive mountain ranges, and a long, wide, vast plain, extending far away for many miles, until lost sight of, in the distant sea) is grand and striking. At no great distance from the Mosque, in a very large hollow, sinking a little below the general level of the ground, are the ruins of the Temple of Diana; but the devastation there is so complete, that no trace whatever (as to form or out-

line) exists of the celebrated building which once occupied this site. One stone can scarcely be found upon another, and all that is left of this famous Temple are quantities of stones, either lying in heaps, or scattered about in the greatest confusion, and giving not the slightest idea of what the edifice must have been which stood there many centuries ago. Ephesus (and the whole neighbourhood for miles around) abounds with ruins of Theatres, Temples, Aqueducts, Towers, Tombs, Mosques, etc. There is a building to be seen also, called "Paul's prison," now in a ruinous condition; and a variety of ancient architectural curiosities, of a remarkable character, invite the inspection of travellers. The *solitude* and *silence* of the entire locality, however, are mournful and depressing; these numerous relics of departed magnificence, all crumbling away to dust, fill the mind with feelings of solemnity; and the whole scene affords a striking illustration of the vain, unsatisfying character of all that this poor world calls great and glorious. Happy are they, and they *only*, who, through faith in Christ, have *God Himself* for their present and eternal portion! In the afternoon we returned to Smyrna, and on the following day, at 3 p.m., Mr. Müller preached a farewell sermon at the Hall of the "Sailors' Rest," where a large number of persons assembled to hear him.

The next day (Thursday, April 6th), in the evening, we left Smyrna by steamer, reached the entrance of the

Dardanelles the following afternoon, crossed the Sea of Marmora during the night, and at a quarter past 5 a.m. on Saturday, April 8th, reached Constantinople, where, at 6 o'clock, we disembarked, and, accompanied by a guide, walked up a high, steep hill, to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, at Pera.

On the morning of Sunday, April 9th, Mr. Müller preached in German at the Chapel of the Scotch Jewish Mission, and in the afternoon in English, at the Presbyterian Church. On the 11th he spoke in English at the Bible House, and the following evening preached again at the Chapel of the Scotch Jewish Mission. On the 13th he addressed an Armenian congregation, at the Bible House in English, with Turkish interpretation, when about 450 persons were present.

The next day he spoke to the children of an Orphan Institution, connected with the Scotch Mission, and on the 15th held a meeting for two hours at the Deaconesses' German Hospital, intended especially for Christian Workers. On Sunday (April 16th) we went to Bebek (a beautiful village on the Bosphorus, five miles distant) where my husband preached morning and afternoon in English, at the American Presbyterian Church; and the following morning at Haskiog, near Constantinople, addressed the children belonging to the school of the London Jewish Missionary Society, the orphans of a small Institution, and the children of the Presbyterian Jewish



Missionary Society. The young people in these three schools (about 700 altogether) were Jews. On April 18th he spoke in French, German, and English, to three different departments of Jewish Schools, belonging to the Scotch Jewish Mission; and on the 19th preached in German at the Chapel of this Mission, to an assembly consisting principally of Jews, from Lamentations iii., 22-26. On the 20th he had a congregation of 500 Armenians, whom he addressed with Turkish interpretation, and this service was his last at Constantinople. During our stay of twelve days (including a few meetings which have not been specified) he spoke eighteen times altogether.

Whilst at Constantinople, we saw the exterior of a few of the principal public buildings in the city, and from the Mosque of San Sophia, which stands upon high ground, overlooking the Bosphorus, had a distant view of the Barracks at Scutari, where Florence Nightingale and her helpers so nobly attended the sick, wounded, and dying soldiers, who fought during the Crimean war. An ancient Egyptian Obelisk from Cairo, about 3,000 years old, covered with hieroglyphics, was also pointed out. The Bazaars of Constantinople, consisting of lofty stone cloisters or arcades, lighted from the top by domes, are extensive, numerous, and very oriental in appearance. Each trade has its particular quarter, and the various dealers have small shops with rooms' behind them for

their wares, which are often of a costly and valuable description.

On the afternoon of April 14th, a religious service of the dancing Dervishes was held at one of their Convents, within a few minutes walk of our hotel. There were 18 performers altogether, who wore brown mantles, and high, round caps made of felt. At a particular signal, they all fell flat upon their faces; but afterwards rose, and walked a few times round the room, with folded arms, bowing and turning slowly many times. Their mantles were then suddenly cast off, when they appeared in long, full, bell-shaped petticoats and jackets, and, after stretching out their arms to the utmost, began gravely and deliberately to dance and revolve (that is, to spin round and round like a top) for about fifteen or twenty minutes, as rapidly as possible. The sight was instructive, inasmuch as it gave rise to a feeling of the deepest gratitude to God that the wild, religious delusions of these poor Dancing Dervishes were not ours. "Who maketh *thee* to differ from another, and what hast *thou* that thou didst not receive," should ever be the language of our hearts. The howling Dervishes we did not see, but heard that they carry on their religious performances at Scutari.

On April 18th we took a drive to "Sweet Waters"; on the 19th went by steamer up the Bosphorus, to the entrance of the Black Sea, 20 miles from Constantinople; and on the 20th visited the great Turkish Cemetery, and

the English Military Burying Ground at Scutari, in Asia Minor. The former is an enormous grave yard, where many hundreds of thousands of corpses lie interred. It contains numbers of cypress trees, under which are the graves of the departed Mussulmans, marked by innumerable high, narrow tombstones, standing upright, and huddled so closely and indiscriminately together, that they formed a perfect labyrinth. Most of the graves had each two upright stones, partially painted over with bright colours—blue, green, red, or yellow, and bore Turkish epitaphs in characters of gold inscribed upon them. On the top of many of these tombstones, a carved Turkish fez cap and tassel also stood out in bold relief. The Cemetery was not enclosed, and the vast number of graves it contained, presented such a wretched, confused, disorderly appearance, that no Christian passer-by would ever wish his last earthly resting-place to be in a Mahometan Cemetery, amongst Mussulmans !

After leaving this burial ground, we passed the Barracks (used as an English Hospital during the Crimean war, the scene of Miss Nightingale's memorable labours), and then reached a spot from which there was a fine view of the Sea of Marmora, Prince's Islands, and Stamboul (as the ancient part of Constantinople is called), the Golden Horn, the town of Chalcedon, etc. A short drive further brought us to the British Military Cemetery—a beautiful enclosure, planted with trees and shrubs—which was laid out with

grass nicely mown, and neat gravel walks. A few flowers also were in bloom, and the whole was kept in perfect order, either by a gardener, or the lodge-keeper at the entrance. Part of the ground sloped gradually towards the Sea of Marmora, the sun shone brightly upon the Cemetery, and the whole enclosure looked so peaceful, quiet, and even *hallowed*, compared with the Turkish burial-ground we had just quitted, that the superiority of Christianity to Mahometanism was vividly conspicuous. This Cemetery contains the graves of 8,000 of the British officers, soldiers, and sailors, who died of wounds received in the Crimean war; and the bodies of British residents in Constantinople may likewise (by permission) be interred therein. Upon the first monument that attracted our attention was the following touching epitaph:—"In memory of Julian Henry Layard, Lieut. 37th N. Hampshire Regiment, assistant military attaché to the British Embassy at Constantinople, who died of typhoid fever while on duty with the Turkish forces under Suleiman Pasha in the Shipka Pass. Born 15th May, 1850, died Sept. 24th, 1877. This monument has been erected by his parents Col. Frederick and Ida Layard, in testimony of their undying loss. Pitifully behold the sorrows of our hearts, oh! Lord." Further on was a large, handsome, white marble monument, a column between 20 and 30 feet high, which had angels carved upon it, with folded arms, drooping wings, and down-cast countenances; and on one

of its four sides was the following inscription :—" A la mémoire des officiers, des soldats, et des marins de l'armée Anglaise, et de la flotte, morts pour la patrie, dans la guerre de la Russie en 1854, 1855, et 1856. Ce monument a été élevé par la reine Victoria et son peuple, en 1857." After leaving the Cemetery, we took a drive through Scutari before returning to the Hotel d'Angleterre. Constantinople, including Stamboul and the suburbs of Galata, Pera, Tophana, and Scutari, contains a population of upwards of a million.

On April 21st, at 5 p.m., we left for Athens in the "Minerva"; arrived at the Piræus, Greece, at 6 a.m. on the 23rd, after a favourable voyage, and proceeded immediately by rail to Athens, which is only seven miles distant. There, on the evening of that day, Mr. Müller preached at the Chapel of the American Congregational Mission, in English, from Phil. iv., 6, 7, with translation into modern Greek. On the 26th he spoke at the house of an American Baptist minister, with translation also into Greek, and on the following evening, at 8 o'clock, preached at the American Presbyterian Mission Chapel, from Romans viii., 28, when Dr. Kalopothakos translated for him. On the 28th he addressed 257 Greek boys at "The Ragged School," in the presence of their teachers and a number of gentlemen interested in the Institution; and, after having spoken to the boys, particularly impressed upon these gentlemen (privately) the importance of intro-

ducing religious instruction into the school. On the morning of the 29th, at one of the prisons in Athens, he addressed 275 male prisoners, for half an hour, who were all assembled in a yard, and went afterwards to a second gaol, where he preached the gospel to 155 other prisoners. These men, who were very quiet and attentive, listened with much interest to the instruction given. On Sunday the 30th Mr. Müller preached at the American Presbyterian Mission Chapel in the morning; and in the evening, at the same place, addressed the largest congregation that had ever assembled in the Chapel during the ten years it had been open. On May 1st he spoke there again, and on the 2nd addressed the 700 children belonging to Mrs. Hill's School, in German; upon this occasion (as at all other times) with translation into Greek.

Whilst at Athens we visited the Areopagus, or Mars Hill;—stood on the spot where Paul preached, explored the Acropolis, and saw the ruins of many idol temples, celebrated ancient buildings, etc., some of which are said to be nearly 4,000 years old. We ascended Mount Lycabettus also, and admired the beautiful view obtained from it of Athens and the neighbourhood. During the whole of our visit, Dr. Kalapothakos and Mr. Sakkalarios (two missionary brethren) were most kind and attentive to us.

On Wednesday, May 3rd, we rose at 4, went by rail to the Piræus, and there embarked for Kalamaki, on the Isthmus of Corinth, 40 miles distant. At 11 o'clock we

reached our destination, crossed the Isthmus in a carriage (a drive of seven miles) and at Corinth, the other side of it, went on board a Greek steamer, bound for Brindisi in the south of Italy. At half past 1 we sailed from Corinth, and after touching at Corfu on the evening of the 4th, on May 5th, at noon, landed at Brindisi. From this town, via Foggia and Caserta, we went on direct to Rome, arrived in that city on the 8th of May, and remained there until the 18th.

During this our third visit to Rome, Mr. Müller held twelve meetings, when he preached occasionally in English without translation, but generally with interpretation into Italian. On May 12th we attended one of Mrs. Wall's interesting meetings for Italian beggars (held once a week), when Mr. Müller addressed them with translation by Mr. Wall. On May 18th we visited Tivoli, 18 miles from Rome, and on the 19th went on to Florence (our third visit to that city), where my dear husband had five precious, happy meetings. There, it was our intention to have remained longer, but finding it would be desirable that we should return to England a little earlier than usual, on May 25th we left Florence for Turin, arrived at Paris on the 27th, continued our journey to Dover on the 29th, and arrived at Bristol on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 30th, at half-past two.

## NINTH TOUR.

EUROPEAN: INCLUDING VISITS TO GERMANY,  
AUSTRIA, HUNGARY, BOHEMIA, RUSSIA, AND  
RUSSIAN POLAND.

*From August 8th, 1882, to June 1st, 1883.*

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**B**EFORE our departure from England to begin another Continental tour; on August 8th, 1882, we went to Weymouth, where Mr. Müller preached four times. On the 14th we left for Dover, crossed over by steamer to Calais the next morning, and taking the train for Brussels which was waiting, reached that city in the afternoon at 5 o'clock. On the 17th we proceeded to Düsseldorf, where my husband held eight German meetings, and on the 26th left for Neunkirchen, a village about two miles from Mörs. There, on Sunday the 27th, he preached in the morning at the parish Church, and in the afternoon attended a meeting (held at a large Hall, in connection with the dedication of the Mission House), at which he was the chief speaker. His address occupied from 4 till 5 o'clock, but the whole meeting, which was crowded to



overflowing, lasted for four hours. Early the following morning he conducted family worship in the large dining-room of Pastor Doll's parsonage; where, besides its inmates, a congregation from the village had assembled. At 10 o'clock we left for Homberg in a carriage, crossed the Rhine by ferry steamer, and went on by rail to Mülheim an der Ruhr, at which place, on the evening of that day, he addressed a large audience of 1,600 persons at the Vereins Haus. On August 29th, a religious festival was held at this Vereins Haus, when the building was crowded in every part of it; and at half-past 2, Mr. Müller addressed a multitude, numbering from 1,600 to 1,800. In the evening at half past 8, he spoke at the Vereins Haus for the third time, and again addressed (if possible) a more crowded audience than had assembled there in the afternoon.

On August 30th, early in the morning, we started for Cologne; proceeded thence by rail to Bonn, and embarking on board a steamer for Coblenz, went up the Rhine. After a pleasant voyage, surrounded by beautiful scenery, at half past 5 we passed the Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, and in a few minutes reached our destination. At Coblenz we remained two nights; on the morning of Sept. 1st continued our voyage up the Rhine, and soon after 5 o'clock landed at Biberich, near Mayence, from which place an open carriage conveyed us to Wiesbaden, five miles distant.

There Mr. Müller held eight German meetings, including six at the Vereins Haus, an address at the Paulinen Institute of German Deaconesses, and a service on Sunday morning, Sept. 10th, at the principal German Protestant Church at Wiesbaden, a large building like a Cathedral, where he preached at half past nine.

Wiesbaden is a beautiful spot, abounding in parks, avenues of trees, fountains, flower gardens, etc., and is much resorted to by visitors. It contains 30 different kinds of hot mineral springs, which supply 850 varieties of baths.

On Sept. 11th, we left Wiesbaden for Mannheim, where my husband preached four times ; and on the 16th started for Heidelberg, at which place, on Sunday, Sept. 17th, he preached at the Evangelical Capelle both morning and afternoon. During our stay at Heidelberg, he held four other meetings at the same place of worship, and on the 22nd we went to Munich, in Bavaria, 210 miles from Heidelberg, a very popish place, where, though *some* openings for service presented themselves, none were of a very extensive character. On Sunday, the 24th, in a Hall, at 3 p.m., Mr. Müller addressed a company of about 200, including children, teachers, and young persons, and at 5.15 the same afternoon gave an address to a congregation of 200, at the Hall of "The Herberge zur Heimath." On the 27th and 28th he spoke again at this Hall ; preached at the Evangelische Hauptkirche on the 29th, and on

Sunday afternoon, Oct. 1st, held another meeting at the same church at 3 o'clock. At half past 5, he preached at the Deaconesses' Institution also, which was his last service at Munich.

On Oct. 2nd we left for Vienna (272 miles from Munich) where he held a number of meetings and we remained 18 days. He preached repeatedly at Mr. Millard's Hall, at the German Reformed Church, at the Presbyterian Church (in English), at the German Methodist Church, and gave an address also to colporteurs and to other Christian workers. As Vienna is full of popery, service for the Lord there is connected with many difficulties. One regulation (by order of the Government) is, that three days' notice must be given to the police before extra religious meetings can be held; but the work of God is carried on, and prospers to some extent, though, on account of the little religious liberty that exists it is often greatly hindered.

Several years ago, the spread of the gospel in Austria was resolutely opposed by the Government; for the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, after being turned out of Vienna with all his Bibles, was conducted by a military escort to the frontier, and told that he must leave the country. Though it is not as difficult to hold Protestant services in Austria now, as was formerly the case, scarcely any real religious liberty is to be found in that land. The Presbyterian minister at Vienna said, that, during

his comparatively short residence in this city, he had been obliged to appear seven times before the magistrates, to give an account of the services at his church, and to answer questions put to him.

Vienna is a large splendid city on the Danube; it contains upwards of one million one hundred thousand inhabitants, and is considered one of the finest capitals of Europe.

On Oct. 20th, we left and went to Pesth (called also Buda-Pesth) the capital of Hungary, 172 miles from Vienna, where, on Sunday the 22nd, Mr. Müller preached at the German Reformed Church in the morning, and at the Baptist Chapel in the evening. During our stay he held seven other meetings also, including a service in English at the Presbyterian Church, a meeting for Christian workers at the School House of the Jewish Mission, and an address to 50 patients at the Hospital of the Kaiserwerth Deaconesses, when from 30 to 40 gentlemen and ladies were likewise present. At some of these services, there were many Catholics amongst the hearers.

On Monday, Oct. 30th, early in the morning, we started for Brünn, Moravia, 229 miles from Pesth (on our way to Prague), but remained there two nights only, and on the 31st, walked up to the Spielberg (an ancient fortress at Brünn, upwards of 1000 years old, situated on the top of a hill, nearly 900 feet high,) intending only to look at the view obtained from that elevation; but having (very courteously) been invited by the Commander of the

garrison to enter the Citadel, we mounted the ramparts, from which the prospect was extensive. Amongst other places, Austerlitz, 14 miles distant, could be seen, where, on Dec. 2nd, 1805, Napoleon Buonaparte (whose head quarters were at Brünn) gained a victory over the Russians and the Austrians. Our guides (an officer and a soldier) afterwards conducted us down several flights of steps into the dungeons of the Spielberg, and, with a lighted torch, led the way through those infamous abodes of the cruelty of years gone by. Here, Baron Trenck, General Mack, and Silvio Pellico were imprisoned long ago; the dreadful tortures, formerly inflicted upon robbers, murderers, and political offenders, as well as upon Protestants (there is reason to believe), were minutely described to us; and the horrible scenes, which then took place in these places of confinement, were specially detailed. One of these dark vaults contained a stone figure, representing a man stretched out at full length upon a rack, with his arms drawn up above his head, to show the manner in which the limbs of victims used to be gradually torn from their bodies, by means of machinery, which ruptured their blood vessels also, and dislocated their bones. Then, on the walls were iron rings, to which, with outstretched arms, condemned criminals were fastened in such a way that it was impossible to move; and there, without food or water, they were left to perish. In another of the dungeons was a second figure, of a man

in chains, standing upright, but fettered so cruelly that, if it had been a living human being, the agony occasioned by the bonds would have been excruciating. Some of the prisoners, not killed by cold and hunger, were partially devoured by rats, whilst others were slowly put to death by atrocities that rivalled even the dread punishments of the Inquisition. A wall smeared with blood, which has left indelible stains, was also pointed out, together with a trap-door in the roof of these dungeons, through which the condemned were let down into their dreary sepulchres beneath.

It may seem almost strange to dwell even for a moment upon such horrors ; but it should be remembered that the terrible deeds just adverted to were *facts*. Many of the Lord's people too, in years gone by, have had to pass through fiery trials such as these. Deep gratitude should therefore fill our own hearts, that *we* do not live at a time when, and in countries where, such outrages can legally be perpetrated. The present Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph I. (as our guides informed us) once caused himself to be shut up for a few hours in the dungeon where the second figure was, in order that he might be able, practically to enter into the terrible character of these prisons ; and afterwards gave orders, that no condemned criminals should in future be subjected to such punishments.

On Nov. 1st we left Brünn, and went to Prague, the capital of Bohemia, 135 miles distant, where Mr. Müller

preached six times, including an English meeting on Nov. 3rd, at the Presbyterian Church, and two services on the 6th and 7th, in German, at the American-Bohemian Chapel, with translation into the Bohemian language, by the pastor, Mr. Clark. At most of these meetings, nearly half the hearers were papists, several of whom (we heard) were deeply impressed by the preaching of the gospel. Information also reached us, whilst at Prague, that much blessing resulted from my husband's ministry at Pesth.

Prague has a population of about 163,000, out of which number 12,000 are Jews, who live in the Judenstadt. The city contains 50 Churches, 22 Chapels, 17 Convents, 2 Protestant Churches, 11 Synagogues, and more than 300 Factories. John Huss used to preach at St. Gallus Church; but he, and his friend Jerome of Prague, were eventually burned at Constance, as heretics.

After a visit of a few days only, on Wednesday, Nov. 8th, early in the morning, we left for Dresden, Saxony, viâ Bodenbach, on the Bohemian frontier; travelled through a district (called from its mountainous, picturesque character the "Switzerland of Saxony"), and reached Dresden in the afternoon. There, in consequence of letters not having reached the persons for whom they were intended, no meetings could be arranged for Mr. Müller until Sunday evening, Nov. 12th, when he preached in English at the Presbyterian Church. On

the 14th he gave an address in a drawing-room, at the house of Col. Rose, and on the 15th held a meeting in the large saloon of Braun's Hotel.

On Nov. 16th we went to Leipsic, where, the following evening, he spoke at a drawing-room meeting, held at the house of Dr. König; and on the 18th addressed about 200 students at a Hall in the city, in the presence of some of their professors, and a few other gentlemen. On the morning of Sunday, the 19th, he spoke to 300 children, some students and other persons, at Dr. König's Sunday-school; and in the afternoon at 5 o'clock, preached at the American Chapel, in English.

During our short visit to Leipsic, the winter set in with great severity, and snow fell the greater part of each day that we remained. This city is the great centre of the German book trade; it has 300 booksellers' Establishments, representing 4,500 firms; 300 hand and steam-presses, and a Booksellers' Exchange.

On Monday, Nov. 20th, we left Leipsic for Halberstadt, and early in the afternoon walked through the town (a quaint, old-fashioned one) to the Cathedral School, which is near the spot, formerly occupied by the buildings, where, in his youthful days, my husband went to school. We visited the fine, old Protestant Cathedral also, containing the altar, at which, when a young man, he received the Lord's supper for the first time.



The next morning, a carriage conveyed us to Kroppenstädt (where he was born), twelve miles distant, when he remarked that the road leading to this town looked much the same as it did when he was a boy, except that fruit trees have since been planted on each side of it, instead of poplars. At Kroppenstädt (visited on this occasion for the first time since his childhood), Mr. Müller held two meetings at a large Hall, when (by particular request) he gave an account of his life and labours, and preached the gospel also, fully and faithfully at the same time, to the inhabitants of his native place, who flocked to hear him in such numbers that the building was crowded to overflowing. These two meetings were very precious ones. Early on the morning of Thursday, Nov. 23rd, we visited the house in which he was born, and then drove to Heimersleben, three miles distant; where the pleasant dwelling that became his home after his parents had removed from Kroppenstädt, looked much the same as it did many years ago.

On the afternoon of that day we left Heimersleben, and proceeded to Berlin, 110 miles distant, where, on Sunday evening, Nov. 26th, he preached at St. Johannes Kirche, Alt Moabit, to a large congregation; and held meetings at Christus Kirche the three following evenings. On the 30th Nov. he spoke at the Vereins Haus, and on Dec. 1st preached at the Hall of the Moravian Brethren. The afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 3rd, was

devoted to a meeting for 100 Sunday School children, at the house of some Christian ladies; and in the evening at 6, he preached again at St. Johannes Kirche, Alt Moabit. At a drawing-room meeting held at the house of Mr. Gärtner, on Dec. 2nd, he addressed about 80 gentlemen and ladies, and on the 5th preached at Jesus Kirche in the evening, from John xiv., 13, 14. On the 6th and 8th he held meetings again at this church; spoke at the Hall of the Moravian Brethren on the 7th; and on Sunday, Dec. 10th, preached at Jesus Kirche in the morning, and at St. Johannes, Alt Moabit, in the evening. The congregations at all these services were generally large.

Early on the morning of the 11th we left Berlin, and travelling by rail viâ Schneidemühl, arrived at Dantzic (a large, fortified town in Northern Prussia, beautifully situated close upon the Baltic, 284 miles from Berlin), in the evening at 6.45. Here Mr. Müller preached twice at the Hall of the Moravian Brethren, four times at the Garrison Church, and once at the Baptist Chapel. At Dantzic he found two of his old Christian University friends, both of whom, after having been 50 years ministers in the town, had celebrated their Jubilee. The intercourse he had with them was of a very pleasant and profitable character.

On Thursday, Dec. 21st, we rose soon after 5; left Dantzic by an early train for Dirschau, and arrived at

Königsberg in the afternoon at half-past 2. There, on Dec. 21st and 22nd Mr. Müller preached in the evening at a large Hall to upwards of 500 persons; on the 23rd he gave an address at the Moravian Church, and on the 25th (Christmas day) spoke again at the same place. On the morning of the 26th (second Christmas day in Germany,) at half-past 9, he addressed an immense audience of 3000 people at the Tragheimer Kirche, a large building which was crowded to the utmost; and in the afternoon spoke at the Moravian Hall, where hundreds could not get in for want of room. On the 27th he preached again at the Tragheimer Kirche; and on the 28th held a meeting at the same church, which was his closing one at Königsberg.

On Friday, Dec. 29th, at 12.36 in the middle of the day, we left for St. Petersburg, and at half-past 4 reached the Russian frontier, where an inspection of passports and the usual Custom House examination of luggage occasioned a detention of two hours. At half-past 6, however, we obtained a comfortable sleeping compartment in a Russian train, heated with warm air, containing two couches, double windows and a little table, in which we passed the night; and the next morning awoke, to find ourselves travelling through a vast wilderness of snow, with which every thing around was laden. On the evening of that day (Dec. 30th), at 6 o'clock, we reached St. Petersburg after a journey of 685 miles

from Koenigsberg, and found Colonel Paschkoff, and Princess Lieven at the station, kindly waiting to receive us. The latter (a beloved sister in the Lord), pressed us immediately to make her house our home, but though we at first declined the invitation,—after passing two nights at an hotel, as she still urged us to become her guests, we accepted this offer of hospitality, and were entertained at her mansion with the utmost kindness and affection during the whole of our long visit to St. Petersburg.

On Sunday morning, Dec. 31st, Mr. Müller preached morning and evening in English, at the British and American Chapel, with much help; and, as long as we remained, was engaged day after day in important service for the Lord. During our stay he preached 16 times at the British and American chapel, in English; 8 times in German at the German Reformed Church, 11 times in German at the Moravian Church; held three meetings for the Swedes at the British and American Chapel, with translation into Swedish, attended three pastors' meetings, held 5 large drawing-room meetings at Col. Paschkoff's mansion, conducted two at the residence of Count Korff, and held 35 at the house of Princess Lieven. Besides these services he received visitors as inquirers every day, and had about 40 private interviews of an hour, one hour and a half, or two hours, with three, four, and five Christian workers at a time, either for the purpose of

answering questions that had been sent in, or in order to converse with them about different portions of the word of God. At an Evangelical Hospital in St. Petersburg, on the afternoon of Feb. 2nd, he gave two addresses also (in German) to the patients, who occupied four wards; spoke to about 40 children, belonging to a separate Institution under the same roof afterwards; and addressed 30 deaconesses, who labour amongst the patients and the children. On the evening of Friday, Feb. 9th, at 9 o'clock, we were somewhat startled by a visit from the police, with a summons for my husband to appear early the next morning before their chief officer; when, on presenting himself at the Police Court, he was charged with having held meetings with translation into Russ, for which no permission had been given by the Minister of the Interior. Though he was treated with great courtesy by this functionary, who shook hands with him, and offered a sort of half apology for acting as he did; from that time the services at Col. Paschkoff's house were stopped; but Mr. Müller was allowed to continue his other labours without hindrance. There is, however, so little real religious liberty in Russia, that the spread of the Gospel is lamentably prevented by the absence of it.

During our visit to St. Petersburg, the cold was occasionally very severe, and more intense than we ever found it in Canada, or in the United States. On March 13th we visited the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, which

contains the tombs of the Russian Emperors, and passed the spot where Alexander II. was murdered by the Nihilists. A visit in a sledge also, to a little settlement of Laplanders encamped on the Neva upon the ice, gave some idea of the habits of these poor people. A party of Lapps (clothed in skins and furs, with the warm side turned inwards and looking as if *sewn up* in their thick garments) were standing near a tent. They wear no under linen (we were told), and never wash themselves nor change their clothes, except when they fall off from dirt and constant use. The interior of a Laplander's hut too, upon the ice, presented a miserable, uncomfortable appearance. It consisted of a tent made of skins, with the fur turned inwards, and had an opening at the top, which answered the double purpose of chimney and of window. An iron pot, containing soup, was suspended over a small fire in the centre of this tent, and the floor of ice in the hut was covered by rugs ; but all the domestic arrangements inside were of a most repulsive character, and made us feel unspeakably thankful for the mercies and comforts of our own Christian home.

The population of St. Petersburg is about 800,000. " This city is situated on the river Neva, near its entrance into the gulf of Finland, 15 miles from Lake Ladoga, where it is divided by islands into four channels called the Great and Little Neva. The dead flat, on which the city now stands, was once a morass, occupied by a few fisher-

men's huts, on the site of which Peter the Great began to build in 1703, by erecting a small hut for himself, and some wooden hovels near the Old Fort. The best streets are broad and spacious, and the Nevski Prospekt, is nearly three miles in length."

The last time Mr. Müller held a meeting in *English* at St. Petersburg was at the British and American Chapel, where on Sunday evening, March 11th, he preached a farewell sermon to a large congregation from Prov. iv., 23; "Keep thine heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

On Tuesday, March 20th, at half past one p.m., we left for Warsaw, in Russian Poland, and arrived there the following evening at 10 minutes after 8, after a long, fatiguing journey of 700 miles. On the morning of March 25th (Easter Sunday) my husband preached in German at a Baptist Church; during the week he held four meetings at private houses, and on the following Sunday (April 1st) preached again at the Baptist Church; but as the Russian authorities would not allow him to use the German Reformed Church, our stay at Warsaw was of brief duration only. This city contains 401,000 inhabitants, 127,500 of whom are Jews. There are 217 Synagogues and 653 Talmudical schools at Warsaw, and throughout the whole of Poland (where there are more Israelites than in any country in the world) the Jews number upwards of a million.

Having received a kind invitation to the house of Mr. Janatz, a converted Jew, who lives in the country, 14 miles from Warsaw; on Monday morning (April 2nd), we went by rail to Pruszkow, from which place, a carriage and four conveyed us over four miles of ploughed fields, and across much marshy ground to his residence. After remaining there two hours, a meeting was held in the afternoon, at an Orphanage, a mile and a half distant, where my husband addressed a large company, including orphans, country people, and the workmen on Mr. Janatz's estate.

On the morning of April 4th, at a quarter past 10, we left our friend's house, returned by carriage to Pruszkow, and there took the 11.45 train for Lodz (a large manufacturing town in Poland, the second in size to Warsaw and 100 miles from it), where, after changing trains at Koluszki, we arrived at 4 o'clock. There, during the twelve days that we remained, Mr. Müller preached twelve times at the German Baptist Church, upon each occasion to a most crowded congregation, for evening after evening throughout the week, as late as half past 8, about 1,200 hearers assembled, who listened to him with the deepest interest. On the morning of April 10th he received a note in German, of which the following is a translation:—"I, and almost the whole population of this town, in the name of the Lord Jesus, entreat that you will have the kindness to remain with us till after next Sunday. In the name of many thousands I thank you for your ministry."



As every evening during our stay, this church continued to be crowded to the utmost, and avowed infidels even were moved to tears ; as the preaching too was the theme of conversation in the factories, public houses, and in many private families, our visit to Lodz was prolonged until April 15th, on which day we rose at a quarter before 5, and after a long journey of 325 miles, arrived at Breslau (Silesia) at half-past 10 that night. There, during the three weeks that we remained, having to give himself in earnest to the writing of the new Report, and to write numerous letters of importance, my husband did not engage at all in the public ministry of the Word. On the morning of May 7th, we left for Dresden ; arrived there at 5 minutes to 4 in the afternoon, and in the evening went to the Scotch Church, where he preached in English to a very small congregation compared with the multitudes who had thronged the church at Lodz. On the 8th we proceeded to Hanover ; remained there until the 11th, and then, continuing our journey to England (after passing one night at Cologne, a day and a half at Antwerp, and sleeping at Calais, where we arrived at one o'clock in the middle of the night), on the afternoon of May 14th, at half past one, embarked in the "Calais-Douvres," and landed a Dover at 3 o'clock. From there we went on immediately to London, where Mr. Müller spoke seven times at the Mildmay Conference Hall, preached once at Upper Clapton, and once at Kilburn

Hall, at the West End of London. On May 26th he held a meeting in German, for a large company of Jews at Whitechapel, and on the 29th we spent a few hours at Belstead, near Ipswich, where he gave an address at a large school for young ladies; the service was attended also by some of the clergy and many residents from the town and neighbourhood. The meetings just mentioned brought this ninth tour to a close. In the course of his nine missionary journeys, my husband has preached or otherwise spoken in public about Two Thousand-Four Hundred times, and we have travelled sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight miles by land and water altogether. On June 1st we left London at 3 p.m., reached Bristol at 5.36, and, upon our arrival on Ashley Hill, were most heartily welcomed home, by a very large company of the Orphan boys and girls, whose warm, affectionate greetings almost melted us to tears.

As these nine long tours are now ended, we desire most gratefully to record our praises and thanksgivings to the Lord for all the mercies and blessings connected with them, and earnestly commend ourselves to the prayers of the believing reader for any future service of the same character in which we may be engaged, desiring especially that help and guidance may be granted us with reference to our approaching missionary visit to India, for which country (God willing) we purpose to embark on Sept. 26th of the present year (1883).

JUST PUBLISHED.

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OF

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OF

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