

# George Bowen

(1816-1888)

*Missionary to Bombay*

## LETTERS

*Transcribed from handwritten letters, by*

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As you read these, consider the times in which Bowen went to Bombay.<sup>1</sup> He boarded a sailing ship in a period when steamers and railroads were just being built. It was the dawn of the modern era, the Age of Science and Technology, the Industrial Age. But it was also the age of religious cults like Mormonism, with sects like Seventh Day Adventists (Millerism), the Holiness Movement, and the Plymouth Brethren with their Dispensationalism. The Socialists were making their ideology known; the *Communist Manifesto* was written in 1848. It's also the age of Darwinism (1859); the American Civil War (1860); the Crimean war (1853-56); the Taiping Revolution in China; and the Sepoy Rebellion in India. It was a period of great upheaval, when the Church was sorely tested by the winds of change. Men made idols of their own reason and technology; religion was equated with ignorance and superstition. Public education had begun in America in 1837, to standardize it, and instill a godly character. But it was later used to impose a secular worldview. Public education was an issue in India as well. Would it liberate the Indian people from poverty and ignorance, or subjugate them to the British? The civilization of India predates Rome, Greece, Persia, Babylon, and even Egypt, but the novice empires of the west showed no respect for such a heritage.

The British East India Company had been bleeding India of its natural resources. European colonialism was at its height. Missionary work had been aided by both industrial and political expansion. The British brought their English language and culture to India, enabling it to enter the modern world, and to gain access to its knowledge base. It became a unifying force in a splintered nation that had hundreds of languages. It brought British rule, yes; but it also brought British law, science, and technology. And it brought the Bible and Christianity, with a heritage that predated even India's. It introduced the one true God, to a diverse people who worshipped millions of gods, often brutally. But the intent and motivations of the church were suspect in the eyes of the natives of India. Hindus and Muslims saw Christianity not only as a competitor and interloper, but an enemy. It threatened their own interests.

Bowen was acutely aware of all this, as you'll see in his letters, and in his biographical sketch which follows this preface. The British missionary movement was predominantly active in the 18<sup>th</sup> century. But Bowen was part of the great American missionary movement that dominated the second half of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. Fifteen years earlier, Daniel Wilson had left England and gone to India, to become the Bishop of Calcutta, with all the trappings, bureaucracy, and power of the Church of England. George Bowen, however, would take a very different path to proclaim the gospel of Christ, and a very different path from the American Missionary Board which sent him. He would offer a Christlike example, in word, deed, and *lifestyle*.

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<sup>1</sup> Bombay was renamed to Mumbai in 1995 by a Maratha movement. In 2001, Calcutta was renamed to Kolkata.

**Transcription notes.** In transcribing Bowen's handwritten letters, best-guesses for words are placed in [brackets]. Where his spelling of names and places was inconsistent (e.g. Sittara, Sitara, Sitarra), I made them consistent to avoid confusion. City names have changed over time; many are footnoted. Some parts are marked [ILLEGIBLE]. Obviously missing words were inserted, marked with {braces}. The bottom line of text was missing in whole or part on some pages; those are marked [OBSCURED]. The handwriting differed throughout because some letters were transcribed by others, adding to the challenge. I apologize for any words I may have misread from the scribbles. Robert Speer's 1938 *Memoir* has excerpts from these and other letters. I've added one from Feb. 27, 1848 to this collection. I highly recommend Speer's *Memoir* for a fuller view of Bowen's life: <https://archive.org/details/dli.ernet.237124>

I also added over 200 explanatory footnotes. Content headings were created for each letter or journal entry. This was in keeping with the original published book, which had a handwritten list of letter dates with page numbers. Original page numbers are retained (in parentheses), to help the reader find that page in the handwritten edition (link below); their positions were shifted a bit for smoother reading. *Italics* were added for emphasis, and for Scripture allusions that were not in quotations.

These are *informal* letters. The wording is original. However, formatting and punctuation needed some adjusting. He was inconsistent in capitalizing; semi-colons abounded. Many sentences were thus run-on, and needed to be broken up. Bowen used spaces and dashes to mark paragraph breaks, in order to save paper and postage; such breaks now begin on a new line. I provided definitions (in parentheses) for unusual or archaic words. Yet Bowen's easy style and rich vocabulary make these letters eminently readable today. A few maps from that period have been included at the back, to aid the reader's understanding.

I pray you find this collection provocative, as well as informative. They provide an insight into the heart and mind of an exceptional, yet humble servant of Christ. They cover an 11-year period of his life, from July 1847 to April 1858. He wrote mostly to his mother and two sisters, Harriet and Kate. Bowen transitioned from the missionary field, to being the editor of the *Bombay Guardian*; but he never ceased being a missionary. Imagine if every Christian were missionary-minded, and each church saw its role as the means and the end of missions? What if we all saw ourselves as *participants* instead of observers? I think Bowen longed for that. He also longed for piety in the churches, without succumbing to pietism. Enjoy, and savor.

**Disclaimer:** These letters were written in the mid-19th century. Terms such as *heathen*, *colored*, *coolies*, *etc.* were then common. Bowen didn't use them condescendingly, as you can see in his entry for Jan 15, 1848. I intend no offense by reproducing them here.

William H. Gross

Oct. 12, 2022

**Source of letters:**

<https://ia601608.us.archive.org/3/items/lettersfromrevge00bowe/lettersfromrevge00bowe.pdf>

## Biographical Sketch



George Bowen was born in Middlebury VT in 1816. At 16 he decided on a literary career combined with music. He studied German, French, Italian, and Spanish, which he mastered by travelling extensively in Europe from 1836-1840. The death of his fiancée began a drastic transformation of his life. He had been a cynic and atheist after reading Edward Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. But at age 28, after reading William Paley's *Natural Theology*, he enrolled in Union Theological Seminary in NY, graduating in 1847. He left for India under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. In 1851 Bowen became assistant editor of the *Bombay Guardian* (see his letter of July 4, 1851) then editor and publisher from 1854 until his death in 1888. He was also director of the Marathi publications of the *Bombay Tract and Book Society*. Beginning in 1871, Bowen worked with American Methodist William Taylor, ministering to the needs of the offspring of Indian and European unions. Originally Presbyterian, Bowen joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1873.

“Converted from atheism to Christianity through both the love and tragic death of a good woman, he relinquished his salary and rented rooms near a Bombay market where he lived frugally for forty years. Supporting himself by his income as editor of the *Bombay Guardian*, he tirelessly witnessed whenever and wherever he could to the transforming power of Jesus. Such was his devotion that he never returned to his native land. It is little wonder that he became known as ‘The White Saint of India.’

“A gifted linguist and author, Bowen doubtless influenced even more lives through his writings than by personal witness. He was surprised one day by a visit from the Prince of Wales to his humble Bombay lodging with a personal message from Queen Victoria, that his books, *Love Revealed*, *Daily Meditations*, and *Verily, Verily (The Amens of Christ)* had brought her great blessing. True to character, Bowen made no mention of this in his ‘Reminiscences.’”

— Description from Robert E. Speer's definitive biography of Bowen.

“One of the great missionaries to have impacted my life is George Bowen. His life was a powerful example, and his book, *Love Revealed*, is one of the greatest books on Christ I've ever read.”

—David Wilkerson, “World Challenge Pulpit Series,” Dec 19, 2005.

When one believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, he looks up and sees the hosts of the Lord of Hosts all exclaiming to Him at once, you are our brother, — or you are our sister; we share with you all our hopes. That He might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth; even in Him. That they may be one even as we are one. — When they proud Hons

Excerpt from Bowen's letter to his sister Harriet, dated December 21, 1847



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Letters from  
**Rev. George Bowen**

Missionary to Bombay India

*Given to R. Esper (?) by the Rev. W. W. Atterbury, D.D.<sup>2</sup>*

*This collection consists of a diary maintained by the Rev. Bowen (1849-1870),  
as well as letters written by him (1847-1858)*

(1)

***Family. Boston July 28th, 1847***

Well beloved ones,

Paper, pen, and ink I find lying on the table in the library of the Missionary House (where I have been rummaging among the Mahratta books <sup>3</sup> to see what I can find for the voyage) — and they seem to invite me to write you a few lines.

We have reason to express gratitude to God, that He gave me such strength in parting, and in so many ways diminished the severity of it. When there is such strength of feeling as we all doubtless were conscious of, the less demonstration the better perhaps. Your trial is the sorest in some respects. My mind is necessarily occupied with other things more or less, and will be for a little time, though that hour will be remembered while I live, and probably with more and more interest. Again and again I praise the God of all grace, who has given me such unity of feeling in regard to the course I pursue, and has thus smoothed and tempered the separation. I wish you to feel that the only pain I am conscious of relates to yourselves, and that it is all joyful in every other respect.

(2) On board the steamboat, I sat down in the cabin soon after leaving, and read the 49<sup>th</sup> of Isaiah, which I opened upon without premeditation. It was exceedingly comforting and invigorating, and seemed all life. In the course of the evening I shed many tears in thinking of your diminished number.

Retired early to my berth, and never slept a wink; but had most happy hours. “God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, therefore will not we fear.” This passage was very delightful to me. Our refuge. Both yours and mine. Our strength. Very present, ever with those who are absent from one another. Very present. More than present. Most intimately and cherishingly present. Help in trouble. The promise looks at just such an hour. And my confidence was that God would give you in some way or other, a great deal more than he takes. That the Saviour will reveal himself more gloriously far. I can well understand the possibility of being blessed better, you and me, very greatly by means of this separation. God’s ways are not as men’s ways. I arrived at ¼ past 4 o’clock this morning, and went to Mrs. Rici’s, where Mr. Hill, the treasurer of the M. B. (*Missionary Board*) is staying. Visited the *Goodwin*, a fine ship. I have a state room, very commodious (spacious). (3) Shall put my baggage aboard today. Will sail Saturday. I am afraid that after the excitement and energy, Ma will be sick. Write me abundantly. — Yours, George.

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<sup>2</sup> Rev. William Wallace Atterbury (1823-1911), Presbyterian Minister, buried Bennington VT. Mentioned on p. (79).

<sup>3</sup> *Mahratta*: the language of those who live in Maharashtra, in west-central India, where Bowen hoped to serve.

***Mother. Boston July 30, 1847***

My dear Mother,

I received a note from Harriet this morning, and am pleased and thankful for what she communicates of the state of things in the house. I bless God for his presence manifested among you, giving you comfort and resignation at this time. Our family is so small that the absence of one creates necessarily a considerable vacuum. But God rejoices when His eye rests upon a vacuum. He says, "perhaps they will want Christ." You do want Him and have expressed your want. And I believe Christ is with you. Oh, may He be more manifest to you and in you every day. May He abide in your heart by faith. May you forget past experience and past attainments. May you hunger and thirst after an intimacy with this Saviour such as you have not yet known.

"Who is my mother and who is my brother?" said Jesus Christ. "Whomever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven. (4) The same is my brother and my sister and my mother." Consider this. Christ Himself the adorable Creator and Saviour will be your Son, if you do the will of God. Oh may you apply yourself with an energy never yet known to the blessed work, first of knowing, and second of doing the will of God. Dear Mother, redeem the time. This life is seed time, and is fast passing away. We are to live through all eternity on the harvest we now sow. There cannot by any possibility be too much earnestness in religion. There is great reason to believe that we are neglecting some duties, ignorant of some obligations, unless we apply ourselves with extraordinary and unceasing diligence to the study of God's will. There cannot by any possibility be too deep a conviction of our need. Or too much prayerfulness. Or too much love.

Dear mother, I bless God over and over again for what He has done for you. But oh, much remains to be done. I want to have you exert a positively Christian influence. An influence that will have the effect of drawing souls to Christ. A person may exert a moral influence without honoring religion. It must be evident to all that we love Christ, and despise everything that does not tend to his glory.

(5) I called on Mrs. Sherman in Andover yesterday; and had a very pleasant visit. Saw Mary, Mrs. Crosby and Mrs. Jan Ingen. They inquired after you all. They inquired very painstakingly after Aunt Weston. I told them something of what God done for us; they appeared to be much interested.

I had my baggage all put on board the day I arrived. In my state room (the cabin is on deck) I have Chest No. 1, my trunk and the bag. The rest are below where I can have access to them. The cabin is on deck. The Captain lost a brother last Tuesday at Portsmouth. We shall probably sail tomorrow, Saturday, at 10 o'clock. Shall write again before embarking. Best love to all in the house, and to others who inquire. Mattress is purchased, and a blanket.

Your affectionate son, George.



***Kate. Boston July 31, 1847***

My dear Kate,

I am very glad you added some lines to Harriet's letter, and I want to enjoin upon you to write much and often. I want you not to hesitate to communicate to me the exercises of your mind, and keep me constantly informed of the progress you make in the divine life.

For you must make progress: it is impossible to be in the divine life and not make progress. And my earnest hope and expectation is that this time will be to you a time of blessing, an epoch to be remembered with joy. That you may feed upon the "bread which came down from heaven," as you never have done before. I want you never to be satisfied till you have reached that knowledge of the Saviour, that will amply satisfy all the wants of your soul. And I would have you believe now on the Word of God, that it is permitted us to find in Christ all that we ever want here below, as well as there above. You must exercise faith for this. If you have not yet so known Christ as to count all things loss for him, I would have you believe in divine testimony and the testimony of many saints, that there is such a knowledge (7), that it is freely offered us, and that it is not at all safe for any living creature to be without it.

Pray without ceasing. Grow in faith by the continual exercise of faith. Spare not yourself. Pluck out your right eye. Cut off your right hand. The best indication that you are growing in holiness will be this: that you are growing in love. Love not to certain ones, but to all. Be very careful that there is not a being on the earth, for whom you have other feelings than those of love. It were better to have a deadly enemy, than to have any other feelings than such. Ask Jesus Christ what love is, and ask him to give it {to} you. This is a vital matter. We cut ourselves {off} from all blessings, by shutting anybody out of our affections. He says we must pray, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive." Notice the word as. We pray God to love us and treat us as we love and treat others. Never have anything to do with evil-speaking. Don't listen to it. By evil-speaking, I mean anything that tends to hinder us from loving the person spoken of.

My dear Kate, may God bless you and guide you. May you know your own weakness, and take shelter under the shadow of His wing. (8) I only hope you may pray for yourself as fervently as I have prayed for you. No, I hope more than this, that you may pray as Christ prayed for you in the garden and on the cross, that you may understand his intense solicitude for your sanctification and be in sympathy with him.

Am much disappointed in not seeing Mr. Humphrys here. Cannot account for it. Had a letter from Bro' Dodd the other day. His faith had been much tried, but also stung himself, and he and Bro' Dulles are now actively engaged, and apparently useful.

Dear Kate, I bid you good-bye from on board ship, near 1 o'clock, Saturday. We have just had interesting religion exercises, conducted by Laurie the missionary,<sup>4</sup> now in this country.

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<sup>4</sup> Thomas Laurie (1821-1897), b. Edinburgh, attended Andover Seminary (MA) in 1841. He sailed from there to the Mountain Nestorians in SE Turkey. He was a member of the Board of the ABCFM that sponsored Bowen. At this time, in 1847, he had just returned to the U.S. for health reasons.

Saw this morning Mr. Abbott arrived yesterday from Ahmednugger.<sup>5</sup> Give my love to Aunt Weston. I hope she may know abounding happiness in the presence of Jesus Christ, and that her declining days may be better than the former which have been afflictive in a peculiar degree. — Remember me to all friends. Forget not Rosey and Emeline. And give them this last word from me, Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. (9) Wait not till you have a well-grounded hope in Christ. Be constant at family prayers. And may we all, all this household, be one in Christ.

Farewell, George

***Harriet. December 21, 1847***

(6) My dear Harriet. Today is the 21<sup>st</sup> of December 1847, and we are still on board the *Goodwin*, and likely to be so for some time to come, perhaps a month. Our position is the Indian Ocean, about 70 miles north of the line, and 180 east of the longitude of Bombay. This makes the 162nd day we are upon the ocean. I fear that you will experience some anxiety in consequence of the late period at which you will receive letters from me. If I had only been able to send a letter to you when out about a week, I should feel relieved on this point; for I would have told you in such a letter, that the *Goodwin*, among her many excellent qualities, did not number that of fast sailing. I had been out but a few days when I settled it in my mind that we would not arrive before the 1<sup>st</sup> of January, and I confidently predicted it to my fellow passengers, though they would not believe me till after they got round the Cape. Until within a day or two I had thought it possible that we might yet reach Bombay in time to send letters home by the 1<sup>st</sup> of January mail. (10) It is possible; but present appearances are against it. For only think, we are at this time actually going to the Southward, at the rate of 20 or 30 miles a day, by reason of a very powerful current, and a very powerless wind; and unless we get a breeze we shall in a day or two be carried back over the line, or else carried ashore on some of those coral Islands (the Maldives) that are just west of us.

Nothing can be more insidious than these currents. We get a little breeze and seem to be making a good course, and going on our way, and all the time we are carried in the direction most repugnant to us. And without a wind, we are utterly at their mercy. An island might be distinctly in sight, and a serene noontide sky above us, and every discoverable thing nearing a friendly and benign aspect, and yet this invisible current, so secret that none of our senses can discover it, might carry us right upon the reef that surrounds that island. So true it is that the dangers we find it impossible to dread, are the only ones to be dreaded. Unless we walk by faith, not by sight. Then we look right through the angelical disguises of the enemy. To the eye of sense, especially in this glorious clime, God is at peace with this world, and with all the sinners in it, with their blasphemies and their foul deeds; (11) and yet even here there is no combination of influences so exquisite as to exclude every monitor<sup>6</sup> of a wrath to come, every intimation that while God is love, He is also a consuming fire; and that while He

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<sup>5</sup> The Pettah of Ahmednagar in India, captured by the British in 1803 during the Anglo-Marathah war. It will be mentioned time and again throughout Bowen's letters.

<sup>6</sup> *Monitor*: Someone who watches to give a warning to others, so a mistake or danger can be avoided.

is well pleased with His Son, the nominated King of this world, He is also angry with its revolted inhabitants every day.

I have thought much during this voyage, of the admirable adaptation of the works of nature, to make known God and His moral government. Some people, yes, Christians, have talked much of the mysteriousness of God's government in respect to the misery He suffers (allows) in this earth; but the mystery, since my eyes have been anointed with the gospel eye-salve, has appeared to me the other way. The wonder in heaven doubtless is this: How can our God of love and purity, lift up the glorious light of His countenance as He does, upon a world where love and unity are in banishment and odium? How can He suffer the rod of his indignation to be so faintly and inevidently seen? It seems to me that to philosophers this should be the very problem of problems; — how a God having perfections that render him worthy to reign, can without destroying these perfections, encompass man about, with such multitudinous tokens of loving kindness.

(12) I don't speak of it in arrogance, but I pity those who are so unacquainted with their own hearts and own deserts, as to spend their days and nights in endeavours to explain the mysterious question of calamities in the world. The fact is, between you and me, I sometimes think we have no right to call anything a calamity that falls below the temperature of hell. If those stray threads of suffering on the woof<sup>7</sup> of this world, are mysterious, how intensely enigmatical must be the blackness of darkness where the fallen angels are bound. This world begins to be a heaven, when we begin to *understand* our deserts; and goes on to be a heaven as we go on to *know* our deserts.

The face of nature, the more I study it, the more evangelical it becomes. We have an unction from the Holy One. Know all things. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Our eyes must first be opened by him who is the Truth, the Sun of righteousness; and only after that can we take our first *right* look at anything in nature or in art, history, or fiction, heaven or earth, or hell. In the visible creation, there is that love that was manifest in the flesh; love whose length and breadth, height and depth are immeasurable. I'm continually stumbling upon the promises of the Bible, and roam among the works of God; and the ray of light — (13) of light that comes tearing down to me from the sun at the rate of 200,000 miles a second, seems to have just enough to exclaim for Him that sent it, "I am the good shepherd that giveth his life for the sheep" — and then expire. I find this Calvary love breaking through every sluice and crevice in nature; but I find also the threat emerge of the gospel. Jesus Christ came not to condemn the world; His errand was love, but it was a love that dealt both in promises and threatenings. The wrath of God as revealed in the gospel is not retributive and decisive, but premonitory — as it were, the forecasted shadow of itself; intended, like His goodness, to lead men to repentance. And so with the wrath of God revealed in nature: it is not retributive, for it is casual, fugitive,<sup>8</sup> and undistinguishing. It forbids all men to look upon this world as a place of punishment; for all men know that the worse they become, the more they love a residence in this world. But it is premonitory, and tells all who have ears to hear, that there is a greater one to come for those who fail to

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<sup>7</sup> *Woof*: the yarn woven across the warp yarn in weaving; the image is a loom on which a tapestry is woven.

<sup>8</sup> *Fugitive*: lasting for a markedly brief time.

understand the loving kindness of the Lord. What I admire is the spectacular amount of this element of evil, blended with the good of this world. The benevolence of God remains intact; and for their lives men cannot escape a conviction of it, and yet it is revealed from heaven, that He is something more than benevolent.

(14) My habitual impression is that to create the new heaven & the new earth of prophecy, it will not be necessary to change the material world we live in, but simply the eyes with which we look upon it — enough to bind the earthquakes and bury back the volcanoes, and tame down the lightning, to throw out the few foreign elements introduced because of sin. Then, were our souls all alive with love to God, life would be a heaven indeed. There is nothing truer than that man is *dead* in sin — his whole nature. I was not aware until this voyage, how extensive was the empire of this death in me. For I have seen that the least of the ends for which the beautiful works of God were given, is that material end which men consider the great one. Take an encyclopedia and read an article on Light, and then be assured that the man knows nothing about it. He has found out some of its material properties and purposes, but though he had found out all, yet is he still a hundred million miles from the intention of God in bestowing it. I believe that in all His works, God addresses the soul; and this body of ours is simply the instrument for apprehending these external signs and symbols by which God addresses us. Now I have felt that my senses are steeped in death.

The Bible and every word of it is sealed up, until God be heard in it; (15) and everything in nature I conceive to be under the same seal. It gloriously exalts God, I think, to view him as simply intent upon addressing our spiritual natures. The tree has some higher mission than to give shade, fruit, fuel, for the good of the bodies of man. Every leaf and fibre of it exists primarily to make known the perfections of our God, to repeat in new strains the promises of the gospel, and to do something towards the elevation of our moral nature. And it is only because we are without the Spirit, that these effects are not produced. I assure you that, as I was one day sitting in the mizen ship, I was really frightened by the discovery of the awful death in which my senses had hitherto been bound. I was shocked at the thought of going out of the world, and leaving my body for the worms, before I had ever discovered or dreamed of the end for which that body was given me. All other ends were mediate; the great end was the enjoyment of God. My sense of feeling, of taste, hearing, sight, smelling, were all given as so many senses by which God should communicate to me the knowledge of Himself, and how had I been depraving them, every hour and every minute of my life. Just as though all the gold in the world should be taken to make spades and hoes for day laborers; and all the diamonds in the world to give light to those that toil in coal mines. (16) Were I filled with the Holy Ghost, I could not eat a crust of bread without some new enjoyment of God. In connection with these thoughts, consider the passage, “I have formed thee for myself.”

If you enquire about our voyage thus far, I reply that you must not expect any startling incidents. As I was remarking to Mr. and Mrs. Wood this morning, it is one of the felicities of our constitution, that we are independent of external monotony, and can go careering on, by virtue of our spiritual natures, from one region to another, from wonder to wonder, from glory to glory, even when our bodies are imprisoned in a wind-bound ship. And I have been living a good deal in the world of thought and have been very little sensible of the monotony

of the voyage. You see what it is — all *I, I, I*; but I don't care; and I am not certain that you will have anything else. Well, let me think, what sort of a voyage have we had? What have been the incidents? We were boarded by a whaleman, a fortnight out, but he was just out of port, and so we could not send letters home. The same day one of our crew fell overboard, but another of the sailors was providentially near to save him. We sighted Cape Verde Sept. 4. Reached the line 24<sup>th</sup> at night. God knows the services that take place in crossing the Line. (17) A visit from Neptune and his court, and an awful process of shaming undergone by those who have never crossed. I thought I had escaped it, but received a bucket of water upon me, from one of the men who had just put himself in ambush for the purpose, and this was my commendation.

Soon after we saw an English barque,<sup>9</sup> the *King William*, bound for New South Wales, and sailed in company with her for a thousand miles. Parted company, and after another thousand miles sailing, came together again, and then parted for good. We had about 90 days of uninterrupted sunshine, from Boston to the cape of Good Hope. We did not see the cape, passing several degrees to the south of it. As we drew near it, we were joined by large numbers of Cape pigeons and Albatrosses, which continued for weeks together hovering and floating in the wake of the ship. We took several albatrosses with a hook and line, not dreading what Coleridge warns against in his *Ancient Mariner*. (The sailors know nothing of this superstition). The albatross is a very handsome bird, often of spotless white; measuring from 11 to 12 feet from tip to tip. We found no rough weather until we got off the cape. After that, we had a number of gales, often sailing under double-reefed top sails.

(18) About a fortnight ago we were under bare poles a whole day, the sea rolling grandly, occasionally submerging the deck. But this is such an admirable ship-boat,<sup>10</sup> that she ships a sea where another would ship twenty. But I have enjoyed these storms greatly, and to confess the truth, have preferred the rising to their subsiding. I have never been satisfied with anything I have yet seen of the glory of God in the storm. I have a secret desire to see what may be seen, and to have my highest conceptions realized. But God is better to me than I am to myself.

I must tell you that I am a great sailor. There is hardly any part of the ship I do not visit. I have often been up bending and reefing sails. One afternoon I helped put double reefs in the fore-topsail, main-topsail, and mizen-topsail; more than once I have been to the mainsail masthead (the highest part of the ship) and every day I visit the cross trees, and top gallant yards. And, *en passant*, I have gained strength though not flesh. I can go up thirty feet of a rope by my hands alone, whereas I could hardly lift myself at all in that way when I first came aboard. One day we found the main topmast sprung, but being favored in weather, fixed it the same day, an operation which answers to splinting in surgery.

(19) Saw whales occasionally at a distance; but one day as I was seated on the foretop gallant yard, meditating on the day's text and thinking of those at home, I saw one approaching from a distance in grand style. He bore right down upon us, and I apprehended for a moment or two, that he would dash right into the bow, and break it through (for they have

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<sup>9</sup> Barque: 3-masted square-sail ship (schooner). The *King William* was 463 tons, built in 1831.

<sup>10</sup> Whether we call boats 'ships' has nothing to do with their size but with the type of rigging for the sails.

this strength) — but he sheared off, and lay alongside exhibiting his vast proportions to our astonished gaze. He was 80 or 100 feet long. What is amazing is that the food of the monstrous creatures consists entirely of animalcula (plankton), too fine almost for sight.

### ***Dec 21. In the Calm***

As I have begun to write, I feel disposed to keep on writing. Since yesterday morning a dead calm, and we have been going to the southward. I can tell you better where we are when we get an observation at noon. We are favored with the most admirable weather, the thermometer above 80, and skies like those that canopied Adam when he took his first sleep in paradise. To give an idea of the transparency of the atmosphere, we just now, the sun being 3 hours high, saw Venus shining brightly over our heads. — How different the weather with you. We were saying last night that if any of our friends should pay us a visit, they would hasten to throw off furs and shawls and cloaks. Among the things that we did last night, we came to the conclusion that we had done wrong in troubling ourselves about the future of this voyage (20), and that it was our duty to keep out of our minds and out of our conversation, all speculations about its probable length. It seems to us that man has business with the future only so far as he can be influenced in his present conduct by it; and that he has no right to be hanging about God's curtains, trying to peer in at this side or that, or underneath, when no such influence is to be expected.

Now, whatever may be our conjectures or conclusions about the length of this voyage, they will not enable us to advance the ship a hand's breadth; and therefore there is something profane about the habit of indulging such conjectures. God seemed to say to us, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, I have put into every day as much of duty and of trial, as will task all your powers to the utmost." I thought up this illustration. Suppose Napoleon taking an evening walk among the tents of his soldiers, had overheard them discussing the future movements of the Emperor — what he would probably do tomorrow, in what direction he would march the next day; what tactics he would attempt with the enemy next week, and what terms he would offer to the Emperor of Austria. Would he not decide that the soldiers were wandering out of their proper province and that it would be altogether wiser and more becoming in them to {mind} their own business? And if he had heard one of them telling the others so, would he not have sent to enquire the name of that one (21), and put it down on his list for promotions? I think so.

This has appeared to me at times a grievous sin; and I have been alarmed at the amount of vain words uttered on this voyage, *about* the voyage. Especially in view of that scripture, "By thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." I have thought of all my words spoken since we left Boston, being gathered into baskets, and the angels of heaven sitting down to assort them — and what an enormous mountain of rotten ones would be raised. Surely there is nothing justifying in our talk about future winds and future weather. But the difficulty is, there is so much of our pristine blindness remaining, and that we have so little discernment of a present Duty. I was thinking the other day how astonished the angels must be to hear us say, "It rains." What rains? Surely the descent of rain implies a present operation of a present God, as much as when there came a voice from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear him."

In regard to what I was talking with you about yesterday, the true way to enjoy God's eternal creation, is to wind up His word and His works together. Practice this and you will find the combination precious. Consider the sun as preaching to you, with intense zeal and burning eloquence from the words, "I am the light the world;" or from "In him was life, and the life was the light of men;" (22) or the moon from these, "Ye are the light of the world," "Because I live, ye shall live also;" "Beholding the glory of the Lord, changed into the same image from glory to glory." "Looking unto Jesus." "As the Father has sent me into the world, even so have I sent you into the world." "Without me ye can do nothing." "Of his fulness have all we received." "Arise, shine, for thy light is come." When you fix your eye upon a star, fix your thoughts upon the verse, "Lo, I am with you always." Your Redeemer, who upholdeth all things, is away off there, millions and millions and millions of miles away, filling some vast system with beauty & truth and bliss, but not a minute passes in which he does not send down to you indefatigable post-messengers, angels from his body, grand disguised as rays of light, to tell you without ceasing, "Lo, I am with you always." "Can a mother forget her sucking child?" And these not from one star but from myriads of millions. See written everywhere "all things are gems." This is one of the most stupendous facts in creation — even more so than the fact of universal gravitation. God bestows no private blessing. The plant has no power to swallow up the ray of light, and say this is all my own, and I will do what I please with it. The condition upon which it possesses its beautiful tint, is that it shall send the light out again to every point of the compass.

The benefactions of God are such only when the recipient sympathizes with God (23), and recognizes a universe to be loved and blessed. It is something to be thought upon that the stars, these countless sons of space, so immeasurably removed from our whereabouts, should be represented in our firmament. It is one thing that they should exist; but quite another that their representative rays of light should be thronging our firmament, and turning it into an amphitheater. In being united to God, we are wedded to all his sinless universe. When one believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, he looks up and sees the hosts of the Lord of Hosts all exclaiming to Him at once, you are our brother — or you are our sister; we share with you all we have. That He might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in Him. "That they may be one even as we are one." — When the wind blows upon you, remember that there is one word for the wind or the Spirit, in the Bible; and that the comparison is frequent; and in every breeze find an enormous excess of promise saying, "He giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not." "Ask and it shall be given you." "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." "Be ye filled with the Spirit."

Among other vessels that we spoke was a French brig.,<sup>11</sup> the *Arago*, bound to the Seychelles from Pernambuco. It fell to me to speak to her, no one else speaking French. It was quite cold off the cape, and for some weeks afterwards; great coats were necessary, and at night blankets.

(24) I must tell you how pleasantly I am situated. I doubt whether any missionaries were even so well accommodated on their passage. Our cabin is on deck. I have a state room to

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<sup>11</sup> That is, a *brigantine* ship, a two-masted sailing vessel.

myself. It is about 6 feet in one direction and twelve in another. Bro. Wood, who has some skill in carpentering, put up an excellent desk for me at the beginning of the passage, about 4 feet long, at one end of which is a place for a little library. A window gives me light, and also a view of sea & sky. So that I have every facility for study. Before leaving Boston, I ransacked the mission house for Mahrattan books, and brought away a Mahrattan grammar, dictionary, the gospel of Mark, the four gospels condensed in one, Genesis, Exodus, the child's book on the soul, a volume of the Diyanidaya (a paper published at Bombay by the missionaries). I have read all these books, with the exception of the last, giving some 4 hours a day to this study. I feel exceedingly grateful, and ought to feel more so than I do, for all these happy arrangements by virtue of which I am enabled to improve my time, so far as privacy, health, and convenience and suitable books enable me.

My health has been unfailingly good. If I had been only somewhat indisposed, as Mr. & Mrs. Wood have been, I would not have been able to accomplish much, I suppose. They have been ailing somewhat all along (25), especially Mrs. Wood, who has not at any time felt as she does on land. They have studied Mahrattan somewhat, but have found it generally too sanguine, too much effort in their present state of health. But their improvement in other respects is very marked. Bro. Wood has been growing much in grace. He seems to have another unction altogether. I assure you, I enjoy their society very greatly.

Shall I give you an account of my daily employments? I rise from 6 to 7 ½. If I have a little spare time before breakfast, 8 o'clock, I read Hebrew. After breakfast I go on deck, around to one of the top gallant yards, spend a little time there in meditation, come down, go forward and see if there is any opportunity to commerce with any of the men, and afterwards enter my stateroom. I continue for a while to read Hebrew. After that I read the gospels. This and prayer fill up the time till dinner, 1 o'clock. After this I go out and aloft again, or perhaps to the end of the bowsprit. Then spend some time, if an opportunity presents, as generally is the case, with the men, reading the Bible with those that feel disposed and explaining and enforcing <sup>12</sup> it. Then I go to my stateroom, and study Mahratta till 6 or 6 ½ o'clock, when we have tea. After that, walk the deck talking with the officers or Bro. Wood, or the men, or my own heart, till 8 o'clock, when we have prayers in the cabin. After that I read as long as the dim light in the cabin will let me, and retire somewhere between 10 and 11 o'clock.

(26) I will give you a list of the books I have read as far as remembered: Chavers; Pilgrim's Progress; Hopkins' lectures on the evidences; Butler's Analogy; Chalmers' Bridgewater Treatises; Dibble's Sandwich Islands; Moffats' Southern Africa; Jenkyn's Union of Spirit and Church; Elijah the Tishbite; Sermons of Martyn Brainerd, Swartz, Buchanan; Jenkyn, Leslie, Littleton, Watson on the Evidences;<sup>13</sup> Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation; Beguis' Endtimes; Venn's Duty of Man; Paley's Horae Paulinae; a good deal of Lardner's Art and Science; and of Newton on the prophecies; Offen's Legacy; a volume of Finney's sermons; another of Unitarian sermons. I recommend to you Hopkins' Evidences, Dibble's Sandwich Islands (to strengthen your missionary faith — and observe in this that God did not abolish

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<sup>12</sup> *Enforce*: to give strength or force to; to affirm, to emphasize.

<sup>13</sup> This is the 19<sup>th</sup> c. T. Watson, not 17<sup>th</sup> c. This particular book was published in 1805.



idolatry in the S. Islands before Christians had begun to pray for it, though He did before missionaries reached there); Moffat's Africa, Philosophy of the plan of Salvation (a real good book given me by Mr. Gibson, Brainerd's serm., and under this Swartz's. But to tell you the truth, I believe you will lose nothing by reading none of them, if you give yourself wholly to the Bible. To read so of man's writing, is rather an innovation with me; ;and I have suffered it because I like to be more private in reading the Bible than I can be here.

(27) On the Sabbath we have preaching once. We began the second Sunday out. And I have a Bible class in the afternoon. Bro. Wood and I alternate in preaching, he one Sabbath and I the next. Missionaries err in waiting to be asked to conduct religious exercises. Mr. Chadwick, our 1<sup>st</sup> mate, carried some of our missionaries last year from Singapore to China, and was surprised that they never asked to have such exercises. Captains always want to be asked and expect it. For the last couple of months I have confined myself in preaching and in the Bible class to the suffering of Christ. You will ask, with what results? I wish God would write the answer down; I am not equal to it. He only knows, but as far as I can see, with scarcely any fruit. And if you ask the reason of this, I refer you to the 15<sup>th</sup> of John with tears, "He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." I at least do not appear to be one of these same. Christ is always with his faithful servants. Has Christ been with me? If great spiritual joy, or anything else in the way of emotional experience could be an evidence, I could give it; but what is this, if we are without that fruit to bring forth which he has ordained us and sent us into the world? In view of this, it seems exceedingly preposterous that I should be going to the heathen,<sup>14</sup> or staying here, or occupying any space in this world, or any place indeed in God's kingdom, above or below.

(28) I am like a butterfly yet in the chrysalis: it can neither creep nor fly where it is; and yet its only business in life is either to creep or fly. And when its hour is fully come, why should it continue to spindle in its silky house? But I will not give way to my feelings. If feeling could save souls, I should have saved multitudes.

One use I could make of this melancholy barrenness is to persuade my friends at home to have done with any expectations they may have formed of my future usefulness among the heathen. If I am to do anything, then some new power must be excited at the throne of grace, and they must pray that I become a faithful missionary with as great a sense of the magnitude of their petition as though entreating that the most abominable of these Mahratta idolaters might become a preacher of righteousness. Our faith should never be in anything that God has done, but simply in His power to do. The men on board seem more and more unwilling to hear the gospel preacher. They began pretty well, but the attendance has been falling off, and sometimes we can hardly induce five to come aft. Yet I do not know that I ever made more preparation, or took greater pains or a deeper interest; and probably the same may be said of Bro. Wood. And assuredly I never prayed more, or more earnestly, for any than for these. It is evident that they do not like the gospel we preach.

(29) I know we could easily please them by the smallest dilution of our gospel in the world, for there is all the difference in the world between 19/20ths of the gospel and the whole gospel. There are 19 men besides the 3 officers — 3 Swedes, 1 Finlander, 4 Prussians, 8

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<sup>14</sup> Heathen in Hebrew is *gowy*, meaning foreign peoples or nations. The Greek *ethnikos* means the same.

Americans, 1 boy from Bombay of English parentage, cook and steward colored, 2 mates & captain from N. Hampshire. The foreigners understand English imperfectly. The Americans are young men from 16 years upwards who have probably come to sea to escape home restraints. Many encouraging signs have appeared from time to time, and we have expected the conversion of one and another; but up to this time I cannot report any case of unquestionable conversion.

By observation this day, we are 23 miles north of the line, Longitude 75 east. Probably cross the line again at night, Dec 22. We have been continually furnished with the evidence of our entire dependence upon God. The two last times we descried land, where do you think we descried it? Why, right under our bow, so that if it had been in the night or foggy, we should have gone right ashore. When Trinidad appeared in sight, we found that our position was some 30 miles to the eastward of our calculation; and the other day when the Maldives were seen ahead, we were some 30 or more miles to the westward. And certainly there never was a more cautious captain than ours. He errs on this side if on any. (30) Indeed it has been very profitable for me to observe him; and I have several times proposed to myself to run apace with him, and use as great endeavours to make progress spiritually, as he does to make it oceanically. He is sometimes up night after night, studying his nautical almanac, and Epitome,<sup>15</sup> and Chart, and Chronometer, and Osburg (a navigator) taking observation of the moon, planets, and fixed stars. If I were as zealous for my soul — which is Christ's vessel and bound on Christ's voyage — as he is for the *Goodwin*, it would be well.

It was very pleasant to see those islands last Friday. They are of coral formation, very low of course, and stretched along way round the horizon.<sup>16</sup> We could see the crown palms very distinctly upon them. They are peopled by Hindoo idolaters. It was a magnificent day. God seemed to have done His utmost at adorning the world thereabouts, and to be ejaculating with a smile of holy pleasure, "It is good." I couldn't help thinking of the wonderful display of God's perfections in the productions of what met the eye. To produce the grandest results by the most insignificant means is a noble exercise of power. To create those islands, the Lord of Hosts had his choice of means. He could have given His fiat and they would have sprung into immediate existence. Angels would have delighted to become the witnesses. (31) But he chose to take the minutest of the inhabitants of the sea, a creature almost microscopic, and commission it to rear up these islands from the bottom of the ocean. It obeyed him. What are Eddystone lighthouses and Thames tunnels to these? This tiny polypus raised up a circular wall, 1000 feet high or more, and some miles in diameter. This is the reef, the rampart within which the little islands are anchored. There are several portals by which the crestfallen and wandering sun is permitted to creep in and out, as a servant. Can you not look in imagination at these islands, and be almost ready to call them "islands of the blest"? What more could God do for this vineyard? If actions reveal character, is not God revealed here? There is not an idolater there who does not judge of a man by the works of a man, by what he can do; and yet after looking at the amazing and glorious pedestal on which they stand — at the palms, at the blue skies, the moon and the

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<sup>15</sup> *A Complete Epitome of Practical Navigation*; 11<sup>th</sup> ed. was released in 1835.

<sup>16</sup> At sea, the horizon is roughly 25 miles away.

stars — go straightway and say to some hideous and obscene piece of wood, “Thou madest them all.” “They have eyes, but they see not, ears have they and hear not.” That is, they are abundantly supplied with the faculties of knowing God. It is no more true that they have eyes to see one another, ears to hear one another, than that they are endued by nature with inner senses by which to know the only true God.

Consider that pedestal. For thousands of years before they yet existed, God was employing army after army (32), generation after generation of creatures in raising up these Ararats<sup>17</sup> upon which they might have a footing. Suppose Cheops had constructed his pyramid merely that the meanest of his slaves might find a refuge upon its summit in the time of inundation; but that were nothing in comparison with what God had done here. Surely we may say that God has been at an enormous expense for these heathen. And not for them only, but for anyone that has life in this universe. Let us consider the ground we stand on, and calculate the depth of it, its materials, disposition, agents, age. Should we not blush to be standing on such a base? Is it not like taking one of these frightful little Hindoo idols of clay, an inch in length, and placing it on top of the column [ILLEGIBLE]?<sup>18</sup> But when we begin to bring in Calvary and its infinite costliness, our minds begin to stagger under the accumulating figures.

Our position this day is 12 miles north of the Equator, Long. 75.44. You see we are going by slow degrees towards New Holland.<sup>19</sup> I suppose when we are wanted in Bombay, we shall be conveyed there. We have been living on salt provisions for some time, and our water is none the best. I believe, however, that if told I were never to have any other diet than the present, it would trouble me little. We should be thankful for showers by which we have been enabled to replenish our water casks. Mrs. Wood’s trial is greatest. Being the only female on board is unpleasant for her; (33) and she is unwell most of the time with headache and sea sickness.

### ***Dec 27. Revelation Ch. 5***

We are almost 80 east, and 1 ½ north. We were nearer Bombay a fortnight ago, or as near — and may be no nearer a fortnight hence. That all is for the very best, I doubt not. Mr. & Mrs. Wood and myself have adopted lately the custom of meditating on a particular chapter daily, and meeting in the evening to converse about it. We are upon the Revelation, & find it a delightful exercise. This is a precious book, though I feel inclined to say, as one of the German’s the other day of the English New Test., “It is too heavy for me.” John himself wept much before he could receive it. But then are great blessings promised to him who is able to read it. This is no other than the very book that *He who sitteth on the throne* held in his hand. We find it sinking gradually into beautiful significance. In this portion of Scripture, we seem to have a compensation for the loss of what was formerly enjoyed; that is, new communication from God. It was an immense help to the faith of the Israelites, that God

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<sup>17</sup> *Ararat*: alluding to the mountain peak that Noah’s ark landed on as the waters of the great flood receded.

<sup>18</sup> Though illegible, Lord Nelson’s granite column, 169’ high, might be a possible and timely reference. It was erected in Trafalgar Square, London, between 1840-1843, to commemorate his defeat of Napoleon in 1805.

<sup>19</sup> *New Holland* is the historical European name for mainland Australia, which was under British colonial rule at the time. However, here he may be referring to South Africa, still hotly contested between the British and the Dutch.

was continually coming in with a new manifestation and a new message; so too with the primitive church. But God has provided this good thing for us, namely a book, where every future generation till the end of time may see itself represented in transaction with God. We see the risen Saviour as truly as Mary Magdalene saw Him, or the persecuting Saul. And we see Him in heavenly places exhibiting the same blessed characteristics that His walk upon earth {did}. (34) Another great end is to exhibit the hosts of heaven, honoring the Son even as they honor the Father. One thing observable is that the middle wall of partition between heaven and the terrestrial church seems broken down. You can't tell where you are, in heaven or on earth, save only that you are in the kingdom of heaven. Hardly anything has been more salutary to me, than what is said about the prayers of the saints in the 5<sup>th</sup> chap.

***Family. January 1<sup>st</sup>, 1848.***

Happy new year to you all. A happy new year to you, **Ma**. I praise God that he has given you so many years of life, and that He has blessed your later years more than your first. I praise Him for the health and activity which have been continued to you, and that you have been permitted to see such happy changes in your family. I pray for your continued health, and the preservation of your faculties. If trials come, that you may have patience to bear them and wisdom to surpass them. That your path may be as the path of the past, shining more and more unto the perfect day. That you may adorn your Christian profession, and so live as to convince others of the necessity of holiness. That you may enjoy intimate communion with the Saviour, and live by the faith of the Son of God. And to this end, that you may know your own heart, see your need, and hunger and thirst after righteousness.

A happy new year to **Pa**. May this be the best year of your life. (35) May you enter upon it with a heart full of thanksgiving for the goodness of God to us all, and with earnest desires to be henceforth a living sacrifice to Him that loved us. May you have heavenly wisdom to guide you in all things temporal and spiritual. May you see the work of God prospering in the house and throughout the circle of your influence. May your health be continued, and your powers of body and mind, your enjoyment of the Scriptures, and your delight in the assemblies of the saints. May you find your sins, and your constitutional difficulties, removed by divine grace. May you and Ma be more intimately one in Christ than you ever were when *not* in Christ. May the goodness of God bless your efforts to provide for the family, and may the promise be fulfilled, "they that fear the Lord shall not want any good thing."

A happy new year to you, **Harriet**. May it be your best year. May you seek to live as Christ did, in the greatest possible exercise of love to God and man. May you find the Saviour a fountain of life, the only perennial fountain, inexhaustible and undiminishable. May you know well the art of despairing of yourself, and confiding in him; and remember that, as difficulties serve but to enhance the triumph of love, so your defects and necessities, be they what they may, should only exhibit a new revelation of the all-sufficiency of Christ. Remember always that sanctification is simply love! And to know what love is, look at the life of Christ, look at the whole of the gospel; and to attain love, exercise faith. (36) May God guide you. How cordially should we all admit the adage, "Man prospers, but God disposes." And *may the peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep your heart and mind.*

Is **Frank** at home? <sup>20</sup> Is he at home in Christ, or still an alien and a wanderer? I hope to have tidings at Bombay, if God will. Wherever he be, a happy new year to him. May the God of all grace be his friend and his portion. May Jesus Christ be to him a pearl of such great price that nothing else will be esteemed excellent in comparison. May he be directed as to his future vocation; and find in Christ *a friend that sticketh closer than a brother*. May the deep and deadly wounds of sin in his soul be all healed, and may old things be passed away, and all things become new.

A happy new year to **Kate**. The Lord keep you from all evils. May it be a year in which you shall be abundantly fitted for usefulness. May you sit ever at the feet of Jesus, and learn of Him. May your health be continued; and if called to suffer, may grace abound toward you, so that you shall say, "It was good for me to be afflicted." Let me say unto you, "Watch, watch, watch." Unwatchfulness itself is sin. It is a leak in the soul, & the soul fills before one knows it. Let it be an inviolable rule with you to know every day "where you are" and "where you ought to be." May you have a spirit of love and self-denial, and consider the wants of every fellow sinner to be as important as your own. A happy new year to you.

(37) **Aunt Weston**. May it be a year of good things to her. May her health be preserved, and the use of her faculties. May she recognize the goodness of God in all her past life. May she have her conversation in heaven where Christ is. May she consider the remaining hours as altogether too precious to be wasted on anything less than working out her salvation. May all the changes that take place among her children be such as to fill her with gratitude. May the experience of her past life be full of instruction. I wish, dear aunt, that you may delight in everything that God does, and everything that God says, no matter what it be, simply because God says it and God does it. If anyone is not happy, it is because he does not love the Lord Jesus Christ enough.

A happy new year to **Nat**; and his family. I pray that he may learn the divine out of looking on the world as Christ looks on it. Having never been to heaven ourselves, we ought to consider it an unspeakable happiness to have a friend who has been there, and who is willing to communicate all that He has seen from that eminence, both of this world and that which is to come.

A happy new year to **Rosey**. I trust that she has put herself away safely in Christ before this year sets in, and that I shall hear delightful news in Bombay. She has been trying a great many other sorts of years; may she now try a year in the service of Christ, and taste her first true happiness. (38) And may God give her health and strength and faculties and peace of mind, and humility.

A happy new year to **Emeline** also; and may she be rich in him who for our sakes became poor, and esteem that *one thing is needful*, and *work out her salvation with fear and trembling*.

### **January 3. Captain & First Mate**

Long 75. Lat 1 ½ N. — Our captain lost his brother a day or two before leaving, but did not seem to be much affected by the loss, however much he may have been. He is engaged to be

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<sup>20</sup> Frank is apparently Harriet's husband, a sailor who has abandoned her. See Bowen's letter of Jan 23, 1858.

married. He is a Unitarian ostensibly, but nothing in fact. I should judge that he was a person who had been greatly in the habit of speaking against religion and religious people. He displayed something of this tendency at first, but only then; ever since, he's wonderfully careful to avoid the subject. Altogether too much so. I would much rather he would come out with all his objections. He is very polite and friendly; and seeks to get along with as little disturbance as may be. He professes never to swear, looking upon it as ungentlemanly, but it occasionally breaks through. He regards himself as a moral man, one that loves his neighbor as himself, though he has said several times if the steward fell overboard, he would not lend him a rope — expressing his feelings if not his intentions.

Besides books relating to navigation, he never reads anything but novels. He is a man entirely sensuous, that is, almost wholly occupied with things seen and temporal. (39) His conversation is about dress, the hair, washing the body, the teeth, the feet, washing of clothes, food, cooking, the dressing of it, furniture of the table, household furnishings, houses, medicine, disease, looks — in fact, whatever relates to the body; then ships and voyages. He does not attend preaching on the Sabbath, taking that opportunity to sleep, or calculate his position. This no doubt encourages many others to stay away. I trust, however, that his conscience has received some glimmerings of new light. We have reason to be grateful for all his kindness and attention. But for myself, I have but one favor to ask of men, that they would give their hearts to the Saviour; if they will only do that, they may give me a beating every day.

The first mate, Mr. Chadwick, is also of Unitarian connections. On my first religious conversation with him, I found him to be an entire infidel. He read Nelson on Infidelity<sup>21</sup> and other books, & we had many conversations together; and God appeared to bless this means so far as to destroy his doubts about the word of God. Afterwards we had some warm discussions<sup>22</sup> of the doctrines of the Bible, Divinity of Christ, etc. I wrote him one or two letters on those doctrines. For some time he has been on the threshold of faith. His mind is chiefly occupied with the subject of religion; he reads religious books altogether; expresses his desire to be a Christian; believes he must be born again; is always careful to attend preaching, whether it is his watch on deck or not; (40) has left off drinking, and all swearing; distributes tracts among the men. But there he stays. He comes no nearer to Christ that I can see. He is an interesting young man and I feel strongly attached to him.

There has been some internal reformation among the men. At first nothing but profanity greeted our ears; now, such a thing is almost unknown. Yesterday after preaching to a few from Mar 6.12-18, I had some pleasant thoughts about God's providential dealings with us. What if I were to spend my life on board the ship, preaching to these men, with these results? But certainly my trial will not be less. I am to preach to heathen, and in a strange language. Now, is not the trial of this voyage just the thing needed to prepare us for our labors among the heathen? I assure you I cannot but admire the ways of God. I believe this voyage will prove more profitable to me, if to no one else. I do feel that I could not dispense with this discipline. If we had had a revival during all this voyage, I would still want to go

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<sup>21</sup> David Nelson, *The Cause and Cure of Infidelity* (1841).

<sup>22</sup> In Bowen's day, "warm" meant heated, emotional, or intense.

through just such a trial as I have had. And I have hope. I deny it not, that the souls of these men will yet experience the operations of God's spirit.

### **January 6. The Crew**

Same latitude. One of the men told me this morning that no prophecy seems to him so wonderfully fulfilled as this: "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." He saw a remarkable fulfillment on board this ship in the efforts made by many to dissuade the rest from hearing the gospel preached. (41) He that said this, is a very interesting young man called Charleston Bill. His parents are Methodists, and in the first conversation I had with him, he told me that he thought he had himself experienced a change of heart, but on coming to sea had concluded not to make a profession of religion. He does not any longer speak of himself thus, but as a sinner needing to be converted. There is a good deal that is engaging about him. He has been sick for some time, with profit to his soul, I think.

I find the Tract Society's present quite available here. There are a dozen of my books all the time in the fore-castle.<sup>23</sup> — The cook exhibits more of change than anybody, I think; but God sees the heart, and I have had so many disappointments, I hardly venture to speak. But he tells me his heart goes up to God day and night, for his grace, & that he prays as he works, on all occasions, and that he sees the beauty of religion, and is fully prepared to live a religious life. He is very ignorant. I have been laboring with him some time to enlighten his mind. Another, a Swede named Jim, I have been teaching to read the Eng. Testament from the beginning. A great change has come on him too. He speaks English so badly, it is difficult to know his mind; but the more I see of him, the more I think God is teaching him. There are several others that hold out some encouragement. But while I give thanks to God, I put little confidence in anything I see yet. Bill observed to one this morning, that he had told the men his opinion about our long voyage, viz., (42) that God was keeping us out until they should be converted; but they had answered, if we should stay out a year, they would not be converted.

The boy from Bombay was sent to England by his father, a resident in B.<sup>24</sup> His father, dying, and those with whom he was living in London not writing him, he left and went to Hull, & from there on foot to Liverpool. Shipped from there to Quebec, working his passage. On the St. Lawrence, the steamer blew up, but he escaped; and in process of time reached New York. Was there three months in a clothing store in Nassau street, and afterwards spent some time on a farm on the North River. He then determined to get back to India if he could, and made his way to Boston. There he found a ship, the *Goodwin*, to sail in a week. He succeeded in being taken on board, not as a sailor, for he does not like the masts, but to do *any* work. There have been some revolutions during the voyage, by one of which he has become Steward. At first he said he was a member of the Epis. Church; I suppose he is; I have since found, however, that his mind has abundance of infidelity in it. I have been teaching him arithmetic on the voyage. He can think of nothing now but being in India; of the delightful life he hopes to lead there.

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<sup>23</sup> The fore-castle is the forward part of a ship with the sailors' living quarters.

<sup>24</sup> That is, Bombay.

**6th.** Yesterday we saw a brig., and Mr. Chadwick the mate boarded her to get some fresh provisions — chiefly on Mrs. Wood's account, for she has been suffering a great deal. She is extraordinarily weak, and sometimes does not leave her birth for many days together. (43) It seems desirable for her sake that we might speedily reach land, but God only knows what is desirable. Well, Mr. C. went on board and found it a native vessel from Ceylon to Bombay, out a month, and calculating on 50 days more (distance about 800 miles). They treated him respectfully and gave such as they had, viz., a few yams. This is a very nice vegetable. Yesterday afternoon we descried the land of India, and today it is plainly in sight, namely, the Ghants, or ridges of Mts. running north from Cape Comorin. Last, what I have said of the Capt. may not give you an impression altogether correct. I would add that he invited us originally to ask a blessing at table, and that he is exceedingly careful to avoid hurting our feelings in any way.

We caught 3 sharks. This was the way. The noose of a rope was let down into the water, and a piece of pork at the end of another rope to attract the shark. When within the noose, he was quickly made fast in it, and all hands pulled him on deck. One thing took my attention, as I saw them swimming under our stern. Every shark (every male one) is guided by a pilot fish, a handsome ring-streaked fish 8 or 10 inches in length, which swims just before the mouth of the shark, and marshals him the way that he should go. The shark has not to see for himself, think for himself, or smell for himself. The pilot fish is his intellect and his senses at once. The business of the shark is simply to keep close to this little fish. The little fish is *made unto him wisdom*. He has nothing to do but to foresee this always before him. Would that we were as docile to *our* pilot. (44) *For the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps*. How remarkable is that provision which gives a pilot fish to every shark, that brings exactly the requisite number of both into the world, and what is more, brings them together as required. He is the argument from adaptation, and that from collocation, happily illustrated I think. How much there is to convince man that God is with his works, as truly as when he was employed creating the dry land and the sea.

### ***January 8. Working as Crew***

Long. 76.28 — Lat. 8.20. You must know that I have more than some regrets, not having shipped to go before the mast,<sup>25</sup> instead of as a passenger. The great thing in favor is the economy. The money need by missionaries is the contribution chiefly of God's poor, rigidly economized, and given to the heathen. It belongs to the heathen, every penny of it. And it is my duty to use as little as possible for my personal expenses. I feel that I could have performed some of the mast and more. And I might have had more opportunities, and a better position to influence them, though I admit that my opportunities are abundant, and my position favorable. I am a good deal on the forecastle. But then I should not have enjoyed such facilities or had so much time for studying Mahrattan. Perhaps the hard work would have been favorable to me physically. On the whole, if I should go another voyage at any time, I believe I should go before the mast; and if any unmarried missionaries should feel disposed to adopt this way of coming out, I should encourage them.

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<sup>25</sup> That is, as a working member of the crew.



(45) I write this letter from shipboard to the family, and put in it all I expect to say about the voyage, intending to refer all {others} to you for information, if they desire any concerning it. To the Christian, the sea life is very fruitful of analogies. Some of these have been touched upon in Payson's sermon to seamen.<sup>26</sup> The seaman must look to the heavens for guidance every day, and the mysterious hand points unceasingly to an object unseen. So that he walks by faith, not in things seen and temporal, but things heavenly and invisible. He puts unlimited confidence throughout the whole voyage, on an invisible and unknown influence operating on an insignificant needle. This is amazing, the more it is thought of. That all our destinies should be staked on such an inestimable thing.

Then there is the Christ, answering to the word of God. Day or night our Captain meditates therein. He marks his course upon it. It is as a glass, where he sees the ship advancing out from glory to glory, but from one degree to the next. Sometimes it bids him rejoice greatly, for he has made a great day's work. Sometimes it seems to say to him, *what doest thou here? Why tarriest thou? Have you lost something, and are going behind for it? There is something here for you; this is the way, walk in it.*

I tell the men sometimes, suppose we now should go aloft & furl every sail, or take them all down, and store them in the sail room, and then go to work with all our might at scrubbing the decks, painting the ship, scraping the sides; overturning and arranging the cargo — and then pass week after week [LAST LINE PARTIALLY OBSCURED], what strange conduct would this be. (46) How inexplicable would everything about the ship become. What are these masts for, and all this rigging? Nobody can at all conceive what they are for. And yet there has been a good deal of expense bestowed upon them. Perhaps for ornament; perhaps for firewood when we get out. Then the hold is full of sin. What is that for? It cannot be got at all. It does us no manner of good. And yet there are hundreds of tons of it, and it is melting every day. And all this cargo between decks. It is never opened, never used. And in fact, everything about the ship would be a mystery, only to be solved by unfurling the sails and struggling with all our powers to get on. Yet this is the way men live. They are standing still as to the great voyage in which God has sent them, and everything about them is become mysterious because of the misapplication of their power. Or if we should set all sail and try to reach Bombay by sailing south, there is but one means of getting there, and that is by going in the direction the chart indicates. Yet how many profess to be bound to heaven, and really seem to be much engaged about it, who yet never look at their chart, or if they do, take their pencil and correct it by putting Bombay down near the South pole. Again, when we speak of a vessel, one of the first questions is, "What is your longitude?" Should not Christians as they pass one another put this question, and all the time evince a solicitude to know where their fellow Christians are spiritually?

(47) When our Captain gets up, the first question is to the man at the wheel, "How does she head?" Should we not immediately on awaking in the morning, ask of our souls the question *how do you head?* Are you looking unto Jesus? Should we not imitate His commands and get up several times in the night to see if an adverse wind is not heading her off? Examine this ship and everything about her, as arranged for progress. The men have a good many

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<sup>26</sup> Edward Payson, *An Address to Seamen*, delivered at Portland ME, October 28, 1821.

employments, but all subordinate to this. For *this* they eat, drink, and sleep. Everything they seek must be abandoned when the least thing to advance the ship can be done. If we have made an extraordinary run one day, that is no reason why we should spare ourselves the next. Then, when everything is done, how motionless she lies on the water unless God sees good to send his wind. This is one of the most interesting analogies to me. Every sail may be set, a man at the wheel, the officers and men all at their posts, and yet there we stay, day after day, and there is no earthly remedy. All our help must come from on high.

And when I have seen the ship sometimes — a bright starry night, with all the sails filled to the uttermost — I have thought of the injunction to “be filled with the Spirit.” And when I have looked at her, as she breasted the waves with violent and uncompromising impetuosity, taking them to the right hand and to the left, while every part of the cordage creaked and snapped with the tremendous strain, while every square inch on all that canvas seemed braced to the utmost tension, and everything about the ship seemed to be working together, and working hard to accomplish this one object — (48) to advance in this one particular and undeviating path. I have thought in like manner must “the kingdom of heaven be taken with much violence.” Sometimes there comes a mighty outpouring from the treasures of the wind, and with one little strip of canvas we go along as rapidly as on another occasion when more than twenty large sails were set. So there is sometimes a dispensation of the spirit, when God’s people seem to have little else to do than stand still and see the salvation of God.

At sea too we learn not to despise the day of small things. The first is, look over the whole voyage, and you will find that the greater part of the distance was accomplished with light winds. A ship-master who should neglect to improve <sup>27</sup> light breezes, and reserve himself altogether for strong ones, would find every sort of craft passing him. And then again, the greatest wear & tear is in times when no progress is made. A good steady breeze is the best for the preservation of a ship’s facilities. So it is in a life of labor and progress, that a man consults even his own interests. When an adverse wind blows, then what maneuvering. We do not say, well, it is no sense trying to get on under these circumstances; let the ship go any way. But we brace up the yards; and if we want to go north, we go east as high as we can, and then west as high as we can,<sup>28</sup> and by this economy manage, though very slowly, to make progress northward. How often are our calculations baffled, even when most wisely made. The thing we most dreaded turns out to be very propitious (49), and we are sometimes amazed to find ourselves going a circuit that we had fully determined not to make. Then there are trade winds blowing with wonderful regularity in certain regions, so that when a man comes into a certain position, he may pretty confidently calculate on a certain wind blowing for a certain time. But it does not always come. It is regular enough to make us admire the wisdom of God and His goodness, but not so much as to let us forget our dependence on Him.

It seems to me that everything about a sailor’s life is calculated to make him habitually sensible of his dependence on God, a superintending providence; while, in truth, they are

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<sup>27</sup> *Improve*: to make good use of something.

<sup>28</sup> This is called *tacking* — sailing a zig-zag course.

remarkably insensible of it. — Then the necessity of harmony in all the disbursements: to every man his own work, and his own position; and to everything its place and its use. — The necessity of subordination and of discipline and a thousand particulars illustrative of the necessities of an individual mind, bound on the voyage of eternity.

**9th.** Long. 78.23. Lat. 11.21. I...

### ***January 10. Evangelizing the Crew***

I feel disposed to go on with the above subject. In the Bible Class yesterday, I said in illustration of the verse “the body is more than meat,” suppose the owners of this ship, after having at an immense expense built her, and launched her, and fitted her up, and put in the mast, rigging, and rudder & anchor, and hired a captain and crew, should forget to provide any sails. Suppose the Captain should even come on board and begin to query as to the probability of getting a set of sails for the ship (50), and concludes on the whole that, as so much had been already done, no more was to be expected. They saw the strangeness of such a supposition. Well, it would be far stranger if God, after having given us such a wonderful body and wonderful soul, so wonderfully united, would not give us the food necessary to preserve life, and without which all the rest is in vain.

Sometimes I say to them, it is no merit in you to come and *hear* the word of God; you must *obey* it. Suppose the Captain should say to you, “Bill, go up and furl the main royal.” You should come aft and say, “Sir?” “Go and furl the main royal.” “Aye, aye, Sir.” & immediately you should go forward and stretch yourself out comfortably to sleep. And when they came and asked you what this meant, you should reply, “I gave strict attention & heard every word he said.” This would only make the matter worse. Your disobedience would be aggravated by your perfect understanding of the order given.

Thus they see the connection between hearing the gospel, and a change of life.

A watch is appointed at night to keep a bright lookout ahead. Sometimes the mate finds them asleep, and dashes a bucket of water on them. They may be no matter how drowsy, this is no excuse and they know it, for there is so much at stake. And a good watch must be kept up all the way through. To give way for one minute only, may be fatal. And the heart of every individual must in like manner be kept with all diligence. (51) One minute’s inattention may be fatal. “What I say unto you, I say unto all, *watch*.” On board here, one man watches at a time; but concerning the heart, every man must watch. There is no doing this by many in spiritual matters. For on the voyage of life, every individual has a vessel all to himself. Again, the wind blows or it does not; there is no calculating on it with certainty; but God has promised to give His spirit to them that ask it. There is always a fair wind blowing for those who would go to heaven. The Captain may complain of winds and calms, but we can only complain of our unwilling hearts, if we do not make a prosperous voyage heavenward. When we were among the Maldives, we found it profitable to read about the vessels that had made shipwreck on these islands, and avoid their errors.

I have been much concerned of the importance of improving every wind to the uttermost. If with a light breeze we put out half a dozen studding sails,<sup>29</sup> we may perhaps be carried a

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<sup>29</sup> A studding sail is an extra sail on a square-rigged vessel for use in fair weather, set outside the square sails.

mile or two farther. In consequence of that, we must just cross the boundary of a district where calms shall prevail for weeks; we may come just within the bound of a strong fair breeze that shall blow for a week. And it is conceivable that by a faithful improvement of little opportunities, the voyage may be shortened by weeks or months, while it cannot be prolonged. And in religion, nothing is more important than this: the neglect of little opportunities may cheat a Christian out of an immense blessing. Enough of this, I suppose.

(52) We have beautiful weather and pleasant sailing now a days, the coast of India being in sight most of the time. With a good steamboat we would be in Bombay in 36 hours. But I do not venture to anticipate anything. It is quite possible we may be out for weeks yet. I do hope that the end for which we are kept out may be perfectly attained, whatever be that end. I am pained for your sakes, but you seemed to profess a lively faith in my being well cared for, and I hope you will not have much anxiety; and if your faith is tried, it may be blessing to you. Now you must learn from this voyage, that it is not a matter of a great deal of consequence to the hand of Christ, where I am, or what delays meet me.

### ***January 11. The Medicine Chest***

Today we are 13.12. Mr. & Mrs. Wood, in their great hurry, forgot to procure any medicines at Boston; so I handed over the medicine chest Ma gave me to Mrs. W., and I trust she has found it beneficial. I have also done good among the men by means of it. I have only once had occasion to use it myself, when I had violent pains in my stomach; but I took some of the rhubarb, and was immediately restored. I did not measure very accurately & drank off 2/3 of a phial full, to the astonishment of the bystanders. We are favored with beautiful weather. A serene sky, glorious sunsets and sunrises, land breeze & sea breeze alternating every 12 hours; land in sight most of the time, and a good many native-sailed vessels between us & the land. One of these came near enough yesterday for us to see those on board. (53) A look at them is sufficient to impress us with the difficulties before us. They looked as though heathenism were in their very skins, in their bones and marrow.

### ***January 12. Being in the Moment***

Today we are 14.24. We are greatly favored. It seems like a dream, the thought of our arriving. The thought of our actually reaching Bombay, meeting the heathen, reading your letters, and entering upon work, it seems among incredibilities. I have been disciplining my mind to keep the idea out as much as possible, and remember that "Sufficient is the day," though I have not succeeded over well.

### ***January 13. Revelation Ch. 12***

We have got along on the Book of revelation to the 12<sup>th</sup> chapter. What an amazing yet admirable representation we have there of the true Church. Christendom is represented as "Jerusalem." The outer court of the temple, and the city, that is, almost the whole is trodden down of the Gentiles; that is, of those whose presence is pollution. They are professedly in God's Jerusalem, professedly his people, but they are Gentiles in His sight. This is nominal Christendom, whether Romish, Greek, Arminian, or Protestant heterodox. But within all this, there is the temple of God's true worshippers. The temple, apart from the outer court, covered little ground. Immediately afterwards we find this body of true believers represented as "two witnesses." Two, to represent their fewness, and the law admitted no less. They prophecy 1260 {days}, that is, during all the reign of antichrist. They have been

prophesying 1000 years or more, and are doubtless still prophesying. Are not we of their number? (54) God grant it.

They are clothed in sack cloth. This single word characterizes them, in contrast with the splendor, and comfortableness, and respectableness of false religion. To man's observation, they are for the most part undiscernible and undiscerned; are found to be but poor sackcloth wretches, beneath notice if not pity. But then see, "I will give power unto them." Who? Why, that glorious being of whom we have a glimpse in the 1<sup>st</sup> verse of the 10<sup>th</sup> chapter. And with what glorious attributes are they clothed by Him? "Fire proceedeth out of their mouth, and devours these enemies." "They have power to shut heaven (*they*, not he who sits in home and boasts that the keys of heaven are his). They have power to smite the earth with all plagues as often as they will."

Now this is very interesting. These two witnesses, they were not even mentioned in human histories; it is only after reading this prophecy, that men have gone back to the archives of the middle ages and hunted & hunted, and brought the human evidence of the existence of these. Their contemporaries have them not. They were full of sorrows and humiliation; they were men of tears, and misgivings, often questioning perhaps whether God had them in any remembrance at all; apparently forsaken of earth and heaven, & yet omnipotence was with them. They were exercising a mighty power without knowing it. For in fact they were *the salt of the earth*. It was their presence in the earth that made God tolerate the earth, and keep back the day of judgment. (55) For their sakes God also sent judgments upon their enemies. Their prayers were answered in ways that they knew not. Their tears were all bottled in heaven; and while it seems on earth that they were the men of last influence, it was well known on high, and will be to all in the last day, that they were the kings of influence, the all-important springs in the mechanism of the world.

Let us take courage. It is not this description of the believers of these times, well calculated to strengthen. It's not Paul, Peter, and John of whom this is said; but of us poor weak vessels of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. Let us admire the wisdom of God, that knows how to bring into thorough operation in this world, an immensity of power, without its being even seen or surmised by the world. How truly blind are the children of this world. They are reading the newspapers all day long, and every man is asking his neighbor for news, and yet they are as ignorant of all the most considerable events and changes that occur in this world, as they are of what occurs in heaven. We read in *Nat. Hist.* of ants that fight, tribe against tribe. It is as though on some vast plain a great Napoleon battle was being waged, and on a certain little spot of it, one of these ant battles was going on, and the ants should be quite unconscious of what was taking place about them. The great battle of the Lord Almighty is going on, principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places are marshalled against the witnesses of God.

(56) There is an enormous demolition of unbelief to take place yet in our own minds. We want to have an intense & unfluctuating realization of the truth contained in this portion of Scripture, and variously imaged forth on every page of it. I suppose that in the 1<sup>st</sup> verse of the 10<sup>th</sup> chap. we have a picture of the Reformation. The extension of Christ's kingdom in the 1<sup>st</sup> century was spoken of by himself in the words, "There be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they have seen the Son of Man coming in his kingdom with power

and great glory.” And surely the Reformation was such a coming of Christ. The Reformation was just that; for in Catholicism there is no Christ. Where there is not the doctrine of “justification by faith” there is no Christ. This is the rock Christ spoke of when he said to Peter, “upon this rock will I build my church.” Peter has been illuminated from on high, and there has been a sudden development of faith — “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.” And that was what Luther said. The rainbow on the head of Christ exhibits him as the Prince of peace; but I will leave you to study it out. Consider further that the Reformation, at the time of it, must have seemed like the advent of the latter-day glory.

An expectation was naturally raised in the minds of believers, that now the Sun of righteousness was to shine forth everywhere, and the whole world to be speedily converted. There was something about it that looked exceedingly like the ushering in of Christ’s universal dominion. (57) The conquests ever so rapid, the success so glorious. But the event was very different. There came before long a reverse. The Reformation seemed to spend itself and be ended, as far as progress was concerned. In reading the history of it, we are sensible of a great disappointment. That disappointment seems to be represented in this chapter. The seven thunders uttered their voices. (7 kingdoms embraced the Reformation), but their utterances were given back again to silence. And the mighty angel swore as though promising that which required a strong determination, a very difficult and unlooked for truth, a hard saying — swore “that the time should not be yet” (so the original). The time was not yet for the evangelization of the world. And the present movement, the modern movement of the church, the Missionary Spirit, is not of the Reformation. It is a different dispensation altogether. There was no remembrance of the heathen among the Reformers.

#### ***January 14. Scurvy***

Latitude this day, 13.61. Within 3 degrees of Bombay. The men are getting the scurvy; few are on the sick list, and it seems to be very desirable for their sakes that we should arrive soon.

#### ***January 15. Another Ship at Sea***

Yesterday was near 16.23. Within 150 miles of Bombay. Day before yesterday one of the native boats was near us, and it was concluded to board her, and get if possible some vegetables; it is probably owing to the want of these & fresh meat, that sickness is prevalent on board. (58) I accompanied Mr. Chadwick. It was a small vessel with a quad lattice sail. Everything about her looked antediluvian. They received us very civilly, with abundance of demonstration, but we could not understand anything, nor could they. Thereupon from Bombay, about 10 in number, all Mussulman,<sup>30</sup> one an African, some clothed, others not — and had nothing for us. They appeared indeed to have nothing for themselves. After staying a few minutes, we shook hands with them and came away. They were much such looking beings as I was accustomed to see in Egypt, though their skin was rather more of a copper color. Most missionaries who arrive on the coast from America, are very much surprised and somewhat shocked at the appearance of the natives. But what little impressibility I have is not awakened by it. I desire to know no man after the flesh, and by the vision of faith exhuming the hidden soul, see all men one.

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<sup>30</sup> That is, Muslim.

I am very happy when I get in conversation with the men forward, or in the fore-castle, and have utterance given me and see them interested, and opposers silenced. Almost every day I have such opportunities. I trust the hand of God, now laid upon some of them, may lead them to repentance. The cook is quite low, but appears to feel that his soul is chiefly valuable. He says he is willing to die, if his soul may be saved. Jim the Swede, too, is quite bad, though the spiritual signs are encouraging. But how deep the pain they cause me sometimes. (59) I have heard a great deal of profanity of late, and I told 4 or 5 of them this morning that they had a disease worse than the scurvy, namely, this habit of swearing; that they were fast filling up the measure of their iniquity, and calling down upon them a swift destruction. It is very melancholy to consider Mr. Chadwick, who at one time appeared so near the kingdom of heaven; but is now settling down into Unitarianism. He wants to be religious, for he has a strong attachment to his sisters & they are religious. He showed me a beautiful letter from one of them full of earnest exhortation, though there was nothing about Christ in it. I could not but be much affected as I read it; and he has a great admiration for the character of his deceased father, who was religious; he would therefore be religious; but the doctrines of the Bible are odious to him. I fear for him, yet pray for him, and may God increase my faith.

### ***January 17. Assessing His Labors***

Today, Monday the 17<sup>th</sup>. Many had hopes to get in by Saturday. But it pleased God to keep us out still another Sabbath. Yesterday was our 25<sup>th</sup> Sabbath on board. Saturday I had so little grace in my heart, that I anticipated with much aversion addressing the men again. But Saturday Eve, the spirit represented to me that I could please the Saviour as much in addressing 4 or 5 unwilling sailors, as Whitefield when he addressed 30,000. The 30,000 gave Whitefield no excellence in the sight of God. It was simply the state of his heart that won God's approbation. (60) And then it is so much easier to be eloquent and fervent when an immense mass of human beings are hanging on one's words. Doubtless Whitefield pleased God quite as much on certain occasions when only 3 overheard him. So I felt revived, and concluded just to lay myself out to please Jesus Christ. And it was a pleasant Sabbath to me. I had hoped that the men would generally attend services, as there was every prospect of its being our last Sabbath, but only 4 or 5 came. But I enjoyed preaching to them on *the One thing needful*; and felt ready to spend many more Sabbaths with them, if God so willed it.

We have peculiar sunsets here. Our finest sunsets, I think, were during the first few weeks out, and I never saw anything finer than they were. Beyond description. I remember one when the heavens seemed to be on fire, and we almost expected the elements to melt with fervent heat. Those we have here are different, though very fine. Last evening for instance, the sun went down in a cloudless sky, and the moment his disk disappeared, there was nothing in the heavens to indicate that there was a sunset. Nature seemed to forget him with amazing facility. Save in one little spot, just where he had gone down; there was slight remembrance of him. But about half an hour afterwards, there seemed to be a waking up. It was evident that all along the belt of haze running round the horizon, the rumor was running that the sun was gone, and all the camp was presently up from their slumber, with glowing cheek and inquiring eyes. (61) The sunrises have been grand of late. There is very little premonition of his coming. John the Baptist it is true burns and shines above the East,

and those that receive his witness stand still with expectant eyes. And all of a sudden, as quick as lightning, and very silent (“he shall not strive or cry, neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets”) leaps half out of water at a single bound. Strange but true. There is something very ardent and joyous about this rising. “The bridegroom coming forth out of his chamber rejoicing as a strong man to run his race.”

We are now, 9 o’clock, within 25 miles of Bombay. It is thought we shall get on today. It seems as though I were almost getting home, to reach Bombay, seeing I shall get letters there, if God will. Who knows, however, what those letters will contain, what evil tidings. I must consider Christ, and find in him all that is vitally necessary to my soul, and thus be prepared for any announcements. There is only one way to meet evil tidings, and that is the Psalmist’s way, “My heart is fixed, trusting in God; I shall not be afraid of evil tidings.” —

I must tell Ma that my clothes have held out perfectly well. Of many things, there is a decided superfluity. But I hope God will spare my life long enough to use them well. The friends that bestowed them I seem to hear saying by their gifts, as was said to Nebuchadnezzar of old, “O, Missionary, live forever.” Yes, my dear friends, but not in this corrupt world. I trust that I shall one of these days be transported to a world where a robe of white, as lasting as myself, shall be seen upon me. (62) And you too, all of you. And let those of us who *have two coats give to him that hath none*, and he that has two chests full, do likewise. When I look at this train of chests and trunks, that has been fastened to me, I can see very little resemblance between myself and a raven. It is true, I *neither sew nor spin*, but the analogy soon fails. In regard to the longevity of Missionaries, almost one in 3 of them who have come to the Mahrattas have after 3 or 4 years, been lost to the mission either by death or by sickness, & return home. What does this mean? Does it mean that God sits upon heathen shores, and tries missionaries as they arrive, sifts them as wheat, and rejects the chaff? I think we have no right so to interpret the dealings of God. Perhaps as {many} worthy men have been early lost to the missions, as have been continued to them. One thing should be learned: our dependence on God, and the necessity of doing what we do quickly, and seeking the highest measures of consecration & usefulness, so that it shall be for the good of the heathen natives, and for the good of angels we die.

### ***January 18. Entering the Harbor***

Still another day at sea. Last evening Mr. and Mrs. Wood and I were sitting on the gangway, and talking about the 11<sup>th</sup> chapt. of revelation, and querying if the extinction of Christian testimony were yet to come, and the sound of the true gospel fairly to die out for a little while, and anti-Christ have all his enemies apparently beneath his feet — whether such an awful hour was yet to come (63), an hour only to be compared to that when Christ expired and was laid in the tomb; and yet an hour altogether designed to exhibit God’s glorious omnipotence in raising the expired church from the dead, and giving her swift exaltation over all her enemies by a resurrection and ascension, also to be compared in results with that of Christ. We were discussing that, I say, when, *light ho!* was sounded from the fore topsail yard, and soon we saw the revelry light of Bombay lighthouse. Soon afterwards, I myself discovered from aloft, the other / a floating light. We were expecting a pilot all night, but none came. Finding there was no prospect of arriving in the night, I went to bed.



Almost 3 o'clock I was awakened by a most unearthly and enigmatical sound, or Babel of sounds. Going on deck I found that to leeward, there was a long palisade of fishing stakes, with fishing boats made fast, and that we were being carried right upon them. There were in the greatest consternation. Immediately a fire was kindled in every boat, and we saw the naked Hindoos leaping about, making gesticulations, passing word from one boat to another, calling upon their gods at the top of their voices, with endless reiteration, invoking curses on us & our ship, and altogether it was a scene most wonderful. But there was no help. We had got close to them before we saw them, or they saw us, and we came in contact with their stakes, large masts in 60 feet water, bending them down & passing over them and breaking some. The boats managed to get out of the way. But [the little fleet] immediately set sail intending to follow us and get redress; (64) but they soon abandoned their intention, and went back to their stakes. I am sorry for the poor people, who probably have sustained a loss; but it was an accident quite unavoidable. May it be that we, like the Saviour, shall separate fishermen from their employments only to become fishers of men.

This morning, Bombay is in sight. We can see the island, the cocoa trees, the buildings, the ships, the barracks, the adjacent hills. A pilot came on board soon after 10. His boat was manned by good-looking, well-dressed natives, altogether a more respectable deputation than I expected. A head wind hinders us from going in; we are up and may go in this eve. We have reason to be grateful to God for so prosperous a voyage. It has been on the whole a very pleasant voyage to me. A great many circumstances have combined to make it exceedingly pleasant to me. The days have not been long at all, nor the week long, nor the months long. I have had enough to do, enough to think of. The pilot informs us that the mail left on the 15<sup>th</sup> and will not again leave till the 1<sup>st</sup> of February. It is painful to think how long you will have to wait, and of the anxiety that will perhaps arise in your minds. I feel that the hand of God is in it, and that he has some good end to accomplish by it with regard to yourselves probably. The trial of your faith is precious, and *let patience have her perfect work*. Don't desire that God should stop short in the middle of it, that the refiner should now or hereafter take the gold out of [LAST LINE OBSCURED] (65) physician break off when the patient has been half-treated. His perfect work.

The close of this voyage suggests many things in regard to the close of life. I pray that all these men may approach death as cheerfully as they approach Bombay. If all the way from Boston here had been strewn with the wrecks of vessels bound once on the same voyage, how greatly would our joy be enhanced. Our arrival would be considered almost a miracle. And the Christian sees on the right hand & on the left hand of all his course, those who have *made shipwreck of their faith*. He is one in a thousand if he arrives. But the entrance of the very harbor is full of wrecks. *He that endureth to the end shall be saved*; it is not enough to have used diligence in starting, to have exercised caution and earnestness on the way; we must use all diligence unto the very end. And again, though we have actually arrived in front of the place, and the open harbor seems to invite us in, and everything seems to favor our entering, yet we cannot go in at all until we get a pilot. One must come forth and bring us in. "I will come again and receive you unto myself." "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

### **January 25. Dropping Anchor**

25<sup>th</sup> January. Bombay. Yes, Bombay. The scene is at length changed. If indeed it be not rather true, “All scenes alike engaging prove, To souls impressed with sacred love; Where ‘ere they dwell, they dwell in Thee. In heaven, on earth, or on the sea. To me remains nor place nor time. (66) My country is in every clime; I can be calm and free from care, On any shore since God is there.” (Mad. Guyon).

On the 18<sup>th</sup> we had a very light sea breeze, and only advanced by inches. The close of our voyage was in perfect consistency with the rest of it. We did not land in Bombay till more than 24 hours after its trees & spires were in full sight, viz. at 9 o’clock at Me.<sup>31</sup> of the 19<sup>th</sup> Jan, 172 days in all. We anchored on the evening of the 18<sup>th</sup> in the harbor. It was beautiful moonlight, and the scene was most engaging. I had some very agreeable meditation on God as the proprietor, the true Lord of the country I was landing in; and of the interest with which He guided the arrival of those who were coming to help reduce his revolted subjects to their right allegiance. My presence there, with all that led to it in the preparation of these past 3 years, was an expression of Christ’s love to these poor heathen. For all true love is to be traced up to His heart as the one fountain. Wherever you may find it, it has Christ for its originator, for a man can receive nothing except it be given him from above. And all the interest that any of us has ever felt in the world’s conversion, all the interest ever felt in the church, all is but Christ’s own love — rather, but the lesser rivulets of that stream.

Mr. Allen came on board early on Wednesday (we had received letters from many of the missionaries the day before), and with him we went ashore. The Mission House is about 3 miles from the wharf where we landed, so that during the drive up to the house [LAST LINE OBSCURED] (67) the native town. I will only allude to one impression I received, namely it was far more a heathen city in appearance than I had expected to find it. Mrs. Hume cordially received us, Mr. Hume being absent with the Mr. Fairbank in a town in the Southern Concan.<sup>32</sup> The missionaries here have had much anxiety on our account. Mrs. Graves, who is spoken of as a mother in Israel, being in her 61<sup>st</sup> year, and greatly loved by everybody, and who lives all alone at Mahabaleshwar <sup>33</sup> where she has a school, came down a month or two ago, principally to see me, and waited long; but finally went back before our arrival.

I found a great supply of letters; and after a season of social prayer & thanksgiving, I gave myself to the perusal of these. What goodness about Frank. I cannot but call it so; better it might have been, but oh, how much worse it might have been. Surely we cannot be too much amazed at the goodness of our God, who has shown himself now as ever, *one that heareth prayer*. Let us then thank God and take courage, and hope to the end, and believe that God *who has begun, will accomplish*. I had prepared myself in some degree for bad tidings, but found all good. Nobody sick, no calamity, but many things most grateful. The best of all was the presence of the Spirit of God in the house. I feel disposed to bring this

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<sup>31</sup> Me. Mid-evening.

<sup>32</sup> Concan: a rugged section of the western coastline of India, including the districts of Maharashtra and Goa.

<sup>33</sup> On the west coast of India; a place of pilgrimage for Hindus because the Krishna river has its origin here. It was the summer capital of the Bombay Presidency during the British Raj. It’s 160 miles from Bombay.

long letter to a close. By future mails you shall hear individually from me if it please God. I am surprised not to have heard from Bro. Humphrys. Well pleased to hear what I do of his situation & have written half a letter to him; and will send it by next mail. (68) Enclosed a letter to Frank. I am thankful to Kate for her good beginning, and hope she will continue a good correspondent. — George Bowen.

***Father. Bombay. January 31, 1848.***

My dear father.

I refer you to a very long letter to the family written from shipboard, for intelligence concerning our voyage. Upon arriving here I found letters, 3 from Kate, 1 from Frank, 4 from Harriet, and one from yourself. Quite a treasure. It is quite an auspicious beginning; and I hope that want of incidents may never cause the activity of our correspondence to decline. You must not expect from me an equivalent for what you send. I see already that any time will be exhaustingly engrossed as long as I am permitted to live & labor. I am living with Mr. Allan. We two alone. The house is a two-story building even with ground, painted yellow, with blinds (no window sashes), back from the street 200 feet; a walk and gateway on the street; a number of tropical trees about the house; a multitude of crows whose croaking does not altogether stifle the sweet song of many other birds. I am most pleasantly domesticated in a room on the first floor, right hand rear; nearly twice the size of my little room at home, with two windows, about as dark as I used to make mine at home; in a word, I do not know how anything would be pleasanter. (69) I feel grateful to the Saviour for having provided me such a nice place to learn Mahratta in, for I must give myself to this for some time to come. With Mr. Allan I have enjoyed a great deal of pleasant and profitable communion since my arrival. I see him at the meals and in the evening. Mrs. Hume is living in an adjoining house, and Mr. & Mrs. Wood with her. Mr. Hume is absent, making a tour in the southern Concan. Mrs. Fairbank from the Ahmednugger mission is also in Bombay, while her husband is accompanying Mr. Hume in his tour.

We have received every expression of kindness from the missionaries here and from them at Ahmednugger. We are to remain here from 6 months to a year studying language, and expect to be then stationed in the interior somewhere. I have learned a good many things here, and hope to learn a good many more. I will wait till my ideas of things are more matured before writing to you. I talked to the children in Mrs. Hume's boarding school, a little while Saturday. You can't imagine what interesting little girls. They understand English better than the children in the 18<sup>th</sup> street Sabbath school. At least they listened as none of those ever did.

Last evening, having to preach for the Scotch free church, I thought I could not do better than preach a missionary sermon. It would amaze you to see how Europeans resident here, yes European Christians many of them, manage to forget the heathen around them. And I suppose some of them were as much surprised to hear me assert the necessity of a missionary spirit in order to growth in grace, as they have been in churches at home. (70) While in some respects the English government here has seemed to facilitate the introduction of the gospel, in other respects it seems to me only to have reared up new barriers. I ask myself, would my vocation here be more difficult if mine were the first white face ever seen; and I am answered by the recollection of many aids and facilities that have

been provided in grammars, dictionaries, translation, dissemination of the scriptures, etc. But after all, how little has been accomplished, how few souls saved and sanctified. But oh, it is a blessed thing to be here. I feel as though I had reached my haven. My desire is that Christ may teach me to love these heathen, and do them good till my last breath. God be with you and bless you abundantly. — George Bowen.

I send this letter over France; there is a possibility of its then reaching you sooner than by the regular mail. G.B. <sup>34</sup>

***Kate. Bombay. Feb. 16, 1848.***

My dear Kate.

I have just re-perused your three letters of May 27, Sept 27, and Nov 10, found here on my arrival, for which I heartily thank you. I rejoice that you evince such a willingness to correspond, and hope that your interest will not abate. I want you to write often, even if I am not able punctually to answer. (71) I already have a presentiment <sup>35</sup> that it will be very difficult to write home as copiously and frequently as I should otherwise desire. I see that there is but little spare time in a missionary life. My time is now very much engrossed chiefly in the study of the language. I do not make as much progress on this as I would like to. I beat my head almost desperately against this barrier that encompasses Satan's kingdom here. But this is the least of barriers. Through this I hope by the grace of God to pass, and *he who has begun a good work will he not carry it on?* Will he not carry me through the successive walls and fortifications of this stronghold into the citadel? It must be by violence. <sup>36</sup> And you must exert some of this at the throne of grace.

I have two pundits,<sup>37</sup> both Brahmin, who visit me daily. Today, I must tell you, I was talking with a native convert from the interior. He was baptized last October by a church of England chaplain. He was in some distress and wanted to procure a situation as servant with some pious family, where he could enjoy religious instruction. While he was talking, the pundit came. I shall not forget the expression of his countenance as he saw this man in my room. I said to the convert, "I am engaged now; you must call again and see me." So he went. After he went out, the pundit said in Mahratta, and with exceeding contempt, "Of what caste is that man?" "A very good caste." "Well, what caste?" "The best of all; he is a Christian." "Indeed, 'a Christian!' but what was his caste before?" "I don't know and don't care." Then I went on to say (72), "You are very proud; you are like the Pharisees of the N. Testament. But Jesus Christ says, *he that humbleth himself shall be exalted*. If you want to be of a high caste in heaven, you must make yourself of a low caste in this world. If you want to be a Brahmin there, you must be a Shudra here." <sup>38</sup> And then I read him some passages from the Mahratta N. Testament. "Kurè gosht," he said, "it is true, all very true, but painful truth." This man admits the truth of our Scriptures, and the folly of idolatry; but he loves the honor which

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<sup>34</sup> Bowen's father would die in the next few months. See his letter dated May 7, 1848.

<sup>35</sup> That is, foreboding.

<sup>36</sup> Bowen alludes again to Mat 11.12. "From the days of John the Baptist until now, the kingdom of heaven has been forcefully advancing, and forceful men lay hold of it." (NIV) — "the violent take it by force." (KJV)

<sup>37</sup> *Pundit*: an honorary title in India given to a Hindu scholar.

<sup>38</sup> *Brahman* is the highest Hindu caste, the priestly class. *Shudra* is the lowest or worker Hindu caste.

cometh from men, more than that which cometh from God. The other is a young man, a student in the Elphinstone college here, and understands Eng. very well. There are a good many here who profess to be convinced that Christianity is the true religion, but who nevertheless continue idolatrous.

Sabbath before last I took a walk in the native town with Mr. Allen. Before almost every home was a little altar, and on it a flower pot with a plant growing. This plant is the Tulashi.<sup>39</sup> One of their gods had two wives, and saw fit to change one into a Tulashi plant; and then to ordain that whatever honors were paid to that plant, were paid to himself. Either such a plant was growing, or these were a piece of earthenware with red paint on it as the object of worship. Indeed, simple red paint on anything whatever makes a very good God in this country. Mr. A. entered into conversation with a man who was at work before the door of a house, and asked him about the object of his worship. He was somewhat confused (73), but made out as good a case as he could. I asked him through Mr. A. what his god had done. He had done nothing for him; just nothing at all. Why then did he worship him? Oh, he said, it was a devil; and if they did not scrupulously pay him all homage, he would torment them to death, sending them griping pains in the stomach, injuring their children, and in various ways afflicting them. Mr. A. recommended them (for there were some 8 or so gathered around), to make a deep hole in the ground and bury the altar, god and all. But these men exclaimed it would be as much as their lives were worth. As we were going away, some of the bystanders said in referment to Mr. A.'s remarks, "Kurè kintal kurè." True, perfectly true.

The same afternoon I went to the poor house, an institution founded by a wealthy Parsic,<sup>40</sup> Sir Jemsiza Chickilroy, knighted by the queen of England for this or something of the kind. You know that public charitable institutions are the offspring of Christianity, and it is only through imitation that other religions foster them. In this were a large number of wretched beings, blind, half-blind, lepers, cripples, etc. The lepers occupy a particular department, fenced in, their disease being contagious. This is a terrible disease. Of some, the hands were eaten away, of some the arms, of others the hands and feet, and of some the face. There they die piecemeal; others were suffering from the effects of a guinea worm, a worm that hides itself in some member, and quickly destroys it. (74) Mr. A. is one of the committee of superintendence; and a number of poor creatures came to complain that in consequence of their position on the north side, the wind blew out their fires and they could not cook.

On the Sabbath we have good religious privileges. There is preaching morning and evening by Mr. Fraser, the excellent minister of the Scotch Free church. He is an American brought up in N. York. The free church at the time of their secession<sup>41</sup> were much embarrassed here, till the Am. mission offered them their chapel. Yesterday was communion day, as it was with you. And after being so long absent from the Lord's table, I had much appetite for this feast. Though I must say, I have heretofore found this appetite grow by what it fed on. It was

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<sup>39</sup> That is, *tulasi*, or "holy basil" in India.

<sup>40</sup> *Parsi*: a Zoroastrian descended from Persian refugees settled principally at Bombay.

<sup>41</sup> Evangelicals broke from the Established Church of Scotland in 1843, in protest against the state's encroachment on the spiritual independence of the Church. It proved to be a bitter, nationwide division.

delightful to sit down under such circumstances — in a heathen land, with the children of God from Christian lands. There were some there from England, from Scotland, from Germany, from America, and I believe from Africa; and some from Parseeism and Hindooism. A Parsee and a Hindoo both preparing to preach the gospel, under the [auspices] of the Scotch missionaries. Tables were spread, and the guests sat round, the Scotch fashion I believe. Dr. Wilson made the remarks, which were excellent I thought. I thought of you, and my prayer was that Christ might be greatly manifest to you, & to all the members of your church, and that the Lord would revive his work among you. But my chief desire was that Christ (75), in and by me, might manifest himself to these heathen, whose vociferations we would hear as they were thronging by under the windows.

You must learn one lesson, Kate, and the sooner the better. And that is that happiness is not to be found in any scheme of which doing God's will is not {the} sum & substance. There is in the human heart, especially in the young heart, a craving for sympathy. This was designed to lead us to God, who has exquisitely created us with reference to the enjoyment of Himself. But it becomes the great means of leading and keeping thousands and thousands far away from God. It is so difficult to conceive without experience, that God is able and that God is willing to satisfy our entire faculty of desire; and it is taken for granted that either human love never satisfy us, or we be forever unsatisfied. But experience will always sooner or later testify to the solemn declaration of the Scripture, that Christ alone can satisfy us. Are not human hearts selfish? And what is selfishness but preference of self. So that after all, nobody will give you but the leavings of his love. Self comes first; and when that is satisfied, then some other object comes in. If you say it is not so in Christian hearts, I am ever that we can only rightly enjoy Christian love when the love of Christ reigns in the heart. You must love Christ supremely and be satisfied with his love. Then will you truly enjoy Christian love. For Christian love is only another channel by which we receive and enjoy Christ. (76) And I beg of you, to be severe with your imagination; and on every dream of happiness that is not presented by the Holy Spirit, write "liar" and hearken to it {not}; no, not for a moment. Fear your imagination. I would say remove it altogether and live by faith. The imagination seems to me to be faith exercised on lies. What is called Christian imagination sometimes is simply faith in its lively exercise. I never use the word myself in a good sense; for it seems to me, faith covers the whole ground.

You want to know more of Jesus Christ. It is your great want as it is mine. And you do not need that he should do anything, say anything, be anything more. In your Bible is that very countenance the light of which fills the heavens with bliss ineffable. You must assiduously day by day cultivate the faith by which the beauty of that countenance is seen. By faith the seraphim behold it; for how can moral beauty, how can *spirit* be apprehended but by faith? Faith will be to you, then, a new heart; rendering you indeed a new creature, for according as your faith is, will heaven be present with you in Christ. And do not be dissatisfied or disconsolate if cultivation be necessary. This is God's approved way of bestowing blessings. There must be growth in order to maturity. Look at Ma's worsted work.<sup>42</sup> How insensibly the price grows under her hand. She takes a thousand stitches before any great

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<sup>42</sup> *Worsted*: A woolen fabric with a hard textured surface and no nap; woven of worsted yarns.

augmentation is seen. And yet how essential is each stitch. Not one is superfluous — not one is lost. Suppose she should disdain the stitches, and attempt to do her work by a far bolder, violent effort. (77) It would be impossible. No stitches, no worsted work. And so likewise, no exercises of faith, no faith, no perfected faith. Therefore, work diligently at your task, and be not disconsolate at the multitude of steps necessary to the blessing. These steps, these acts of faith, are themselves parts of the blessing. At the same time, I would have you expect the mighty power of God to help you rapidly on. It is time that the Spirit of God can carry us gloriously far in a single hour; but it is always when there has been this persevering, industrious, steady increase of faith.

In regard to the question whether perfection is attainable in this life,<sup>43</sup> “If God hath given Christ, will he not with Him freely give us all things?” Christ is given to us out and out; and in him are all wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. I do not find anywhere in the Bible that there is a part of Christ divided off, and a prohibition made, “no farther shalt thou come.” However high we may go, the promise “ask and it shall be given,” will be just as valid as when we first received it. I would then say to you, that you may be as holy as any Christian living; as any that ever lived; as Paul and John. The Saviour has no [various] desire than to see you such a Christian, and you may come to him in all faith to make you such a one. And possibly, though I would tremble to judge, if you were like Paul or John, you would be nearer perfection than many now called *perfect*. I fear the mistake is as to what perfection is.

(78) He who most glorifies God is the most perfect man. All I want is that a person should have the right standard, should know what God really requires, and then go forward, I care not with what expectations. There is no possible danger. For supposing it {is} after all *not* attainable, why, he will not be perfect; and probably a great deal less imperfect than if he had not aimed at reaching perfection. And if he should really attain it, there can be no possible harm in that. For he will be the humblest man in all the world; and Christ will be more glorified in him than in any other.

How delightful to hear what I do of Frank. How good is our God. It seems incredible and unrealizable sometimes, that he should be actually living at home, a respectable member of society. *He that was lost is found*. And I wait to hear that this saying is fulfilled in a higher sense. The angels of heaven also are waiting. Christ is waiting. Oh, may he not have to wait long. By the last mail, I received nothing from home. Had a letter, however, from Bro. Dulles, and one from Bro. Hickman. Bro. Dulles mentioned that he had seen you the evening before, and Harriet at the lecture, that all were well, and that Frank was at home. So that I get a little glimpse of you through the letter; that is quite gratifying. I trust you will

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<sup>43</sup> The *Holiness Movement* began in America among the Methodists. It was furthered by the Second Great Awakening, 1790-1840, promoted through revivalism and camp meetings. John Wesley published “A Plain Account of Christian Perfection” which was included in the Discipline manual of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which Bowen would later join. The movement was defined by its belief in a *second work of grace* called “entire sanctification” or “Christian perfection” — that is, freedom from all sin, and possession of all the graces of the Spirit. That’s what Kate asked about. But such a state of sinless perfection required that sin be redefined (cf. 1Joh 1.8). Wesley wrote, “Nothing is sin, strictly speaking, but a voluntary transgression of a known law of God. Therefore, every *voluntary* breach of the law of love is sin; and nothing else, if we speak properly. To strain the matter farther is only to make way for Calvinism.”

realize the privilege of laboring for Christ, and feel that whatever work is given you to do, is quite as important as the enterprises of a King; for Jesus is interested and is looking on. Do not think lightly of anything you are engaged in, or sigh for a different sphere. (79) *Do with might what your hand findeth to do.* Labour for the children of your S. S. Class with all your soul. Indeed there is no other labor that is worth much. We are not pleasing Christ by going through any round of duties, but we are pleasing him when we value the immortal soul of a fallen creature, and ask with all our heart, and with all self-denial, its salvation. You may generally observe that those who are most blest of God in their own souls, are those who are most actively and heartily engaged for others.

I desire to be remembered to all dear friends, and rejoice that I am remembered of them. You tell me nothing of Nat and his family. I have not heard about Wallace Atterbury either; where is he? Remember me to Rosey and to Emeline. The ship *Goodwin* has sailed for Calcutta, whence she goes to America. I visited her 2 or 3 times. The sick men soon recovered after reaching port. I told the men that if ever in N.H. they must call at the house. We have received kind letters from all the missionaries in the interim. Mr. Hume is still absent in the South in Concan. The Scotch missionaries here have called upon us. There are three Mssrs. Mitchell, Nesbit, and Wilson. We had a pleasant missionary meeting of ministers in Bombay of the different denominations, on Monthly Concert day at 7 A.M. I go out every morning to walk by starlight, 3 or 4 miles, getting back by sunrise. And now Adieu for the present. I shall not be able to send any more letters by this mail.

George Bowen.

(80)

I want a list of the birthdays of all the family. I send a letter to Bro. Humphrys.

**Note:** the following excerpt is taken from Speer's 1938 Memoir of Bowen, p. 127.

***Harriet. Bombay. Feb 27, 1848.***

Detested (!) by the opinion of some that we are to wait centuries before India can be evangelized. We must stop waiting and give God no rest until He gives this land to Christ. If we are to calculate simply the capabilities of Christians, why centuries and a century of centuries will be insufficient. If we are to have only the same ratio of divine aid we have hitherto had, these centuries will be needed, and even then India will not be Christ's perhaps. But what reason have we to affirm that God has gone as far in modern times in the dispensation of His Spirit as He ever will. I cannot tolerate the thought. I believe India may be evangelized in this very generation. But there must first be a mighty increase of vitality in the church.

***Mother. Bombay. April 29, 1848.***

My dear Mother.

I have not heard anything from home directly for some time, the last letter being of Dec 25; but through Bro. Dodd I have heard of you up to the middle of Feb. I thank God for the health and other blessings bestowed upon you all. At the same time, in a letter of Bro. Dulles



to Mr. Wood, mention is made of Pa, that he was troubled with erysipelas in the forehead. <sup>44</sup> I hope it was nothing serious, and that he is now enjoying his usual health. You were waiting to hear from me before writing; that accounts for my being without letters. Long before this, I trust that you have been relieved of all anxiety, and your faith strengthened by the news of His exceeding goodness to me.

My situation at Bombay is exceedingly pleasant in all external respects. I am living with those who love the Saviour, and with whom I can enjoy congenial intercourse constantly. I enjoy all the opportunities of privacy that I could wish, and you know my appetite is rather large for this. At the same time, I expect to become every day less and less of a recluse; the measure of my progress in the language is the measure of my emergence, and probably by the time I have mastered it (81), I shall be fairly launched out into the sea of human life, finding my communion with the Saviour as I make him known to others.

The climate is very agreeable. Bombay is more favored than perhaps any other part of India. They come to it from many parts to recruit (refresh). The heat here is less intense than it is in the interior. People talk a great deal of hot weather, but I cannot find it. Indeed, I appear to be less affected by it than some of the natives. I don't know how it will be in the sequel. One thing elicits gratitude as often as I think of it: namely, that I am not as the other men are in respect to having a wife. The inconveniences are enormous in India.

I have had for a month or more, a school of Hindoo boys under my charge. They are about 70 in number, and I am greatly interested in them. I must visit it once or twice or thrice a week, and examine the boys. The standard book is the history of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, "being the gospels in one book, the language being preserved." It is in Mahrattan. The boys are, many of them, exceedingly intelligent, and have a good acquaintance with Scripture history. But they have on their little foreheads, streaks of red & white paint indicating the particular god they worship. From Monday next I am to have two more schools under my charge. On the Sabbath, two of these schools constitute a Sunday School, likewise under my charge. Bro. Wood has about the same round of duties with myself. I am a little ahead of him in the knowledge of the language (82), having been better able to improve the time on the voyage — but you know "the race is not to them given what can the swiftest run, nor the battle to them people what shoot with the longest gun."

The language is a huge difficulty and I have pressed against it as Sisyphus <sup>45</sup> against his stone; and if at some moment I have fancied myself near the summit, I have found myself the next at the bottom. The Lord is my helper. It seems for a fortnight past as though I were beginning to make little real progress. I feel, however, that the perfection with which I learn it is of more importance than the rapidity.

In addition to what I have written, I alternate with Bro. Wood in meeting the servants for daily worship and instruction. Shall I tell it? We four, Bro. W. & wife, Mr. Allen and myself,

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<sup>44</sup> An acute streptococcal infection characterized by deep-red inflammation of the skin and mucous membranes

<sup>45</sup> *Greek mythology*: A king in ancient Greece offended Zeus. His punishment was to roll a huge boulder to the top of a steep hill; each time the boulder neared the top it rolled back down, and Sisyphus was forced to start again

have 6 servants. There are some reasons that would diminish perhaps the surprise this might occasion, but you know my tastes.

I learn from Bro. Dodd concerning Frank, that he had shipped again for a 6-mos voyage. I should have written him by this mail, but can defer it a month. I also learn that he is yet a stranger to conversion. Oh let us try what fervent effectual prayers. If a captain finds the city he has besieged stronger than he expected, and his heart is fully set upon possessing it, all he does is to summon a new levy of troops and heavier ammunition. Our praying is our chief disgrace. Our unanswered prayers will cover us with shame at the last day.

(83) I hear nothing concerning Nat and his family. I desire to be ever remembered to them with much love. May the Spirit of God dwell among them.

I believe I am thought rather an odd person here by many. I keep no conveyance, and do not intend to have any; and go afoot on all occasions and at all hours. I hope, however, that on other and more important things, I may walk worthy of the Saviour and be a burning and a shining light. There are a number of excellent people in Bombay, and I have never heard more faithful preaching than in the Scotch free church here. Last Sabbath I had the happiness of sitting at the Lord's table there, for the second time since my arrival. The remarks were made by a converted Parsee, Dhinjubhoy, a young man who some years ago received the truth while studying at the Scotch Mission school in Bombay. There was an immense excitement created at the time by it, but the efforts made by his friends to recover him were in vain; he continued with the missionaries, went to Scotland, received a theological education, and was ordained. I was greatly interested in his remarks. He said,

"We ought often to speak to one another about religion, and not take it for granted that all was well. If we love Christ, should we be ashamed to speak of him to any class whatever? Christ was not ashamed of us, though everything was done to shame him out of his alliance to us.

(84) The true way for the attainment of the love of God was to attain to the knowledge of God's love to us. If we are persecuted, there is consolation in this; it shows that we are different from the world. We have consolations that Christ had not; he was alone; we are not alone; we have Christian friends; we have Christ."

This young man has had some trials and will probably have more. For it is on the heart of the native preacher, that persecution descends. The missionary is a good deal respected. His religion is his own, and the people here consider every man's religion as good for him. But they have no feelings but those of hatred and scorn for the man who quits them to become a Christian, and then comes among them to preach the gospel. It does not seem right that this should be, that the missionary from America who is expected to have the most grace and wisdom, and power of endurance, that he should be fenced about in prerogatives, and that the converted heathen should go forth among his countrymen, to meet all the persecution there is. But no one can tell how things will be here after a little. It will perhaps be found desirable to introduce some modifications into the mode of missionary life here, so that there shall be less of *Sahibship* about the missionaries, and consequently less of adventitious privileges. *Sahib* is the name by which the natives designate every monied foreigner. An unmonied foreigner is a character for whom they have no shadow of respect. (85) But it is a great question that the church of Christ must soon take up and decide, viz. whether adventitious influence and spiritual influence are not hostile one to another. From

Christ's directions to the apostles and the 70, it looks as though he was not afraid of being stripped of all that the world reverences.

I feel more and more how immense must be the power that brings a heathen into God's marvellous light. If they were all like my pundit Saccarem, the difficulties would be great enough, surely. Here is a man of good sense and of literary attainments, and who has been with missionaries for 20 years, and who puts the most implicit faith in such stories as this, which he read to me out of one of their sacred books.

A king once was telling his wife about his previous births. In the last one he had been a dog. One day, being exceedingly hungry, he ran to a temple of Shiva, where they were distributing grain; but he was quickly driven from the door. He made the circuit of the temple and as he passed the door again, obtained a crust or two. He repeated this a number of times, but at length, a man shot him with an arrow and he fell dead at the door. Then Shiva descended from heaven and received his spirit, and gave him to be born a king; for the fact that he had gone round the temple and died at the gate of Shiva's temple was counted to him for immense righteousness, such that no reward hardly could be too good — although the dog had not the slightest thought of honoring Shiva, but was simply intent on getting his morsel of bread.

(86) "See then," said Saccarem with elation, "what a merciful and gracious God we have." I did my best to show that there could possibly be no merit when there was no good intention — but I could not dissipate his blindness. A pretty warm altercation ensued. 'Why had they been left so long without the gospel if this was the only way of salvation provided by God?' I told him the Hindoo had no right to open their mouth on this score. In Bombay, for instance, the gospel has been offered for 35 years, but no one has embraced it.<sup>46</sup> And a means of salvation was not a debt that God owed us, but a free gift; and there is a law concerning free gifts, that they shall be extended to so many or so many.<sup>47</sup>

My dear mother, I enclose in this an account of a few days' excursion that Mr. Allen and myself made last month. The *Holi* that is mentioned in it is a vile festival, vile beyond all description; for during two or three days, all restraints are thrown off by the people, and all endeavour to express one to another the most polluting thoughts and imaginations. This great privilege was procured them by one of their deities, whom they suppose to be gratified by their obscenities. They plead also in favor of it, that the mind becomes in this way purged, emptied of all the bad that is in it. Is not this a new theory, to become holy by means of the most unbridled wickedness?

We, the mission, have a meeting for prayer every Wednesday evening. (87) The first Monday of the month at 7 A.M., there is a meeting of all the missionaries in Bombay. The church in connection with our mission is almost nothing, I should judge no more than 8 or 10; and these too are some of them, of ambiguous life. It is melancholy. But there are peculiar difficulties in the way of gathering a native church in Bombay, arising out of the existence here of seven large English churches into which converts are drawn. Converts from the heathen are not

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<sup>46</sup> Indeed, the Apostle Thomas is said to have evangelized in India in 52 AD, converting many in Kerala on the southwest coast. Those "Thomsonian" Christians may be found there to this day. Incidentally, the first recorded Christian missionary to *China* was a Persian named Alopen, a Nestorian. He arrived at Xian in 635 AD, the Age of Missions.

<sup>47</sup> 1Cor 7:7; 12:29-30.

*made* in these churches, but are gathered in. There are some advantages of a worldly nature that operate. Many of the converts from our Mission have, I believe, joined these churches, for we cannot say as it is thought.

I enclose a little letter sent me from a boy in Mrs. Hume's boarding school. Bro. Dulles writes me of his engagement to Miss Harriet Winston. I give my consent, but there must not be any more to it. Remember me much to Bro. Humphrys and Bro. King. I supposed this letter would be an excellent correspondent, but it is not so. I desire to be much remembered to Dr. Skinner, also to Mr. Gibson, Mr. & Mrs. Mason, and the many other friends of that church. Mr. & Mrs. Chester, Rosey and Emeline. And may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

Geo. Bowen.

(88)

***Journal. ca. May 1, 1848.***

Mr. A. and myself left Bombay on a comfortable boat, with a crew of 7 or 8 musselmen,<sup>48</sup> on the 16<sup>th</sup> March, 5 ½ P.M. and went up the strait that separates Salsette Island<sup>49</sup> from the mainland, to Tannah,<sup>50</sup> which we reached about 10 o'clock. In the morning we went ashore and walked about the place, which being the collectorate and a seat of judication is of some importance. There are probably 85,000 inhabitants, many of them Portuguese. A large Catholic church, and a large Episcopal Ch. where there is preaching once a month for English residents. There has been a good deal of missionary labor expended here in former times. Our mission had schools there until 1827.

Saw a bride 6 years old, on the wharf. Mr. A. was more or less engaged in discussion during the day with individuals. In the afternoon, again went into the bazaar and distributed a few tracts. Met a pundit who had been some years in the mission at Ahmednugger, eager for us to do something in Tannah. It was the *Holi*, and the people wild with their festival. Went in the night to Kalyan, situated upon a river. Location beautiful both on the river side and on the plain side. A great stretch of high antiquity & musselman mausoleums, and a Hindoo temple upon its borders. Saw some Brahmins digging the earth, and they told us they were digging a grave for a child just dead. It is customary to bury children that die under a year of age.

Offered a tract to a man who could not receive it (89), because he just then was in a process of purifying himself for worshipping the idol. He had been for some years in the mission school at Nashik, and staid there as long as he was paid for doing it. Another refused to take a tract out of my hand, but required it to be laid down, when he took it up. In the great tank are crocodiles. We saw one. There were perhaps 50 people in the water, some washing, some swimming. We asked if they were not afraid. Oh no, they exclaimed, pointing to the

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<sup>48</sup> That is, Muslims.

<sup>49</sup> Salsette Island is in the province of Maharashtra, Concan (Konkan); it's the world's most densely populated island.

<sup>50</sup> Also Thane, or Thana, a metropolitan city in Maharashtra. The Tannah Viaduct was the first railway bridge to be constructed in India, linking the Great Indian Peninsula Railway from Thana to Callian (later named Kalyan) which opened in May 1854. Again, Bowen is in India during a very dynamic period.

temple; our god protects us and never suffers the crocodiles to do us any harm. And they in return never do any harm to the crocodiles.

Returning through the village, sat down under an immense banyan tree near the river; and a brahman boy who had been some years in the Free church school at Bombay, came and talked with us. He had remained there as long as they had been willing to support him; but for some reason they had lately decided not to continue his support, and he had therefore left. When spoken to on the subject of religion, he said in English, "I will come on board and talk with you, where we shall not be overheard." He was afraid of exciting suspicion. He afterwards came aboard and talked a great while. He was very desirous of getting to Bombay again and wanted us to give him employment. His mind was much enlightened. I should think him greatly emancipated from Hindooism. But he wanted (lacked) courage to come out from friends and relatives and commit his way unto the Lord. Others came on board. Among them some Mussulmen, who answered when I affirmed the future complete triumph of Christianity over all religions (90), and all irreligion, by affirming the same thing of Mohammedanism. Some time or other a great man was to arise, and under him their religion would become universally triumphant.

Went in the afternoon into the village again. Sat down in the vestibule of a heathen temple, and a crowd of men and boys instantly gathered around us for tracts. They were full of the *Holi* spirit, that is, a *devilish* spirit, and were quite uproarious. It is the custom to make everyone give evidence that he can read before receiving a tract; and on this occasion the moment one began to read, others would set up a wild clamor of mockery entirely to drown his voice. When one received a tract, he started off on a run, with a whoop that seemed to be of derision. I was somewhat doubtful about the propriety of giving them tracts at this time. Some of the tracts, however, were on the *Holi* itself, and opportune. A crowd of men and boys followed us as we went out to the task again — a beautiful spot, and explored the two mausoleums — accompanying us everywhere, even to the roof of one of these ruins. These structures were very handsome in their day; the day {of} Mussulman power in Hindustan. They reminded me somewhat of the tombs of the Caliphs near Cairo, being of the same Arabesque architecture. Kalyan is said to be one of the oldest cities extant. It is mentioned in Ptolemy, I believe. Returned in the evening to the boat.

**Poa.** This place is somewhat though not much smaller than Tannah, [Bhewood] is like it in size, over the river some miles eastward — did not rest. (91) Went down in the evening with the expectation of being at Bassim before morning. In the night, a total eclipse of the moon. Sabbath morning we found ourselves some distance from Bassim and put ashore at a desert island, and there spent the day. It was to me a delightful day, and the Saviour was sweetly revealed to me in his works. With the Bible in my hand, I sat for hours on a hillside among densest verdure, with openings through which a lovely landscape was seen. I could not but wonder at some of the trees. To every trunk there was an entire community of parasites, running up and filling the branches with every variety of leaf and blossom; so that there was no such thing as knowing what was the peculiar property of the tree, and what was usurpative. There seemed to be universal confusion of interests. The freaks of some of these parasites seemed really almost laughable. They seemed to live and luxuriate in perfect disregard of all the laws of gravitation and nature generally. Occasionally where there were

two trees considerably far apart, looking at each other with most determinate reserve, and in the middle some tiny creeper had sprung up evidently with the purpose of linking the two great ones interminably together, and had accomplished it.

We came then to Bassim. In the morning, found ourselves under the walls of the fort, and went ashore to visit it before breakfast. This fort is a most interesting spot. If it were only in Italy, it would have a great name. What is thus called, is a space about as large perhaps as the present Jerusalem (92), surrounded by high walls, once exceeding strong and full of the remains of buildings built by the Portuguese.<sup>51</sup> It is said there are the ruins of 12 churches, one for each apostle. We visited half a dozen very large. and one quite handsome. It is a sort of Pompeii, only it looks a great deal older than Pompeii does. One church had a tablet bearing a date 1601. When taken by the Hindoos, these latter had hastened to put up their own gods, and there are several of their temples here. After going to the boat and breakfasting, we concluded to come into the fort again and spend the day with our books on the porch of a heathen temple. The present town of Bassim is a mile and half off, and we did not go to it, it being the height of *Holi*.

There was nothing about these ruins but the caprices of nature. To get a conception of the vegetation of this place, it must be visited. It was difficult to say whether the area within these walls was now a forest, or a city in ruins. The buildings were teeming with trees growing in every imaginable place and position and direction. Chiefly the principal trees. These might be an arched ceiling three feet thick and 40 feet in the air. Well, a little fibre hardly thicker than a thread of cotton would make its way through that ceiling, and having got through it, would grow down and could be seen hanging like a little string 30 or 40 feet long. While the offshoot of the roof was thus pressing its way downward, there would be on the roof a great tree springing up. That little offshoot in due time would reach the ground (93) and there plant itself, and there begin to grow and grow, until it had become a vast tree, several feet in circumference; and before long, it would rend the ceiling in pieces but not cast it down. For while the shoot mentioned had been wending its way to the earth, many other shoots had been traversing the ceiling in many directions, and thus getting such a good hold of it, that it could afford to let the keystone go. In another place I saw a plant that had shoved a column out of the way, and then taken the capital into its own care, and was going off with it skyward.

Well, we staid in the H. temple, Mr. A. revising a portion of the translated Scriptures, and I studying Mahratta till 3 o'clock, when we went to our boat, and pushed off. Concluded to return to Bombay by way of the sea. Quite rough, men somewhat alarmed, and water came in on both sides of the boat. At evening put in at a harbor called [BLANK SPACE]. About 4 A.M., aroused the men and put off again. But at 9 or 10 o'clock, the wind being ahead, put in to Orlee, and Mr. A. and I went ashore. Village of fishermen. Streets filled with drunken men after the *Holi*. Walked by degrees, around into the grasses of Mahim, having concluded to go by land to Bombay. I was much delighted with the coconut groves in [Sepinbatel]. Visited

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<sup>51</sup> The Portuguese arrived in India through Vasco da Gama in 1498. With the Portuguese conquest of Goa from the Bijapur Sultanate in 1510, Goa became the major maritime anchorage for the Portuguese Armadas arriving in India. it was handed over to Charles II of England in 1661, through his marriage to Catherine Braganza of Portugal.

the nuns of a Portuguese Theol. Seminary. Walked nearly into Bombay. Stopped at a heathen temple on the way. Here there was water, and a man to serve it out to all passersby (94), which he did by pouring it out into a little trough through which it flowed into their hands or vessel. Necessities of Caste. Mr. A at Mahim, wanting to dine, had to buy a crescent shell of a family, and then receive water in it from them.

The water above mentioned is a private charity. While sitting here, there came along a wealthy-looking Parmboo and a brahman to worship. The Parmboo defended idolatry & did not seem to consider it at all hard to defend. The policy of the Government with regard to schools is strange. Where there are mission schools already existing, thorough in their character and everything valuable, then the Government sets up schools. And the Government schools, from the nature of the case, almost quell the others. The Natives of course prefer them, being, like the mission schools, gratuitous; and then there is no religion taught in them. In a place like Ahmednugger, for instance, a good missionary school exists where thorough English culture is obtained; but a religion is also taught. The natives combine and agree to give a building or the ground or something, if Government will establish a school — their object being to break up the missionary school. And Government gives its assent. I have today received a letter from Mr. Wilder (95), in which he says that the Government school has just begun under a Roman Catholic, and many of their scholars have been drawn away. This conduct of the Government cannot be excused.

***Harriet. Bombay. May 7, 1848.***

My dear Harriet.

I was yesterday sitting in my room reading an analysis of the Bhagavad Gita, one of the Hindoo sacred books, and was upon the last sentence where the author (Mr. Nesbit, Scotch missionary) was sharing the better way of Christianity, and to show that faith had no merit in it, was comparing it to a window that lets in the light, but does not create the light; to the mouth that admits food, but does not at all produce it — when Bro. Wood, it being about one o'clock, came in with some letters. There was solemnity in his manner, and he said, "There is some afflicting intelligence come today, Bro. Bowen — Mr. Allen's father is dead." I surmised that this was not all, and presently he added, "your father too is dead." My first feeling was one of entire resignation to the will of our Saviour — the Saviour of our family, who hath done all things so well hitherto. Opening the letter I found one from Bro. King, one from you, and one from Nat relating to this event. I feel thankful that you had time to write me so fully as you have done, and that I have so many precious words and facts on which to feed my mind. Sorrow has its appetites, and becomes worse than sorrow when there is no aliment for them. (96) I have been deeply moved by these tidings.

Christians are not made unhappy by the death of their Christian friends; but I think they are more affected than impenitent persons are when these friends die. For the love of Christ develops in us, one to another, a strength of affection that is not common with the unrenowned. They are generally too selfish to be very deeply wounded in the death of another. My emotions have been deep, but I have not experienced a moment's unhappiness. I am led to praise God as often as I come the throne of grace. Grace has so abounded towards our father, first in sparing him during 57 years of impenitence and ungodliness; next in accomplishing what is perhaps one of the rarest of God's works of mercy, namely the

genuine unequivocal conversion of a heart frosted by so many of this world's winters; and finally in giving him such a beautiful and happy exit from the world.

Mr. Allen's father died, alas, from an ossification of the valves of the heart; but he died instantly, apparently in entire health one moment, and in the next a corpse. But what reason have we for gratitude that it was not so with Pa's, but that death came to him solemnly and slowly, that he experienced the salutary action of suffering upon his soul; that those around were permitted to see more plainly through the decadent tenement, the brightness of the light that God had kindled within. I love to look upon the scenes you describe, and doubt not that we will all treasure them while life lasts. One prayer I have many times and with much fervor offered when at home, to God (97), namely, that there might be the destruction of all reserve in our family, and a fusion of all our hearts in Christ. Perhaps this prayer was in a measure fulfilled during my father's sickness; and that it was a season of greatly augmented love, one to another. So I should judge from your letter. For this I thank God and *shall* thank Him.

One of the first things to come into my mind was this, that if Frank had been home, and if tidings had been received of my arrival, the trial might have been less to him. But it seemed so manifestly ordered, that I could not but be reconciled. And there is not a word in your letters that exhibits anxiety as to my safety, so that I feel rebuked for doubting your faith and his. Among his sayings repeated by you, there is none that has any reference to myself. Of this I am rather glad. His affection for me seemed of old to be inordinate, and I rejoice to see the evidence that Christ had become all in all to him. Of Christ he could speak, you say, but concerning everything else, was apathetic. I praise God for giving him not only grace but opportunity to exhibit in his dying hours to others, the spirit that had been put in him. Might not many in our church of his age, who have been spending nearly all their days in the courts of the Lord, and who do yet seem to be groping in darkness, might not many such profit by considering the faith and joy of this believer brought between the 11<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> hour into the kingdom? One lesson my father learned thoroughly, through the grace of our God, namely, the gratuitousness of saving faith. Many there are who among all their duties (98) number not this one duty of receiving the testimony of God. I mean not to say a disparaging word, but simply to express a hope that this circumstance was appreciated by the church, and some stimulated to lay hold upon the abounding and neighborly grace of our God.

I bless God for the kind friends who were near, and who manifested so deep an interest in you all. May they receive a rich reward. Bro. King's letter I value very highly, containing as it does such explicit information on many points, and such proofs of his warm interest. Before opening Nat's letter, I knew partly what its tenor would be. He is so accustomed to look upon the darker side of things, and he knows not Christ; and accordingly I found it to be full of gloom and evil anticipations. At the same time there is much affection and tenderness evinced. The concluding sentence has very powerfully arrested my attention. "The world seems to have slipped from under me, and I do not know how to turn myself, and know not what to do. — God's will be done." This indicates an extraordinary state of mind, and I cannot but receive it as an omen of good. I have been led ever since I opened the letter, to pray the Saviour to have mercy upon him, and set feet upon the rock of ages, and to put round him his everlasting arms: for him and for Frank. Oh why should Frank have gone



away on another long voyage without having come to the knowledge of Christ? The Saviour seemed so favourable. But I will not doubt. Let us pray as we ought, for these two.

I hope to hear before long concerning Rosey, that this season of bereavement has become a season of salvation for her. (99) Can we indulge a shadow of hope, if she do not now turn to that Saviour whose presence is so meaningful in the house.

Bro. Dodd wrote that Frank had gone on a 6-months voyage to Demerara and Amsterdam. You write that he had gone on a 16-months voyage to South Africa. I suppose I had sailed for South Africa via Demerara.

I feel that God will make this bereavement a means of good to my soul. I feel as though I were called to be more consecrated than I am; and to labor with great singleness of aim, till *my* time comes. And I doubt not that to you also, it will prove a means of sanctification — to you and Ma and Kate. Dear Kate, I feel much for her. May she never forget what Pa desired for her. I cannot but hope that this affliction may be a means of drawing her much nearer to Christ. I enclose a letter to Frederick, and will endeavour also to write to Nat. The Lord have you all in his holy care. Remember his promise to guide the meek. Surely this grace becomes us. Concerning things not mentioned in this letter, the enclosed letter to Ma speaks.

Your brother in the beloved,  
George Bowen

Where is Wallace Atterbury?

(100)

***Mother. Bombay. May 8, 1868.***

My dearest Mother.

I received on Saturday the letters telling of Pa's death. I was far from expecting any such intelligence. For two or three years he seemed to be growing stronger, and spoke of feeling better than in former years; and I was expecting that some additional years of life and influence and preparation would have been given. At the same time, when I remember the shattered look he usually bore some years ago, I cannot but indulge the opinion that his life has been protracted somewhat through the operation of that faith which God latterly gave him. I have no doubt that a genuine gospel faith is one of the highest conduces to health, and that likely without this, Pa would have went to his grave somewhat sooner.

Dear mother, what a cause of life-long gratitude to the Saviour we have for the grace bestowed upon him. I am overpowered when I think of it. Contrast him as he was on that sick bed, with what he was during any portion of the long, long period preceding his conversion. His soul seems to have been feeding on Christ, satisfied with Christ, absorbed in Christ. This is the essential mark of true religion. What conceivable legacy of gold or silver could be to us so precious as the words and looks that are evidence of the Redeemer's presence with him?

Dear mother, I sympathize with you in your bereaved state. How diminished now the family; 3 of you. I look at you in my mind's eye and the picture seems a sad one for a moment. (101) But I am sure you experience much consolation in the thought of God's goodness to my father up to the moment of his decease, in the assurance that the absence of

your two sons is a wise and good dispensation, whether you can see it or not; and above all, in the love of that Saviour who has done such wonderful things for one family, and who will never leave you or forsake you.

The dispensation is a remarkable one, I cannot but admit. In 8 short months you have seen your husband and two sons, one by one leave you. One has gone to heaven. Another to the heathen on his way to heaven. Another some remote part of the world, I know not where. But the hand of God is plainly in it, and what more is needed? All I ask concerning anything that befalls me, is simply this, is it a providence? Has God done it or has my own sin done it? And if I see the marks of God's hand, I rejoice. I want nothing more. It has been so with me thus far, and will be unless some severer trial show the insufficiency of my faith. Now that God has bereft you, who can doubt?

In this thought, be strong. He that loves you has done what seemed good to Him. Let it then seem so to you. And may it not be, that He has thus isolated you in order to take you under his immediate care? That He has put away other friends, that his own friendship may be more distinctly revealed? He would have you cast more absolutely on him, that you may learn His all-sufficiency, may learn that Christ without anything beside, is an abundant portion. The Saviour has a peculiar claim upon us for faith. He has a right to the most undoubting faith on our part. Unbelief is a greater sin in us than in others (102), because He has done more to excite our faith than that of others.

You appear to be left penniless. I don't know whether the lots left to Harriet will be preserved or not, as Nat in his letter speaks of outstanding judgments. The trial is a severe one, and plainly intended to be by Him who reigns. But oh! I trust that thing of grace, your faith, shall not fail, and soon the Saviour, seeing this faith proved, will say to you, "Daughter, be of good cheer; thy faith hath saved thee."

My allowance here is about \$40 per month <sup>52</sup> exclusive of house rent, travelling expenses, etc. Before reaching Bombay, my intention was to save something from my allowance to send to you, as Harriet may have mentioned perhaps. But at arriving here, I considered that you were not in destitution; you had the necessities of life and many comforts, and concluded that the heathen have larger claims. So I have allotted the amount economized to other objects connected with the cause of mission here. Upon a review of my expenses during the 3 'p months elapsed since I came, I find that I shall need for myself less than half my allowance. and shall accordingly have \$20 per month to spare. This I intend to send to you. You see that I shall not be depriving myself at all, for I shall not have to make any difference in my own mode of living; but I will simply be giving to you what I was before giving to another object. I have not the slightest doubt that God will approve the measure. While it would be improper, as I think, to appropriate this money for the use of the family when no actual need existed, now the actual need exists. (103) I bless God that it is my privilege to supply that need. And it will always be a delightful thought that I am able to do anything for you and the girls. This then is a definite arrangement upon which you can count, as long as the Lord spares me to the work, and the church continues to support her

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<sup>52</sup> Labor statistics show that a clergyman in NH ca. 1846 earned about \$500 per annum, or \$41 per month. Mill workers were paid \$9-12 per month. In 1847 commerce improved, and the average skilled worker earned \$14-17 per month.

missionaries. Your expenses will probably be twice this, but I cannot rely on him who gives, that he will in some way or other provide the remainder. I mean our Saviour. I cannot come home, for God has put me here. I am a soldier in the army of the great Captain; and what soldier would think of leaving his post on account of private matters? Military discipline is not more absolute than Christ's; for what said he to the man who wanted to go and bury his father? "Let the dead bury the dead; go then and preach the kingdom of God," meaning that every private matter must be regarded as of inferior importance to this.

Oh that this affliction may yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness in each one of us. That we may each one hear the call from God to be more holy, more devoted. May you, my dear Mother, have occasion to remember this as a period of great grace. May you experience the power of the Holy Ghost as you never have done. May Christ be to you in himself precious. May you count it the highest privilege to deny yourself, that his commandments may be obeyed. May you be the true servant of Jesus, feeling that you have no business in life independently of his cause and of his gospel.

Dear Mother, while there is possible progress before us, let us not be satisfied. The Lord give you many, many years; but oh, let us be prepared. (104) I feel much solicitude for Kate, and desire greatly to hear of her growth in grace, and in divine knowledge, and in more fulness. I feel grateful to Nat for all his attentions at this time. He has a strong claim upon our labors. Have we not encouragement to pray for the remainder of our family, Frank and Nat?

I wrote you a long letter by the last mail. Mrs. Wood had a boy Sunday night. I find your medicine chest of great use, though I have had nothing to be called a sickness. This climate suits me. God bless you. Enclosed is a draft for \$60. Mr. Merwin will pay it. You need not go in person — only endorse it. — George Bowen

***Kate. Bombay. June 17, 1848.***

My dear Kate.

It is now the rainy season and there is some irregularity in the leaving of the mail, for which reason I have not written since the 10<sup>th</sup> of May or thereabouts. The present mail is that of the 1<sup>st</sup> of July, starting 10 days in advance of the monsoon. My last letters from home were received subsequent to the sailing of the last mail. These consisted of a long letter from Harriet giving a more detailed account of Pa's decease; I value it much; also a long letter from Bro. King. What is said about the circumstances of Frank's leaving is interesting, though somewhat painful. Let our prayers for him be fervent. The Lord has encouraged us. I look upon Frank's return home and the sign of improvements exhibited by him (105), as intended by the Lord to make us more fervent in prayer. As though he had said, "You have prayed for him, but not as you ought to; believed, but not enough; redouble our efforts, be strong in faith, and he shall be converted."

I am glad to hear that Ma's health has not been impaired by the fatigues of watching with Pa. The Lord be praised for continuing her in health and vigor and cheerfulness. My prayer is that the Lord may lead her gently during the remainder of her pilgrimage. May she be filled with that heavenly peace which the Saviour bequeathed. I regard the Saviour in this passage (*i.e.*, Joh 14.27) as comparing himself to one who is upon his death bed, surrounded by children, relatives, and friends. In such circumstances, it is usual to divide one's earthly

prosperity among the survivors — giving a piece of ground to one, a house to another, furniture to another, and so on. But the Saviour says, “not as the world giveth, give I unto you.” His legacies are spiritual, divine, passing not away. “My peace I give unto you.” His own divine peace flowing from unceasing communion with God. He was making his will as it were. Look through those chapters of John and you will see that it was all giving, giving.

I received a note from Mrs. Graves the other day; widow of the missionary. She is upwards of 60 and resides at Mahabaleshewar <sup>53</sup> in the hills & where she has a boarding school of Hindoo children; and I extract from something for Ma.

“Remember me to your dear mother and sisters when you write, and tell her and them from me that God’s promises are all yes and amen, and that I can testify to his covenant faithfulness in fulfilling all His promises made to widows. He has indeed been my Father and Friend in all times of need. (106) Yea, more, He has been my Husband. In all places, in all straits, and at all times, he has far exceeded all my most sanguine <sup>54</sup> expectations. Tell her to trust and believe, and then all things will be hers. The gold and the silver and the Lord.”

Before this you have doubtless left the house in 13<sup>th</sup> street. Only three of you now. How the family is diminished. Four of us, including Aunt Weston,<sup>55</sup> gone in a few months. But I trust that your loss may be richly compensated. That your new place of abode may seem homelike, and pleasant, especially through the presence of the Saviour. Oh may he be as a brother in the family indeed; may he fill up all the vacuum created, and a thousand times more. Make much of him. *He sticketh closer than a brother*. Without him all are orphans. But he said to his disciples, “I will not leave you orphans (that is the original). Brother, Father, Husband, these words poorly shadow forth his love, his domesticity, his minute solitude. But more than 6 have gone. Rosey, she seems to me like a member of the family. I am sorry to see her going. If I could hear she was become a Christian, I would be better reconciled. She, if any, ought to be one.

The Lord is good to me. Superabundantly. *He leaveth me not alone*. But my heart is stonelike as to any power of appreciating his blessings. But I need far more than I have received, and have hope that I will be satisfied. It has pleased him to help me in the study of the language, though not so much as I had anticipated.

On the first Sabbath of this month, I conducted in part the services of the afternoon (107), expounding the first 8 verses of 3<sup>rd</sup> chap. of John, and leading in prayer. I found no difficulty in praying in Mahrattan, having done it daily for 3 mos. with the servants, and having adopted {it} in my private devotions. I shall probably hereafter be expected to take some part in the Sabbath exercises regularly. But I preach most blunderingly. It is very humiliating to me to use the language as I sometimes do. Don’t think it strange if I tell you that my speech is according to my faith, good or bad as that is lively or inactive.

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<sup>53</sup> A small town in Satara district, Maharashtra. It served as a British hill station at the time. It’s a place of pilgrimage for Hindus because Krishna river originates there.

<sup>54</sup> *Sanguine*: confidently optimistic and cheerful.

<sup>55</sup> Aunt Weston is mentioned in the October 13<sup>th</sup> letter, so she hasn’t died; perhaps moved out of the house.

Mrs. Hume has been lately confined with another child (the fifth living), and I have spent some time daily with her boarding school. I am much interested in hearing and questioning these little girls. One of them didn't know anything of her parents; but that when she was little, her father died and her mother threw her away.

I have almost daily some opportunities of conversing with individual natives. Yesterday I had the happiness (for which I thank God) of having a Hindoo pray in his own tongue in my room. He came to us about a week ago, stating his desire to be a Christian. He had come from Dapoli in the Conan, to Bombay, with this simply in view. I have had him to visit me every day. He is an interesting young man, and apparently sincere in his desire, though quite ignorant of spiritual things. He frequently sheds tears when I converse with him — which the natives are not apt to do. His prayer yesterday was faltering and brief, asking God to give him the Holy Ghost, to bestow upon him a clean heart, to enable him to believe on Jesus Christ, and so over and over again. He may be a deceiver. (108) I am quite at a loss how far to trust appearances. Time will show. He heard Mr. Hume preach this morning (Sabbath) from Isaiah 55.8, and I hope with profit. Mr. Hume's preaching is very earnest as well as argumentative, and well adapted to move the native mind to think.

You should pray much for this poor people. How few have been the converts from the immense multitude. Perhaps if I should give you an account of the native church connected with our mission, your heart would bleed. So few in numbers — so weak in faith, so unstable; in a word, so little of the Holy Ghost — like a flickering light. Oh may it not expire. May God multiply and increase us. The people are not saved, not because there is any defect of love in the Saviour's heart. There needs no new love in his heart in order to the conversion of these multitudes. But only there should be a perception of the existing love, and prayer of faith. This view of Christ is one that has been of unspeakable advantage to me. He is a fountain of life. When men come and drink, there is a display of love; — when they do not, there is simply latent love.

As I make progress in the knowledge of the language, I draw near to that which is most formidable in my missionary work; namely, the going out in these streets to preach the gospel. But I shall doubtless have strength equal to my day. The question where we shall be stationed has not yet been agitated.<sup>56</sup> The rainy season is more pleasant than I had supposed. I thought there would be unmitigated rain, never any sunshine. But we have large patches of sunshine, sometimes two or three days together. Therm. is about 70 or 75.

(109) Dear Kate, how is it with you? When the Saviour's eye wanders over the weary waste of this world, can it repose with satisfaction on you? Does He comfort Himself in you, as in one who, though of a sinful and polluted nature, receives his love in her heart, cherishing it above all things, with hungering and thirsting for ample experience of it? "If ye believe not my words, believe me, for the very work's sake," said He. If your faith in the word is false, have faith in the Cross, that great fact. Study this. Give yourself wholly to this. It is the power of God. The resisting power in your heart is less than the power of God of course. Again I say, consecrate yourself to the study of this. The best employment of your time is the study of Christ's sufferings. I trust that the scenes through which you have passed have

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<sup>56</sup> That is, put into motion; no action has yet been taken.

resulted in your sanctification. Remember Pa's dying injunction. He received not due deference in his lifetime. Be entirely Christ's. Have you ever dreamed about a bosom friend to whom you could open your heart, who would take the deepest interest in all your personal matters, with whom it would be sweet to suffer even? Christ is that friend. Go, ask his pardon that you have so long mistaken him, so long seeking the living among the dead, the good Shepherd among wolves, the Friend of the soul in an apostate world.

I send to Bro. King the Conveyance of property requested. I have nothing of Mr. Minor. I don't know how long Bro. Dodd & Dulles may stay in America. A letter now might not reach them.

George Bowen

(110)

***Mother & sisters. Bombay. Aug 27, 1848.***

Dear mother and dear sisters,

I have received many precious letters from you, but must postpone answering them. I am ill, have been very ill for a full month. Doctor calls it an enlargement of liver. They applied 9 dozen leeches and a blister <sup>57</sup> — constant courses of drugs, draughts, and pills — and now iodine. I have great reason to bless God for the absence of pain almost entirely. — My appetite is perfectly prostrated since a month. A sip of boiled milk and sugar in the morning & one at night, perfectly sufficient. My voice is reduced to a low whisper. My strength utterly gone. Cannot walk 10 yards. Had a nervous excitement of the members for several nights depriving me of all sleep. Blessed be God, this is gone, through [champooning]. The physician appears experienced, trustworthy — kind. The friends around me — I cannot tell you all their goodness — everything that Ma could wish. May God enable you dearest friends to receive this intelligence in a Christian manner. It is my earnest wish that you may not for a moment murmur, but immediately be reconciled to the will of God. The physicians say that there is no prospect of my recovery, and that my end may be at hand. I shall probably be alive to write or send by the next mail.

***Aug 28. Death's Door***

A night utterly sleepless. A pleasant night on the whole. A disordered imagination kept me continually resorting to Christ. For instance, I would be under the persuasion that there were several persons in the room eating and offering me food. But I would resist the persuasion (111), and accept that there is none here but Christ. I suppose I said this 900 times in the night, and found the contemplation of a present Christ to be that alone which could hinder the bewildered imagination from getting the better of me. But the struggle lasted all night. Since I have perceived the possibility of dying at this time, I have known no feeling of disappointment or unhappiness at all. I rejoice in the will of God. The prospect of departing and being with Christ is delightful beyond expression — took 6 drops morphine last night — slept well after midnight. One of the happiest nights of my life. Nothing but a precious holding on to Christ kept me from constant hallucinations.

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<sup>57</sup> A "blister" is applied to the skin to raise a blister, hoping to siphon off an internal infection.

**29<sup>th</sup>.** Next day — dearest friends — the Lord has given me a very good night; slept much — no manner of pain. Jesus precious. The word of God abides in my heart very pleasantly — I have been an unprofitable servant and must take the lowest place in the kingdom of heaven, but I am perfectly happy that it should be so. It is like a chimney sweep coming into the society of Isaiah, Moses and Daniel, John etc. I am not much concerned how I shall die. The thing is to live Christian and to have a hold of Christ in dying. The Lord does exceedingly abundantly above all, etc.

I hope Frank may do as he intended and goes home in October. Could not he take the factory and support the family? I pray God for dear brother Nat. He must become a Christian. What reeds shaken by the wind are we?

**30<sup>th</sup>.** Next day. Mail goes today. I asked Dr. Garrick specifically what my disease was. He said my disease was a contraction of the larynx (you remember I said I could only use a child's whisper). (112) The disease before mentioned is comparatively of little consequence. 40 drops of morphine given last night, but no sleep — A great deal of Christ however, to whose power and love [I entrust] you dearest, dearest friends.

Goodbye. George Bowen.

*Extract from a letter from Rev. Mr. Wood to Mrs. S. H. Reid.*

***Wood to Reid. August 30, 1848.***

My principal object in writing by this mail is to communicate to you something respecting the state of Bro. Bowen's health, which you will be sorry to learn is very poor, and that his mother and sisters may learn more of the particulars of his illness than he now feels able to write. It has pleased our Heavenly Father to bring Bro. B. very low on a bed of sickness. The first that we discovered of his illness was five or six weeks ago, which was nothing more, apparently, than a headache, to which he said he had been subject from his youth, periodically, and which he has had as often as every three months since we left America. Previous to this time, they passed away in a few days, and we hoped that it would be so now. But it continued. His appetite failed. His voice grew weak, so that at times, when he read his verse at family prayer, he was with difficulty heard. We began to entertain fears lest there was something more ailing him than he was ready to admit, and expressed the same to him. But no. He said "that it was no more than his former turns and would pass off in a day or two." But in this he was mistaken. He kept growing worse. His appetite became less and less, so that he hardly took any food at all.

(113) At the same time, a diarrhea set in, which lasted for several days. In the meantime a missionary physician was called in to see him. The disease did not alarm him, and he hoped to be able to remove it in a short time. But it now seems that the difficulty lay deeper than any of us supposed at first. The physician says there can be little doubt that the larynx is ulcerated, which is similar to the ulceration of the lungs in its nature and effects. He is now unable to speak audibly, but can make himself understood distinctly in whispers. For three weeks he tells me he has had no hope of recovery, and this is the opinion of the two physicians which now attend him.

His mind is happy. His faith is still strong in his Redeemer. Whatever be the result, we shall bow to the will of the Father, and say, "Thy will, O God, be done." Our hearts bleed at the

prospect of parting with him. But our Saviour knows what is best. May the great head of the church be glorified in all his dealings with us, and fit us for all His holy will. May he prepare the mother and sisters for this intelligence, and also for the issue (outcome) of this sickness, whatever it may be.

This mail goes by way of Marseilles, and we hope it may reach you in two months. The other mail will leave via Southampton about the middle of Sept. by which we shall send letters. Therefore you may expect to hear from us next mail. I enclose a letter of Bro. Bowen to his mother which you will kindly give her.<sup>58</sup>

***Thursday. August 31.***

The above intelligence will make you all feel sad as it does me, and you will perhaps inquire (114) — why should God lay his hand on one whose prospect of usefulness bid so fair? It is indeed to us a mystery, which perhaps we shall never solve in this world, but must rest on the words of Christ, “Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.”

Mr. Berens’ letter from his sisters of the 2<sup>nd</sup> of June came to hand the 26<sup>th</sup> inst.<sup>59</sup> As he felt unable to read them himself, I read them for him. He enjoyed them very much. Another letter from a Mrs. Lee came at the same time. The message of Mrs. Bowen, “Tell Mr. Wood to take care of Mrs. Wood and George,” I am trying to fulfill to the best of my ability. I am now much with Bro. Bowen in his illness. The care of him devolves on me more than on any other one, and I esteem it a great privilege to minister to his wants.

***Mother & sisters. Bombay. Sept. 12, 1848***

Dear Mother and sisters.

It has pleased the Lord to effect a great change in me since I last wrote to you. It was the opinion of physicians, friends, and myself, that there was no hope of my recovery. The matter seemed so settled, and humanly speaking, irrevocable, that it appeared to be plainly my duty to write you as I did. But in a few days after dispatching that letter, there appeared indications of improvement. My sleepless nights ceased, and I began to enjoy a considerable measure of sleep and rest by night. My voice began to improve, and I could speak much louder and more distinctly, without effort. I felt conscious of increasing strength. (115) My appetite, which may be said to have been extinct, began to revive. The very copious expectorations diminished. And this improvement has been going on up to the present time, almost ten days. Indeed, any convalescence seems as rapid as desirable. Truly, this is the Lord’s doing, and should be marvellous in our eyes. The physicians now entertain no doubt of my recovery.

I cannot but regard this as a great blessing. In view of the prospect of being where Christ is, I could but greatly rejoice. In spite of my sterile, unproductive, wasted life, I longed to be there. But with returning strength, I cannot but recognize as a great privilege the prospect of laboring & suffering some years for Christ in the world. For the affairs of this world possess immense interest in heaven. It is this earth that is to be filled with the knowledge of the

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<sup>58</sup> That is, the letter of Aug 27<sup>th</sup> above.

<sup>59</sup> Inst. — in the present month.



glory of God. It is here that the great battle of the Lord God Almighty is to be fought. It is a privilege to be in the world if only to offer up prayer for its perishing millions. And accordingly, I cannot but entertain a spirit of thankfulness towards God for his abundant mercy, and wonderful power exhibited in this speedy transformation.

But I am yet exceedingly emaciated. Happening to look into a glass (mirror) the other day, I was taken all by surprise. I said, "Can these dry bones live? Will the flesh come up upon them again?" Probably it will require some time before I can regain through the good grace of God, my previous health. Two physicians have visited me together every morning, and one of them again in the course of the day. God has evidently given them wisdom to direct them. (116) Much prayer I have reason to believe has been offered by my brethren of this and the other missions in Bombay, and by the Free Scotch church worshipping in our chapel. I have received many kind Christian visits.

But I must tell you {what} all the physicians say. They say that while I will probably recover from this illness, yet this climate must be considered unfavorable to my constitution; and they recommend leaving it, if only for a season, as to take a voyage to China and back. But it does not seem strange to me that after 32 years a person should have a fit of illness, and a serious one; and in the fact of this illness, I cannot see sufficient reason to determine that this climate is unfavorable to me. It is true that the great characteristic complaint of India is the liver complaint; but if I can, through God's good grace, recover from the disease in this climate, as now appears the case, why may I not reasonably expect to remain well?

The fact is, the physicians here are very ready to recommend a person's leaving the country. It is the most welcome of all prescriptions to the great mass of English in the Company's service, and of Europeans generally here. My own persuasion is that this climate is less unfavorable to my constitution than to that of most others who come here. In a word, I feel no disposition to leave this country even for a season at a time. When I first heard this opinion of the physicians, I thought that perhaps it might be the will of God I should change my station, and go to Fuchan <sup>60</sup> or to Aleppo. But on further consideration, I am led to the conclusion that this is my field. (117) I am confident that it is not without the guidance of God I have come to this field, nor without his aid that I have been enabled to prosecute the language as I have. Still, I wish to lie in the hands of God, and seek His will alone, and disesteem all my own opinions and preconceptions, and pray that I may have grace to see and follow His blessed will. However strange, irreconcilable, or even fantastic it may seem to our purblind (dim) minds, it indicates the only path of wisdom, of safety, of happiness.

I feel much concerned when I think of the deep pain my last letter will have caused you. Your faith in God is strong, and I trust you will be enabled suitably to receive and bear for a little while these unexpected tidings. Perhaps it is the goodness of God that would extend His benignant discipline at this time to you all. We need to have constant [rupture] with earth, that our feet may not become glued to its baleful soil.

I am glad to hear what Kate communicates from Frank, who had written from Sierra Leone. Perhaps if he should return in the fall as he intended, he may be useful in taking charge of

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<sup>60</sup> Probably Fuchin in NE China.

the Soda Water Concern; tho' on reflection, the business of the year is over there.<sup>61</sup> The Lord will guide you all. I am pained that Nat should have this care upon him, and think this should be avoided even at a sacrifice. The factory has supported the family by a strict economy for some years, and the additional expense of a person to oversee would perhaps be afforded by the reduced number of the family, etc.

Your description of your new abode, with all its particulars of furniture and of location, etc., much interests me (118), and I am glad to have so pleasing a picture of your situation. May the Lord preserve it to you long, and may his abundant blessings be upon you in those rooms, and upon the whole house and household. I cannot but approve the course you have adopted with regard to a vocation; and rejoice in all the aids and advantages that have been extended to you in the matter of preparation. I do not think on the whole you will find the sacrifice a painful one. It will probably be attended with many advantages to yourself, in an intellectual point of view, especially if you carry through life the determination to be always perfecting yourself; and the intellect is a glorious part of our nature and one that we shall doubtless have great need for in heaven; and probably the great law of God's government, *whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap*, will apply here as in spiritual things. I earnestly hope that when called to the work of educating, there may be nothing to trammel the exercise of the largest and best influence for Christ. Indeed, if this condition were to be sacrificed, I could but rejoice to see you a teacher. But God has promised to guide the meek in judgment.

Mrs. Wood suffers a good deal in bodily health. Incessant headaches, very seldom interrupted for a day, so that she can do absolutely nothing. She has a sister who has been a great invalid for many years, suffering from this very thing, and this makes her case appear serious. Mrs. Burgess of Ahmednugger was brought very low at the time I myself was, and seemed even to be much nearer the gates of death than I was. These times the mission was assembled around her bed to take farewell. (119) But the Hearer of Prayer, heard prayer, and to the [praises] and joy of all, she is now recovering rapidly. I have had interesting letters from Bro. Cummings at the station in Fuchan, and from Bro. Ford in Aleppo.

**Sept. 16<sup>th</sup>.** Before my illness and since last writing you, I was generally engaged in the disposal of tracts in the streets and places of public gathering. We meet with all kinds of treatment from very good to tolerably bad. Bro. Wood on one occasion was completely covered by a mob, with fish offals, etc. But this is rare. The most I have known is to have people buy books of me just that they may tear them up and throw them in my face. Often opportunities of interesting discussion arise. I think that as I obtain a better knowledge of the language, and understand better what people say, I shall enjoy this more and more. To understand people is now the great difficulty. This sickness will prove something of a drawback upon me in the acquisition of the language probably. I hope that there may be much compensation.

Pray for me that I may henceforth feel as I never have done, that I am bought with a price, and that my life is in a peculiar sense done all to Christ. Lazarus must have felt after his resurrection a very deep responsibility to live all for Christ. But why should my recovery, if

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<sup>61</sup> That is, lacking substantial revenues, hence his concern about how to afford Frank as an overseer.

by God's grace perfected, bring a like mighty responsibility on me? Pray for me, that the love of Christ may extinguish all fear of man. Pray for this little miserable fragment of a native church. Its wretchedness, its little experience of the Holy Ghost, its insufficient knowledge of Christ, its readiness to run into the most scandalous [mire] (120), its scantiness, all recommend it to your prayers.

Last Sabbath, one of the members was publicly excommunicated. He has been 6 years connected with the church, a Hindoo originally. He has latterly fallen beyond reclaim, into habits of drunkenness. And to think that some of the *women* who have behaved so scandalously, should have enjoyed all the advantages and purifying influences of an education in the Humes' school. There are some enquirers who give gratifying evidence of the Spirit's work. But it is so difficult to judge here, or to argue from what a man is now, what he will be some months hence.

As I look to future labors, I can only strengthen myself in the thought of the Almightyness of the Spirit of God, and in my experience of the Bible truth that prayer can achieve everything that needs to be achieved. I shall want a spirit of prayer such as Brainerd<sup>62</sup> had among his Indians, and a stubborn unswerving faith, and a close union with Christ.

I see that Bro. Torrey's father has made me an honorary member of the board, by donation. I should like to write to Bro. Torrey, as to a great many other cherished friends. But why do they not write to me? You must tell them of the rule I laid down, to wait until written to, and promptly to answer when written to.

**Sept. 18<sup>th</sup>.** Nitrate of silver<sup>63</sup> instead of iodine has been applied to my throat during the last fortnight. The doctors have discontinued their morning visits, and I have ceased taking the nightly opiate — two good signs. Up to this time, when I must close for the mail, I am improving. But you must yearn with trembling, considering how easily I might fall back again. (121) I do not write to any of my friends by this mail. You must give them intelligence. I am pleased to see the names of seminary friends as residing in the same house with you. Remember me to Bro. Howard; also to Mrs. Reid and her family.

I have this morning received a note signed by the two physicians, in which they reckon positively against my continued residence in this country. But I cannot bring myself to yield to their opinion or their arguments. They assign my illness to the effect of the climate. But this, I think, cannot be done with certainty, because people have liver complaints and affections of the windpipe in every county. They speak of the extreme delicacy of my constitution, which language I think quite unwarranted. All the facts of my life are against it. At all events, as long as I continue to convalesce, I shall but think of recovery.

I earnestly desire and pray that the content of these letters may end much to your sanctification, and that you may be all and each drawn nearer to the Saviour, and seek to live a truly, godly, humble, useful, self-denying life.

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<sup>62</sup> David Brainerd (1718-1747), missionary to the Delaware Indians in the American colonies.

<sup>63</sup> Silver nitrate topical is an antiseptic, used for cauterizing wounds and ulcerations.

I am sorry to hear of Mrs. Owen's death, whose influence in her family and among her friends seemed so valuable. Remember me affectionately to Nat and his.

Yours in our unchangeable Saviour,  
George Bowen

(122)

***Harriet. Bombay. Oct. 13, 1848.***

My dear Harriet.

Another mail day has come round. I was meaning to write a number of letters by the present opportunity, but shall not have sufficient time. I have written a letter to Mr. Gibson for the church. I will say a word about the mails. They leave here thrice a month and arrive twice. The mail of the 1<sup>st</sup> goes by France, which involves an increase of postage, so that we can only write by the next monthly mail. Coming this way also, every other mail comes by Marseilles, and your letters are kept in London for the other, the Southampton mail. Postage between London and this place is 50 cts for ½ an ounce, and under two thin sheets will go for ½ an ounce — 2 ½ very thin sheets, and there is 25 cents more for postage. There is nothing, however, I pay so gladly as postage money — and I suppose it is so with you.

I have your good long letters and Kate's good, though not long letter of the 7 July, the latter giving a summary of one of Frank's. I never thought I would value letters so. I search every nook and corner to see if there is not some word yet unread.

You will first want to know something about my health? It is quite restored so far as I am able to judge. Through the goodness of the Lord, I was kept from any relapse, and my convalescence has gone steadily forward to the present time. I am told that I cannot expect to remain without attacks of the liver complaint, which disease is exceedingly common among Europeans resident here. [LAST LINE OBSCURED] (123) 18 years, though he has not been incapacitated for work by it. I shall be very grateful if the use of my throat is continued to me. I have not had occasion to test my voice in public, so that I don't know the present power of my larynx. I hope for the best, as a Christian ought to do, seeing that God in the 5<sup>th</sup> of Romans has promised him the best.

I propose accompanying Mr. Hume next week on a little trip to Rutuagherry, a place on the coast some hundreds of miles south from here, visiting the intermediate places and doing missionary work as we have opportunity; to be gone 20 or 25 days. A main object is to look at this place with reference to the question of a station for Bro. Wood and myself. It is thought we will derive physical benefit from the excursion also.

I received an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Wilder of the Ahmednugger, to visit them there for health's sake, which I declined, the Deccan <sup>64</sup> not being recommended for me. While on the subject, I will mention one or two little things that will interest you, though they wouldn't anybody else. Mr. Hume has a little girl, Hannah, that just talks, who was very sick when I was, and who used to offer up this prayer at night: "Oh God, make Hannah well;

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<sup>64</sup> The Deccan plateau or peninsular India, lies between the Arabian Sea and the Bay of Bengal. It includes an area to the north of the Vindhya Range. It divides Hindustan (northern India), and the Deccan (southern India).

make Mr. Bowen well; make me good.” And all the little girls in Mrs. Hume’s boarding school appointed of themselves a special prayer meeting every Friday evening to pray for me. They also made me a letter when I was most ill, expressive of their sympathy.

Bye the bye, there has been for some time a most happy state of feeling on the whole, marking the presence of the Spirit. We think some have been converted. (124) Seven then said to me they thought my teaching had been blessed to their conversion. *But the Lord knoweth them that are His.* Prayer was offered for me every Sabbath in the Frasers’ church, and in the weekly prayer meetings. People look upon me now as one risen from the dead. Mr. Fraser’s brother, an impenitent and very bad man, died a few days ago of the same complaint that I had, namely, an enlargement of the liver.

I have learned to be more conscientious, I think, and more particular to take exercise, to the neglect of which (and of the state of my hands) my illness was doubtless owing. I walk morning and evening regularly, and use cold water thoroughly every morning.

It is interesting early in the morning to see the people coming into the city with provisions. The road is almost thronged for miles with men and women, carrying (in baskets on their heads) all manner of vegetables, immense bunches of plantains and other fruits, fish of almost every size under 4 feet, leaves for Hindoo plates, poultry, flowers, etc. etc.; also jars containing the rice of the tam (toddy) palm, and other trees. They come in from distances of 8, 11, 15 miles or more, starting over night, many of them, and coming every other day. I cannot see this vast throng bringing these gifts upon their heads into this wicked and idolatrous city, without being impressed with the goodness of that God who is “good to the unthankful and to the evil.”

I mentioned flowers. They are brought in in great numbers, particularly a certain yellow flower like the marigold. What are these for, think you? They are for offerings to the idols. Thousands of them are woven daily into chaplets and hung [LAST LINE OBSCURED] the God & Father of our Lord Jesus (125), yet the honor of them is all endorsed to idols. (Don’t you call to mind the 50 slaves in Haddon’s camp, bearing costly gifts on their heads, etc.?) <sup>65</sup>

What good news, what blessed news you tell me of Dr. Smith. Ought we not to rejoice with more than Hannah’s joy? The Lord gave her offspring — but he has given to our prayers this immortal soul. I feel that my faith should be increased, and that I should expect the conversions of others of my friends. If ever I offered the prayer of faith, it seems to me it was one day when I prayed for five persons, of whom the Fourth was me. I had purposed writing to Dr. Smith by the morning mail, but now will be wanting. Let us remember that this {is} but the beginning of his salvation, and that only by enduring to the end can he really enter heaven. As persons are readily deceived themselves by their spiritual exercises, thinking that because they have at length come to have new feelings and new light, they must necessarily be converted; some {in} the church have an equal readiness to be deceived by them. And therefore persons joining the church are often neglected as though all had been done. We must not do it; but if anything, redouble our prayers.

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<sup>65</sup> Unknown reference; perhaps a fictional story based on Ezra 4.2.

I suppose Frank will have been home before you get this, perhaps have gone again somehow. I will write no special letter for him, because all letters sent home are in part for him. I hope he will write one again soon, and wish he would contract the habit of writing regularly from the various posts he visits, whenever it is practicable. A ship left [15 Jul] for Bombay just one month after he left, and arrived here in 85 days.

I rejoice in what you write concerning Mr. Stiles, and hope his preaching [LAST LINE PARTIALLY OBSCURED]. (126) I wish to be remembered to him when you see him, in all Christian affection.

I am glad to hear that Kate is attending more to her studies and is more interested in them. I wish with you that she might spend a year at school. I earnestly recommend that it be done if possible. It would be likely to have, under God's blessing, a most happy influence upon her whole after life. What she wants is mental discipline, the power of controlling, concentrating and urging the power of her mind. She wants very much contact of her mind with other minds, the latter her superiors. Without this, she will suffer much when her mind comes in contact with the minds of people in general.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood left here day before yesterday for Ahmednugger. Her health has been bad for some time. She suffers in the head almost constantly. They go on account of her health. It is probable they will be gone some months. I hope Bro. Wood will benefit by it and be enabled to pick up the language more speedily than here.

I do not hear enough of Ma in your letters. Why can she not write me herself? She used to dislike the words "I can't." Now let her try. I want to hear something of her thoughts and feelings, and opinions, and exercises.

I have been greatly interested in the changes taking place in Europe.<sup>66</sup> There is to me a remarkable manifestation of God in them. The plot of the world thickens (What the God of this world does, he must do quickly). And we too must be about our master's business. Our great reason why God shortened the life of man from 1000 to 70 years, was that he might value his moments, and be led to see more than {was} done in those long lives, 1Cor 7.29. Oh that we might have *the sentence of death in ourselves*, and daily regard our life as contributed to this day.

(127) Never cease to pray for me though I deserve it so little. Your remarks about my character so far as they censure, are just and acceptable, but the commendations show that you are far out of the way. Pray for me as for the weakest.

I hear not a word of Wallace Atterbury, nor of John, nor Bakewell. Augustus Stebbins, Geo. Gordon, the Hydes. Few write to me. Fred King must wait another month. Remember me to Aunt Weston; — to the Choates also, and Masons, and all the Atterbury's, the Lockwoods as you have opportunity. Especially to my friends in the seminary, Bro. Howard and the rest. Ask him to write me about the state of things there this year. I suppose Bro. Dulles has left before this. He owes me a letter. I have not written to Bro. Dodd lately, thinking he would be

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<sup>66</sup> In 1848, the oppression of the working class under increasing industrialization, with corresponding changes to the family, led to socialist revolts in France, Austria, Prussia, Hungary, Bohemia, and various parts of Italy.

off. My love to Nat and his family. Adieu all. I enclose a draft for \$81 in favor of Ma, which Mr. Merwin will cash.

G.B.

More Am. (American) vessels come here now than formerly did. I cherish the hope of seeing Frank here some day.

***Kate. Bombay. November 16, 1848.***

Dear Kate.

I received yours of Aug 14 about a week ago. It arrived while I was absent in the Concan, and was forwarded to my address, but as it reached Rutuagherry a few hours after I had left there, and [Hurnay] alas after my departure thence. I did not get it till a day after my return to Bombay. I am always glad to have you write to me. Pleased to hear of the attention you are giving to studies. (128) Perhaps it would be well for you to procure some studies calculated to foster a habit of concentrating the mind, such as Algebra, or Geometry, or Logic. You need this — in fact, everybody needs it. We can get but little good from our minds until we have learned to concentrate them. I have been strict with the importance of this in religion. The value of the word of God to us very much depends upon the fixed attention we give to the particular truths of it. I may say that of all studies, that which has done most for my intellectual power has been my prayerful study of the Bible. Studying not with a view to intellectual advantage, but to spiritual. The spirit of God does not purify the heart without enlightening the intellect.

You do not write me enough about your spiritual state. I want to have decided evidence that you are growing in grace and divine knowledge. Again, I would urge upon you to read the Bible much every day. But everything depends upon the *way* it is read. You may spend 12 hours a day upon it, and get no good, and one hour and get a great deal. But those who get good from it are those that love to read it much. In a black book I left with Harriet, are some directions about reading the Bible. Settle it in your mind at the outset that God is able to make it the most attractive of all employments, and expect great things as you read. Read without a commentary, or at least postpone the commentary till you have read and got some thoughts of your own.

I am truly obliged to Ma for her few lines. I prize them greatly, and hope that from time to time I may continue to hear from her, now she has begun. Rest assured that I am far from suffering any inconvenience from the arrangement mentioned last May (129), and which, God willing, I will continue to observe. There is nothing wrong in it, any more than there would be in a minister at home receiving his mother and sister under his roof. Ma has too mean an opinion of her talents as a letter writer. She ought to be a constant letter writer. Few letters, even in a mechanical or verbal point of view, are so far from faults.

I had a letter from Bro. Hickman lately that interests me deeply. How wonderful that an uncle of ours, whose existence even I did not know, 54 years of age, and infidel, should be in his congregation, and be by him conscious of the tenth of Christianity. Let me pray quickly and fervently for this old man. How many of Pa's brothers and sisters are living? Where are they? What are they? How infidelity propagates itself in families.

Remember me to Uncle Weston's family when you write. Also to Richard Brown and his wife. How is he getting along? How is she? How is Mrs. Haines? spiritually?

We had a very pleas. tour in the Concan, being absent 3 weeks. The day we started, I weighed myself at the printing office; just 100 lbs. I weighed 110 in America. This tour has been quite beneficial to me I think, physically and in other respects. My health appears to be very good now. I owe Bro. King a long letter, but have been writing a very long one to the Rooms,<sup>67</sup> and must defer another month. He seems to write by fits and starts, his letters come in a little time, fast and thick, and then a long pause. I hear not a sound from Bro. Humphrys. My love to him, his wife and child. The next letter I hope will tell me something about Frank. The enclosed letter for the Soc. of Enquiry;<sup>68</sup> (130) please envelope and give to Bro. Howard with my love. Who are the officers of the Soc. of Enquiry this year? I am grieved to hear the tidings concerning Bro. Pearson. Mr. & Mrs. Wood still at Ahmednugger, She does not improve. Give my love to Nat and Antoinette and the children, T. D. Smith and Mr. Minor. Wish they would write. Remember me finally to Mrs. Reid and her family.

George Bowen.

***Harriet. Bombay. December 15, 1848.***

My dear Harriet.

I have received nothing from him since I wrote a month ago. I hope you will not intermit your good custom of writing once a month. My health is very good now. My throat perhaps is not perfectly well, but it does not cause me any serious inconvenience. I have much reason to be grateful for the fact that it is not made worse by use in public speaking. Perhaps I have never since my Colperton days, taxed it more than of late. I spend several hours every morning (from 6 onward) in the heart of the city distributing books and preaching as I have opportunity. Connected with this, there are some things in my experiences truly gratifying to me, namely, that a power seems to be at work within me answering a detestable shrinking that has hitherto beset me, and which denied its strength somewhat from constitution and anti-social habit. I may say that I feel at home in these bazaars and thoroughfares, and love to linger in them, making Christ known in my feeble way; (131) and this you may be sure is a great triumph for the Spirit of God.

I am sure that there has been an outbreak of prayer for me in some direction of late. Let them that obtained me the blessing, give God much praise and faint not, for my wants are yet vast. My wants include the wants of all this people. And oh, I feel that there is to be a tremendous display of God's power before this people will turn to the Lord. It is like trying to turn the paving stones in these bazaars into gold. Yet, will you believe it? I am inclined to look for such a tremendous display of God's power. Why should you not believe it? Does not such a Bible as ours warrant us in expecting even extravagant displays of God's Almighty peace? See in Eph 1.19, etc.,<sup>69</sup> the enabling amplitude placed at the disposal of believers. If

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<sup>67</sup> The Rooms refers to the Mission Board Headquarters.

<sup>68</sup> Probably the *Society of Enquiry on Missions* of the Princeton Theological Seminary.

<sup>69</sup> **Eph 1:19** and what is the exceeding greatness of His power toward us who believe, according to the working of His mighty power which He worked in Christ when He raised Him from the dead...



Christ does not {do} many mighty works here, it will be because of unbelief. And there is quite as much reason to think the grace of God will visit this people now, as at a later period; for their continued impenitence and idolatry are as may {be} calculated to propitiate them.

I read a sermon of Dr. Bushnell's <sup>70</sup> lately in the Nat. Preacher, upon serving God in little things, which has been of use to me. The thoughts were not new to me, but they deepened my previous impressions of the necessity of making everything we are called of God to do, of great importance. There is nothing trivial in the work of a Christian. "Whatever ye do, do it heartily" is a test that met my eye today. I believe the neglect of this duty cuts off a great many Christians from large blessings, and the observance of it will ensure the unlimited favor of God. God sets us the example herein. (132) The mosquito or the ant that crawls over my paper reminds me that God summons all His perfections about Him, whatever work he undertakes, great or small. The vast sum of our influence flows through the meanest minutiae, but we think of influence generally only in connection with the great things of life.

Bro. Wood and his wife are at Ahmednugger still. Her health is somewhat improving. Mr. and Mrs. French of Seroor are expected in Bombay on their way to America. The state of the French's health is the cause of their return. Mr. Hume has gone to Vasrick on a little train. Where Bro. Wood and myself will be settled will not probably be settled for 6 months. We are at this time writing to the Board with respect to it. I feel more and more every day the importance of Bombay as a place of missionary labor. And shall not be disappointed if God helps us here. Things look encouraging at Ahmednugger, and the brethren there are expecting the gospel to have free course soon.

The mail leaves suddenly and I must finish this letter quickly if I am to send it at all. This morning, as usual, I was again in the thoroughfares of Bombay with books, and was detained a long time with a man who wanted to discuss the truth of Christ. How God could have a Son, how he could be born without a human father, etc., etc. It is generally Musselmen that trouble us with these questions, but this was a Hindoo. When people who will not understand, trouble me with these questions, I generally address myself to their consciences and set forth their need of this Saviour. I find that the communication of the two great commands impress them much. They see and admit the excellence of these commands, and every one is convicted of his own failures with respect to them.

(133) Sometimes I have to hear the most dreadful blasphemies concerning Christ, and am myself sometimes rudely treated. I have been quite astonished at the composure and forgiveness with which I have been enabled to meet this treatment. This is surely the finger of God. This morning, when surrounded by a large crowd, a devotee made his way towards me, the crowd giving way, and prostrated himself at my feet, folding his hands, and touching his forehead to the ground. He was not a beggar; said not a word, but having performed this act of worship, rose and took his departure. You may conceive my feelings. While he swayed prostrate on the ground, I broke forth into a vehement deprecation of such wickedness, and told the assembled multitude that there was no more certain way of drawing down the indignation of God, than to perform and exercise such acts. The crowd which was before tumultuous and noisy, were hushed at once, and seemed as I spoke, to get

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<sup>70</sup> Horace Bushnell (1802-1876); American Congregational minister and theologian.

a new idea of the holiness of God. They seemed astonished that I should be affected in such a way and so greatly by the circumstance.

Nothing is more common than man-worship here. Saccarem, my old pundit, performed the Shraadh ceremony the other day (the annual worship of ancestors). Mr. Shuitra, my present pundit, was there and told me about it. Siri Brahmins are held in a place of honor. One represented Saccarem's deceased father, one his grandfather, one his great-grandfather, and one his great-great-grandfather; and two of them gods. These were severally worshipped by Saccarem, and offerings made to them of the clerical kinds of food. This food was offered to them with prostrations and a portion of members. (134) Having eaten it, and received each a present of money, they went away; and the assembled guests sat down to dinner. Yet this Saccarem has been with Christians 20 years.

In view of such facts, many despair of success, fold their hands & wait for the second advent of Christ. But there was no second advent needed for the success of the gospel in primitive times, and God has at his command all the resources then employed. There is to be another advent. It is described in Rev. 21 in the words, "I, John, saw the holy city; new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven." I look for the advent of Christ in his church. The church is his present body. She will come down out of heaven. All the sinners will know her to be heaven-descended, the daughter of God. In the 11<sup>th</sup> verse it is said, "having the glory of God." God's glory shall be seen by a sinful and carnal world that will not believe unless they see signs and wonders.

Give my love to all. Perhaps Frank is with you. Oh may I soon hear that he is with you in Christ. My love to Nat's family. May the Prince of Peace himself grant you peace always, by all means. Yours,

George Bowen.

**Note:** The letter originally located here in the collection, misdated Jan 16, 1849, has been moved to its proper position, Jan 16, 1850. Hence the gap in the page numbers below.

***Friends. Bombay. Feb. 12, 1849***

Beloved friends.

I write to you all at once, Ma, Harriet, Kate & Frank, if he is at home. I feel as though it were long since I had written. Five months have gone by. In this time I have only received one letter, the joint production of Harriet and Kate, in which Harriet told me of her having entered on her labor as a teacher. How great the goodness of the Lord in preparing her, in finding her employment under congenial circumstances, and in causing her to take an [interest] in her work. Let us forbear to say, *I prayed and prayed in vain*. The blessing comes not wearing the aspect we expected, but it comes. We suppose that if we pray for spiritual blessings, we are not [like] to be thus mistaken, but must receive the thing we ask for. But I am more and more convinced every day that the nature of true spiritual blessings is not rightly understood, and that many weary God a life long with these prayers, and are unblest because they have a false theory of sanctification in their minds. I am continually taught the importance of expecting long. (139) In these very days, and in this distant land, the answers to prayer offered years ago, come rolling in [apace since].

There came also a note from Bro. King, written under the impression that I was no more. I long to receive letters telling that the news of God's wonderful mercy in restoring me to His earthly service have reached you. Dear friends, I trust that the Lord has far more healed the wounds you were suffering from in November.

I received a very affectionate letter from Bro. Ford the other day. He sends his best love to you all, and so does his wife. Bro. Wood and his wife are still absent in the Deccan, though he himself was down here for a week or so. They are going to Mahabaleshwar to spend some months. How great this trial. Her health continues what it was. Pray for them that they may not be hindered from their work any more. Though Bro. Wood, I trust, has been improving his time somewhat at Ahmednugger. Bro. and Mrs. French left since I wrote last, and you will probably see them in New York one day.

I believe when I wrote last, I had begun the practice of visiting the thoroughfares of the city every morning with books. I have kept it up regularly till the present time. Since the beginning of the year, I have disposed of 1200 books. We are obliged to *sell* them to keep them from being destroyed. I am out about 3 hours and have abundant opportunity of making known the gospel. I am well known all over the city and, must I say it, exceedingly hated. But it is not *me* they hate; it is my master; and because they cannot reach him, they lay hands on me. I have been pretty roughly treated. I am often struck and pushed; they have many times knocked off my hat, and tried to throw me down; (140) sometimes they have wrenched all my books out of my hand and either destroyed them, or carried them off; and on one occasion, I walked for more than a quarter of a mile, pelted with stones, and followed by perhaps a hundred musselmen. A parsee was much moved at the sight, took me by the hand and led me into his store, where I sat for a few minutes, and then went on my way, while followed and molested. I have been warned at certain times, not to go into certain quarters, for the people were preparing to beat me.

I may say that in the exceeding goodness of God, my soul is kept at such times in perfect peace. There is not the least arising of fear or anger. The policemen do not interfere; I feel that I am alone with my God, but what more do I want? He is able to make me triumph single-handed over this great population. Their hostility is more marked from day to day; as they see my evident purpose of forcing the gospel before their notice. I am looking for speedy displays of the power and grace of God.

I have written, printed, and sent a letter to my missionary brethren of all denominations, upon the proper mode of life for a missionary. My mind has been much drawn to the subject, and I have become thoroughly convinced that we have hitherto been in error on the subject, and that the ministerial standard of the N. Testament is the only safe standard for us. And I have determined that by the grace of God, I will put myself in that position which I think Christ has marked out for me, and in which alone I think I can enjoy the ample blessings of God upon my labors.

### ***Leaving the Mission***

My dear, dear friends, I had anticipated the happiness of contributing somewhat to your support, but the time has come when I must commit you again to my Saviour (141), trusting to him to make up many fold my deficiencies. I have felt it incumbent on me, for reasons perhaps, that no one not occupying my position can appreciate, to renounce my salary; and I have done so. I expect henceforth to support myself. In this there will be no difficulty. The style in which I expect to live will not require me to spend more than 2 or 3 hours a day as a writer, probably in some public office. Why do I do this? Because I feel the absolute importance of exhibiting Christianity in its strong distinctive features in my life. It must be acted out, or these people will never know it, though hundreds of missionaries live and die preaching the gospel among them. There is a precept requiring me to renounce my salary, but I have the example of Paul; and I think the spirit of the gospel carried to its full strength, would lead a person situated as I am to adopt this course. My situation in many respects is different from other missionaries.

Tomorrow I expect to leave the mission premises, and take up my abode in another and very different place, in the house of a poor man, a Christian. Of course, I give pain to my brethren. But the fear of giving pain has kept me silent a whole year, and I conclude it is better to give them pain than to give it to Christ. For I found a wall in my path, and a vault of brass above me, and God told me that I would in vain beat against that wall; and my prayers in vain assail that vault, till I obeyed the word of his gospel, and destroyed the discrepancy which the natives saw between my life & my preaching.

**13<sup>th</sup>.** Since writing the foregoing, I have taken the step referred to (142), and am now occupying a humble room in a humble house, probably such a one as Simon the fisherman lived in in Capernaum, and who had Christ for his guest. My soul is filled with peculiar joy and gratitude. A load is removed that I have borne a long time. Things are told in few words which have cost me long, long struggles. I am living with a Christian in the style that native converts would be expected to live in. I have often heard the question agitated how shall converts live? If they live like missionaries, and are admitted to their table, they will be lifted up with pride; and if they do not, invidious comparisons will be made, and discontent be engendered. I think this difficulty is only to be solved by a course like that I am now pursuing.

As I was distributing books in the street the other morning, I was accosted by an Englishman who, after a few words, burst into tears and exhibited great distress. He was burdened with a sense of his sins, and thought himself beyond hope. He was a slave to drink, he said, and judged himself given over by God. He has in other days been a prospering Christian. I have seen him several times since, and have become most interested in him. He was in the army and once shot a man dead when under the influence of strong religious excitement. It seemed to him, he was going to hell, and he thought he would not go alone. He was condemned to die, but pardoned on the ground of temporary insanity. He seems to have had much religious experience. Since the day I saw him, he has left off drinking, and light seems to be arising in his soul. He talks something of learning the language that he may labor among the natives. His name is Whitfield.

(143) There is a converted Parsee, a minister of the gospel, a truly excellent and cultivated young man. He became lately engaged to a young English lady, who is teaching a school

here. You cannot conceive of the excitement caused by this intelligence among the European population. The papers were full of the most indignant articles, as though a dishonour were done to the whole body of Europeans. I mention this to show the absurd and wicked prejudice existing here. Members of the Scotch Free church said they would leave if Mr. Fraser married them. The engagement was broken off.

This Mr. Fraser is an excellent man. It is remarkable that when I was a clerk in Pa's & Nat's store, he was a clerk in Dremus, Leydam, and Nixon's — in the same building on Pearl str. See what God has done. He is an American. I conduct a prayer meeting every Tuesday evening at the house of an Englishman where a good many assemble. The girls from Mrs. Hume's boarding school joined the church at the last Communion [occasion]. I partook of the communion last Sabbath in the Scotch Church & had much pleasure in remembering and praying for you, who I suppose partook of the communion at the same time.

A sailor came to our house some weeks ago, under deep concern of mind. He comes from Finland originally; but hails now from America. No one had ever spoken to him about his salvation; but Baxter's *Saints Rest* <sup>71</sup> had been the blessed instrument. I judged him truly converted. He belongs to the *Matilda*. I gave him a line for you. How I long to have some such news of Frank. I have not heard yet of Frank's arrival.

The kindly and fraternal feelings of the other missionaries toward me (144 ), appear not to be diminished, nor do they offer any obstacle to me in my new arrangements. My connection with them and with the Board will I trust remain as it was.

If you think proper, you may copy off any item of interest in this letter and give them to the Mercer str. church. I would like to write to the church but shall hardly have time this mail.

I am learning the Gujaratha <sup>72</sup> language. The majority of the natives in Bombay are found among those using this language. It is very easy. And I feel the necessity of it in my daily rounds.

The impression is deepening in my mind that the church must return to the primitive style in all things, before the Spirit will be largely given. Why is it that while in his providence God is so amazingly at work, He is doing so little in His church? I believe the reason to be that Christians despise certain things that Christ insisted on. I am inclined to think that such pious persons are doing more than any other class of persons, to hinder the gospel. And the more pious they are, while they remain rich, the more pernicious their influence. The world loves such Christians. Beware therefore of their influence. It may be pleasant to talk over religious experience with them, but beware of them. There is another gospel in the church, and therefore God stands aloof. We have revised and improved the gospel for modern times. Read the sermon on the mount as though for the first time!

It has given me much satisfaction to hear of Bro. Humphrys' attention to his seminary studies. Thanks to Dr. Smith and others for their kind remembrances. Give my love to him

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<sup>71</sup> Richard Baxter, *Saints' Everlasting Rest* (1650).

<sup>72</sup> That is, Gujarati.

(145) and bid him not fear to follow the word of God, wherever it may lead him. God keep him from that sect of Christianity which will make him acceptable to the world.

I cannot tell you how happy I am in my poverty, that is, so far as I have time to be happy. My mind is wholly absorbed in desire for the displays of God's glory here. My wish is to die if I may not see that glory revealed. It would be insupportable to me, I think, without the hope of the speedy coming of Christ in his church.

It is long since I have heard of Mrs. Lee. Does she still pray for me? You once mentioned that Mrs. Hunter wished me to write a few lines to her. You will find them enclosed. How are Rosey, Sarah, and Emeline?

Dear friends, if the step I am now taking should [induce] privation and suffering on your part, I think you will be willing to bear it. You love the cause I am engaged in, and are willing to go halves with me in the expense of my present cause. I refer to my withholding what I engaged to send. But you have already and repeatedly declined it, in your love to me. Give my love to Nat, Antoinette, and the children; to Fred King, and to Richard; to Lowery, Lockwood and those, to Elle Eaton. To every seminary student. To the Reids and those; to Mrs. Seely (whose name you mentioned) to Mrs. Mooney; the Mercer str. Church. My health is good.

George Bowen

(146)

***Brethren. Bombay. January 8, 1849.***

***What is the True Missionary Life***

*Discussed in a letter from a Missionary to his Brethren* <sup>73</sup>

Dear Brethren in the Lord.

My mind has been much at work of late upon this question: What mode of life should a Missionary adopt in order to have the full approbation of his Master? Believing that Christ would not willingly have us remain in the dark concerning a question of this kind, I have studied the word of God in the sure expectation of finding the needed light. The conclusions to which I find myself tending are so different from these which I suppose to be entertained by my brethren in the ministry, that it has seemed best, before definitely making up my mind as to what is duty, to submit to them my views so far as they are formed, and solicit an expression of their opinion concerning them.

I have felt considerable pain while resolving this matter, in view of the pain I might possibly give you by adopting a new standard of missionary life. But this is in a measure surmised by the reflection that in adopting your present style of life, you have acted on principle and conscientiously, as truly as I now am in addressing you; and that it will be no more difficult for you and less painful, to give the reasons why your style of life is what it is, than for me to state the thoughts which have arisen in my own mind. Light is as much an object (aim) to you as to me. By an amicable and earnest discussion, light may be evolved, and cannot

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<sup>73</sup> A copy of this letter fell into the hands of the local press. See his letter to Harriet dated Sept. 14, 1849. The text of it varies only nominally from the one contained in Speer's biography of Bowen.

possibly be extinguished or diminished. And I conclude that you will welcome this discussion, and spare me a portion of your time sufficient to read, digest, and perhaps reply to the following considerations.

The question, more fully stated is this: Shall the Missionary live as a rich man or a poor man? (147) If as a poor man, shall it be according to the European idea of poverty, or the Hindoo? Shall his style of living be luxurious, or comfortable, or self-denying? Shall his salary be large, or moderate, or as little as possible? Shall he have an expensive equipage,<sup>74</sup> or a plain one, or none at all? Shall he have many servants, few, or none at all?

Perhaps the opinion of some may be, that this question is an unimportant one. The things upon which the Bible lays stress are of another and higher character. The great scope of the Bible is to lead Christians to set their affections upon things above, not on things on the earth; and if they live with their affections detached from these things, it is a matter of comparatively little consequence, whether they detach these things from their lives or not. Two persons may live together in the same style and participate in the same comforts, but God who sees the heart, may know that one is bound up in these comforts, while the other disregards them and has his treasure in heaven. There is a wide interval between their spiritual natures; this interval, if not represented in their use of worldly goods, is in many more important things; and this suffices to God. I have at times been disposed to entertain this opinion, but recent study of the scriptures leads me to reject it.

The Bible does not represent the externals of a Christian life as unimportant. When Christ sent forth the twelve (see 9th of Luke), he with remarkable conciseness bade them preach the kingdom of God, and with equally remarkable amplitude, instructs them as to the mode of life they were to follow, taking up successively the questions of a scrip (bag); a staff, gold, silver, brass, coats, shoes, food, and housing. The same thing is observable in his directions to the seventy. Whether these commands related exclusively to the disciples of that day, or otherwise, is a question I do not here agitate. (148) I quote them to show that the question — What sort of life is suited to the missionary? — is one considered by the Lord Jesus Christ not unimportant. He has expressively declared it to be important, even in all its particulars, and to its minutest details. He has caused these instructions to be recorded no less than four times in the everlasting gospel (see Mat. 18; Mark 6; Luk 9 and 10). He has taken care to notify us concerning his own mode of life, that he hungered, thirsted, and had not where to lay his head.

The mode of life of the apostles is described with a particularity and a frequency, and an emphasis, that utterly forbid the supposition that this is a matter of inferior importance. It seems to have been the earnest endeavour of Paul to exhibit himself to the church as a model minister of Jesus Christ; and it cannot escape the notice of anyone who contemplates his picture as it is portrayed in the Epistles, that the details of his manner of living have a prominent part in that picture. In 1Cor 4.11 he writes, “Even unto this present hour we both hunger and thirst, and are naked and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling place, and labor, working with our own hands.” And that this was voluntary appears from the 9<sup>th</sup> chapter, where he says, “Have we not power to eat and to drink? Have we not power to

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<sup>74</sup> A vehicle with wheels drawn by one or more horses.

forbear working? We have not used this power, but suffer all things, lest we should hinder the gospel of Christ.” And to the Thessalonians he writes, “Not because we have not power, but to make ourselves an example unto you to follow us.” In 2Cor 6 he gives a catalogue of the proofs by which he substantiates himself among men, as a true minister of the true God, and among them appear, “necessities, distresses, poverty, utter destitution.” “As poor, yet making many rich, as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.” See also 2Cor 11.27. (149) It is impossible for me in view of these and many similar passages, to escape the conviction that the question which I have introduced is one of consequence. We are, I think, to believe, upon the testimony of God’s word, that there is a style of life peculiarly adapted to the Missionary, and which Christ, for reasons well known to himself, whether obvious to us or not, greatly desires to see his servants adopt.

What now is that style of life? It is that style that is but calculated to convince an ungodly sensual world, that a divine power has been at work within us, transforming us, so that we are no longer like them, engrossed by the pleasures of this world, but are possessed of something that satisfies us independently of what this world can give. Men are carnal, and as carnal God addresses them. We would give them sensible proofs of the Christian religion. The eloquence and logic of an angel would fail to arrest them, for the very reason that he is an angel. But let a servant of God give full proof of deadness to the world, that world to which they are so enslaved, and their attention is arrested. They are amazingly under the power of their appetites and lusts; and the sight of a man having all these in perfect subjugation must startle them.

But the inward victory shall never be known to them, till its trophies are exhibited to their senses, through the medium of the life. The high aims of the Christian can only be known to them by a demonstration parallel to their senses. So long as there is the least supposable foundation for skepticism, they will be skeptical about these high aims, and will refuse to believe the minister of Christ {is} indifferent to comforts and luxuries, and the gratifications of sense, and reputation and distinction (150), until they see him throwing these behind his back, and signifying by his treatment of them the disesteem in which he holds them. Until that moment, though the spirit be really in his heart, though he be truly seeking the glory of God, and the good of men, though his affections be truly alienated from the objects of sense, yet the world will not believe in his transformation, or impute to him any principles superior to those that govern themselves.

And if it should so happen that the very things they seek after, which they feed their imaginations on when alone, dream about at night, converse about among themselves, labor year after year by fair means, or fail to obtain — if these very things should happen to be found in the Missionary’s life, will they not be fatal to the production of that evidence which the Gospel is aiming to produce! Let a man with one hand offer the Gospel to a crowd of heathen, and at the same time be handling a purse of gold in the other, will they give much heed to his message? No, he must put the gold out of sight if he would have them listen to his words. There is a fascination about the gold, which binds up all their senses, and baffles all attempts to secure their attention to the Gospel. Money is their God; they worship it and the things it procures. If when they come to see us, they find their gods with us — viz.,



money, authority, luxury, distinction — they will honor us because their gods are with us, and will envy us.

But their respect will not be of a kind favorable to religious influence; nor will they be ready to discover the evidence that we are transformed from our original natures, or that Omnipotence dwells in the bosom of the Christian Church. It is not sufficient that we do not idolize the things they idolize; we must openly and unequivocally disown those things. It is not enough that we can use those things without being contaminated by them; we are to reject them because they contaminate others and because others will not reject them while we esteem them. (151) Men are carnal, and the evidence which spiritual persons can detect, are hid from them. Therefore, the style of life which Christ enjoins upon us, is that which will tend to flash upon their very vision, the evidence that we are born of God, and are looking to things unseen and eternal. This species of proof should come first; in itself insufficient, but indispensable as a preliminary. When they have received this, they will be ready to inquire for others; but till then, they will be indifferent to others.

The glory of the Christian religion is not only in the purity of its law, but in the sanctions of that law; not only in the security of its morality, but in its power to engrave that morality in the hearts of its believers. There is much about morality to be found in some of the sacred books of the Hindoos, but then their religion is utterly impotent to enforce the observation of that morality. There is but one religion that can really transform, and Christ would have the transformational effects be exhibited to the eyes of men. “Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good deeds, and glorify,” not you, but “your Father which is in heaven.” It is not enough that God is the witness of our renewed nature; that the spiritual in heaven and earth behold it; but an ungodly, carnal world must see it. The apostles could say, “We are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men.”

The style of life which is adapted to give proof in favor of Christianity, is also adapted to exhibit it, and make beholders acquainted with the great characteristics of the gospel. In 2Thess 3.8, Paul says, “We wrought with labor and travail, night and day, not because we have not power, but to make ourselves an example unto you to follow us.” Paul was not necessitated to support himself by his own hands there; and seeing that he was a solitary representative of Christ (152), and depository of Christian truth in the midst of that heathen city, seeing that his time as a minister of the gospel was of unspeakable, incomparable nature, it is a thing to be wondered at that he did not avail himself of the means of substance furnished him in the providence of God. It would seem that if there was ever a minister of the gospel called upon by his position to let work alone, and give himself exclusively to the gospel, it was Paul in Thessalonica. If, then, he could so purposely sacrifice his time, how much importance must he have attached to the end in view, viz. the exhibition of a model life. I do not cite this in favor of the notion that ministers should support themselves by their own hands; but as showing in what great account he held the outward exhibition of those principles which Christ had implanted in him.

Though filled with the Holy Ghost, he left off preaching and went to work; and what for? Why, he aimed at no other thing in working than in preaching. In fact, it was part of his preaching, and regarded by himself as indispensable. It was, as it were, the interpreter of his oral preaching, without which the latter would not have been understood by the people. And

we may preach the gospel for hundreds of years in India, by word of mouth and by the printed page, but until it be incorporated in our life, and that too, in a way adapted to the dull apprehensions and sensuous nature of the Hindoos, they will not understand it. The power of the human mind to remain ignorant of divine truth under the most rigorous and long continued efforts to enlighten it, is one of the mysteries of human depravity, and one which will continue to meet us and dishearten us, till we adapt the apostolic way of blending the language and the life.

Whether we will it or not, our manner of life is the great interpreter of the gospel, to the people we dwell among. They hear us say (153), "Whichever of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple," and to know the meaning of these words, they look to our life. If its true interpretation is not found in these, then its true interpretation will never reach them. If they see there, instead of a vacuum of the things they covet, an abundance of them, the words have at once lost all their life and power. Five times, speaking by the Holy Ghost, Paul enjoins upon us to follow him as he followed Christ. To Timothy he says, "Be thou an example of the believers." To Titus, "In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works." The Missionary must be a pattern man, and render his life an irresistible sermon on the word, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world."

These considerations lead inevitably to the conclusion that Christ would have us exhibit in our mode of living, to those we preach to, and in a manner comprehensible to them, the principles of the gospel which are susceptible of being so exhibited. And here one remarkable feature in the position of a missionary to the heathen, presents itself to our notice. He may go so far in self-denial as to exhibit this grace to the circle in which he was brought up. He may go far there, even so far as to exhibit it to the church at home generally. He may go farther, even so far as to exhibit it to his brother missionaries. Yet after all this, he has not begun to exhibit it to the heathen. This is owing to the great poverty, plainness of living, and absence of comfort of the heathen, compared with Christian nations. That style of living which would be decidedly moderate at home, is princely in the eyes of the natives of India. A hundred pounds or two hundred pounds a year, makes a man a nobleman in the estimation of the mass of these natives, and they are utterly without a faculty to discern in the life of such a one, the exhibition of self-denial. There exists between the Sahib-lok and the natives a vast interval (154), and the former are mutually, in respect to the position they occupy, the nobility of the land. To see them, the people must look up. In their hands are the treasures of the land; at their disposal the offices; and in their favor, reputation — and those whose aspirations are for these things, look to them. They occupy one level, and the people another.

Now, if the Missionary of the Gospel be identified with them, he will be clothed with a certain external superiority, altogether in the way of his exerting such an influence as flowed from the life of Paul and his fellow laborers. When the Missionary Sahib goes into the Bazaar to make known the Gospel, he will be as one standing on a pedestal. The people will look upon him as one who is above them in the worldly scale; and while he and they occupy positions so unequal, they will remain ignorant of the true principles of the Gospel. It may be that in order to reach a position which seems to them elevated, the missionary has really descended much; it may be that in leaving his native land, and the bosom of his loved

Church to take up his abode among heathen, he has made a sacrifice greater than they can conceive of; but it is not a sacrifice palpable to their apprehensions; and they will simply view him as occupying a position which they would love to occupy. He must destroy that pedestal from under him, if he would embody to their eyes the doctrine which Christ made so prominent. “Deny thyself and take up thy cross and follow Me.” As he had renounced his native land, he must renounce his Sahibship. In the providence of God there is given him this opportunity of showing to the heathen, the all-sufficiency of Christ, and the indifference felt by Christians for those things which constitute the elysium <sup>75</sup> of the world. Those steps in his course of self-renunciation, which preceded his arrival among the heathen, are hid from them; but this is one that will meet their eye, and deeply impress their minds.

If it be said that there is something in these adventitious distinctions that give us an influence over the native mind (155), and that we have no right to throw away this influence, I would in the first place suggest that no account is made of this sort of influence in the Bible, and in the next place ask whether anything in actual experience shows it to be of value. How long and in what plenitude have we enjoyed it, how ample the experiment made; yet what are the results? Those who have been attracted to us by means of the worldly advantages connected with our position, how insensible they have remained to the religious influences we have sought to exert.

How common the remark that those who have served us longest and derived the largest emoluments, are those who appear least affected by the Gospel. And if from this number, in the course of many years, one, two, or three converts be gathered, the mixture of worldly and religious influence to which they have been subjected, manifests itself in a vitiated and obscure piety. Our true weapons are not carnal. If we have worldly ends to accomplish, then this worldly influence is valuable; but if we aim at gospel ends, it is at the best worthless. It may be favorable to false religions but is doubtless adverse to the true. We conquer by renouncing such advantages. When we are weak, we are strong.

If it be said that the church at large, even the most pious and devoted portion of it, demand no such thing at our hands, and pass no censure upon our present manner of life, I admit it; and beg in reply, to present the following consideration. Missionaries are placed by Christ in the van of the church; and he does not expect that the main body of the church will be keener sighted to discover truth than they. But on the contrary, that they (missionaries), as true pioneers, will be first to see what is yet unseen, and afterwards instruct the church to see it. In the body of the church there exists no power to redeem the church from a low state of piety to a higher. How to effect this is the problem of problems. The tendency in the world is for each man to model his conscience upon that of his neighbour, and this tendency is of overwhelming power and universality. The same tendency exists in the church (156); and the members of it generally, cannot possibly find in the word of God any higher standard of Christian duty than is reflected in the lives of the more pious of their number.

How stupendous the measures adopted by Christ at the beginning of our dispensation, to re-create the conscience of the church. Having become a man, he selected twelve from the lower walks of life, separated them from the mass of believers, and taking them into closest

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<sup>75</sup> *Elysium*: A place or condition of ideal happiness; heaven; paradise.

intimacy with himself, proceeded to delineate before their eyes in his own life, the true standard. Finally, having by his example and instructions, and by the Holy Spirit, molded them to his liking, he gave them, and in them, a new and right Christian conscience to the Church. How unspeakable the gift! And what vast consequences depended on the careful perpetuation of that standard! For when after a century or two it was lost, it remained lost. For more than twelve centuries, a darkness brooded on the church, which she was impotent to remove. There appear to have existed some few true Christians in the Roman church, as Thomas á Kempis and others; but these good men, though lovers and students of the Bible, could study it to the end of their lives without ever surmising that popery with her monstrous errors, was not in it, or that it contained doctrines so unmitigably hostile to the system of popery.

And let us hearken to Luther: "Learn from me," he says, "how difficult a thing it is to throw off errors confirmed by the example of all the world, and which through long habits have become a second nature to us. Though I had been seven years reading and publicly explaining the Holy Scriptures with great zeal, so that I knew them almost by heart, I yet clung still with obstinacy to popery." And what a striking illustration of this have we in the utter and universal disregard shown for fifteen centuries to the last great command of our Saviour. (157) During all that time this ponderous command lay lightly as a feather on the conscience of the church, and good men could live and die without ever once suspecting their obligations to evangelize the heathen. It was by the work of the Holy Ghost upon the conscience of individuals, that God effected the Reformation; and it was in the same way that Christ brought again to the understanding of the church his last command. And in all probability this piecemeal resurrection of the word of God has but begun, and magnificent truths are lying there, as in a; mausoleum, undreamt of by us; yes, doubtless there are discoveries of Christian duty, as well as of the riches of Christ's grace, yet to be made, no less startling than those we now rejoice over. Therefore it will by no means do for us to adopt the conscience of the church as the measure of our own, but rather resist it in its poverty and narrowness; and with great ardor seek to vivify and embody in our own lives, those principles which are yet uncomprehended in it.

All things considered, it were a burning shame for us to be satisfied with that meager view of our responsibility which the church entertains. And if the church makes a disproportionate estimate of the comparative responsibility resting on her and on us, with that mistake we have nothing to do. The great mistake which it concerns us to rectify is in the defective notion entertained of our responsibility compared with that which Christ entertains, and so abundantly displays in His word. He has written our responsibility in the lives of Paul and Peter and John; has promised us grace as unbounded as they enjoyed; and will expect us to answer for any falsification or reduction of the Apostolic standard, brought to pass through our lives. — The leaders of the church and the main body of the church are connected by a chain, and by the full length of that chain are separated. She considers it her privilege to be at a certain distance from them; and while so much of her pristine corruption remains, she will use that privilege. They, seeing her inferior standing (158), make war upon it, but in vain. There is but one way in which they can elevate her: it is by going higher themselves. She will rigidly maintain the existing interval, and the existing connection; in order to maintain them, she must reach a higher consecration. Then will be fulfilled the word of the

prophet Isaiah: “For brass I will bring gold; and for iron I will bring silver; and for wood, brass, and for stones, *iron*.”

The gospel is represented as something swift-moving, and powerful. It is compared to fire, to a runner, and the wings of an angel flying in the free heaven are given to it. But what has it been in India? Like an eagle shorn of its wings, a smothered flame, a sword all hacked and rusty. To account for this modern paralysis of our glorious gospel, we have had recourse to the strength of human depravity on the one hand, and on the other the sovereignty of Him we serve. But the glory of the gospel is in this very thing: that it is omnipotent in the face of human depravity, and of the allied forces marshalled under Satan; that it is omnipotent with respect to the very maturity and perfection of sin. As respects the divine sovereignty, I acknowledge it becomes us blind mortals, led in a path we know not, greatly to reverence this attribute of God. But until we have made full proof of the measures indicated in the gospel, until we have done the things commanded us, we cannot conscientiously account for the apparent decrepitude of the gospel by referring it to a decree of God. There are decrees of God which relate to our present conduct, and there is good reason to believe that by obeying these we shall fulfill the conditions upon which success is depending. I do not suppose that by conforming to apostolic simplicity and self-renunciation, we shall necessarily convert souls. We might make all the sacrifices mentioned (159), and without the descent of the Spirit, things would go on as they have heretofore done. But the great argument is this: that we would thereby honor the Word, and Him that gave it, and secure a larger measure of the approbation of our Master than we now enjoy; and would consequently be justified in expecting the answer to our prayers for an outpouring of the Spirit.

Our Saviour, though the Lord of all grace, is an absolute Master. In all his dispensations from the foundation of the world to the present time, we clearly discern this controlling principle, namely, a withholding of the blessing until the appointed conditions be fulfilled. Though *we believe not, he abideth faithful*. If we dishonor the word, He will honor it. With all His boundless compassion to a dying world, he does not hesitate to stretch a heaven of brass over the whole circumference of a disobedient Christendom, until His servants arise and loose the Bible from its convent chains. He leaves the heathen under the unbroken sway of the Prince of the world, for fifteen centuries, till individuals present themselves in the church and utter the long-lost words, “Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.” If then it appears that the standard of self-denial in the primitive church is in any sense a standard given to us, we may well believe that the decree concerning the salvation of the heathen is a decree postponed to that which requires our conformity to that standard; and that this, our conformity, will be the signal for the outpouring of those treasures which have been hitherto detained so unwillingly upon the throne of grace.

The exceeding great and precious promises that stand out upon the front of God’s word, how long have they refused to yield virtue to our touch! <sup>76</sup> They have seemed to say to us, “Jesus we know, and Paul we know, but who are ye?” Our garb and lineaments <sup>77</sup> are strange

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<sup>76</sup> **Luk 6:19** And the whole multitude sought to touch him: for there went virtue out of him, and healed *them* all.

<sup>77</sup> *Lineaments*: characteristic properties defining the apparent (visible) nature of something or someone.

to them; in vain we protest that Christ is in our hearts. “We know you not,” they say, and add (160) “He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also so walk even as he walked.” To show that Christ is in us, we must *put on Christ*, as one puts on armor; we must be *found in him*; we must *bear about in our bodies the dying of the Lord Jesus*; we must be *conformed to him* in his terrestrial and mortal image, that we may hereafter wear his celestial and incorruptible likeness. As there was a twofold transfiguration of Christ, one downward from glory to deepest abasement, the other to glory again; so there is to be a twofold transfiguration on our part: first through the deposition of the world’s paraphernalia, and afterwards by our glorification in the likeness of the heavenly Christ.

*If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him.* Therefore did Paul so passionately desire to experience the *fellowship of his sufferings*, to *fill up that which was behind of his afflictions*, and *be made conformable to his death*. “Let this mind be in you that was also in Christ Jesus, who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.” Let this mind be in us.

This objection may be made: We are in a hostile climate, and a due regard to the preservation of health demands the observance of the habits we have adopted. But this objection fails if there is any force in what has been urged. The adoption of the primitive standard has been urged on the ground that it has been authoritatively enjoined, that the command, “Go preach the gospel,” cannot possibly be fulfilled without it, that it is essential to the triumphs of the Gospel. We are under obligations to preserve our health, as we are to love father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters; but in Luke 14.26, Christ has subordinated these obligations to a higher. (161) Our great end is to be the glory of Christ; when the preservation of life and health may be a means to that end, we are to preserve them; when the sacrifice of them may be a means, we are to sacrifice them. “Christ is to be magnified in our bodies, whether it be by life or death.” Christ and his glorious characteristics must be manifested. This is necessary, and nothing else is.

Beloved brethren, as we are to stand before the great God and our Saviour in the day of account, let us remember the word of Christ, “The servant is not greater than his Lord.” It is to be feared we have made ourselves greater than our Lord. The servant who labors less than his master, consults <sup>78</sup> ease, comfort, luxury more than his master does, moves in a social sphere higher than that in which his master generally is found, refuses to be a partaker in his master’s penury, ignominy, and danger, such a servant makes himself greater than his Lord; such a disciple makes himself greater than his Master. The relations are thereby reversed, and every one would be ready to exclaim at a glance, that the master is the servant, and the servant the master. Is it not enough that the world disdains Christ, desires his abasement and humiliation, and would be content to have him for its galley slave? Is it not enough that the world has a hand to smite him with? a rod to scourge him with? a mouth to mock him with? has thorns for his head, nails for his hands and feet, and a spear for his side? But must we too lord it over him? Must we sit when he stands, ride when

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<sup>78</sup> *Consults*: here it means to consider, or look to.

he walks, live in fine mansions when he has no place to lay his head, and fare sumptuously when he hungers and thirsts?

Oh! Shall we not, my brethren, in the midst of this apostate, Christ-despising world, manifest a generous and true-hearted devotion to our Master? Shall we not take up the language of John, "He must increase, but I must decrease." "If any man serve me," said Christ, "let him follow me." (162) "He that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal." "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Here is a precious promise of much fruit; but it is at the other side of a certain death, to be accomplished: the death of self, honor, distinction, of ease. Let us die this death; let us be *crucified unto the world and the world unto us*. A master commits no injustice when he says to the servant who is come from the field, "make ready wherewith I may sup, and gird thyself and serve me;" and surely Christ makes no unjust requisition when he says, "the disciple shall be as his master."

Other arguments which will present themselves to your mind, I forbear to dwell upon. One, respecting the influence our manner of life will have in determining the tone of piety and consecration in the native church of India, seems to me of incalculable weight.

My dear brethren and fellow servants, are the views I have stated erroneous? Are they without a proper warrant in Scripture? And am I chargeable with rashness or arrogance in thus making them known to you? I hope I may not incur this censure. I have gone warily and reluctantly about this business, chastised to it, as it seems to me, by the Spirit of God. May that Spirit guide us into the truth, and make us mighty in the Scriptures, those Scriptures which were given *that the man of God might be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good work*. And whatever opinion you may form of the views I have expressed, believe that my earnest desire and unceasing prayer shall be for your most intimate union to Christ, and your much fruitfulness in Him.

G.B.

(163)

***Harriet. Bombay. April 14, 1849.***

My dear Harriet,

Two months have rolled by since I wrote you, two precious months. They have been to me as rich in religious experience as any month of my life. I have not a word yet to say of any results, anything accomplished out of myself; to an outward observer I am as useless and unprofitable as though I had never been brought to Christ, the fountain of influence; and yet never in all my Christian course did I know a greater contentedness or entertain a livelier persuasion of great things at hand. I cannot resist the inclination to make here an extract from my journal, written on the last Monthly Concert day.

"God has often blessed me in the day of prayer for Zion, and I had anticipated a great blessing for today, something less in fact than what I have been struggling toward these four months. But God perceives that there are still some steps in the ladder I am climbing, and is granting me that blessing which comes next in order, namely, a concrete view of what it is to be filled with all the fulness of God. How mysterious the Future, as regards *the times and the seasons which the Father hath put in His own power*.

“We know from his word, what is to come to pass; but the order, locality, period of events, we cannot predetermine. One after another, forty strange blessings have been given me since December, in the place of what I was struggling after; for I supposed that to be at hand, whose position was beyond all these, and perhaps beyond other blessings still to come. Why have I not found it in these 3 ½ years? Have I not been expecting every day to lay my hand upon the work for the prize of my high calling, and instead thereof, been receiving all the time from God, intermediate blessings? And with every blessing granted, and corresponding arrival of the mark & the prize (164), my estimate of this prize has been augmented. It is constantly developing a length and breadth and depth and height of glory quite unconceived of. So that each blessing only quickens my aspiration after that which is supreme and final. And blessed be the infinite God, that it is so, and that to all eternity I shall have before me a glorious prize, made more glorious by the prize from time to time attained to.”

I see that God delights in processes, and God has shown me how much more marvellously His wisdom, power, and love are revealed in this way, than by the instantaneous answer we solicit. In order to nourish our bodies, God pursues a process consisting of 10,000 perhaps, among say 10 million parts. If it were possible for us to trace every link of the chain beginning with the seed, and ending with the formation of flesh, and muscle, bone, teeth, hair, etc., we would have matter for a book ten times as large as the Bible. There is no microscope in the universe to detect the littleness of the steps God delights to take. And wherefore? The answer is simply this: All the perfections of God are revealed in every step he takes; so that in a process of 1/100,000 parts, there is 100,000-fold revelation of God.

Moreover, the revelation is ever varying. His perfections appear in a new light in every atom He takes up in His progress. So that if we saw nothing but the whole in its unity, we should have the very feeblest discovery of Him, compounded with what is afforded when we begin to trace the links. It is impossible to tell you how the Holy Ghost has been showing me the glory of God and the Redeemer in the Word and in Creation. Redemption has sent me to nature, and nature to Redemption again. The cross of Christ has given me the key to creation, so that the Works of God have undergone a Transfiguration around me; (165) and these again have impelled me to the Bible when I find any glory that I had no conception of before. I assure you that I had never any conception of heaven as a place for the revelation of God, equal to what I now realize here upon this earthly ball.

What is strange is that these things have been given in answer to prayers that were offered for something very different, namely, for the appearing of the New Jerusalem, and the glory of Christ in soldering all nations. But it has ceased to be strange; for I can see a connection. All these blessings have tended generally to increase my faith and my aspiration, and to create in me a passion for prayer, and to give me power with God; and the result will be that in God's good time the baptism of the Spirit will be given, either here or elsewhere, either to me or to somebody else. Perhaps the most prolific text to me has been this: “In him we live, and move, and have our being.” It has been as a chariot in which my Redeemer God has descended to me, and as a magic wand by which the very [virtues] of the word of God have been transferred to the visible creation, so that I find in everything exceeding great and precious promises.



I am now about leaving the house to which I then removed; but I shall never forget the room in which I write this, and which has been such a Bethel.<sup>79</sup> Shall I describe it? The solid earth is its floor; about half of it, however, clothed with my carpet; its walls are of mud; for windows there are two apertures about a foot square each; (166) the roof is slanting; its lower edge being about 6 feet and higher 15 feet from the ground, and covered with tiles, which let in the sun in about 20 places, making the room very cheerful. Through the door I look upon a plantain tree springing up out of a little cattle yard; and a little beyond it is a Tamarind tree. But you never hear such singing of birds as there is. The concert is almost deafening sometimes; many of the tones being exquisitely pleasing. But I am in the midst of great wickedness. I think if ever Satan had a habitation anywhere, it has been in this house where I am; all-wise God that has permitted it. For I think I have had just the trials I needed, and been enabled to bear them. I feel nothing but gratitude for the providence that has brought me here.

Much do I thank you and Kate and Ma for the letters secured about 3 weeks ago. I find myself as closely bound to you as ever I was, and am deeply interested in everything that concerns you all. Ma's few lines were very acceptable. I greatly praise the faithful Saviour for all he is doing for your temporal welfare. I don't like to see you anxious about my comforts. I am more solicitous about my own comfort than anyone can possibly be. I am seeking my comfort as diligently as any luxurious Englishman or New Englander is, and probably a great deal more successfully. But you know what is comfort to one man is not to another. Tastes and appetites and constitutions differ; and it is the privilege of every man in the Restaurant to call for what he pleases. We could easily dispense with the hospitality of the Laplander who should set before us dishes of whale oil. Now this I say, that I suffer no discomfort from the absence of what people generally regard as the comforts and conveniences of life. If I were to set down to a most sumptuous banquet every day (167), I would choose from all, bread and water, as that which suited my taste best. The impenitent don't understand this; and they suppose that it is merely under the pressure of some strange dream of duty, that a man does this. They entirely refuse to believe that he is in heart indifferent.<sup>80</sup> Now, it is a wonder if they think so; but it seems to me that it is a wonder when *Christians* adopt this way of thinking.

If there is one distinctive thing in the gospel, it is this: that the believer in Christ is made independent of earthly comforts. And one great end of his calling is to give the evidence of this to the world, and cause them to know by his daily life that the knowledge of Christ is satisfying, and tends to appease not *one* want of our nature, but all wants. There is something in my opinion very dishonoring and criminal in the regard shown by Christians to the matter of their personal comfort. And I fear from some remarks you make, Harriet, that you have not attained yet to a true sympathy with the gospel and a justly balanced view of your calling. Is not self-denial as conspicuous a feature in the gospel as any other grace? Is it not the great thing exhibited in a dying Savior? Is not the Cross a tremendous effort to wean us from self? From first to last, it is the aim of Christ, as it is His glory, to be our All-

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<sup>79</sup> *Bethel*: literally, a house of God.

<sup>80</sup> That is, indifferent to all the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries of this world.

sufficiency. He hates our earthly comforts, *why*? Because He grudges us the pleasure we derive from them? Not so; but because He grudges them the privilege of blessing us. I tell you, and whatever Christian will faithfully consider it, will acknowledge it, that the more we cut ourselves off from earthly comforts, and forbid them to give us satisfaction, the intenser will be our desire for Christ. And I do not need to tell you that such desires are the prelude to joys unspeakable.

I hear people speak about these things as the small dust of the balance. If it be so, then the Saviour spent much of His time in weighing small dust (168); and the Apostle very much misunderstood the Christian calling. Christ says, "he that breaketh one of these least commandments, and teacheth men so, shall be esteemed least in the kingdom of heaven." That is, he who regards any of the things enjoined in the Sermon on the Mount as insignificant, will himself appear insignificant and good for nothing in the last day when the church exhibits the true standard. And I incline to think that these things which many Christians speak so contemptuously of, are really the most formidable mountains in their way.

Why is there such an intense reluctance to make this trial? When individuals or the churches are in a state of depression, why is it that we see this and that measure adopted, but never an individual rising up to obey the command, "Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and come, follow me." "Provide not for yourselves treasures on the earth." "Forsake all things and follow me." "Take no thought what ye shall eat," etc., etc. Self-denial is frightful to those who are without faith. But surely it is an unspeakable shame that those who have faith in Christ, should shrink from it. And I am convinced that there is no growth of faith where there is not a corresponding readiness to cover our faith in self-denial.

You may be sure that there is to be a tremendous earthquake in the church, and that Christians are to be emptied out of their fine houses and worldly comforts, and shrink from the things they now delight in, as from venomous serpents, and the stern uncompromising standard of Pentecostal times be again recovered. By way of further reply to what you say, I refer you to the printed letter which I enclose to Bro. Humphrys.

It is very gratifying to me that {you} find so much satisfaction in your new creation; and hope that you may {be} rendered very useful. (169) You must bear in mind that God has called you by the effectual working of His Spirit in you, by your peculiar experiences, and by many other expressions of His will, to exterior usefulness, to a decidedly lasting influence in some direction or other, for Christ. And while you cultivate a spirit of entire contentedness with the place assigned you, be so much engaged in prayer that you may be made instrumental of great good to Zion.

Mr. and Mrs. Hume, by the by, lately proposed the query, whether an arrangement might not be made to commit some of their children to your hands. They have 5 children. The 3 eldest are girls from 5 to 9 years of age, most interesting children. They (the children) may possibly return with Mr. Ballantine, who goes home with his family in the fall. When Mr. B. returns, there will be more Mahrattan missionaries in America than in the Mahratta country. Why is it that so many missionaries return, that there is such a readiness on their part to go home? It is because in consequence of their want of faith, they have trials that are unendurable, and which the Saviour never meant to lay upon them. I may be wrong, but this

is my view. The apostles had no such trials. Everything can be done and everything borne where there is an adequate hope. The apostles felt it their privilege to triumph always in Christ Jesus, and they did triumph. They knew that their triumph was Christ's triumph, and their very love to Christ could have made the prospect of laboring a life long without bringing forth fruit — in other words, laboring simply to make Christ more and more contemned (which is the inevitable result of unfruitfulness) — their love to him, I say, would have made such a prospect unbearable. When Christ said, "Go preach the gospel to every nation," He also said, "Tarry ye until ye be endued with power from on high." (170) Without the baptism of the Spirit, that last commandment is most grievous. My own dependence is altogether withdrawn now from other things, and placed exclusively on the expected Spirit. Up to this present time, I have not received anything that justifies me in assaulting the kingdom of darkness.

I have not taken any measures as yet for my own support. A contribution of 50 or 60 Rupees was spontaneously and unexpectedly sent me by some friends of this place about a month ago. I accepted it, at the same time stating that I did not wish anything more of this kind done. There are those here who would be willing to support me if I wished. I mention this for your sakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood still at Mahabaleshwar. They are to spend the rainy season at Satara. The course I have pursued has given, so far as I have learned, without exception, pleasure to the native converts. It tends greatly to reconcile them to their humble condition. Without such examples, the converts will generally be led to attach the idea of enlarged expenditure with a profession of Christianity, whereas it should be (if there is any meaning in the gospel) the other way. There is a converted Parsee, an ordained minister connected with the Free church, educated in Scotland; from him I have received a letter expressing his hearty approbation of my views, adding that he has long thought there was something in our mode of life, that hindered the progress of the gospel, and asking my advice more particularly as to the changes he should make in his life. The missionaries view it differently, and some of them in letters sent me, have spoken rather severely. But I know by experience the difficulty of their position, the tremendous difficulty of seeing the will of God, when the entire church (171) hides it from her lips and life. But I am in the hands of God, and feel that in the best possible way and time, he will bear witness to the truth, and show whose course pleases him.

As Mrs. Atterbury places so high a value on my letters, I thought the least I could do, would be to write to her, which I have done. Will there be any of my acquaintances in the Seminary next year? Keep me well-informed. I have written to Dr. Smith. Many thanks to Mrs. Lee for her letter! Remember me to young Skinner and his wife. To Dr. Patton and his family; to Aunt Weston and her daughter; to Mrs. Reid; to the Gibsons in Bond str.; to Ralph Wells; Rosey and Emeline.

I enclose some letters, not knowing how to address them. And the printed letter for Bro. Humphrys for the convenience of folding. — G. Bowen.

**Kate. Bombay. April 16, 1849.**

My dear Kate.

Many thanks for your letter of Feb. 7. I rejoice greatly at length to hear from Frank, who has perhaps gone again somewhere. If I thought he would be at home at the time of your receiving this, I would write him. But he must consider my letters to the family, as embracing him. On the whole, the news from him are gratifying to me. His depression of spirits may be an omen of good. If through much tribulation we enter the kingdom of heaven, then hail much tribulation, whether to myself or to any whom I love. O may his eyes be opened to see the vanity of all earthly things, and the indispensable news of a good hope in Christ. Until a man comes to Christ (172), he is like a deranged man, a friend of Nat's formerly, who gathered stones out of the street and hid them under his bed, thinking them diamonds and rubies. Or like a man on a desert island, without any possible communication with the rest of the world, with mines of gold and silver. The world is full of beauty, and was all created to impart happiness; but it is only the true Christian, absorbed in his master's work, that can really desire good from anything. To all others, the world is full of snares.

God will not suffer us to be blest of anything, until we first forsake it, and look to him. If he made anything the source, instead of the means of blessing, what would this be but recommending infidelity to mankind, and giving the highest prerogative of divinity to the work of his hands. I do not want Frank to be a Christian, merely. I want him to be a *model* Christian. I want to have all the members of one family running the same race that Paul ran, and seeking the honor of God beyond all others.

I am distressed about you, Kate. The coldness and want of progress you speak of, are a greater affliction than to hear that you had the palsy, or consumption. Your everlasting happiness depends on your attaining a measure of piety that you know nothing about. I do earnestly beg of you to cut yourself loose from everything that is of the nature of temptation. If your tooth aches, you readily go to the dentist and let him extract it. If mortification should take place in your hand, you would hasten to cut it off. I say then, *if your right eye offend you, pluck it out*. If you have any associates who are not doing you good, and to whom *you* are not doing good, forsake them, until you have become fitted to do them good. Whatever thing tends to console you or quiet you, in the withdrawal of Christ's countenance (174),<sup>81</sup> reject it, drive it away. Find out what it is, from which your principal disappointments and principal satisfactions are derived, and if it be not Christ, cast it out. I recommend to you, in the words of the Saviour, "much fasting and prayer." If you find strong reluctance to this, then deduce that this is the very thing requisite. When it costs nothing, it is less necessary.

I have changed my quarters today, and am living in a little house situated in the midst of a block of houses occupied by natives. No one lives in the house but a Mr. Whitfield, who I hope is destined to be a useful Christian. I could not be more comfortable than I am. I sincerely hope Frank will not go to California.<sup>82</sup> I believe that Satan has desired to have the world to sift as wheat; and these gold mines of California are one evidence that God is giving

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<sup>81</sup> There is no page 173. Bowen apparently misnumbered this one.

<sup>82</sup> It's 1849, and the California gold rush had begun.

it to him. This California is the world's New Jerusalem, and they are all rushing to it as the crusaders of old. Mammon was never more the god of this world, than at this moment, when the true God is revealing himself so remarkably in Providence, when the sign of the Son of man has appeared in heaven, and he himself is about to follow. "Watch, therefore, and pray always."

Unwatchfulness was not a more flagrant crime in Gethsemane, than at this moment. I warn you and all, be afraid of any standard you see in the church. The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself in it. "Behold I come as a thief" and "Blessed is he that keepeth his garments lest they see his shame." That is, a day is coming when the flimsy and scanty garments of our present piety will be seen as they are. The true standard is to be revealed, and they who now walk in honor apparently clothed, will be terrified at their nakedness. That which is considered clothes among the Hindoos, is regarded as nakedness among Europeans. (175) And in like manner, what is now creditable piety, will soon be utterly condemned for its inadequacy. It is *now* thought to eat the feast and give God the crumbs; but *then* we will eat the crumbs with gratitude, and give God the feast. I much value the few lines from Ma, and pray ever that her affections may be set on things above, not on things on the earth.

Give my love to Bro. King and Ralph Wells, and Nat and his family.

Yours affectionately,  
George Bowen

***Kate. Bombay. June 13, 1849.***

Dear sister Kate.

I begin a letter to you today because it is your **birthday**. You are this day 20 years of age. Twenty years are many, or a few years, according as the duration of the whole life may be. If we were living as long as the first generations of men, 800 or a 1000 years, 20 years would not seem a great many. But 20 years out of three score and ten (70) are a great many; 20 out of 40 are surely a great many. But when we consider that we have no right to reckon on a day of the future, that beside the present we have had only the past, we should be overwhelmed with the thought of the moment of time that has already passed through our hands. With the last five years of your life, there have been great responsibilities connected. In these years you have been living in a religious family, the member of an evangelical church, in a rare degree separated from worldly influences (176), nor exposed to a hundred temptations that beset girls at your time of life. God has been amazingly good to you. He has not dealt so with any other member of our family. How entirely different was Harriet's situation when she was your age. I say then, that you have been the subject of very peculiar responsibilities in the last 5 years, and God has a right to expect at least as much from you as from others. And yet how feeble and dubious have been the signs of spiritual life in you. How unsteady and characterless has been your Christian course. But I stop myself. I will not go on in this [stream]. You know the truth concerning yourself, and I pray God this may be a turning point in your life.

You complain of many deficiencies, *but one thing is needful*. Genuine and close union to Christ will accomplish all for you. Baptism of the Spirit would be the making of you in all

respects. The Holy Ghost is able to bring you under the power of motives and stimulants so as to quicken your whole being, moral and intellectual. I was lately made to feel the power of the truth that there is a *time* of preparation for the *work* of preparation, and that time is the present, the time of youth and health.

A friend told me of a rich Englishman in Bombay, and suggested that I should go and see him. I did so. He was a writer in a public office, and an amateur painter possessing but a little talent. His name was Skinner. He told me that he had enjoyed religious advantages in his youth, but had been living an irreligious ungodly life in India. For 9 years he had not attended public worship. This attack of sickness made him reflect, and he seems to take pleasure in having me visit him, and converse with him. But as his illness progressed, I could not be satisfied with the evidence of his conversion. (177) A sick person is but the tenth part of a man; he has but the tenth part of his mind to give to religion. The rest is naturally occupied with his suffering, with the changes taking place in his system, with the symptoms of his disease, with his food, with his medicines, with his doctor, with his discomforts.

Now, if I believe anything, it is that we need the whole mind to grapple with the formidable realities of religion. The Holy Ghost wants the whole of {our} mind for his operations; and so far from operating with the fragments of our energy, he develops in us energies and impulses and powers that we were never conscious of. The last time I visited this Mr. Skinner, I asked if there were any difficulties in his mind on the subject of religion. "Oh, a great many," he said. Among other things, he did not know the difference between grace and faith. I explained it and said to him that the one great difficulty was, he didn't feel deeply enough his lost and helpless state, and lay hold of Christ as his only sure hope. So long as we don't go forward in God's path, so long there will be difficulties. I prayed with him, and talked with him very fervently, and he seemed to be much moved. When I was going away, he pressed my hand very warmly; he didn't seem to like to let go; and said looking upward, in a low tone, for his voice was almost gone, "God have mercy on me; God have mercy on me. God have mercy on me." It seemed very much as though some new ray had shot in upon him, and he had a view of eternal realities, such as he never had before. I had to leave him to conduct a prayer meeting; two hours after, he died.

How melancholy to think of this Englishman ending his life in a corner hospital, with no friend beside him, and buried the next day with only one person following his body. Brought up in the blaze of English Christianity (178), coming to India to do more injury by his life than 5 missionaries could counteract, and dying so wretchedly. He had many friends here, but they were not such as love a sickbed or a funeral. And yet he had been very much under their influence when well. Three months ago a friend to whom I had given some tracts, offered some to him. He looked all around to see if anyone was noticing, then snatched them and thrust them with great speed into his hat; and then looked round again to see that no one had been spectator of his weakness in accepting tracts.

I have been beside two other deathbeds lately. I am convinced that the gospel has surprisingly little power here, even upon the religious portion of the European community. I cannot find anywhere such a thing as a deep Christian sense of responsibility. There is nobody who trembles at the word of God. It seems to be so, all over the world. In other

words, the Spirit of God is almost clean gone from the world. A great deal of what is called piety in England and America may be accounted for otherwise than by supposing a divine agent. This does not look like the dispensation of the Spirit at all. I doubt if our piety is superior to that of the church before this dispensation began. We have a great deal of truth the pious Jews had not; but piety does not consist in truth, but in the degree of influence truth has upon us.

I had a considerable disappointment in not getting any letters from friends last month, after an interval of two months. But God has brought me to bear disappointment of all kinds, and so I am able to grow at the very time of a disappointment, in the grace to bear it, given me by God. There isn't anything in the world better than grace, so that if there come with every trial sufficient grace, welcome trials. I am hoping that the next mail may bring me letters from you. (179) To all appearance I am living a very useless life. Possibly I am; yet appearances are not always to be trusted. A man ignorant of the regulative process of nature, who should see a farmer sowing seed, might accuse him of folly and waste. He would say, 'You are not doing the ground any good by casting this grain upon it; the ground isn't hungry. You are not doing mankind any good; you are not doing yourself any good.' I am sowing seed, but *where*? I would sow them in good and honest hearts if there were any; but there are none; therefore I sow them in the heart of Him who alone is able to bestow the good and honest heart. The bosom of God is my fallow ground, which I am breaking up. There is one being upon whom motive produces its appropriate and full effect; therefore I present my motives to him.

The great tendency is to slip into a routine of duties, in which our time is filled up with work, and our convenience accordingly satisfied; and we persevere in this, throwing the responsibility of results upon God. But I read thus, "Ye are the branches." Our business is to bring forth the fruit; we will do it just according as we are united to Christ. If there is no fruit, or little, it is evident there is little of Christ in us. Fruitlessness is the unequivocal voice of God, bidding us attend to our union with Christ. Some may say, There is a good deal of prayer in the church; if God chose to come, he might in answer to our prayers. I answer, there is not a good deal of real prayers. The prayer that wakes God up, that brings him into a new path, that makes changes in the divine government, is the prayer of despair and of faith. (180) These things are written upon the whole life of the men who experienced God in prayer.

God is punishing the church for her degeneracy and want of consecration, by making himself a marble statue. Those that come to him, hoping to find him as he was in the first century, behold a marble statue. Some have faith that there is life and divinity in it; and they remain a few weeks in earnest prayer; then relapse into doubt and go away, sorrowing. Others have faith enough to keep them there a few months, but their faith also perhaps general; and they go away saying it was only a statue after all. But possibly there may be found some so thoroughly convinced that life and divinity are [here to nurture], that they will stay immoveable, and agonise till they are [reassured] by actually beholding the glorious primitive displays of God's power. My opinion is unutterably fixed that there are glories in our dispensation we do not dream of, much greater than flash before the minds of those who are looking for a second advent of Christ before the end. The Spirit is promised for the

very purpose of glorifying Christ, and will, I firmly believe, accomplish it on a great scale before the mystery of God is finished. Pentecost is a hint to us, of what we should expect. It is not the way of God to exhaust himself in a first effort. *From glory to glory* is his way.

I am living as when I last wrote you. I have counselled <sup>83</sup> to take charge of a boy, 10 years old, formerly in Mrs. Hume's school. I believe I have sent you a little note written by him. It was found necessary for him to leave the school, so I have taken him. I am for the present sending him to the Scotch mission school.

I have no servant. You ask perhaps how I get along — who cooks, etc. Why, I discovered a good many years ago that man [fears] not as many temporal wants as he imagines (181), and I feel it no hardship to wait upon myself. (181) The bread man brings a bread every morning; and the waterman waters; and if I want other things, I am not ashamed to go and buy them. As for cooking, it is only once in the day, and only rice, and does not take 15 minutes of my time; and I economize a good deal more than this by not having a ceremonious and protracted meal, with change of plates, etc. I never was living more to my satisfaction or more commodiously (conveniently). The Mr. W. I mentioned is still living with me, and takes his turn in these household matters.

So far as I know, my course is approved by all but missionaries. But I ask no man his opinion. I do what I feel is right, and rejoice in God's approbation. Letters from the Rooms lately received, recommend that Bro. Wood and I remain in Bombay and devote ourselves to the preaching of the gospel. So I stay here. Bro. Wood, on account of her (his wife's) health, not yet restored, is still in the Deccan. He is spending the rains at Satara, and expects to establish some schools there, and do what he can. Mrs. Wood had another boy in April last. Mr. Hume's throat is out of order, and he is most of the time incapacitated from public speaking. The population of Bombay has been recently ascertained; it is larger than was supposed, 524,000. Larger, you see, than that of New York.<sup>84</sup> And it is probably increasing quite as rapidly, to say the least, as N. York's. In view of this great mass of people, you will be ready to say, How many missionaries are needed there! Fine, but that is not the great want. We want the Spirit of God to render us who are in the field, what we should be — mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. A single individual here, in the power of God so resting on him as it was on Paul, would do more than a hundred missionaries like my present self.

(182) I have received letters from Bro. Mills, Cummings, Richards, and Dodd. Bro. Mills was at Batticotta with Bro.'s [Hentinard] and Hastings — well, and pleased with his work. I have not heard from Bro. Dulles; I must write to him. All the brethren desire me to send their love to you. Bro. Cummings finds an immense obstacle in the language, though he cheerfully encounters it. He does not expect to preach in it for 2 or 3 years. Bro. Jedd was at Constantinople.

I enclose a letter from the Humes to you. Harriet must answer it. Let me add this, that the life I now lead is just as favorable to health, at the least, as that I formerly led; only that I

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<sup>83</sup> *Counsel*: here it means to purpose to do something, having exercised judgment and prudence.

<sup>84</sup> NYC's population in 1849 was roughly 500,000.



never was better. The mail is expected every hour. I look for letters from you and partially the news of a general conflagration in Europe. I watch with greatest interest the changes there.<sup>85</sup> I see from Bower's history of the popes (1748), that the title of "universal bishop" was given in 607, not 606. That makes this the year of the pope's overthrow. This overthrow is, or is known, only to be consummated by the manifestation of Christ in Zion. So we must look to Zion, if we would see the proper fall. There are to be changes in her, greater than in Europe. I am anxious to hear from Frank.

May the Lord have you all in his keeping.

Yours Affectionately, brother and son,  
George Bowen

(183)

***Hume's Letter. Bombay. June 21, 1849.***

To Brother Bowen's Mother and sisters.

Dear Friends,

Since our dear brother Bowen joined us, now nearly 18 months since, I have often, very often, thought of you and of the anxieties you would feel on his account. This was the case particularly during the time of his illness, when we thought it more than probable you would soon hear that his work on earth was ended, and that he had been removed to a higher service and a better world. Had such been the will of God we should have mourned not for him, but for the poor benighted Heathen to whom he had come to publish the glad tidings of salvation. And I need hardly add that our hearts would have bled for you. But the Lord had mercy on us and on the poor heathen, and still spares him to labor for the salvation of souls.

Since our Bro. relinquished his salary and removed from the mission premises, we have thought of you, and feared that you might, in consequence of this step on his part, have such painful anxiety on his account; you will naturally think of him as destitute of comforts and exposed to hardships which may affect his health and his usefulness. My object in writing this note is, if possible, to relieve in a measure these anxieties. Let it then be a comfort to you to know that one so dear to you is among those who love him as a Brother, and who are disposed to do all in their power to render him comfortable and happy. In case of sickness we should endeavour to have him removed to our house where we might watch over him and as much as in us lies, supply the want of his own dear mother and sisters.

And although Bombay is a heathen city, there are a number of the Lord's chosen people among the English residents (184), who would count it a privilege to {do} for him all that his circumstances might require. He has relinquished his support from the Board, but his salary is still at his service as before, in case he should wish or require it. We are all very sorry that our dear Brother saw it his duty to adopt his present course, which we cannot see to be required by Scripture, nor to be fitted in any way to promote his usefulness. But we ceased to dissuade him as soon as we saw that he felt constrained by a sense of duty. We would have him act not according to our opinions and wishes, but according to his own

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<sup>85</sup> Bowen likely refers to the May uprisings of 1849.

conscientious convictions of duty. In this way, and only in this way, could he be happy. And with an approving conscience, he will not be unhappy. Would that many who expend their hundreds and thousands on bodily comforts were as comfortable and happy as he.

I do not think that any serious evil can arise from the course which Bro. Bowen sees it his duty to pursue. The only fear is that his health may suffer; but such does not thus far appear to be the case. He is always with us on Wednesday eve at our Mission prayer meeting, and we see him once or twice a week besides, in addition to the Sabbath. He always appears cheerful and well, as well now for aught I can see, as at any time since he came to the country. We have again and again warned him against exposing himself too much to the sun from which I think there is more to fear than from any other causes. He, I doubt not, suffered from the effect of this formerly, and I fear he is still not so careful as he should be. You may caution him strongly on this point (185); but I do not think you need to press him to change the plan of life he has adopted in other respects. We would often try to do something for his comfort, which we do not attempt lest it should be a trouble instead of a comfort.

I might tell you much about our field of labor and the blinded people among whom we dwell. But our Bro.'s frequent letters will have told you much more than I could say. Bombay is for India a healthy place, one of the healthiest in all this part of the world. We have not those pressing, hot winds which are often so drying in the Interiors. Our climate is mild and uniform. Still, it is a tropical climate and enervating in its influences. I have not half the bodily strength which I had in America. And the mind too is affected, as well as the body. This is one of the trials which we are called to experience. But thousands are eager to endure this for worldly gain, so that it would ill become the Missionary to complain. Still, it is a sad thought that we must expect to lose a portion of our energy and consequently of our ability to be useful. There are doubtless exceptions to this rule. And I hope our Brother Bowen may be one.

I have not space to tell you about ourselves. And indeed this was not my object; I will only say we have five children: three daughters and two sons, and we would desire for them and for ourselves a remembrance in your prayers. Both physically and spiritually, this is not a country for children. The population of Bombay according to the census just taken is 524,121. And this is, doubtless owing to the unwillingness of the people to report themselves, a good deal below the truth. And the great mass of them still given to idolatry! Pray for them. Pray for us. [LAST LINE PARTIALLY OBSCURED]. (186) O, that Christians in America would be earnest in our behalf at the throne of grace. We have sometimes seen your letters, so that though strangers, we feel acquainted with and interested in you all. May *the blessing which maketh rich*, rest upon you abundantly! Mrs. Hume writes with me in this, and sends her affectionate regard.

Yours very sincerely,  
Rev. Hume

**Harriet. Bombay. Sept. 14, 1849.**

My dear Harriet.

I had made up my mind not to write by this mail, but I am led to alter my mind. So though I have not as yet anything cheering to communicate concerning my work here, though it pleases the Lord yet to make believe (as the children say) he does not hear, yet it occurs to me that you will be glad to hear a few words from me, telling of my health, state of mind, etc. But first and before all, I want to find fault with you for sending such little bits of letters. The idea of sending a half-sheet letter from America to India. Do not think that postage is saved in this way, for 2 ½ sheets only pay one postage from England here. And besides that, I do not grudge postage money. I mean, God does not grudge it and will always, I trust, provide me with distributable money. I beg therefore that you will hereafter give me *good measure, pressed down and running over*.

Since my last, I have heard twice from home, namely, a letter from you, one from Kate, and a postscript from Frank. For these I am heartily grateful. The tenor of them is delightful. (187) The manner in which you speak of this course I have taken this year, affects me I cannot say how much. I take it as a special kindness of the Lord in inclining your hearts to approve my course and enter into my siens.<sup>86</sup> There will be a reward in due time, that which will be to you. I think a reward indeed, viz., the satisfaction of hearing that *the Lord hath prospered his servant who trusteth in him*.

My health continues perfect; My faith and hope unwavering. I have some bitter trials occasionally, but an abiding sense of the goodness of God. When then Lord has got through with this process of experimenting,<sup>87</sup> I will perhaps tell you of the ways He has taken with me. Nobody but God would try me, I think. If someone else should set about it, he would probably use a hundred means that would be not trials at all. God shows a wonderful knowledge of my character in his dealings with me. There have been things said about me in the native papers that would be trials to most persons; but the papers might be filled with taunting & invective, without marring my security. To give you a specimen,

“For Mr. Bowen, so lately arrived in this country, to come forward and hold up the missionaries as luxurious, etc., is to say the least, hasty, ill-bred, etc. It is a very ill-disguised way of deceiving. Just the attention paid (if he gets it), admiration at the expense of his brethren.”

He might, as some have said or published, “Not all men listen to me. Other missionaries are selfish, luxurious, rich, and happy. I am self-denying, frugal, poor, and miserable. I am therefore a proper missionary. *Look at me*: I wash my clothes, sweep my floor, cook my food, etc., etc.” And so on in this strain. I don’t mind this more than a puff of wind. I have more [LAST LINE OBSCURED]. (188) [I have not showed] copies of that letter to many who have asked {for} them, because it was intended for missionaries only. But it was one of the copies sent to them that found its way into the public prints. As for us, I know I am on amicable terms with them all.

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<sup>86</sup> An archaic form of *scion*; here it refers to his inheritance — they are co-heirs with him.

<sup>87</sup> That is, of putting him to the test.

As for my household arrangements, it is sufficient to say that I lose no time by being without a servant. I am as far from petty cares as ever I was. It is in part a great blessing to me to be free of servants.

My dear Harriet, I very deeply sympathize with you in your spiritual exercises. I confidently believe that there is a broad bright place to which you will be brought ere long. Christ saw, I think, that your Christian character was not going up exactly right; so he has pulled down some of the walls and made bare the foundations. At present the basement is filled with rubbish; but the building — let us hope it is going up right, and will never need any overturnings more. Christian experience is like a revolving wheel. We go up and then we go down; but even when going down, we are going forward. We make the circuit, and come round, as it seems to us, to just the place where we were before. But on examination, we find that while our present experience has many points of resemblance with some past experience, yet it also differs in some important points. Thus Christ found Peter fishing on the sea of Tiberias, ordained the miraculous draught of fishes, and said unto him, *Follow me*. Three years after, he found him in the same place, on the same sea, in the same employment, with the same companions, in many respects the same man — namely Simon Barjonas, the fisherman. Again he ordained a miraculous draught of fishes, and again said unto him, *Follow me*. But still, it was not altogether the same man; his character was different in its substructure (189), and he followed the Saviour right on to Pentecost. May it be so with you; may your Pentecost be near, and not yours only, but that of all who love and seek the Lord. God is going to take one of his great steps in a day or two. Be ready for it. Those who have the least to do with self, and are most concerned for Zion, will be the most blest.

You observe an unaccountable silence respecting Frederick King. I am at a loss how to explain the fact that I have not heard a word from him for a year, nor a word of him. If any calamity has happened to him, anything unhappy occurred, would you not have told me? There is something mysterious about this.

The rains yet continue, 113 inches have fallen since June. In America the fall for the year is about 45 inches I think; 10 inches fall in one day here. They must cease in a few days, when I hope to resume my street labors. The Woods are still at Satara. I must mention that Mr. Cassidy, connected with the Scotch mission at Poona,<sup>88</sup> and who is on the eve of being ordained (though a true missionary now) has been so far influenced by my example, as to renounce his salary, all but [11] Rupees a month, take a house in the Bazaar, and adopt a plain mode of life altogether. He found his former mode of life operating injuriously in separating him from the natives.

I am glad to hear of Frank. He possibly will have returned from the West Indies by the time you get this. Tell him that I have him still in my heart, as my dear brother, in whose true prosperity I take the deepest interest, and for whom I shall never cease to pray. It is most gratifying to me to notice the affection he has for the family, and the sense of responsibility he willingly entertains with regard to them. (190) Let him remember however that the

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<sup>88</sup> Poona, or Pune, is about 60 miles south-east of Bombay. It was a popular social retreat for residents of Bombay, and the largest garrison town in the Deccan for the British Army.

greatest possible good he can do, either him or anybody, is to become a true Christian. The fear of the Lord is not only the beginning of wisdom, but of usefulness. How vast his debt to the Lord. If he should live for Christ alone from this moment forward, it would not be a farthing on the pound. I am glad he still thinks of Bombay. With what joy would I not welcome him here. What change things have come to pass since that Sabbath morning when I parted with him at the wharf — a bitter, distressing last hour it was. It is surely time for him to be in port. The difficulty with sailors is that they idolize bravery, and have an entirely false notion of what it is. To swear, drink, be licentious, and laugh at religion, this is their bravery. And to be a praying man, the greater weakness in their eyes. Whereas the bravest sailor is he who is the most devoted Christian; and no man knows true courage till he becomes a fearless defender and follower of Christ. I rejoice that he is out of the fore-castle. Does he give much attention to the improvement of his mind? I hope he will not cease to initiate a taste for study.

Mr. Hume was absent in Poona during July and August, and Mrs. H. during August, for the sake of recruiting. Her health is considered poor, and they will probably go to the hills (Mahabaleshwar) in a week or two to make a long stay. Mr. and Mrs. Wood still at Satara.

I have been animated this last week by the thought that the Am. Board was holding its meeting, and that many friends of Zion throughout the world were engaged in special supplication. The great want of this time is prayer for Christ's kingdom. The perfection of prayer is the perfection of sanctification. When the churches will be so filled with the Spirit as to be able to offer up the Lord's prayer (191), then Christ's kingdom will be come. How few are these during the few years I am a Christian, whose experience is embodied in the Lord's prayer. To pray is to *pour out the soul*, according to David's expression. When we can pour out that soul into the Lord's prayer, and exactly fill it, then we shall have prodigious power with God. All Christians offer the several petitions of that prayer, but not in the right order. When petition No. 1 is {our} desire; then is Christ glad. I have never forgotten some remarks of Dr. Skinner's in which he proved that the prayer was an invention of God for the destruction of selfishness in Christians.

I watch the movements of God in Europe. It looks as though God were going to let Satan shut the doors of his palace there again, after they have been standing open a year. They were opened that the church might go in and bind the strong man. But it seems to me the church is cruelly abusing the condescending providence of God, construing all these manifestations into so many tokens that God is taking their work off their hands. Seeing these great provisions, Christians draw the conclusion that there is no great need now of their doing anything — as though the world could be converted by providences. Providences do two things. They take certain physical difficulties out of the way, and they help an unbelieving church to have faith in a present God and Saviour. They manifest a present God, not to the *world*, but to the *spiritual*. They take not the depraved heart of man out the way. We have only to look into history to see how little gain to the church has resulted from great national judgments. I believe the judgments predicted in Revelation are *spiritual*.

(192) Suppose there should be hailstones of a talent's weight; how many souls would be convicted? <sup>89</sup> There is nothing so terrible to the soul as the work of God's Spirit when he comes forth in his glory. His sword can inflict wounds that make the nearest approach to the severity of future torments, of anything experienced in this world. These wounds are in the body of sin, in order to make self go over from sin to Christ. And they may be regarded equally as signs of the work of God, and of his love. Looking at self in the body of sin, they (these wounds) are tokens of wrath, looking at self fleeing out of that body into Christ. They are signs of infinite compassion. The slaughters we read of in Revelation describe a universal and tremendous conviction of hell — desert <sup>90</sup> that God will bring upon the world, a conviction that will, we may hope, in the great majority of cases, eventuate in their conversion. I regard the present as, in reality, the greatest day of the wrath of God, because of the suspended Spirit. Multiply all pestilences, famines, and massacres a thousandfold and you will have nothing so expressive of wrath, to my mind, as the awful privation of the Spirit, the heavens of brass that have canopied Christendom since the primitive times of the church, and which have only begun to be reversed in the last four centuries. But it is no sign of wrath to the world, who desire only of God that he would let them alone! Nothing but the mightiest workings of the Spirit can show them the wrath of God abiding on them. One thing it is of very great importance to understand, is that while undoubtedly God will go about the conversion of the world in a way to make his glory most conspicuous, it will nevertheless not be accomplished without the intense strugglings of the church. (193) We cannot expect that providence will do more than providence in the early ages did, but we know there was not a harder working church than that. "I am glorified in them," says Christ. Christ is not coming in a way to dispense with the church, but is coming *in the church*. The church is his body, and in that perfected body he will be seen coming down from God out of heaven, according to Rev 21.2.<sup>91</sup>

I preach occasionally in the Scotch Free Church here. There are some things that grieve me; for instance, to see the people sitting under great punkas, or fans, which are pulled by natives standing on the outside all the time of church service — though I have not known the thermometer to reach 90 since I have been here. I think of Peter warming himself with the servants while other servants are smiting Christ on the face.

I received letters from Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Atterbury and also Stimpson. Where is that letter from Bro. Humphrys? At least I satisfy myself with the intelligence that it was actually begun and almost sent. I hope he will make the most of this his last year in the seminary. Tell him I think of him sometimes in connection with Dulles and Rosefield.

Beloved friends all, I never was more attached to you than I am now, and I am surprised at the hold you have upon me. Time and remoteness but make you the dearer. My great concern for you all is that you should grow in grace. You mention in your letters that you are concerned lest I should suffer discomfort or frustration. Dear mother, have faith in God,

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<sup>89</sup> God's judgments will not convict the reprobate; only a heart converted by the Spirit will confess its sin.

<sup>90</sup> That is, a deserved punishment.

<sup>91</sup> **Rev 21:2** Then I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

that I will want for no good thing; and let me only know that you are making progress in sanctification (194), becoming more Christlike, and more and more meet for the inheritance of the points in light.

As for you, Harriet, I make an extract from Jon. Edwards, which may or may not be applicable.

“It is often the case when persons begin with much seeming earnestness, that they do it upon a secret dependence that they shall not need to make these efforts very long. They flatter themselves that in a little time they shall obtain what they seek, and then they may take their ease. They never invented (conceived) to seek in this diligent persevering manner always, but they appointed a time of their own, and sought it on terms of their own fixing. Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord.”

I make this quotation because you have several times referred back to a period in which you sought the blessing of sanctification, with great earnestness, faith, and expectation, but were after all disappointed. Was the blessing only worth so many weeks, seeking? Was it not worthy to be sought even with passionate and serious earnestness, as long as it should please God to suspend it? God saw fit to try your faith, to try it severely, and if it stood not the trial, can you blame God? The fire does not make the dross; it only discovers it; and gold cannot seasonably find fault with the fire because of its diminished bulk. You remember that Paul says the signs of an apostle were wrought in him first in all patience, and after that in signs and wonders.<sup>92</sup> To some minds, the hardest of all things is to wait. I know some to whom it is like the rack of the Inquisition. But it is possible to love and praise God even on the rack of the Inquisition; and after all, *Christ cometh quickly*. We must have a right notion of patience. The word is used in Scripture in a somewhat different sense from the common. (195) There is action and not inaction in the idea. We are to run with patience, and not to sit down.

I am pleased with the outcome of your visit to Frank Brown. I judge that he is still bed-ridden. I pray God he may be guided into the narrow path. Sinners take one step and say, “Will that do?” With great persuasion they take another step and say, “Won’t that do?” If by the mighty power of God they are urged to one more step, “Surely *this* will do. I must be now in the kingdom of God.” For natural men imagine that they are living next door to salvation, and have only just to go through the gate of the garden wall. Our whole Christian course is but a fathoming of the depths of our portage which originally seemed only to the ankle, but are found to be not soundable, even with a line as long as the longest ray of the sun. God makes us acquainted with himself by making us acquainted with the interval betwixt us and Himself.

It seems to me that God has passions for processes; and as we become conformed to him, we learn to rejoice that we have feet and not wings. We go a mile while an angel goes a yard; but the angel obtains vastly more from his yard than we from our mile. The angel does not conceive of processes as having God at the *end* of them, but as having God in them *all the way along*. God is lost to most men because they will not look into the present for Him. He

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<sup>92</sup> **2Cor 12:12** Truly the signs of an apostle were accomplished among you with all perseverance, in signs and wonders and mighty deeds.

is the poorest man who is but acquainted with the *riches* of the present. Such a one, when he reads the Bible, pitches his tent on every verse, and makes it a great affair to go from one to the next. Such a one at the close of every day, lingers long on the study of the experiences of that day. Such a one looks upon the man he happens to be in company with, as his [ILLEGIBLE] world.

(196) I have seen more of the glory of God in a flower lying on my table than I ever saw in the most spacious gardens and landscapes Man was created to dig, but has not yet begun. If I had a thousand minds, I could keep them all employed in prosecuting the heart that God has given me; but I cannot employ my one mind so, because of a consuming desire. *One thing have I desired of the Lord; one thing do I desire* — even that others might see the Christ that I see.

I regret to hear of Mr. Stiles' impaired health, and hope to learn soon that God has returned him to you. It is delightful to hear that there are revivals here and there. Only I fear that it is the low state of the church that makes it easy for many to come in.

We have a plan afoot to separate the pensioners from among the heathen, and settle them in a little village by themselves. As they now are, their immorality is frightful. I regard this as a very striking illustration of the depraved tendencies of man. Here are these persons educated in all the enlightenment and Christianity of Great Britain, but who so far from *dispensing* good influences among the heathen, are found utterly to *succumb* to the influences of the latter. It is soul-sickening to see what Christianity is, as embodied in the lives of Europeans here. Cupidity<sup>93</sup> is the most glaring sin, reigning throughout all classes. Their one [fondness] here, for the most part, is to get money in order to go home and spend it. Their only duty in India is to get rich; all other duties are postponed until they return to England. The whole system is deplorable, and in the highest degree, expressive to the natives.

Give my love to Mrs. Gorton and her family. I am glad she remembers me. The Lord grant spiritual light to that family. (197) Remember me to Mrs. Reid and her family. To all the church folks too. My love to the students, old and new. To Nat also and his.

I enclose a note to Frank Brown which please to send him. Remember me affectionately to Minor. Tell him his tho. dates<sup>94</sup> are not forgotten. I would like to be able to add a third. Tell something of Lowery. — George Bowen.

***Friends. Bombay. Nov 15, 1849.***

Dear friends all.

Two months have gone round, and the stated time for writing you has come again; and though I have nothing very special to communicate, I write nevertheless, partly because it is a pleasure to me to do so, and partly because I know you desire it. Harriet's and Kate's of Aug. 25 have been received and welcomed. I rejoice in the good health the Lord gives you all, a blessing which many would be willing to purchase with the sacrifice of all they possess.

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<sup>93</sup> *Cupidity*: extreme greed for material wealth.

<sup>94</sup> Perhaps *thoory* dates.



We should remember this, no matter what our trials and distresses at any one moment be, how many poor expiring wretches there are that would gladly take them all if they would have with them our health and opportunities.

I am sorry you trouble yourself so much about my health. I never was better in all my life than I have been throughout this year. And my deliberate opinion is that the manner in which I live now is better adapted to promote health than the ordinary habits of missionaries. Certainly there is a surprising deal of sickness in missionary families. (198) There are very few days in the year when the doctor doesn't call at the Humes' house, and I do not mention his family as a peculiar case. There is all the time, more or less, sickness among the brothers at Ahmednugger. One of them, Mr. Ballantine, is expected here in a few days on his way to America. Mrs. Wood is a constant invalid. Mrs. Fairbank is equally so. The climate has doubtless much to do with this, but there are three things that will go far, I think, to counteract the influences of the climate; viz., Exercise, Abstemiousness (temperance), and a judicial forgetfulness of self. The tendency of things here is to make *self* a personage of much importance, and to lead a person to pay a very scrupulous attention to all slight changes and shades of sensation, and to be very alarmable, a thing which I conceive to be unfavorable to health. Mr. Ballantine's absence will be greatly felt in the Ahmednugger mission, as the Abbott's has been. Both are said to have acquired the language in peculiar perfection. Mr. Wood is in some embarrassment just now; the committee have advised him to establish a mission in Satara, but it seems he cannot attain a house proper for his wife and himself there. I have heard repeated instances of stations being abandoned because no house could be procured fit for the missionaries. Mr. Allen has recently been to Satara to help Mr. Wood in this matter, but I believe without accomplishing anything definite. You can have little notion how greatly a missionary is affected, not to say impeded by the wife.

If you ask what I have been about in the last two months, what missionary work I have been doing, why you must know that my doings do not amount to much. I am a very paltry missionary at the best, and you might as well make up your minds to it. (199) If you have ever had the idea that I am somebody, and that in consequence of my coming into the field, something is to be expected, I beg of you to renounce the idea. I assure you, I am a missionary of very small stature, coming short in everything. To this day, my knowledge of the Mahratta is meagre and unsatisfactory, and humanly speaking, I never can expect to attain even the limited measure of success enjoyed by many of my brethren. I do not believe there is a minister in the world whose words fall more powerless than mine do now, and have done for years. And if in some matters my life is more conformed to the truth than that of others, that in itself is not a guarantee of success. And besides what success has been witnessed in modern missionary operations, has been reaped only after many years of labor. Therefore, while you pray earnestly and constantly for me, be prepared for a long trial of your faith. I really think that I am not sent in vain into this land, and that God in his time will accomplish a work by me. But the time and the seasons he has put in his own power. My expectation of success is based not upon my fitness for the work in myself, but springs out of that faith which God has given me in his own word, and which is perhaps peculiar in its strength and tenacity.

I am glad to see by Harriet's letter that she and others have realized that it is quite possible for me to fall, and become guilty even of gross sin. It is impossible to offer up genuine prayer for anyone, unless we have that realization. The greatest of all falls is to lose the sense of our liability to fall. If by the grace of God I have any peculiar stability, I have it in virtue only of a constant attention to the fact that a deep precipice of sin is close to my feet. (200) At the same time, I would say to you that I have not for years perceived in myself the rising of any unlawful lust or affection. My experience of the Christian warfare is conflict with victory, and not conflict with defeat; and this I think is the N.T. idea. Vain conflict is the doom of the unregenerate. I can do all things through Christ and nothing save through him, sums up my experience. Mark you, I speak only of conflict with the world *within*. The war I have waged upon the sins of others has been deplorably successful. The internal harvest is more rapid than the external, but I regard it also as a pledge of the internal. If this language seems vanity, why, it must seem so. I speak what I think, and God is the judge.

For the last five weeks I have been accustomed to go in the afternoon to a spot on the beach where a good many Parsees resemble (gather) to worship the elements. I go with a native convert belonging to the Scotch mission, and we have long discussions with Parsees and other natives. There is generally one person who acts as their spokesman or advocate. We sit down on the sand; sometimes the discussion is prolonged till 8 o'clock. They seem to take a great deal of interest in it; and at the appointed time there are generally as many as 200 persons congregated. I cannot see that a desire for the truth attracts them, but rather *hostility* to the truth, and a desire to show off their attainments in infidel literature. They have been stirred up to look into the Bible considerably, but also to hunt up the works of Paine, Collins, Voltaire and other infidels. The chief speaker comes who has but little religion of any kind. He regards God as the only agent (201), a necessary inference from which is (though he will not explicitly avow it) that God is the only sinner. The Trinity, the twofold nature of Christ, his divinity, salvation by faith in him — these doctrines they really hate and constantly assail.

Yesterday they alleged that Christ was no better than Krishna and their Hindoo avatars; that he was guilty of stealing — and in proof of this strange accusation, they referred to the disciple plucking corn even as they were passing through the field, and to his sending two of them for an ass (donkey). Also to his overthrowing the tables of the money-changers. They are constantly calling upon us to work miracles, and indeed this is one of the first results of reading the gospels and Acts, upon the people of this country: they ask to see miracles like those recorded. And it is sad to think that the entire mass of historical evidence is lost upon this people, who are unacquainted with European history;<sup>95</sup> and as for the moral evidence embosomed in the truth itself, they must receive the love of the truth before they will have any aptitude to receive that evidence. If ever special displays of divine power were needed, they are needed now and here. And all my reliance is upon the holy arm of God, yet to be made bare.

I have spoken to you several times of a dear brother here, Mr. Fraser, minister of the Free church of Scotland. His wife and child have gone home to Scotland lately on account of ill

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<sup>95</sup> An Indian cleric told me that the people of India are ignorant of *any* history, including their own, and happily so.

health. Immediately on their departure he has tried to inform me that from the very outset he had been convinced that my course was the true one for preachers of the gospel in India; and that he even now determined to adopt it. And he is desirous not only of living *like* me, but *with* me. (202) If God favors this proposition, and permits me to live and labor unitedly, I shall regard it as a very peculiar kindness; for there is no one in this part of the world with whom I seem to sympathize so fully as with this brother! But I cannot take the least step upward from my adopted habits. I have such a keen recollection of the difficulties encountered in making my way down, that I have almost a morbid sensitiveness on the subject. When I was in my former position, it used to be my daily and hourly resolution that if I ever escaped from that net, nothing should suffer me to return to it. The secretaries have written me in an encouraging and gratifying manner, approving of my experiment (as they consider it), and adding some friendly admonitions about avoiding extremes. But the letters I have received from missionaries in answer to my printed letter, have one and all been condemnatory. For this, I was fully prepared.

Why do I write so much about this thing? Because I think you are interested in it. And I feel disposed to tell you about a breakfast I gave lately to the missionary circle. I will do so if you will promise to view it as I do, and be very much amused by it. You must know that the custom is to meet on the 1<sup>st</sup> Monday at the house of some missionary, spend some time in prayer and reading the Bible, and afterwards partake of breakfast. This breakfast is generally a stylish affair, 6 or 8 servants, a display of silver, a loaded table, and perhaps moving of *punkas* (fans) overhead. It fell to my turn to receive and entertain the conference this month. But what was I to do, in my little house, one little table, a few chairs, 2 spoons, 2 teacups, 1 knife, 2 plates. (203) I was determined to be led by providence, and sent out the invitations. Mr. Hume told me to get whatever I wanted from his home, and promised his servants. But as I had no money to procure a costly breakfast, I felt that it would be very foolish to have a quantity of plates, etc. sent; and so I borrowed nothing. Monday morning came and I had but 4 pice (3 cents)<sup>96</sup> and nothing in the house but bread and a little milk. I concluded therefore that God did not mean that they should be feasted by me, and that they could either not come, or else not remain to breakfast. But some came, and to my surprise, three remained for breakfast. Now what is to be done, thought I. And for a moment I was undecided what course to pursue. I was half disposed to confess my inability and dismiss them, but finally concluded to do what I could. So I spread a napkin on the table, brought out some cold tea left from the night before, and some bread. I found then that there was no sugar in the house, and my 4 pice had to go for that; but George had 2 pice of his own, and with these attained some plantains. I borrowed 2 cups and saucers and spoons from a neighbor, and as there was nothing but bread, we did not need any plates. I then said to my guests, "I am sorry to be so shortcoming in the rites of hospitality, but in the providence of God, I find myself compelled to treat you just as I am accustomed to treat myself." And they ate it with a good grace, apparently, though probably no missionary conference in India ever sat down to such a breakfast. I have hardly been able to think of this since, without laughing; and I hope you may be greatly diverted by the account of it.

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<sup>96</sup> The Indian rupee was subdivided into 16 annas. Each anna was subdivided into 4 pices; thus 64 pices to a rupee.

(204) What kept me from being ashamed was the distinct perception of the Lord's hand; for it would have been perfectly easy for him to supply me with money if it had seemed expedient to him to have a different breakfast. You see from this that the Lord lets me come sometimes down *to* the very limit of want, but never *within* the limit. I have all that a Christian heart can desire, namely, food and raiment. And at once, to put down any rising solicitude in your minds, I will mention another fact. It was formerly my purpose to take employment as a writer in one of the public offices. But as the secretaries in their letter did not approve of this, I gave up the thought of it and waited for Providence to indicate some means of support. This he has lately done. A proposition has been made to me to give instruction for a couple of hours daily in a private family, to which I have consented. So you see that I have a stated income sufficient to cover my expenses.

I am not without anxiety about *you*. It is possible that all your income may dry up if the Factory lease be not renewed; and the Lord may see fit to bring you into more reduced circumstances than you now see. To some of you this may be very painful. Yet it may perhaps on that very account be necessary. One thing is necessary; namely, to acquire thorough knowledge of the fact that God is sufficient to us, and that his presence and favour can cheer up the most desolate scene imaginable. The desert was no desert to those Israelites that trusted in God. The very heavens became their fruitful fields. I observe two things: that if I dread anything very much, that thing is sure to come to pass; but when it is come to pass, I find it a very different thing from what I anticipated, so that I wonder how I could have dreaded it. (205) So that now impending evils alarm me not. The cup did not pass away from Christ; but when he came to drink it, he found he *could* drink it. If God does not change the dispensation, he changes us into a fitness for the dispensation, which comes to just the same thing. When I was young, I used to dream of falling from a great height. And at first these dreams were attended with great terror. But as I found I always landed safely and softly in my bed, I soon ceased to be afraid; and afterwards, when I found myself falling in my dreams, I said, "Well, no matter. I shall come down all right and no bones broke." In this same way does God deal with me; so that I have learned to look at every stern visaged Providence without alarm.

But with regard to *you*, if any privations are to be endured, I would rather have them fall to me than to you. It seems to me however, from the sums which you have mentioned to me as received, there must be money for a year or two. If so, go on and spend it, and don't abstain from giving away. I have never given away more to the poor than during this year. I am not at all in favor of laying up against the future. I don't think it scriptural. I have read lately with much satisfaction, a little book called "God's dealings with George Müller," a German by birth, who became a minister in Bristol, England. If you can get hold of it, read it and be strengthened in faith.

Our family for 10 years have been living above their circumstances. We ought long, long ago, {to} have given up all pretension to appearance, and come down to a poor, mean way of living. Yes, ought to have confessed our poverty before the world. But I leave this matter, for I trust you have wisdom and piety enough (206), that is enough of Christ, to know, and do, and bear the will of God in these things.

If things are ordered favorably, I should think it would be a happy thing for Mrs. Hume's three little girls to be committed to Harriet's care. And it seems to me that the Mercer str. church would not be unwilling to give an additional proof of devotion to Christ, by contributing the sum requisite for the maintenance and education of these children. If I retain any influence with that loved church, I would like to see the proof of it in their readiness for this good work. Harriet must be the first to announce this matter if God should open the way; that is, the purpose here must come from her.

Though I am not as perfect in this Mahrattan as I would wish to be, I am yet devoting a little time to the Hindoostanee <sup>97</sup> and Gujaratis. I hope in the course of time, though not very soon, to acquire these three languages. If a person could choose his audience, one language might suffice; but that he cannot do in Bombay. We had lately the communion in our native church. Shall I tell you of our members? You will be much pained, but the truth might as well be known. If the truth concerning the churches of India were known in America, I think there would be a greater realization of the difficulties of the work, and of the need of consecration and prayer in the church. 18 persons in all sat down. Pastors, 3 missionaries and 1 missionary's wife, 2 European members, & others being Mr. Graham, the janitor and his wife, who are Indo-Butans, and by birth, nominal Christians. There remain 7 persons as the number of converts from false religions. Of these, 2 male, originally Catholics, 1 married female and 3 girls originally Catholics, and 1 girl of Hindoo origin. (207) Not one converted heathen man.

Mr. [Abengert], missionary of the Established church of Scotland, has left Bombay since I wrote last. He had some difficulties with the home committee that occasioned his dismissal. An unpleasant and bitter newspaper controversy arose between him and Dr. Stevenson before he left. He thinks of going to America. I gave him letters of introduction to you. There remain 7 missionaries to the vast heathen population of Bombay.

I was quite surprised to hear of Fred King's marriage. This accounts for, though it does not excuse, his long silence. I should write to him by this mail if I had time. I hope that his marriage may conduce to his happiness and usefulness. Beg him to write me without delay. Why should our friendship be annulled by the new one he has formed? I shall begin to hate marriage if I find it alienates my friends.<sup>98</sup> Frank Brown's death is lamentable. His mind, however, has been a mere fragment for years, and I should be satisfied with less evidence in his case than in others.

**17th.** I see in the native papers that our seashore discussions are exciting considerable attention in the Parsee and Hindoo community. I have just read in the Gujarathi paper an article three columns long on the subject. It represents the discussion as starting with the following conditions, viz., if our Parsee antagonist be defeated, he (as well as his wife, children and relatives) is to become a Christian; if we (Narayan <sup>99</sup> and myself) be defeated, we are to turn Musselmans. This is of course mere fancy. The Musselman religion is

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<sup>97</sup> That is, the Hindustani language.

<sup>98</sup> Much of what Bowen writes should be heard tongue-in-cheek, with a wink. If taken literally, you might think he was abusive, condescending, and self-absorbed. Obviously he was not, for he was dearly loved by friends and family.

<sup>99</sup> This is a different Narayan than the servant of the Fairbanks. See his letter of Mar. 15, 1850.

substituted because the Parsees, like the Hindoos, would not receive converts. We have been treated very well during these discussions; what I mean is no violence, or very little, has been offered to us (208), though abusive language has not been wanting; and our ears are often pained with blasphemies against Christ. So long as they find themselves able to answer at all, and to keep up the semblance of successful resistance, so long they will probably refrain from violence; but if they should find themselves confounded in argument, they would quickly take to stones. Though not much is to be expected in the way of convincing those who engage in the controversy, yet there is in this war a considerable exhibition of divine truth, and many revelations; some good may incidentally spring out of it. "But mine eyes are unto him that dwells in the heavens."

I am glad to hear again concerning Frank, and hope that he may become what he aims to be, a profit to the family; and not only that, but a great deal more. I am glad that he is in the cabin of a Liverpool packet (schooner), a situation where perhaps the influences are as little unfavorable as anywhere in the marine service. I hope to hear from him soon, a good long letter, telling me all about his failings, habits, ruins, etc.

Remember me to Aunt Weston. I feel much for her, for it is certain her lot is a severe one, a wanderer at her time of life, and the object of no little affection. I greatly wish she might have a home, and also that her trials may work out for her the peaceable fruits of righteousness. What you saw in the Observer about a missionary in Bombay is quite confounded, and in the highest degree preposterous. The government would not give 6 pence for the best missionary in Bombay. Except indeed when a chaplaincy is bestowed. Dr. Stevenson, formerly a missionary, accepted a chaplaincy with \$6000 a year. You know the chaplains have only to preach to the English population.

Tell Mr. Gibson that if ever near Colapore <sup>100</sup> [LAST LINE IS MISSING, AND THE NEXT PAGE]

**Note:** the following missing portion is taken from Speer's 1938 *Memoir* of Bowen, p. 195.

The paralysis of the Gospel still continues in this part of the world. Those discussions by the seaside yet go on, though without any notable results. The Parsis, Hindus, and others that attend them, manifest an unmitigated bitterness toward the Christian religion, and an interest in the discussion that is surprising. They spare no pains to familiarize themselves with all the arguments brought against Christianity by its enemies of all ages and countries. I have seen in the hands of one of them a work against Christianity in the Parsi dialect, in four large octavo volumes. The thought used to come into my mind sometimes before leaving America, that in some respects my former character, sentiments and manner of life, rather fitted me to labor among an infidel Christian population, and I was sometimes inclined to wonder that the Lord should send me to the heathen. But I am confident that in the last six months I have had to encounter a greater amount of infidel argumentation, than I would have found in the same time anywhere in Europe or America. And in this, as in everything, I find proofs of the perfect wisdom and condescension of Him who is my Leader and Commander.

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<sup>100</sup> Colapore (Kolhapur): a city in the Panchganga River Basin in the western Indian state of Maharashtra.

(209) I suppose it is pretty generally known throughout Bombay: that if anybody has any arguments to bring against Christianity, he will find at the seashore, near where they burn the dead, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, a Padre (as they unhappily designate the missionary) and a converted Brahmin, ready to hear their objections and to answer them. Many of the persons who constitute his audience, are to my mind a striking proof of the insufficiency of mere science to open a door for the gospel. Science, so far as they have cultivated it, has only armed them with new weapons against the gospel. Enlightened Christians are fully aware that Science has nothing among her genuine treasures, that is inimical to the religion of the Bible; but Christians have not yet learned that Science is no auxiliary to the gospel.

What seems to me a capital and flagrant error in the church at this day, is expressed in these words of the author of "The Christian philosopher," <sup>101</sup> viz.,

"If we admit that in future ages the religion of the Bible will shed its benign influences over all nations, that the external condition of the human race will then be prosperous and greatly meliorated (improved) beyond what it ever has been, and that no miraculous interposition of the Deity is to be expected to bring about such results, it will fall out that such objects can be accomplished only in the ordinary course of Providence, by rational investigation into the principles and power of nature, and the application of the inventions of science to the great objects of religion and of human improvement."

The church imagines that the progress she sees going on around her, is *her* progress; that all the marvellous inventions of the day are contributing to the spread of the gospel. (210) But what proportion of the scientific professors of Europe and America is *Christian*? A very small one. Do we find that the proportion to the number of steamboats, railroads, telegraphs, etc., in a region, is the prevalence of piety in that region? God may make use of these things at some future day, but they are not doing any more for the propagation of Christianity, than they are for that of infidelity, pantheism, etc.

The bows and arrows of the Magog army are represented as serving the Israelites for fuel, but the Magog army had to be defeated first. So long as the Church is under this illusion about progress, she can make no *real* progress. The individual Christian often mistakes the intellectual growth for the spiritual growth, and it is a fatal mistake if it lasts; and just so with the Church at large. The world enjoys at the present day wonderful facilities of communication. Now, to know whether this is good or otherwise, one must find out what it is that is communicated. But as the moral state of the world is, will be quality of the communications. The sanctified portion of the world is the merest fraction; therefore the sanctified portion of their communications must constitute but a very small proportion. Let there be in an orchard one fig tree and ninety-nine thorns, none the same; rain, heat, light that foster the one, will foster the ninety-nine. If the fig tree be inclined to grow at its progress, let it look ahead and see the 99 thorns making equal progress. The amount of progress of the whole is in the rate of 99 to 1 against the fig tree. I do hate to be a [creaker], but I know that until our eyes are opened to the true state of the case, we will not be drawn off from our false dependences, to seek God desperately and wholeheartedly.

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<sup>101</sup> This is *not* taken from Cotton Mather's book (1721), nor from Thomas Dick's book (1829).

(211) You are interested in the matter of my personal experiences. It may surprise you to hear that notwithstanding the desolate aspect of things without, I am *rejoicing continually with joy unspeakable* in God and in His Son. I never in my life have enjoyed such a serene unbroken flow of spirits as since the commencement of this year; and this you who saw me in 1846 and '47, know to be saying much. And you must not infer that I am any the less interested in those around me; for a large element in my happiness, is the assurance that He who *delighteth in mercy*, loves those poor souls, and will without any great delay, begin to do *exceedingly, abundantly above all that we can ask or think*. Probably not immediately; by next autumn; but at all events in the very last day and hour. You that love the Lord, *give him no rest until He arise and make Jerusalem a praise in the earth*. You that love me, praise him for all his surprising goodness to my soul. Before the end of this year, I hope to tell you some admirable and glorious things which he has told me, But have you not his word? And his Spirit? And his intercessions? Remember that *the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him*, and that *they who will do his will, shall know*.

In looking over some religious papers from America lately, I was pained on the whole, for it seemed to me that the conjugate (united) doctrines of faith and obedience were not yet understood. It seemed to me that the Church had broken itself into two parts, and had broken religion into two parts, one half for each. Some believe without obeying, and some obey without believing; and neither can do well; for faith lives by obedience and obedience by faith.

**Note:** *The following letter was misdated Jan 16, 1849. It has been moved here, to its correct chronological position. The original page numbers, however, have been maintained.*

(135)

***Friends. Bombay. January 16, 1850.*** <sup>102</sup>

Beloved Friends,

Forgive me for half indulging the intention not to write by this mail. I conclude to send you a line or two if no more, enclosing them in a letter I am sending to Dr. Anderson, to let you know that I am still in the land of the living, Nay much more than that. Although I have not yet the happiness of seeing the Lord's work prospering in my hands, yet is my soul kept in perfect peace, and frequently favored with seasons of the highest spiritual joys. My experiences at the commencement of this year are very much akin to those I had at the beginning of 1846, and you know how much I say in saying this. I marvel how the Lord enables me to endure the iron pressure of these times, when "vanity, vanity, vanity" seems to be the only product of my labor. But the thing is this: he has given me an eye capable of piercing the brazen vault he has stretched over us, and I can see smiles and glory and undreamt of grace beyond and ready to be revealed. The instant before God said, "Let there be light," the world was without form and void.

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<sup>102</sup> **PUBLISHER NOTE:** "Mr. Bowen, it would seem has made a mistake in the date of this last letter, as the nature of its contents seem to place it a year after the date he has put to it (1849). The writer arranged them according to the dates of the letters, and the mistake was not discerned until nearly finished."

In his subsequent letter, dated 2/12/49, Bowen says it has been 5 months since last writing them all, which affirms that his previous letter was the one dated 9/12/48, and not this misdated one.



Since my last I have received a little letter, the joint production of Harriet, Kate, and Frank, which was most welcome. I bless God for his signal care of you all, and far be it from me to cherish doubts of His future faithfulness. *What could the Lord have done for us that He hath not done?* Never, it seems to me, was a family so distinguished by his loving kindness. My heart is almost broken with emotion sometimes as I think of it. Also that there should be any defect of consecration on the part of any of us.

About the new year (136), I went on a little tour through the Island of Salsette, in company with a dear native brother. We went on foot and without a servant, and nothing could be more agreeable and less troublesome than our mode of journeying. At night, for instance, we would stop in the porch of some native house, or wherever we discovered a vacant piece of ground with a roof over it. We would always find somebody to cook for us (bread was all we wanted generally, sometimes vegetables); and I learned a good many years ago, you know, that knives and forks and the like were by no means indispensable. We would arise before daybreak and travel by moonlight. I judge we walked about 80 miles. Opportunities of preaching, arguing, and distributing books were frequent.

On reaching my house in Bombay again, I found that quite a metamorphosis had been effected through the kindness of Mrs. Hume, who had asked me for the key when I left. She had sent her servants and whitewashed the walls, covered the floor with matting, filled the handy<sup>103</sup> with rice, the cannisters with tea and sugar, the kitchen with wood, the bottles with oil, etc., etc. She did it, I understand, with trepidation; but how could I be otherwise than grateful for the kindness? I know this will please Ma, for it is much in her way.

At present I overflow; I don't know what to do with my temporal superabundance. It seems as though the poorer I tried to make myself, the richer I became. I continue teaching and enjoy very much the time I spend in that family. Mr. Miles (the head of it) is collector. Mrs. M. is a converted Jewess, a zealous Christian. There are 8 or 9 children. I teach about half of them. I go at 8 ½ A. M. and conduct family worship. (137) I eat breakfast with them, and then spend an hour in teaching, that is all. Nothing could exceed their kindness, and they seem to regard it as a great favor on my part. Those discussions at the seaside continue. I was surprised to find the report of them spread abroad through the country.<sup>104</sup>

Rev. Mr. Ballantine,<sup>105</sup> wife, and five children, of the Ahmednugger mission, have sailed since I wrote. I hope you will see them in N. York. They will not probably return hither. — It is thought that Mr. and Mrs. Fairbank will return soon, on account of her health.

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<sup>103</sup> Or *handi*; a hammered metal vessel with lid, used in India for storing rice.

<sup>104</sup> **Historical note:** The Sikh-British War in 1849 led to annexation of Punjab (the area in northwestern India along the northern Pakistan border) to the Anglo-Indian empire, opening the country to greater missionary work. In 1857, however, the *Sepoy Rebellion* against the East India Company resulted in missionary deaths. The East India Company was dissolved in 1858 when the British took direct control of India. Again, Bowen lived in a very dynamic time.

<sup>105</sup> Henry Ballantine (1813-1865). "In 1835 he and his young bride sailed for India. Appointed to Ahmednuggur, he quickly mastered the Marathi language. Among his many labors was to correct the Bible translation in that tongue. He also translated hymns into his adopted language and compiled two hymnals, one for adults, the other for children. He produced other literature in the Marathi language, championed education, and trained local pastors so that the Indian churches could function independently of westerners." — From his obituary in the *Missionary Herald*. Ballantine served in India for thirty years. He died at sea while returning to America, in 1865.

I will tell you of a little incident. Narayan <sup>106</sup> sent to me to know if I would go with them on that excursion. I didn't know whether the Lord wanted me in Bombay or in Salsette, so I could give no answer, but promised to let him know in the afternoon. About noon I examined into my finances and found I should only have money enough to fulfill certain impending obligations; and came to the conclusion that it was not the Lord's will I should go. But if it *should* be, he could still manifest it in some way. Not a quarter of an hour after these conclusions, the postman came with a letter which was merely an envelope covering 10 Rupees, abundantly enough for my expenses. So I knew that I was to go.

My best love to my dear mother. I hope she will send me a few lines for the new year. May the Lord give her strength and health to keep along with us yet a while in our journey, and may this year witness, in all of us, unprecedented progress. I am still hoping to hear from Fred King. Has he forgotten our 12 January? Love to all. Write very often.

From yours, George Bowen.

(138)

"Wait, oh my soul, submissive wait." Can you turn to this hymn.<sup>107</sup>

(212)

***Friends. Bombay. March 15, 1850.***

Shall I give an account of this day? Well, I rose at 6 o'clock and soon after had prayers in English and Mahratta with those living the house with me. These are two native Christians, and George, the boy from Mrs. Hume's school. I am living where I was. At 7 ½ (7.30 A.M.) I was at Mr. Miles' and gave my class instruction for one hour. Then family prayers, and breakfast. Was home at 9 ½. Meditated on the genealogy of Christ in 1<sup>st</sup> Matthew, and had some pleasing views of the greatness of redemption. Looking at these ancestors as so many links in a chain, that terminated in Christ, they may be considered as standing each one in his generation, an incarnate presence of salvation to the world. Each one, though he were but an obscure bondsman in Egypt, hallowed the world while he lived, and made it right for God to be gracious; for he was the guarantor of a coming Christ. Prayed earnestly for a great blessing in the re-perusal of the gospel. Spent a couple of hours on the translation of a little book into Mahratta. A European came in, for whose sins it seems to me, *there remaineth no more sacrifice*. He came to tell me of some delightful religious experiences, his soul overflowing with joy, etc. And yet the man is doing more evil than 50 missionaries could counteract. He is given over to a strong delusion that he should believe a lie, as I told him. Afterwards a present of some large and delightful grapes was sent by a friend. Then I went to the examination of the Free church missionary institution.

Dr. Duff,<sup>108</sup> just arrived in Bombay on his way to Scotland, presided and afterwards delivered an address. (213) He is an admirable speaker, and I have not had such a treat for a long time! His speech was principally against the notion that mere secular education could regenerate India. His plan is to teach them everything, religion included — perhaps I might

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<sup>106</sup> A servant of the Fairbanks. See his letter of December 16, 1851.

<sup>107</sup> From "Wait O My Soul Thy Maker's Will," by Benjamin Beddome (1717-1795).

<sup>108</sup> Alexander Duff (1806- 1878).

say, religion *prominent*. Not so prominent, however, as you would suppose. I heartily sympathize with all that was aggressive in his discourse. The infidel principal of the government institution was present, and must have suffered, I think, under the volleys of eloquent crimination. But I think that Dr. D, like almost everybody else, errs with respect to the way in which the conversion of India will be effected.

Afterwards (3 1/2), I accompanied my friend Narayan to his house close by, and made use of a leisure hour in writing a note to Mrs. Lee, which I enclose. Please transmit. Took a brief dinner with Narayan, and then we went to the seashore and had our discussion. At least 200 were there. Towards 7, we left. A half dozen educated youths from the Government Institution followed us. They expressed themselves to be skeptics. They rejected the Hindoo shastras, but saw no reason to believe that God had given any revelation whatever, nor that any was needed. They wanted to discuss with us this point. So after a little debate, we agreed to meet them tomorrow afternoon at the house of Narayan. I then came home, lighted a fire to cook some rice with, taught a little English to the two converts living with us, afterwards took supper, had evening worship, and am now, 10 o'clock, in my little room (10 feet square) writing these lines to some whom I love much. Some little lizards are creeping familiarly around upon the wall (214); and some heathen in the neighborhood are making these unmelodious noises. Above the [ILLEGIBLE] I hear the voice of a Kathakerri, or story teller.

Mrs. Wood continues about the same in health. She is at Mahabaleshewar, where also Mrs. Wilder is — making at least 5 missionaries' wives there, probably more. Frank has promised me a good long letter. I shall not cease to look for it till it comes. Give my cordial Christian remembrances to Dr. Skinner, to his son, to the elders and members of the church that know me. Speak a word for me to Dr. Smith and to friend Minor. When will Frederick King write? As for Humphrys, I have lost all hope of hearing from him; but am consoled by what you mention concerning him. Remember me to Mrs. Reid, and to all students. Why do they not send me a catalogue at least? Mr. Merwin will forward it by ship. Tell Nat that I am his affectionate brother.

And write faithfully to yours,  
George Bowen.

***Family. Bombay. May 9, 1850.***

Dear ones at home.

If I let this mail go by, you will be disappointed I fear, so I must send you a few lines. I received in March yours dated Feb 27, which is the latest I have had. I was delighted with the intelligence concerning Mr. Minor. The day before receiving that intelligence, I was in peculiarly earnest prayer for him; and when I received the letter, and was about to open it, it was deeply imposed upon my mind (215), that I should read therein of his conversion. May I in this way continue to receive news of the conversions of all my old friends, Frank, Nat, Stebbins, Hyde, Gordon, Stine and others. I am sorry Frank has gone to California. The stream that flows that way must be demoralization itself. Those California gold diggings are a touchstone by which God is bringing to light the true condition of the race in its present

palmy <sup>109</sup> civilization. How many missionaries Plutus <sup>110</sup> finds, and how consecrated, self-denying, world renouncing! May the Lord in His infinite mercy, and in the riches of His longsuffering, bring back our Frank. Above all, bring him back to himself.

I perceive (from her remarks) that Harriet suffers that old nature of hers to influence her some little. I concur in the matter of conceiving a liking or disliking without sufficient grace. We should learn to look upon every human being as the raw material of something precious. The Manchester merchant, when he buys a bale of cotton, sees in it future prints of choicest patterns. I judge from a word of yours that Bro. King has been ill. My own health is perfect. I have never been better than during the last year and a half. I may tell you freely that the number of those in Bombay who admire and approve my course is increasing, and that some European Christians are awakening to the importance of shaping their lives in more strict conformity with the gospel. I know a little circle of praying ones, men of wealth and station, who are anxiously waiting upon the Lord to know what he would have them to do. Since this year set in, I have not known a heavy or desponding hour (216), having the most unwavering assurance that the Lord is bringing me into the promised land.

The discussions at the seaside continue, and are enormously attended. There are no heathen pressing into the kingdom — but on the contrary, some converts are falling away. You remember that once there was chaos, and in the very next moment, light and the Sons of God shouting for joy. So it will be again, presently. A nation shall be born in a day. All that has yet been in the world, was but the auroral light preceding the rising of the Lord of Righteousness.

I have one very dear friend here by the name of Larkins, a lawyer; one of the most devoted Christians. He loves me much, and I him. Remember his name; you will probably hear it again. I continue teaching as before. The Humes are still at Mahabaleshewar. The Fairbanks remain here till after the rains. Mr. Wood came down yesterday with his youngest child, to have an operation performed upon its foot.

There has been lately a great discussion in the Bombay English papers touching the true work of missionary operations; infidels as well as others taking part in it. The discussion has had special reference to mission schools. The directors of Government schools aver that it is not their schools that make the rising generations of heathen infidel, but the mission schools. Their opponents point to refuting facts, and are in return withered by the question, *When are you converts?* The Hindoos read and wonder. *When salt without saline qualities can do all that genuine salt can, it will be proper to expect the conversion of the heathen, while the church remains as she is.* But as that day will never come, my absolute conviction that the first thing needed, and to be expected, is the revelation of God in the church. (217) Zion must arise and shine, then will the gross darkness of the earth be removed.

Our Sabbath next, the 12<sup>th</sup>, I am to distribute the elements to the members of the Free church here, and I propose to urge upon them, “Conformity to the Spirit and letter of the gospel. 1. *If any man have not the Spirit of Christ*, and 2. *Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ.*”

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<sup>109</sup> *Palmy*: very lively and profitable; booming.

<sup>110</sup> *Plutus*: Greek god of wealth.

It is a thing to be noticed, that people will listen with all benignity when told to conform to the Spirit of the gospel, but are instantly thrown into convulsions if the letter of it is pressed upon them. The reason is that if we divorce spiritual religion from its external manifestation, and settle it that there is no one style of life that properly and conclusively expresses it; why then one man's profession is as valued as another's. It becomes impossible to impeach the piety of professors. But Christ has legislated not only concerning the *heart*, but the *life*; and he has done it concerning the latter, in order to have his laws concerning the heart obeyed. The two go together. He who breaks the Spirit of the law, breaks both the Spirit and the letter. Let me relate a little incident. I was lately in company with Dr. Wilson and others. Dr. W. was complaining of the want of missionary interest among the Christians of Bombay, that they were so reluctant to contribute, etc. A Christian brother pressed in the Civil service (Capt. Preaven) spoke in reply thus: "Dr. Wilson, Do you want me to tell you the reasons why Christians here are so opposed to give to the cause of missions? It is simply this: that they are dissatisfied with the way in which missionaries are living. When they see you living less expensively, they will begin to answer your appeals." (218) What I tell you is true, you may be assured. I hear complaints of this thing from all quarters.

I have read with much interest Baptist Noel's book on church and state. No one can hold that system in stronger reprobation than I do. Its days are numbered. Remember me warmly to Mr. Gibson. I rejoice that he has me in mind. To Mr. Ross also, who was kind enough to send me his [greeting]. To the Rev. Mr. Vail, if you should have any opportunity. Greet Dr. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, the Chesters, Mr. Lockwood, and the other dear friends in that church. What of Lowery now a days, young Lockwood, Leeds? I hear nothing from Hickman or Toscey. I wish Ma would kindly send a few lines. I hope the Lord may lengthen her days to see wondrous things yet in the world, glorious things in Zion. Remember me to the Attenbury's in which family I have many cherished friends. Persuade Nat and his family to think as well of me, as they can. My household is the same as in March. Mr. Brown, who lives with me, is a dear young Christian who comforts me for the apostasy's of last year's companion. The rains are at hand. I have one friend, an Englishman, who is 7 feet high; yet he is willing to sit at my feet on spiritual things. Remember me to Rosey. Give my love to Aunt Weston also. To Richard Brown and his family. I would like to hear something of them.

Yours ever.  
George

(219)

***Family. Bombay. Oct. 15, 1850.***

Dear ones.

Many thanks for your kind letters which have come duly to hand, the last being a small but precious one Harriet dated July. All things continue with me as from the beginning. I have been now 3 1/3 years a licensed minister, yet do not know that my ministry has been blessed to the salvation of a soul, nor is there any visible evidence that I have been of any use in the world. Yet I was never more serene, hopeful, patient, or confident than now. Paul could not more cordially bless God for having put him in the ministry than I can. Looking at results, my hope seems a disease of the mind. It is true, *charity hopeth all things, believeth all*

*things*. But the simple explanation in my case is that God reveals Himself so graciously to my soul, that I cannot but commit my way unto him with tranquillity and trust. My former views of the love of God to sinners, and of His desire for their salvation, have lost nothing of their intensity. He shows me that the best thing for me, and the best thing for the world, and the best thing for the universe, is that He should *do as He doeth*. If we know that we have faith, we know that God is propitious, and will declare it, though 10,000 providences browbeat us. We, standing at a distance, see Job beneath the cloud, pining and almost despairing; and God above the cloud, listening and loving; and the cloud gradually evaporating. I am kept in perfect health. For nearly two years I have not been hindered by sickness from the performance of a single duty. I live in the same little house with the same house mates.

(220) Unfortunately, Mr. Brown, my fellow lodger, is about to commit the folly of marriage, and thus I shall lose him. I shall be content if Christ lose him not. I cannot credit the report you mention that the Am. Board intend sending no more unmarried missionaries. It seems impossible they should be so blinded. Last week the missionary Conference met at my house. We were seven. In the good providence of God, I was enabled to treat them somewhat better than last year. For instance, we had hot tea instead of cold, of which they so complained. The entire breakfast cost me 15 cents.

My spirit was refreshed lately by a visit from Mr. Cassidy of Poona, a young missionary not yet ordained, who for almost a year has been pursuing my course. He is a devoted servant of the Lord, and through many trials and some obloquy (defamation), pursues his way humbly, patiently, and laboriously, taking nothing from any society. He expects to spend next month with me in Bombay, and I will perhaps spend December with him, touring in the Deccan. I pass some hours daily in street labors, meeting with less violence than formerly, though aversion for the truth seem unmitigated. Christians at home wonder that the heathen are not converted. The wonder is that *any* should be converted. For you must understand that they are conscientious in their religion. The conscience of a man is his own child. God gives the child, but the parent educates it for good or evil. Each man is the potter and his conscience the clay. Paul's superior conscientiousness made him a persecutor. The Musselman who this morning bought a book of me and then returned it (221), because Christ was said therein to be the Son of God, acted from conscientious motives. And it is to be feared that some of those who come to me for baptism, do so from inferior conscientiousness.

A man is responsible to obey his conscience; but he is also responsible to have a *right* conscience. To transform a conscience matured in error, oh, how divine a work is this. That circle of praying Europeans of whom I spoke (May 9<sup>th</sup>) continues. We have weekly a precious evening. Some of the brethren are Plymouth Brethren, or pre-millenarians; but the love of Christ unites us. I think God is answering our prayers by awakening other Christians in Bombay. We are having open meetings for prayer, for the outpouring of the Spirit, and these are crowded. The doctrine of the Spirit is beginning to be better understood in Bombay. The Evangelical Alliance is making progress here; you know how much attached I am to its principles. A Swiss brother has well said that it is the church of the future.

Mr. John Sands, one of the first merchants of London, spent a couple of months here, some time ago. Since I left home, I have met none whose spirit so fully met mine. I received a letter from him last night from Calcutta. He complains of having been at a special meeting where 7 or 8 missionaries and their wives were present, where a chapter was read without ornament, and one prayer offered, and the rest of the time spent in listening to the piano, or worldly conversation. There are no American missionaries at Calcutta.

I received Bro. Humphys' very, very dear letter; it was like cold water to a thirsting soul; also a very acceptable letter from Mrs. Lee. (222) The Parsee with whom we had discussions for 8 months, is in some trouble in prison, I believe. I rejoice to hear that Frank is well, though I should like some more definite intelligence concerning him. Why not send me some extracts from his letters? Persuade him to write to me. I don't know whether I mentioned the receipt of a letter from Nat some time ago. He does not think so favourably of Frank as you do. Don't imagine he is to be converted. The promise is not to imagination, but to faith working by love.

***Mother. Bombay. Dec 16, 1850.***

My dear Mother.

I received last month's letter from Harriet and Kate, giving two items of intelligence — one most fanciful, the other most consolatory — the first relating to your sickness, the other to your recovery. God be praised for his goodness in raising you up again from that bed of suffering and danger. I cannot bear that you should yet depart. I desire that you may see the glory of the Lord in the land of the living. There is a day soon to dawn upon the earth, which I would fain (gladly) have you see, and for which I pray God to prepare us all. I bless God for the grace given you during your suffering, for the patience, tranquillity, and faith then manifested. I hear with much pleasure of the kind and assiduous attention of Nat and others during all your illness, and pray that the Lord may reward them for their faithfulness. I hope that you may not be content with merely escaping from this struggle, but will seek to possess some enduring spirit, won from that period. (223) In other words, that this and every other visitation may tend to ripen you for the kingdom of God. I much desire that a great spirit of prayerfulness may be given you, for this is the prelude to everything good. Seek much that intimate communion with Christ, wherein heart meets heart. There are some friends we correspond with; they are a long way off: others we converse with, for they are nigh to us. Let Christ be one of the latter number, though I fear that most do but correspond with him.

Somehow or other it is pleasant to see you on West Washington place again. There began a glorious work of grace for our family. The last letters mention that Frank was hard at work in San Francisco. I expect to hear of his being at the mines next. I wish he might find such a treasure hid in a field, as I preached about yesterday.

I don't know that my health was ever any better than it now is. There is now living with me a man after my own heart. It is Mr. Cassidy of Poona. Since the commencement of this year, he has been pursuing my plan in all respects. One of the wisest, humblest, lovingest and most disinterested <sup>111</sup> Christians to be found. He has a surprising gift for preaching to the

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<sup>111</sup> That is, unaffected by self-interest.

natives, and they listen to him with the utmost delight. In this respect, he is worth forty missionaries such as I am. Personal inaptitude would much distress me, were it not for the assurance that God knows how to glorify himself — even by such as I am. A cannon would be a very foolish instrument without powder, and so would we all be without the Spirit of God. God chose a stone for the cornerstone of his edifice, that the builders one and all declared unfit to be used in any part of the building. (224) *God seeth not as man seeth*. It is so even in physical things. The problem having been given to bring all the continents and countries of the world together, so to be as near as the counties of a state, who would have thought of accomplishing it by means of hot matter?

I have been writing to the Presbytery and endorse the letter (re Dr. Skinner). I have thought it right to tell them that my views on the subject of infant baptism have undergone a change. I hope Wallace Atterbury is better. My love to him and his brother, and all that family. In old times Bakewell used to write to me, I mean when I was in Europe. But he has not written since I came to India. You say Frederick King is back again. He seemed to have such a fervent affection for me when I came away. I hope his affection for Christ is unabated. The blessed thing in heaven shall be that our love shall know no fluctuation there. Another blessed thing, we will have time and opportunity to enjoy one another's love.

Mr. Hume has been on a tour to Pandupoor.<sup>112</sup> Mr. Fairbank is permanently a member of this Mission, and has charge of the press. Mr. Allen is serving the Old Sentiment. He has asked for leave to return at the end of next year. You know he has a son in Yale College. I don't know that there ever was a year of greater stagnation in the Missionary work than this. I speak of results, not of attempts. Many here in India have a sort of compassionate feeling towards missionaries and the church of Christ, such as we feel when we see a little child undertaking to roll an immense rock uphill.

I send the letter to Dr. Skinner unsealed. Please read it, then seal and send it. (225) Observe what I say therein about the present aspect of the work. Take the idea there suggested, and look around and see how it will apply. Can you find anything whatever that is not glorifying in progress? There is a mass enabling of the hosts. The great meeting in London next year will furnish an epitome of the world. It will be an assemblage such as this earth never witnessed. Everything good and everything evil will go up there, and go up triumphing. Read 28 of Ezekiel and 18 of Revelation. Let them throw light on one another, and observe where their commingled rays shall fall. Before God removes the gross darkness of the earth, he makes it known; and the light now in the earth seems to have this mission. It is revealing human depravity to an unprecedented degree; and the present generation is more iniquitous than all preceding, in the same respect that Capernaum was more iniquitous than Sodom and Gomorrah.

Your last letter was but 6 weeks in coming. Amid the exciting topics of the day, take care that your souls do not suffer damage. Spiritual religion has much to struggle with. I don't care a straw for any of the changes going on, except as far as I see their connection with Christ's kingdom. *Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God*. I don't know whether I told you that Mrs. Hume has another child, making six now living. A number of the

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<sup>112</sup> Pandupur is 800 miles NE of Bombay, in Madhya Pradesh, India, 100 miles SE of New Delhi.



Hindoos are in correspondence with me on the subject of the difficulties of the Christian religion.

I believe Mr. and Mrs. Wilder are coming to Bombay from Ahmednugger, on account of her ill health. Write me very often and tell me everything. My love to Frank. A ship is expected here from California: (226) perhaps he may have written by it. Remember me very affectionately to all that remember me, and believe me. Many thanks to Mrs. Lee for her letter. She seems to be wonderfully restored in health. My love to Humphrys. May he have grown to follow the guidance of the Spirit. I was impressed today with Jer. 42.6.<sup>113</sup>

Your affectionate son and brother,  
George Bowen.

***Family. Bombay. March 15, 1851.***

Mother, Harriet, and Kate.

The consideration that you may be expecting a letter about this time, and may experience a disappointment if you receive none, determines me to write to you. As a man who is swimming across a river feels disposed to postpone every lesser matter till he reaches the bank, so I am tempted under present circumstances to neglect writing even to my mother and sisters. Yours of Dec. 1 came to hand last month, and I hope to get another before long. I have as yet no missionary results to report. It does not yet please the Lord to *bear testimony to the word of His grace*. Stagnation reigns in the spiritual world. The little feeble church grows littler and feebler. The Lord's goodness to me is exceeding great, and I have not passed three such happy months since I have been in India. Not that I am not concerned at the desolateness of Zion, and the hidings of God's power, but there is a day star in my own heart's persuasion of the dawn of the Sun of Righteousness in the church.

(227) I spoke to you about Brother Cassidy, whom the Lord has given me for a companion. You must know that I long, long since gave up the hope of meeting a missionary who should be like-minded with myself. There are many dear brethren, Fred, Dodd, and others whom I love; but still they and myself are separated by a region of imperfect sympathies. And I expected as a matter of course, to find such a region gradually developed between Bro. Cassidy & myself. But every day of communion with him has only served to increase my admiration of the correspondence between the work of God in *his* spirit, and in *mine*. We have been evidently formed for one another, though apart, to be brought together in God's good time. Others would see many differences; but on the things to which I attach peculiar importance, I find him sympathizing with me. He has a wonderful heart of love, and he has what I certainly have not: a manner that is calculated to reveal it. And his attractions are towards the mean, the poor, and the needy. He might at this time be in receipt of a salary of £350; but for a year and a half has received not a penny of it, preferring to earn what he needs by teaching. Yet in all this, I cannot observe the least [show] of vainglory. He is quite willing that all the world should be ignorant of it. His idea of the Christian course is, "Let a man take up his cross daily and follow Christ; and do it not as though he were going to a

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<sup>113</sup> **Jer 42:6** "Whether *it is* pleasing or displeasing, we will obey the voice of the LORD our God to whom we send you, that it may be well with us when we obey the voice of the LORD our God."

place of crucifixion, but to a marriage feast.” I have seen no such man since I entered the Christian church. But dear ones, it is just the gospel type, no more; short of it is nothing. (228) And the church should be made up of such. A day will come when all shall exclaim, *our leanness; our leanness.* <sup>114</sup>

That boy and native convert who were living with us, have left. I may as well mention why, that you may see how shadowy my influence is; namely, for continued thefts. We useless ones, remember that Elijah, that man of God, was a most useless person for 3 years and a half. He did no more even for the widow and her son, than the father would have done for them had he been alive. And he was even brought to cry out “O Lord, my God, hast thou also brought it upon this widow with whom I sojourn,” as though wherever he went, he was the minister of evil. It was this that constituted the peculiar severity of his trial. Like our Lord, he waited for his hour.

I fear the poor people of Bombay are to suffer for want of water. You know that the city receives its supply in the rainy season, for the whole year. The usual fall is about 75 inches. Year before last fell 120 inches. But last year less than 50 inches. The tanks are nearly dry, and we have 2 ½ months to go to the next rain. A woman cried out yesterday to me in a time of supplication, as I was going along the street, to give her water, else they would die of thirst. This was spoken rather by way of anticipation, for there still is water. Poor people. I would sooner give them my blood than that one of them should die of thirst. What more can I desire than to give them proof that I love them as Christ loved me? Yes, one thing more, to make them know the love of Christ towards them. (229) It is a bitter thing to love those who treat our persons, deeds, and professions with contempt. What perpetual bitterness for Him whose name is love, whose goodness is in all His works, and whose heart once sent forth its streams in the sweat of Gethsemane and the blood of Calvary, to meet the returns he does.

I continue to enjoy much precious communion with a few souls. There was a sea captain (Capt. Hamlin) here from Glasgow, who was a very dear brother in Christ; the rigidity of his baptist views being his principal fault. By the by, he gave me a new suit of clothes. I mention this for the sake of Ma.

There has been much cholera here, in January and February; 2800 deaths by it alone. Just at this time occurs the abominable Holey (Holi) festival, when there is a universal license to sin. The Jews here think that this is simply their *purim*, adopted and embellished. The *purim* occurs at the same time, and is observed by the Jews as a time of license. Its origin you know was a day of license to kill; and as men don’t want to kill all the time, they celebrate it by the suspension of some of the other commandments of God.

From my heart I bless the Lord for His goodness in raising up Ma again, and giving her strength to resume her avocations. May she make haste to love the Lord, and be all that he would have her. I trust she is kept in life, that she may be presented unblemished before the throne of his glory.

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<sup>114</sup> **Isa 24:16** From the uttermost part of the earth have we heard songs, *even* glory to the righteous. But I said, *My leanness, my leanness, woe unto me!* the treacherous dealers have dealt treacherously.

I do beseech you, one and all, make much of your time! Make much of every day, every hour. Time is narrowing down with fearful rapidity. The Lord is at hand. His shadow is even now on the earth. But men are drunk with their own greatness (230), and are hastening to the apotheosis of humanity in London. Men are making a New Jerusalem of their own there, but the Lamb is not the light thereof. Their New Jerusalem will turn but simple Babylonia Rediviva (Babylon reborn). Christians err in supposing that Satan changes not. There is a Satan of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, as much in advance of all previous Satans as the 19<sup>th</sup> century is of all previous centuries. They are looking for the Satan whom they heard about in their infant days, and thus fail to see the polished, philanthropic, scientific, utilitarian, perfectionist Satan of the year 1851. There is but one vehicle on which man can safely sail through all centuries, and that is the gospel. But Christians make the Spirit of the age interpret the gospel, instead of making the gospel interpret all things.

Few words but much love.

G. Bowen

***Family. Bombay. July 4, 1851.***

My dear Ma, Harriet and Kate.

Perhaps you may ascribe it to our celebration of patriation that I address you on the Fourth of July. The fact is, the mail goes tomorrow, and it will not do for me to let another mail pass, without sending you some greeting from your son and brother. Not but that we return a sense of the greatness of this day. We all breakfasted at Mrs. Fairbank's in honor thereof this morning. The declaration of Am.'s Independence was of immense importance, because it resulted in the deliverance of the Church of Christ from her course when in the earthly governments (231), a connection, undoubtedly adulterous, in a hope or anticipation of whose dissolution, the church had fled over the Atlantic into the wilderness 150 years previously. In Dec 1776, the dissolution of that unlawful wedlock began in Virginia. And this was the first time since 584 that Christ had been acknowledged sole Lord of his own church. In 584, Belisarius subdued Africa, and the state church immediately thrust herself into that region, where the Donatists <sup>115</sup> (in my opinion the true church of the 4 and 6 centuries, though unknown and vilified by writers of Church history), had till then worshipped God in freedom. Those two dates embraced 1260 years (prophetic 360 days each), Rev 12.6.

The word Michael is Hebrew, signifying *Who is like God?* Whom shall we regard with such reverence and submissiveness as is due to God alone? Shall any other occupy the place that Christ has expressly reserved for himself by saying, *One is your Master, even myself?* The wings of a great eagle symbolize the United States; and the 1260 years of verse 14 are not the same as those mentioned before; neither are they to be added unto them. They begin a little later and terminate a little later. The Catholics' emigration to America in the flood, verse 15, and the institution and political constitution of the United States, constitute that which

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<sup>115</sup> Donatists taught that any ordination of a minister, or any administration of baptism or the Lord's Supper, that was not performed by an indisputably pure and genuine bishop, was invalid. This made the legitimacy of ordination and the sacraments, dependent not on *God* but on *man*. It was therefore deemed heretical. What Bowen admires here is their separation from the state, and its "official" church; this is a peculiarly American value.

helps the woman. In a subordinate but most important sense, the church is yet in the wilderness.

Do not find fault with me for the long unlettered period since I last wrote. In the rainy seasons, the Southampton mails (mid-monthly, cheap postage) are generally interrupted; (232) this year they are kept up. But the steamer of last month, instead of reaching the Red Sea, reached Ceylon after many days, and so her mails remain over, and you lose nothing by my not having written. Harriet's letter dated March was very dear to me, as all your letters are.

I see by later American papers, that Mr. Prentiss has been installed over the Mercer St. church. I have never seen him, do not know him. Mr. Cassidy and I still live together, and all things continue as they were. Mr. Nesbit, Free Church missionary, has returned after an absence of three years in Scotland. Mr. Jerrom, church of Eng. Missionary, who arrived in India a month before me, has died of consumption. He had married about two months before his death, a lady who came out from England expressly, having been previously engaged to him. Blessed are the dead whom God takes. Blessed also are they who have seen the death of self, and who know no heaven but the path of God's will.

You inquired about my finances. They have not given me a moment's solicitude (concern) for a year. I have not seen a moment that I can remember, when I wanted money. Yet I have secured nothing but my \$5 per month, with the exception of sundry articles of clothing from the kind friends of Christ.

I don't know if I told that I assist editing a religious weekly paper called the Bombay Guardian, which a number of us (ministers of various denominations) started in March last. There are three Roman Cath. papers in English, and one in Portuguese, one Puseyite Quarterly, <sup>116</sup> three non-religious daily's in English, and a number of anti-religious papers, beside the Diyanidaya. (233) A paper has lately been started in Marathi for the express and sole purpose of combating Christianity. It is distributed like our tracts, at a price merely nominal. I suppose the *Guardian* is doing some good from the opposition it excites. But my articles are the ones generally singled out for adversion (attention). I write on "the 19<sup>th</sup> century." "The Christian in India." "Difficulties in the Bible."

Mr. Larkin has gone home since I wrote last, and so indeed has the greater part of the little host of God's elect Europeans here. My external relation to the people continues as before. I give them the Gospel, and they give me mud. Mrs. Fairbank returned from Mahabaleshewar somewhat improved. I hear that Bro. Dulles and his wife have been great sufferers and are at the Nilgherry hills. Bro. Mills and wife have also been there. Young Loudder and Hasting are going home I hear. At a place in the south of India, hailstones fell as large as pumpkins; and a block of ice containing 22 cubic feet, more than equalling the hailstones of a talent's weight in Revelation (a talent, a 100 pounds). The English mail arrived day before yesterday in 24 days. It will soon come in 21; that will make 31 days from New York. Mr. Fraser's people have decided that they cannot give him more than 300 rupees a month. It remains to

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<sup>116</sup> *Pusey*: English theologian who (with Newman and Keble) founded the Oxford movement (1800-1882). They sought a Catholic revival in the Church of England, to offset the increasing secularization of that church.

be seen what he will do. You will remember that he was once going to live with me, and as me. "When he would do good, evil is present with him." He has a beautiful character, marred by instability. He is defective in faithfulness.

I am glad at what you tell me of Bro. Humphrys. May it please the Lord to stablish him, settle him, bless him, and make him a blessing. (234) I am sorry to hear of the Darlington's adverse circumstances. I cannot much rejoice in the news about Frank. It is a good thing that he writes to you. Always give my love to him. I am greatly pleased to have you mention the Stebbins; and Mr. Gibson, and the Lathrops, and Rich. Brown's family. Can you tell anything about the Gortons?

I have been preparing a *Life of Mahomet* for the Bombay Toast Soc. I do my part in translating and revising. All our tanks dried up, as I wrote you they would, but through the goodness of the Lord another reservoir was left. Treasures of water are embosomed in the stratum of clay that Bombay is built upon, and it was only necessary to sink wells in order to obtain these treasures. The people suffered much inconvenience; at all hours of the night, crowds were round the wells on the Esplanade waiting for the waters which flowed in slowly. But before absolute privation took place, the monsoon came; and between the 8 and 30 of June, 30 inches of rain fell.

I rejoice greatly in Ma's good health and eyesight, and that she is able to employ herself in a way so agreeable to her; and in all the tokens of kindness you receive from friends. Remember me in much affection to the Biningers. To dear Minor also, and Dr. Smith. What good do Frederick King's unfinished letters in his writing desk do me? Does he imagine that I am so far East as to possess the magical tricks told about in foolish Arabian nights, through which a man can see everything in every place under every disadvantage? Give my love to Nat and his. What shall I say to Mrs. Lee? How long since I have written to her. (235) "What's the use of writing now," is the thought generally put about in my heart. This transitional, unprofitable death-resembling state is not one to write from. I seem to myself like a chrysalis waiting the day when God shall disprison me, and expecting it from day to day and week to week. What can a chrysalis have to say?

How are all the Atterburys? Is Kate improving? In what direction? An American came to me the other day, a veritable N. Yorker. He is a Highlander; I mean a private in H. Me. 78<sup>th</sup> reg. of Highlanders. He was in Florida and in Texas; and when there was no more war there,<sup>117</sup> he went to England and enlisted. He and one or two others became the subjects of divine grace last year, and appear well. His name is Carr; his father is a carpenter and a Wesleyan in N.Y. The son has strong views on the sovereignty of God, and defective views of man's responsibility. This is the common blemish of piety as it is found here. Nowhere, I think, is the nice balance of these things so apprehended as in America. The way I regard it, is that God does everything and the believer does everything. For every act of the believer, there are two wills; the will of himself & the will of God. Whatever is to be done, the believer must do it, because *it is God's will at work in him to will and to do*.

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<sup>117</sup> Referring to the Mexican-America War (1846-48).

I hope you are all doing your best to lead a heavenly life. *Many are called, but few are chosen.* I see by the papers that revivals are common in Am., and that many are coming into the church. Are they crowding into it to sink it? If they are suffered to bring their sins in with them, then they are to be dreaded, just in proportion to their numbers. (236) I am afraid the narrow gate is a pretty broad one — the inventing genius of the 19th century leaves nothing as it was, and strange metal must these gates be made of, which modern art cannot distend and expand. Doubtless there are true converts among these, for whom God in heaven be praised. But the thing of chief moment, as I view it, is that Christ should have an obedient and believing people. Many praise him; many boast of their acquaintance with him; but it is certain that few know him.

Tomorrow, 6<sup>th</sup>, we have the communion in our little native church, which grows not any. The secular papers here say that every convert has cost a Missionary. It is a day of deep unmitigated rebuke with us. But as a body we live unconcerned. A proposition to reduce salaries would excite the greatest emotion; but the stagnancy of the gospel Bethesda awakes little concern. I rejoice to see that Wallace Atterbury has been much favored in his ministry. What of Bro. Aikman? Where is he? I must close. I am perfectly and inwardly well. My headaches about as frequent as they have always been, one a month. *I say, Watch.*

In love, yours,  
Geo. Bowen

***Family. Bombay. Sept 16, 1851.***

Dear Mother and dear Sisters.

Tomorrow is mail day, and two months have elapsed since I wrote to you, and you are pleased to hear from me even when I have nothing to say, and not willing that I should be silent, though you know I have a gift for taciturnity (silence) — and therefore I will write, though it is ten o'clock and I must finish my letter tonight. (237) Many thanks for your excellent and highly prized letter written by Harriet in her representative capacity in May last. Many thanks to my God, who is pleased to employ Atlantic, Mediterranean, and Indian breezes, English, Continental, and Egyptian human conveyances, with locomotives and steamers — which foolish man imagines {to be} the products of his own foolish brain, not considering that they are full of mysteries unsolved by him, and which engines were undoubtedly created by the Almighty in the beginning, and scattered in pictures in the very pathway of man, who could only go stumbling over them for 6000 years, when the pressure of God's providence at length constrained him to find these marvellous mechanisms and put the parts together; when what must imbecilic and arrogant man do but cry, "Eureka! I have found it; how stupendous is my genius; behold my wondrous work! I have succeeded by my genius in making things that even God himself must be astonished at!" Whereas these are but the hidings of God's power, and these railways but part of his ways to employ. I say a chain of agencies — human, angelic, providential — reaching through 141 degrees of longitude, and harnessing 32 ½ degrees of latitude, to convey to me thoughts and affections from a couple of sisters and a mother, and a handful of friends. And not satisfied with this, he is making some of his conceited and blind artisans run with wires across the European continent to tie the Mediterranean Sea and English channel together, that my voice may reach your ear the quicker. If He gave us his throne, and made all creation subject to us,

would we be any better off? (238) Far from it. *O Love the Lord, ye his saints, for there is no want to them that fear him.*

These flowers on my table were given to me by Mrs. Leith, at whose house I generally am on Tuesday evenings. “Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life” was the passage dwelt upon. There was a poor lady there whose husband died the other day, after 6 months’ marriage, and she goes home alone to mourn in the steamer. I have been much of late with an American captain (Lockwood, of the *White Squall*), who has been lying ill here for 3 months; and who is now dying. I go to see him some three times a week, although he is living 5 1/2 miles from my home; for there is no one else I think among his visitors to speak to him of Christ. And he enjoys my visits much, and they really seem to have been of benefit to him. Indeed, I could hardly wish for better evidence than he gives of having received the kingdom of heaven as a little child. He fell overboard in the harbor at night, and it is most marvellous that he has lived till now. I write to his wife today (she lives in Philadelphia), to tell her what I know. My heart has much yearned over this poor man; and I have observed with great delight the patience, resignation, reality, humility, contrition, and faith — in only the saints of Christ — that have appeared. Latterly his mind has much wandered; but even in his wandering, his religious views are all correct, judging from his expressions. Tomorrow I expect to be with him, if he is still alive; he is in the house of Mr. Earp, a merchant who shows him the utmost kindness, and who does not leave him except when I come to take his place.

Perhaps you have already heard of the death Mrs. Wood. (239) Her career has been a short one, and hardly a happy one. She has had poor health ever since her arrival here. Her influence was very marked on Mr. Wood, in refining his manners and thoughts. I have hardly ever seen a greater change of this sort. I understand that when at Mahabaleshewar last spring, she looked forward to the prospect of living in the new and commodious (spacious) house which Mr. Wood has built in Satara, with satisfaction. From the moment they entered it, troubles thickened upon them: first the sickness of her two children, then her own, terminating in the death of another infant — its death and her own. Mr. Wood has felt the strike very much. Possibly he may go home some day with his children.

A new missionary, Mr. Bissell, has arrived with his wife, from Boston. They are destined to the Ahmednugger mission. I am greatly pleased with them. The rains are now about over, and I wait for the voice of the beloved saying, *arise*. Mr. Cassidy still lives with me. We have a meeting at our little house of the neighbour, twice a week, and quite a company of sinners and publicans they are. Bro. King’s attempted letters do me little good. Who is Miss Harriett-Bissinger going to marry? Is it a Miss after all? I am much obliged to you for the extracts from Frank’s letters. It is next to hearing from himself.

The *Guardian* flourishes, and I hope may accomplish something for the cause of truth here. The population mentioned to you is of the city of Bombay itself. Bombay occupies an island of about the size of that of New York, and not very dissimilar in shape. I will send a picture of it perhaps someday, and I have some notion of sending you the *Guardian*. (240) I am to blame for not supplying you with more information concerning the country. They are constructing a railroad from Bombay over the aqueduct, and of Salsette to the continent. I send but a few lines; much love however. Warm remembrances to all friends.

Yours ever,  
Geo. Bowen

*Awake! Thou that sleepest.*

***Friends. Bombay. December 16, 1851.***

Beloved friends.

Forgive my transgressions of the [barest] correspondence, and do not regard them as violations of the law of love. Far be it from the thought of either of you, that my affection is at all diminished. My feelings are as warm and tender as ever; they have been perhaps more so. And I trust that the day of intimate and frequent communication shall yet come. Since I last wrote, I think I have received two letters from home, the last one from Kate and Harriet dated Sept 16 / 51. I rejoice that Frank writes so punctually to you, and that I am thus enabled to hear of his movements. I am glad that he cleaves to the remembrance of you, and that he does not forget me. Who knows but he may be with you when you receive this, for Kate mentions a purpose he had partially formed of visiting you this winter. If so, do make him write to me. And if he is ever enabled to visit me in Bombay as he purposes, in a ship of his own naming, right glad shall I be to see him.

It is delightful to hear of Ma's continued good health and good spirits, and that she is able to pursue those occupations which interest her. (241) Kate says she is studying Italian. I saw an Italian the other day, from Ragema, and had some talk with him. He talked about *nostro buono* (our good) Imperator Ferdinando Augusto, not knowing that there had been a new revolution, and that there was a new Emperor.<sup>118</sup> I found it hard to talk, the Marathi would come up, try as hard as I might to keep it down.

I don't know if ever I told you of my having discussed an American named Carr, in the regiment of Highlanders stationed here in Bombay. From Mulberry street in N. York and an out and out Yankee, notwithstanding he has been acting the Scotch Highlander so long. He wants to get his discharge and go home. No position is so deplorable as that of a European soldier in India. It is stated that in one year the English soldier in Bengal runs more risk of death than in three battles of Waterloo. The cause of this excessive mortality is excessive habits, not in the climate. Temperate and moral men live good long lives in India as well as elsewhere. The natives here gaze with horror and with a kind of awe at European iniquity.

Some Hindoos in Bombay have formed a Society of religious Reform, and have taken the light of nature for their basis. They aim at doing away with caste distinctions and obligatory widowhood.<sup>119</sup> *En recouche*, another Soc., has been formed for the conservation of Hinduism. A paper that was started to wage war against Christianity, fell to the ground after the publication of two numbers (editions). Last July, Narayan, a servant of Mr. Fairbank's, was baptised. Very soon after he became deranged and is till in the Lunatic Asylum. Among a superstitious people, such things tell very badly. He is about to be set at liberty, but his

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<sup>118</sup> Ferdinand I (1793-1875) was the Emperor of Austria from March 1835 until his abdication in December 1848; he was followed by Emperor Franz Josef I.

<sup>119</sup> In the Hindu ritual of *Sati*, widows were burned alive after their husbands died. In 1850, the British hardened their rules against the practice. Sir Charles Napier ordered that any Hindu priest who presided over a widow burning should be hanged. There are still isolated incidents today, even submitted to voluntarily by the widow.



mind happens to be in a [rubbly wreck]. (242) Far better, however, than to have lapsed into sin, as many have done.

A young Hindoo girl, educated in Mrs. Hume's boarding school, whom I have seen a hundred times and often taught, was some time ago taken away by her mother. Lately we had the unspeakable pain of hearing they had married her to [Kamala], one of the Hindoo gods, thus binding her to live a life of prostitution. How the horridness of the system; how the depravity of the human mind starts into view, when such facts present themselves. This is not the first one whose childhood has been spent in studying the gospel, and whose maturer years have been consecrated to licentiousness.

Bombay for two months past, has been the scene of great disorder. There have been riots between the Musselman and Parsees, calling for such displays of military power as made the city at one time appear to be in a state of siege. A Parsee editor of a Gujarathi paper published an account of Mohamet, a very proper one, accompanied by a likeness. The whole riot grew out of this likeness, which the Musselmans supposed to have been made in ridicule. Several fierce collisions took place. Almost all the Parsees took refuge in the fort. At one time, it was dangerous for a Parsee to be seen in the natives' town. One afternoon I saw a Parsee, driving a buggy, make his appearance in the principal street, which was lined on each side by angry Musselmans; and he had to push his horse to the very top of his speed to escape from the very loud shouts and execrations following him as he ran this gauntlet. And yet there was I, who had written (compiled rather than written) a *Life of Mohammed*, in which the pseudo prophet was treated unsparingly, and not a finger was lifted against me. (243) This *Life* had only just emerged from our slow press, when the riots began, and almost the whole edition was at once taken up by the Parsees, until the police Magistrate called and requested that the sale should be suspended. It has since been resumed. Happily there has not been much bloodshed. One Parsee has been killed, though many wounded. Some 25 Musselmans have been sentenced to imprisonment or transportation.

My last letter must have informed you of Mrs. Wood's decease. Her husband has found his situation a lonely one in Satara since her death; but now he is joined by Mr. Burgess. Mr. Hazen of Serroor<sup>120</sup> asked me to take his place there, while he should come to Bombay for the benefit of his health. I was quite ready. But now he has concluded to remain till Mr. Bissell is able to preach in Mahrathi.

You once asked for some particulars about Bombay. It reminds me a little of N. York, though instead of being flanked by rivers, it is surrounded by the sea. On the East side, the sea separates it from the continent and from the harbor (one of the finest in the world). The South extremity of B. is called Colaba, and was once a separate island, a long tongue of land 2 1/2 miles long, and very narrow. Next comes the Esplanade, a plain of about a mile square, one third of which is occupied by the Fort on the East side, a walled and fortified enclosure, densely populated, and the principal seat of business. The remainder of the Esplanade has scarce a tree upon it, but in the dry seasons a large span is covered with tents. Then comes the natives' town, as it is called, stretching north for some miles, being flanked on each side

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<sup>120</sup> Serroor (Shirur) is in Maharashtra, 100 miles east of Bombay (see map: Bombay to Ahmednugger – c. 1850).

by hills. I live about two miles from the Esplanade. The Frasers live more than 5 miles off from me in one direction; (244) Dr. Stevenson three miles in another.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of many of the walks. Its natural advantages are very great in my opinion. It connects with another much larger island in the North, Salsette, and that approaches to within a hundred yards of the continent, at Tannah, and it is at this point that the railroad is to cross. The range of the thermometer in the course of the year is only of 20 degrees, from 70 to 90; whereas in N. York, you know, it is over 100. The improvement of steamer navigation in the Indies is destined to give increased importance to Bombay.

I forgot to tell you I had been sick since I last wrote, a thing so extraordinary that it should not be overlooked. A kind concern was manifested, but really it was nothing serious. Mr. and Mrs. Hume insisted upon my spending a few days with them, and I did so. I don't know what the matter was. This was the latter part of September. Afterward I went out with Bros. Fairbank and Fraser for a little tour, visiting some 5 or 6 posts, which was pleasant and restorative.

The story is current among the natives that Vithoba (one of their gods) has made his appearance at a village some 20 or 30 miles from Bombay. An old devotee accustomed to make an annual pilgrimage to Pandarpoor where is Vithoba's great shrine, was unable to go this year, by reason of infirmities. And his anguish was so massive that Vithoba had pity on him, and came to *him*. He came, of course, in stone, and thousands are flocking from all parts to pay their respects to his stone majesty. And indeed, considering the rude presumptuous assaults made upon Hindooism, it was high time that the gods should come forth, and attending miracles be performed. (245) The Christian religion is the only religion that has no miracles in these parts.

I got a letter from Bro. Dodd some two months ago, and found in the painful intelligence that his health is very much impaired. He suffers from his eyes. He wished me to mention to you all his continued love. Two nights in the week we have a prayer meeting in our house, at which the neighbors assemble, a company of sinners and publicans truly. Either Mr. Cassidy or myself presides. The Free ch. presbytery here have seen fit to take away his license to preach, because of his views touching the subject of baptism.<sup>121</sup> But if anyone here is licensed of the Lord Jesus, *he* is, and people know it. And his position is in no material point affected by what the Free ch. pres. have done.

There seems likely to be a revolution in China, and a new Government.<sup>122</sup> I rejoice that Bro. Humphrys is so happily settled. I trust that he may keep so, and that he may be utterly emancipated from that instability that must be so perplexing to a God that *delighteth in mercy*. God seeth one in a certain situation and sends a blessing to him in that spot; but it finds him gone. It is most gratifying to me to hear that Bro. H. is doing a good work and bringing forth fruit. A very interesting book has been sent to us. "Sketches" by a pastor Spencer.<sup>123</sup>

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<sup>121</sup> Cassidy had become convinced that infant baptism is unbiblical, and became a credo-baptist.

<sup>122</sup> Referring to the Taiping Rebellion (1850–1864).

<sup>123</sup> Ichabod Spencer, *A Pastor's Sketches: The Art of Evangelistic Pastoral Visitation* (Brooklyn NY, 1850).

It is near 2 o'clock at night. I only wonder that Bro. Cassidy can sleep through such a din as some of the neighbours are making. There appears to be some Kathakerri entertaining them with a story about some of their gods. These poor people have no respect for the sleep of others; they render it as freely as they do melody. (246)

I am in the enjoyment of excellent health and my spirits are not bad. All the American missionaries here are much interested in you all, especially in Harriet, whom they know best. Mrs. Fairbank promised me the other day to write to Harriet with whose character and views she equally sympathizes. Many thanks to Dr. Ross and others for their kind remembrances. Give my love to them all. I still wait for Fred King's long promised letter. You are my only American correspondents. You give me hopes that I shall hear again from Mrs. Lee, though I deserve it not.

You ask about my ability to write Marathi. I can write it without difficulty, though not rapidly. Indeed it cannot well be written rapidly. No character is so favourable, I think, to this as the Roman. After a considerable interregnum, a new Bishop of Bombay has arrived from England, and Episcopalians are delighted. All are delighted with his humility, etc., etc. The more the pity that they should take their best men to spoil them. Give my love to Nat and all his. His daughters must be young ladies by this time. Remember me to Dr. Skinner and his son, when you see them. To the Pattons also, and the Brown's, and the 2 Gibsons, and many others.

Yours in loving ,  
Geo. Bowen.

(247)

***Family. Seroor, Feb. 5, 1852.***

My dear Mother and sisters,

You see that the Lord has brought me to another domicile. If I mistake not, I intimated in my last that should ill health oblige Mr. Hazen to quit Seroor for Bombay, I would perhaps take his place for a couple of months or so. So I left Bombay on the 13 Jan to come hither, proceeding by boat to Pannell (opposite Bombay 24 miles) where I met Mr. Hazen and family. He placed his bullock carriage at my disposal as it was returning to Seroo. I used it occasionally, especially at night to sleep in. With me was a native Christian named Narayan, who had been in the Lunatic asylum, and who was going to his own village. I was very near having another crazy person in my charge, a young German who it was thought might be benefited by a pedestrian tour. I have but little taste for the [security] of such; but as I thought it might be God's arrangement, I made no objection. However, just before starting, that poor young man became so much worse that they were obliged to send him to the asylum. As for Narayan, there was nothing peculiar in him except a slight tendency to imbecility. In some things, however, he had better sense than others; for instance, he was anxious that I should lose no opportunity of preaching the gospel. I think that insanity is very common in this country. I have heard it remarked that an unusually large portion of Europeans become deranged in this country. I was about a week in coming from Pannell hither, a distance of 107 miles. But then I spent 3 days of it at Poona. I walked 24 miles the day I went to Poona, and 22 miles the day I left; (248) so you see I am as strong as ever I

was in my life. I stayed there at the house of Mr. Sprague. Mrs. S. is Mr. Cassidy's sister. I was treated there with the greatest kindness.

To show how people may be lost in India, Mr. Cassidy's mother told me that she came out from England 34 years ago. Supposing her relations had gone to America, and not knowing their whereabouts, she had never written. Supposing *she* died; *they* had never written. Mrs. Sprague, visiting England 2 or 3 years ago, discovered them in London and introduced herself as the daughter of their sister Agnes. They learned with astonishment that their sister, whom they had supposed dead for 30 years, was still living. Still more surprising, a brother of Mrs. Cassidy had come out to India a great many years ago, and died here without her knowing it.

This country (the Deccan) is a high table land with hills here and there, rising still higher. The streams are few and inconsiderable, as the fall of rain is much less here than in the Concan. There is but little vegetation, and in every village ruins of former buildings are a conspicuous portion; so that on the whole, an aspect of desolation prevails. And it seems a not incongruous thing that desolation and idolatry should go together. The people complain of the government, in imputing to it the deficiency of rain. But new habits of enterprise and activity existing among the people, there could be an abundance of water; and the government, bad as it is, is better than the country has known for 1100 years probably. The capacity of the soil is very great. Dr. Miller here at Seroor, has in three years been enabled to create one of the most beautiful gardens you can imagine. (249) The whole wilderness here may easily blossom as the rose, whenever the enemy that reigns in the hearts of this people has been driven out.

I had not been here many days when yours of Dec 1 came and found a cordial welcome. A good long letter. If there had been an additional sheet in it from Kate, and a half sheet from Ma, it would have been still more welcome. And if there had been a sheet or two from Frank, and something in it from Nat, what a letter it would have been. And if pastor Humphrys and lawyer King had added their mites, I should have been rolling in unmerited wealth. And if Mrs. Lee had lent a hand — but I must stay my imagination and come back to sober facts.

To begin with, one of the soberest. I yesterday received a letter from Mrs. Lee, dated in Jan 1850, and which in deep disdain and bitter condemnation of the rash spirit of the age, had consumed two years and one month in traveling to its destination. I gave it a cordial greeting nonetheless; but would have liked to hear from it the story of its wandering. To my inquiring look, its only answer is "SHPP LETTER". The only way in which I can explain the long silence of Frank, mentioned by you, is to suppose that he was on his way round to the Eastern states. Has another of his years gone to join the seven or more of those that are in the presence of God testifying against him, and saying *Cut it down; why encumbereth the ground?* Or has he [included] a well-grounded hope of acceptance through Christ?

You will ask how I was enabled to come up here pecuniarily. A native missionary association connected with the native church had been formed in Bombay, and a little fund contributed. What to do with this fund they did not exactly know. (250) They were much pleased when I agreed to take of it what I should need. The day I left Bombay, Mr. Miles sent me a note enclosing 20 Rupees. The day I reached Seroor I received a note from an excellent though unseen brother (a Plymouth bro.), Mr. Molesworth, enclosing 100 rupees; 1/2 to aid a new

Temperance periodical, and respecting the other  $\frac{1}{2}$  adding, "If you have any personal need, and will simply and freely accept the money as one of the love tokens of your faithful Lord in heaven, how happy shall I be." But I have no personal need.

Two or three days afterward I received a letter from a gentleman in Bombay, saying that a Mr. Platt of Philadelphia had requested him to pay Mr. Bowen 200 rupees for self or mission, as he pleased. This I transferred to the mission; half for Mrs. Hume's schools, and half for Miss Farrow's schools. Had the money been placed at my disposal in America, I could have felt it my happy privilege to convey it to you. But being at my disposal in India, providence seemed to intimate a different application. And kind providence has not forsaken you. In a pecuniary point of view, I suppose your situation since Pa's death has not been worse than for 5 years previous. Nor did I think, if our faith be right, you will yet be suffered to want. I suffer, no doubt, in the estimation of some; but it is a consolation that you approve. I was telling some native Christians the other day about you, your dependent situation, and the blame I had incurred for leaving you to providence. And they asked what your feelings were with respect to my course. I was happy to tell them that in all their trials, my mother and sisters have grace to rejoice in the course pursued by me. This pleased them much.

7<sup>th</sup>. I must qualify what I said in favor of the government, by the remark that former governments were inferior; it is true. But then the money was all spent in the country; whereas, what the English obtain, they carry off and spend in a country five thousand miles away. And when we consider the extreme poverty of the people, the great mass of them earning in a month, not more than a good mechanic earns in a day in America; and then look at the commerce revenues raised by the E. I. Company (East India), the contrast is a painful one, a disgraceful one.

I saw the other day a native Christian woman, nearly 90 years old, blind, deaf, and bent over double, yet retaining her mental faculties and her interest in all that is going on. She is the mother of [Dajeba], one of the first converts in Bombay; and lives with him in a village near Seroor. I spent a few days with them last week, preaching in that village and neighbourhood, and enjoyed it much. They were much pleased that I could live in their fashion, and eat their food; but really, I don't know how anything could be better. I am sure you would have liked one of their dishes called *khoya*; only I think you would have wanted a spoon. But I behaved as though I had not the most distant acquaintance with knives, forks, tables, chairs, and similar artifices of a luxurious age. As for that aged Christian mother, she seems to be serenely waiting for the time of her departure. It is delightful when dilapidation has so far succeeded in the earthly house to know that there is a heavenly, rising glorious and majestic and radiant like the transfigured tabernacle of Jesus on the mount.

(252) This is a military station, requiring the presence of about 3 Europeans, 1 of them a physician, which I suppose was a reason for its being made a missionary station. There has been gathered a native church of about 20 members, several of whom are preachers. There is much more readiness to hear the Gospel in this region, than in Bombay, and more readiness to embrace it, though the converts have been principally from the lower castes.

I returned yesterday from a village not far off, where I went on occasion of a *gatra* (pilgrimage) held there. They were not quite as well disposed as I had found previous

audiences. Some got quite angry in discussion, or rather because they could not carry it on. They mentioned their determination to abide by the ways of their fathers, good or bad, as a reason why we should give over preaching. I told them that my duty to preach to them was quite independent of any determination of theirs. They however might listen or not as they pleased. One of them pointed to a great stone that was lying there, and told me to lift it and carry it a mile; they would then believe; but not till then. I told them I had no such ability, and that the Christian religion was not to be tried by such a test. If they took that for their test, they only condemned themselves; for I supposed that no one there was ready to perform the feat. In self-defense, the man said *he* could do it. But he did not lure us with the performance.

Instead of that, we were invited to witness a miracle that was about to be performed by a votary (devotee) of Khundoba. We repaired to the spot, where a great crowd assembled in front of the idol, and 16 carts from neighbouring villages were brought and fastened one to another. Said devotee was to have hooks inserted into the flesh of his back, to which the 16 carts were to be fastened; (253) and so he was to draw them, and give unimpeachable evidence that Khundoba was in him. It was not till after nightfall that the man appeared, and it was quite impossible to see how much was imposture and how much was not. I suppose the hooks were actually inserted in his back. The carts were placed where the road just begins to slope downward toward the river. All that was necessary was to get a start, and the train would move on of itself. Darkness and the crowd of friends about the foremost cart hindered from seeing much, but I saw some tugging away at the reluctant wheels till the train was started. After this there was no difficulty.

The devotee left the people to bring the carts up again, and came back to receive the worship and the gifts of the deluded people. They then triumphantly asked what I thought, and I frankly told them. When asked why their god did not drag the carts up some steep hill, they said their god was there and not at the hills. Later in the evening, Ramchandra (a preacher) was speaking about duty to parents, how far it extended. An individual denied that it had any limits. He said that parents were in the place of God to a child; and if they should commit to lie, to steal, to murder, it was its duty to obey. Ramchandra made answer, "You are quite willing that children should disobey their parents in every good thing; only they must be obedient when told to violate God's laws." The same man afterwards said that it was impossible to be an instant, or take a step, without committing sin (meaning that an ant would be killed, or some injury done to life); and so there was no use in giving one's self any trouble about it. (254) Besides, one had but to utter some name of God and all his sins were done away with at once. When such notions have possession of a mind, you can imagine what little attractiveness there is about the gospel to him. The people passed the entire night and part of the next forenoon in listening to songs and stories, religious and licentious.

It is impossible for them to see that obscenity is an incongruous element in religion. The principal singer I supposed was a woman, being in female attire and covered with ornaments; but it was a boy. At daybreak, I drew near, and induced a part of them to listen to me, while the rest shifted their ground and went on with their performance at a little distance; and I gave them an extended account of Jesus Christ and his religion. The old request was repeated, "Show us Jesus Christ; let us see him and then we will believe. Of

what use is an unseen Saviour?" I told them they must believe in him, and then he would reveal himself unto their souls. They pointed to the idol, saying, "Here is our God; we can see him; we would be great fools to leave him for one we cannot see." "What you see," I said, "is only a stone, carved and painted. *No man hath seen God at any time.*" We left them and returned.

I am urged to visit Ahmednugger and will probably do so some time this month. Mr. and Mrs. Bissell you know are stationed here. They are studying the language. I find them very agreeable companions. They together had charge of a school in Ohio for a year before marrying. I find myself obliged to modify in some degree my way of living. Under the circumstances, I seem to be obliged to conform more to the habits of those I am with, for a brief season.

Early in January I received from Mrs. Lockwood (Phila.), widow of Capt. L.,<sup>124</sup> a letter in reply to mine (255), couched in language that greatly affected me, though I have no claim to the gratitude expressed. And by the next mail came a letter from the wife of Capt. L.'s brother (Slatersville. R.I.) equally touching in its expressions. I count myself happy in being privileged to receive two such letters from unknown persons, Christians apparently, and assuring me that a large circle of relations and friends have been led to take a deep interest in me and in the cause of missions. It is evident now, what I surmised at the time, that Capt. L. had been the object of much prayer. I give you an extract:

"When the tidings came that this brother was dead, my husband seemed prostrated and unable to bear up under the heavy tidings; the fountain of tears seemed sealed up. The words seemed expressive of his feelings. 'I was dumb; I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it; I am consumed by the blow of thy hands.' In a few days, your letter came; that was enough. It gave me the assurance that our brother's soul was prepared to go to Jesus. The bitterness of grief was taken away; then did tears flow freely.

"If you could know what balm that letter gave my husband's sorrowing heart, and what tears of gratitude were shed over that letter, you would feel in some degree repaid for your kindness and faithfulness to a suffering, dying stranger in a Foreign land."

And yet I did nothing. The providence of God fairly forced me to his side. Mr. Allen received a letter informing him that an Am. Captain was lying ill at such a place. He called, and Capt. L. being asleep, he left his card. Mr. A. then asked me to call; I did so and continued my visits till Capt. L.'s decease.

I heard yesterday of a rather singular case of conversion from Romanism! (256) A R. Cath. Lady was travelling not long since in the Deccan, and happening to go into a R. C. church, imagined that it was a heathen temple, as well she might; and it was some time before she discerned her mistake. She was very much shocked to think that she should have made such a mistake, and also could not help being shocked by the similarity between the Hindoo and a Romish temple. She made known her trouble to the priest, who told her that such thoughts were from the devil, and must be put away. At Ahmednugger she asked a Prot. Lady about the services in Prot. Churches, and was invited to come and see for herself. She

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<sup>124</sup> See Bowen's letter of Sept 16, 1851.

next at first thought the ground would open to swallow her up for her wickedness in going to such a place, but soon became impressed by what she saw. She then read the Douay bible,<sup>125</sup> and is now, they say, a Protestant and a Christian.

Wars and rumours of wars seem the order of the day. The difficulties in Birmah (Burma) may result in the acquisition of the country, wholly or partly by the E. I. Company.<sup>126</sup> I think it desirable that it should be thought under English sway. The present monarch is an ignorant and cruel despot, they say, and much hated by the people. Should the providence of God bring that country under British authority, perhaps a side door may be opened for the gospel. The numerous conversions of Burmese through Am. Baptists, of which you have heard, were from among those that are subject to the Company, in Araman and Tenasserim.<sup>127</sup> I watch with much interest the progress of the revolution in China. Probably the Tartar dynasty will soon be overthrown there. Possibly China may fall asunder into several great estates.

(257) Mr. Hume and I went on a little tour into the Deccan, just before Christmas. We visited a place where many people were resorting to see a new manifestation of Vittoba;<sup>128</sup> that is, a stone image of him, supernaturally revealed in the bottom of a river, in answer to the prayer of a man who had long been praying for, and long been promising the people such an advent. We saw this old man and talked with him. I saw the image also. The thing had been managed pretty well.

I shall long remember a most delightful day I passed in that neighbourhood on the top of an isolated mountain, in a tree overhanging a precipice breaking forth in a glorious landscape, meditating on the word; and listening to a long angelic story, evangelistic I may say, told me by a tiny little flower — which soon having fulfilled its mission, returned to him that sent it. Would you believe that an audience whom Bro. Hume and I addressed, within 30 miles of Bombay, were one and all ignorant of the very name of Jesus Christ? They had to be taught to pronounce it, and were much afraid they would soon forget it.

**Monday, 9<sup>th</sup>.** I have been writing to you this month before mail time, in anticipation of being absent most of this week. Bro. Bissell and I are expecting to leave this evening on a little tour. The Bombay Toast Soc. printed last year 99,000 books and tracts, about four times what they did only 3 years ago. This kind of diffusion goes on rapidly. But the diffusion of truth in hearts is another thing. Last year was a year of almost utter barrenness as far as I am aware.

**Saturday, 16<sup>th</sup>.** Returned this day, after an interesting tour in some villages to the East of Seroor. I had ample opportunities for preaching. (258) One day I spent about 4 hours with 4 [andrunas], talking all the time, except when hearing an objection or a question from them.

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<sup>125</sup> An English translation of the Vulgate by Roman Catholic scholars.

<sup>126</sup> The Second Burmese War broke out in 1852. Burma is opposite India, east on the Bengal Sea.

<sup>127</sup> The Tenasserim provinces in the Peninsula of Burma, and the Araman strip in western Burma. Adoniram Judson (1788-1850) was one of those Am. baptists. Like Cassidy, he became a convinced baptist upon arriving in India, 1812.

<sup>128</sup> *Vithoba*: in Hinduism, a physical manifestation of the god Vishnu, or Krishna.



In these villages, one is almost always sure of getting an audience of Mahars at least.<sup>129</sup> Generally, all classes are disposed to listen for a little while, perhaps from deference to the Sahib; but the Mahars and other low castes seem to listen with real gratification. These occupy a plain outside of the walls, which is their ghetto. In one village where a Mahar convert belonging to their mission resides, the people utterly refuse to hear missionaries, so great is the indignation experienced at the sight a Christianized Mahar; but his own people are very favourable, perhaps ready to join the church, only very unfit. The Mahar, Mang, are given much in point of dignity and comfort by becoming Christians, and much evidence of conversion should precede their admission. In another place too, we visited a Christian family.

I enclose a letter for Mrs. Lockwood, wife of Capt. L.'s brother. Kindly send it. Will not Harriet enclose it in a note of her own? They would doubtless be gratified to know of you.

Dear souls all, I commend you to our good God. May he *perfect that which concerneth you*, and make you one and all meet (fit) for the inheritance.

Greet all dear friends. — Geo. Bowen.

(259)

***Family. Bombay. June 4, 1852.***

Dear Mother, Dear Sisters.

I reproach myself that I have suffered so long an interval to go by without writing to you. What business have I to be causing disappointment to anybody? Have I not been sufficiently taught the painfulness of this thing in my own experience, that I should recklessly visit it upon others? Perhaps not. I assure you it gives me poignant grief when I think of your experiencing disappointment through any negligence of mine. Why then do I not write? No matter. Let me escape the subject and return cordial thanks to you, that is, to Harriet for her good long letter, her precious letter of Feb 24. I would return thanks for precious letters from Kate, and from other dear friends, only they have not reached me yet. Kate is incurable. I must not forget to make mention of a very dear letter from my friend, Fred King. It was delightful to see again his own familiar hand, and send his self-reflecting lines. If I should not get off an answer to him by this steamer, communicate much love to him from me, and thanks as great as his long-protracted silence.

I had never heard of *the Wide, Wide World*,<sup>130</sup> mentioned in your letter, but it so happened that the Fairbanks received a copy of it, past when your letter came. They and the Hazens read the book with much enjoyment. For the sake of your recommendation, I also hastened to read it — that is, a good deal of it — for there is much in it that was written for people of more leisure of hand and mind than I have. I join with you in your earnest approbation. It sometimes seemed to me a little Anti-American. Nor do I think the years spent in Scotland by the heroine, at all adapted to accomplish any amelioration in her character. It ends as though there were to be a sequel. I am glad you have the friendship of the authoress.

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<sup>129</sup> *Mahar*, meaning "original inhabitants of Maharashtra," an Indian caste.

<sup>130</sup> *The Wide, Wide World* was a popular 1850 Christian novel by Susan Warner (as *Elizabeth Wetherell*).

I came down from the Deccan in March, reaching Bombay the 20<sup>th</sup>. Mr. Cassidy left next day embarking in the steamer for England. You know he was not ordained and not connected in Church relations with any body of Christians, since his disconnection with the Free ch. of Scotland. He did not make much account of that, thinking that he might pursue his labors here, and leave those matters to the arrangements of providence. He wished to be ordained by me, and I was willing to ordain him; for I consider that it is not the 1/3 or the 1/5 of a power to ordain that I possess, but a power to ordain. It is usual, you know, for *bodies* of ministers to ordain, and not *ministers*. What is usual is generally thought necessary; and other missionaries here were not willing to recognize ordination by me alone, and recommended him to go to England. For unrecognized ordination is to all intents and purposes *none*. He asked my advice. I told him that if the Lord opened up some easy way of going to England, he might properly embrace it. His friends furnished the needful, and he is gone. He will probably come again in 6 months or so, as a Missionary in connection with some Baptist Society. At least that was his idea. I heard from him at Aden.<sup>131</sup>

(261) Thus I am living alone again; but that, you know, is no hardship to me. Mr. Isinberg, church of Eng. missionary, went home the same steamer. He was quite broken down in health. He was formerly (you may know) in Abyssinia. Mrs. Hume has been absent with her children since March 1, at the Mahabaleshewar hills, and returned a few days ago. The Hazens left this week for the Deccan. Mr. H. is to be stationed at Ahmednugger, with Mr. Ballantine, expected soon from America. I think my last letter did not tell about my visit to Ahmednugger, and my tour to the North of that ([Nendise, Wadaley], etc.), which I enjoyed very much, being most kindly treated by the Wilders, and having many opportunities for preaching.

I little thought when I left America that I should have to combat Mormonism in Bombay. But there has actually arrived a Mormon missionary here from England, and he has been most industriously engaged since his arrival, in seeking to make converts. He found his way first to meetings held at my house. He afterwards came at an appointed time, to hold a discussion with Mr. Cassidy and myself. After some random talk, I reminded {him} of what he professed, namely, to have all the apostolic gifts, and requested him to give such evidence as the apostles were accustomed to give. He said it was an evil and adulterous generation that asked for a sign. I replied that Christ was performing the most surprising miracles when he said this, and that he said, "If I do not the works of him that sent me, believe me not." He replied that if anyone would embrace the if anyone would embrace the Mormon faith, (262) he should behold the miracles. I told him that tongues were for a sign *not* to them that believe, but to them that believe not. Mr. Cassidy read a description of the latter day saints from 2Tim 3.1, etc. He got very angry, and after shaking off the dust of his feet against us, went his way. He is distributing tracts everywhere, and on all occasions, writing in the Bombay papers, holding meetings, and making converts.

The most remarkable change that has taken place in Bombay since I arrived in the country, has been in the progress of Infidelity. Much of this through the influence of one man, Mr. Green, principal of the Government college. 6 serious young Hindoos came to me the other

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<sup>131</sup> *Aden*: British supply port in India.

day, with about 6 objections to the Bible written down. I was able to answer them, every one to his satisfaction. 6 series of articles have appeared in one of the papers (English) published here, to show the contradictions of Scripture and geology. I answered in the *Guardian*. The author of these articles was formerly a reputed Christian, in the service of the Free ch. mission.

There are many here who are interested in you all, and ever anxious to hear of you, as the Humes and Fairbanks, Miles and others. I still teach in the family of the Miles, an excellent family, where I am as much at home as I could possibly be, and where all are ready to serve me as though I were a son and brother. The last overland mail brought me a most kind and very welcome note from Mrs. D. Blakeman, referring to a box sent to me by some ship.<sup>132</sup> I hope to write to them, but meantime say, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." (263) I call myself poor by courtesy. I have a redundancy of riches, just now. I want something though that man cannot give. I rejoice much to hear about the Darlington. Remember me to them. I shall be glad to hear of the success of your efforts on 6<sup>th</sup> street. I am anxious to hear of Frank, and hope that your next will tell me something of him. I had some idea that he would come East (to the Eastern States) last winter. I hope you all search the Scriptures and believe in its unrevealed mines. What could the Californians do without a belief in the treasures yet undiscovered? Love to all the members of Mercer st. church. To what church does Ma now belong? Is she able to take long walks? Tell me many things about her. How is Kate occupied? And what occupies her mind? Love to Nat and all his.

Ever yours.  
George Bowen

***Family. Bombay. Oct 14, 1852.***

Dear Mother and Sisters.

This mail must not go without something for you. I wrote to Cassidy Sept 1, and asked him to pass the letter on to you. Mr. Fairbank sent you a long lithographed letter Sept 15. But you will by this time be looking for a direct communication from myself to yourselves; and I will not that you should look in vain. Only, when I take pen in hand to write you, the ghosts of many duties rise clamorous saying, one of them, "Remember that good long letter from Bro. King; will you answer it?" (264) another, "Remember Dr. Ross's letter; will you write him?" another, "Remember those kind friends, the Blakemans; you will not leave their kindness still unnoticed." And another this, and another that, trying to freight me from my propriety. But I bid them all hold their tongues, and hide themselves until I call for them; and go on with my letter to you, much relieved.

Since I last wrote you, a good long letter came from Harriet, that dear correspondent. The coming of these letters from time to time, continues to constitute agreeable vicissitudes in my life. The r/m Co.'s steamer <sup>133</sup> has additional dignity in my eyes, when one of your letters is part of her freight. After getting a letter from home, I am able to sit down and look at you through a wonderful cone, such as the Arabian nights need to tell of. I put together the

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<sup>132</sup> It will arrive in November, per his letter of Jan 27, 1853.

<sup>133</sup> Perhaps the **Royal Mail Company's** Steamer, c. 1850.

things said about Ma and look at her. Ditto Kate ditto. Ditto Harriet ditto. Ditto everybody else ditto. And I suppose you look upon this one in like manner, after receiving one of his. Today, then, you see me in Oomerkhardy, in the same little house (pretty simple now that I am all alone, excepting the half dozen mice which come out regularly at 2 o'clock to help me eat my bread, and who seem to suppose their company indispensable, and to look upon themselves as constituting the life and light of the mansion; — and the rats who live overhead, and who occasionally get up a kind of imitation thunderstorm; — and the lizards who live in my pantry, the self-constituted commissioners to taste of the bread which my baker furnishes; — and the ants between whose wisdom and my wisdom, there was a long and almost desperate conflict; but they appear now to have given in) in which I have been living 3 ½ years (265), singularly cheerful as you see, and unusually loving as you cannot see.

There is no use in living, except to love. I wish some people would not make it so hard to love them. I have in my mind a group that followed me the other night saying every bitter thing that malice could invent. One feels the inclination at the time to show his love by a good shaking first, and afterwards by looks and words of kindness. But what a wonderful world will that be where everyone is easy to love, where love finds the most interesting facilitations of itself. That is the world for me. I shall come there with an appetite. But on the other hand, love triumphs most where circumstances are most adverse.

Harriet once propounded certain genius on this subject. Does she want me to give her a carte blanche to dislike some people? Or to love some fanatically, ignoring the rest? I'll not do it. Let us love God very much, and let all our love to man be the expression of our love to God. Any mistakes in our love to men are best corrected by increased love to God. I am lost in amazement as I contemplate God the lover. The Bible is such a love letter. And the universe is so pressed down and running over with love. Such facts as the following take hold of me sometimes.

We think of a ray of light as one thing; but it consists of an army of colors, moving together from the sun to the floor of my room at the rate of 192,000 miles a second. These colors are propagated along that space by vibrations, or steps say, as one spear of an army.<sup>134</sup> But every color moves in steps of a particular length, longer or shorter than its comrades (266), and manages to keep in the line by taking more or fewer steps in the same time. One color in going an inch, takes 36,000 steps; while some have to take as many as 66,000. And in one second of time those last take 800 millions of millions of steps. Think of it. Each color in a ray of light, instead of being satisfied with saying once in a second, "God is love," insists upon saying it 500 or 500 millions of millions of times. The idea of dividing a second into so many parts. Each of those parts is to Him an eternity wherein He can expatiate with infinite leisure. And this is our God, who hath said unto us, "my people shall be satisfied with my goodness."

It is delightful to hear of Ma's continued health. I am glad that the same letter which tells of Harriet's illness, tells also of her recovery. I saw in the Boston Record a notice of Bro.

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<sup>134</sup> In 1926, Einstein would propose that light behaves as both waves *and particles*; it is comprised of discrete *photons*, as though moving in... *steps*.

Humphrys' installation. Harriet's next letter will tell me how she has passed the summer, and what she has seen. The box of things made up for me has not arrived. It comes with the Ballantine's, daily expected. Mr. Allen has been for some months in Ahmednugger and vicinity for the benefit of his health. Expected back soon. Mrs. Hume has charge of Bro. Fairbank's children.

We have had discussions for three months in one chapel. They are well attended and excite a good deal of interest. The way is this: one of us delivers a lecture upon some subject, and afterwards all are free to speak. The following are some of the subjects discussed: "The necessity of a revelation"; "What is a revelation?"; "Is the Bible one?"; "The Hindoo accounts of God"; "The Bible accounts of God"; "Hindoo ways of salvation"; "The Bible [story]." (267) "Transmigration (reincarnation) — Regeneration — Mohammedanism." A Hindoo shastri has been stirred up to give lectures in defense of Hindooism, and against Christianity; but only genuine Hindoos are admitted. At Poona they are publishing a Marathi paper filled with attacks on Christianity.

The late Mrs. Fairbank <sup>135</sup> had a high idea of Christian obligations, and of the measure of grace attainable. But she seems to have felt that there was a great and guilty disparity between that idea and her actual attainments; and she died without that lively assurance that her friends would have wished for her. She was in many respects a superior person, and much tried. I was sorry that I was not allowed to see her during the last two months of her life. Almost all were excluded.

To my three former pupils in Mr. Mile's family, have been added 3 other young ladies living near, who have asked permission to join the class. Among other things, I lately took it into my head to teach them to sing concerted music (sacred), and not without success. I do not know whether you and Kate are sick at all now. We are expecting now to hear of the nation of Pegu, or meantime Burmah.<sup>136</sup> I wish they would annex the whole country and stop fighting. The Company government, bad as it is, is better than anybody else's in this part of the world. But it will be an iniquitous thing if parliament does not modify the charter in renewing it. Our railroad will perhaps be opened about the time you receive this; that is, 24 miles of it, from Bombay to Tannah. Next year we are to have the Electric Telegraph throughout India. There is emigration going on from Bombay to Australia, Europeans and East Indians.

(268) You would be surprised at the interest that is taken in America in this part of the world. No news appears to interest more than American news. I see that Bro. Dulles and family have sailed from Madras <sup>137</sup> to Calcutta. Whether they are going home or not, I know not. They have suffered much from illness. It is a good while since I have any definite account of Frank's movements. I hope I may soon hear something concerning him of a gratifying nature.

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<sup>135</sup> Mrs. Fairbank was still alive in his letter of June 4<sup>th</sup>; so her decease was between June and presumably Sep 15, when Mr. Fairbank sent a lithographed letter to them, perhaps her obituary.

<sup>136</sup> The British annexed *Pegu* in 1852 — in Burmese, *Bago*.

<sup>137</sup> A city in Tamil Nadu on the southwest side of the Bay of Bengal; renamed *Chennai* in 1996. Calcutta (Kolkata) is on the north shore of the bay, a thousand miles away.

I am glad that Kate is engaged in that Sabbath school. May she have grace to live altogether with the Lord, and may her pathway through life be marked by good deeds, expressions of her love to Christ. At the end of life, the important question is not how much happiness have I enjoyed, but what have I done and suffered for Christ. The world sits on a throne and says, “so live that I may say unto thee, Well done thou good and faithful servant.” This fascinates far more than Christ promises. But let one remember that this world is a usurper, and will be handed down to hell.

The skeleton of a sermon I preached lately happens to be lying on the table. I copy it off, that you may study it out:

**I.** “He that dwelleth in love, etc.” To dwell 1. in the thoughts of God’s love; 2. In the thoughts of God in Christ’s promises. 3. In the thought of the Holy Ghost.

**II.** In the exercise of love. 1. Administration; 2. Good will. To be overcome: selfishness; unbelief. God’s love to others, remember. Love tends to overcome unloveliness and unlovingness. Love, the most agreeable emotion, the great motive; this is holiness; this is heaven.

This is as much as I ever write in the way of sermons. My rule is not to preach from my skeleton text. (269) In this way I oblige myself to be continually drinking of the water of life. I have written a note to Mr. Seldon, because you have asked it. May the blessed Saviour make himself known to him in all his plenipotence (full power) of grace. And may my mother and sisters in every time of need, find grace equal to the need. May the elder Brother make up to you all the deficiencies of this one. Say kind things to kind friends all.

Love ever, Geo. Bowen.

***Harriet. Bombay. January 27, 1853.***

My dear Harriet.

Very many thanks for your faithfulness in writing, and much condemnation to myself for suffering two of your ever-valued letters to remain unanswered. I was at Tannah when the last reached me, just before New Year’s; and I was awakened at 3 o’clock in the morning to receive it. I was there with a party of friends of those who know you and love you and who are always glad when letters come from you. I give fervent thanks to God for his goodness to you two and to Ma, and earnestly desire that He may continue you in health, in cheerfulness, and in the sense of his love, that He may bless your labors and your example, keep you from weariness, answer former prayers, and sustain you in your trials.

His goodness and mercy have hitherto followed me, and new loving kindnesses have been disclosed — though the time of fruitfulness has not yet arrived, and many volumes of my prayers be yet uncanceled <sup>138</sup> upon the steps of his throne. There they must be (270), and God himself can as easily leave his own throne as one of these prayers can be removed out of his sight before it be fulfilled. The evaporated water of the earth and sea must come down again from their aerial home; there is no place for them to go to, other than where they ascended; and our prayers which have been ascending for more than a week of years, are

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<sup>138</sup> An allusion to cancelling a stamp on a letter, or stamping a bill of lading with date and time upon receipt.

God's memoranda of things to be certainly done. Forget them not. If you forget them, Satan will claim them. Forget not the supplications of Sept-Nov 1847, and of many other seasons in your life. God cannot lie. He can wait, and that's all. And if we wait too, we win. An old prayer must have as much power with God as a new one. More indeed, for it accumulates power, as deposited money gathers interest. The past is present with God, until a balance is struck, and the account squared.

If a former prayer is unanswered, forgotten before God, we have no reason to rely upon a present prayer. We need a most thorough persuasion that he is *the rewarder of all who diligently seek him*, and that we have the petition which we ask of him; and that there is no seeking His face in vain. Without this persuasion there can be but little life in us; but if we relinquish our past prayers, we show that such persuasion is weak in us. We hold God fast, by the sum of all the prayers we have offered up in Christ's name, yet unanswered — fast, if we have faith *now*. They are adamant and continue so, if our faith continues; they are mere threads if we be unbelieving. I for my {part} have all along said, and do still say, *I will not let Thee go*.<sup>139</sup> Think not that I have relinquished the things anticipated in 1851. (271) I erred as to their distance, *not* (I am ever persuaded) as to their reality. And my eye is at this moment as intently fixed upon them as ever.

Mr. Fraser has ceased to be pastor of the Free church here, and is professor in the Government college, Poona. Many of his people were dissatisfied, because he neglected to visit them, and for some other reasons, real or supposed. Some that were not his friends, used this dissatisfaction as a lever, and in bringing about his removal. As a result, some scenes took place in the Presbytery here, which caused much scandal throughout Bombay, producing an impression in the public mind decidedly *favorable* to Mr. F. (who through the felicity of his manners is a most friend-winning man), and not at all favorable to Dr. Wilson, the most prominent adversary of Mr. Frazer. But there is no end to the stumbling blocks cast before the heathen in Bombay. (Read Ezek. 36.20. Then read 36.21-24.)

Lately, a Mr. Hight came to Bombay for the purpose of making a balloon ascent. The thing excited an enormous interest among the Natives, who had never seen a balloon, and probably from 150,000 to 200,000 persons assembled to see the ascent. The balloon ascended to the admiration of all; but when they learned that Mr. H. had not ascended in it, their indignation was great. With one voice they exclaim that no one can equal a European for conducting an imposture on a great scale. This may seem a little matter, but I assure you, the enemy makes great capital out of it.

I believe this year sees the construction of Electric Telegraph throughout India. Mr. Cassidy left England for India Nov 29, (272) after having been ordained in Mr. Baptist Noel's church, and appointed a Missionary of their Baptist Missionary Society. I look for him early next month. He comes in a Screw steamer,<sup>140</sup> via the cape and Ceylon.

As I understand, newspapers can be sent to America at a very trifling charge, and will send you the *Djyanidaya* regularly, and sometimes the *Guardian* also. In the next number, a

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<sup>139</sup> Gen 32.26. I will not let You go unless You bless me!

<sup>140</sup> A ship powered by a steam engine, using one or more propellers, called *screws*.

Lecture on the Hindu heavens, by me. The report of Krishna Shastia's lecture will give you an idea of the state of mind existing in a portion of the native community.

The railroad is finished to Tannah & will be open in about a month. Mr. Wood has been more than two months in Bombay on account of his child's foot. From birth it has been turned inward. He hopes that the operations which have been performed, and the boot which has been made, will eventually bring the foot into its proper shape. Mr. Ballantine arrived about Nov 20, all well, and has gone to Ahmednugger. Mr. Wilder has commenced a mission at Kolapoor.<sup>141</sup> Mr. Bissell was obliged to give up his house at Seroor (it was in the cantonments <sup>142</sup> — *punennud contrenments* — and the military authorities have a right to take any house so situated, when they please) to an officer; and finding no other house to his satisfaction, he has gone to Ahmednugger.

Pegu has been annexed; the residence <sup>143</sup> of Burmah will fall in due time under the power of the E. I. Co., whose will, I suppose, be renewed — the English being too much absorbed in their own home politics to do justice to this country. As the scenes are shifted on the stage of Europe, how wonderful each succeeding one — Napoleon 3, who would have thought in '47? The pope crowning him! (273) Who would have thought it in '49? What next? <sup>144</sup>

Mr. Allen returned from the Deccan in November. His health is better, but talks of going home in a month or two. Of five American missionaries now in Bombay, only one is married. There are widowers. The ten children are at present well. Oh, the box came in November,<sup>145</sup> with the kind presents of the Blakemans and Dr. Ross (and others, I believe). Many thanks to all. There are some books in the box, which I value much; for instance, Kitto's Bible Illustrations. Kate's slippers are beautiful. Undoubtedly the *Ne plus ultra* of slippers.

Remember me affectionately to Nat, Antoinette, and their children. Fanny and Nelly must be advancing toward womanhood. What about all the Atterburys? I am glad to hear of the pleasant time you have had {at the} Humphrys', and of his pleasant settlement. May the seed of January '46 yet beautify his life. My love to Fred. King and many others. Pray give me a good many letters this year. Ever yours,

Geo. Bowen.

Remember me very kindly to those who have as kindly remembered me, and don't let them think hard of me, that I have not written.

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<sup>141</sup> Also Colapore, or today, Kolhapur. Bowen's spelling has not been consistent.

<sup>142</sup> *Cantonment*: a permanent military installation in India.

<sup>143</sup> A *residency* is the residence of a regional ruler, thus the capital city of that region.

<sup>144</sup> Napoleon III, Napoleon's nephew, was the first President of France (1848-1852), then *Emperor* (1852-1870).

<sup>145</sup> It was mentioned in his letter of June 4, 1852, as having been sent then.



Dear Sisters.

Your letters of the end of March came to me this day, Sabbath, and have given it a particular crown of gladness. Thank you, dear Kate, that you write again, notwithstanding my culpable omission to acknowledge your letters.

Dear Harriet, the Lord hath done great things for you, whereof I am glad. "I have not said unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye my face in vain." How good to have this additional testimony to the faithfulness of our God. How interesting to see God's opening a packet of prayers of old date, and sending a magnificent answer to them. We rejoice in the delay, because of the immense interest accumulated. I anticipate that your seven years state of disappointment and spiritual tribulation (like J. Brainerd Taylor's)<sup>146</sup> must have prepared you by intimate knowledge of your own heart, its sins, its necessities, by knowledge of the love of God, its mighty length and breadth, to make a more triumphant use of the grace of God's son revealed, than others do who receive the knowledge of that same grace. After we have learned that God is willing to make us perfect to do all the good pleasure of his will, it remains that we should be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding. And it is just here, I imagine, that many fail; 40 persons may equally believe in the all-sufficient grace of Christ, but they may have widely varying estimates of what he calls them to. We must be watchful to see that our conversation (conduct) is perfect here; and that we are consecrated to do and suffer not only that will of his which he shall bring conspicuously before us (275), but to search for his hidden will.

In the covenant I made with God 7 years ago, I was no doubt in earnest, and God took me at my word. I surrendered myself to suffer all his appointments, conceived of or unconceived of, and he has given me unconceived of things to bear; and honored me with a severity of treatment which seems to me quite peculiar; and yet I may be wrong in this idea. I regard it as an honor, admire his wonderful wisdom in getting at me, and the perfections of his discipline; discover my griefs in solitude, and seek to glorify him by resignation, serenity, and faith. The hand that plungeth me into deep waters, still has hold of me under the waters. But if I should begin to talk about sufferings, I might go far, perhaps too far. It will be time enough when they are all over, as they must be one day.

In the last 9 months, the Holy Ghost has made me the subject of sorrows such as I have had no experience of in the rest of my Christian course. He brought me into them by the 6th chap. of 1 John. Thus the opportunity of a greater sacrifice than had before been made, had been presented and improved (employed). One reason why God bestowed on Abraham and Isaac a transcending blessing, was that Abraham might make a transcending sacrifice. But don't get any wrong idea about me. Goodness and mercy have followed me, if sometimes in masks. God ever remains unquestionably wise. I will just say, however, my idea of happiness

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<sup>146</sup> Taylor (1801-1829) professed his faith in Christ in 1816 at age 15. He began to prepare for the ministry. But it wasn't until 1822, six years later, while attending a revival meeting, that he attained full assurance of his salvation in Christ. Some in the Holiness Movement, like Charles Finney, used Taylor's story to show that Christians should expect a similar "Second Blessing." This became prominent in Wesleyan revival meetings.

is far beyond my experience. And yet my experience now is, in value and eminence, far beyond any of my American experiences. Yet there I was transported with joy, as you know. And it will be so till the day of Isaiah 60 breaks upon the darkness of this world.<sup>147</sup>

Delightful and long expected {is} this letter of yours. How can I be sufficiently grateful to God for it? Mr. Allen left Feb 24 for America, by Suez and Europe. Mr. Munger ten days ago by the same. Bro. Cassidy arrived the 4<sup>th</sup> of this month, and we are living together as before. Mrs. Burgess died about a month ago at the hills, after giving birth to an infant. Mr. Burgess, Mr. Wood, Mr. Fairbank, all widowers within 20 mos., and 9 motherless children. Bro. Fairbank is now at the hills. Bro. C. and I are living in a little bigger house, \$6 a month, but we may let the upper part of it. He is in connection with the Baptist Miss. Soc., though he takes nothing from them. It is past 12 and I will to bed, though there is not sleep on my eyelids. I preached in Marathi this morning, on “Awake them that sleepest, and arise from the dead.” Ma has now entered upon her 70<sup>th</sup> year. How kind to us all is God in his care of her. The first officer of the steamer, *Sir Charles Forbes*, running between Hong kong and Canton, is named Bowen. I have an idea it is Frank. Will write, I think, to some missionary there and ascertain. This is no letter, only an apology for one. I hope to write by next mail again; and also to the Church through Dr. Blakeman.

(277)

***Family. Bombay. June 18, 1853.***

My dear Mother and Sisters.

About a month ago, I wrote acknowledging the receipt of letters from Kate and Harriet. I wrote briefly, promising to write by the next opportunity. The present is the next direct opportunity. Owing to the war in Burmah, the E. I. Co.'s steamers are mostly in that quarter, and during the Monsoon the Mail is taken by the few that are retained here, only one a month. It is a great pity they would not give up carrying the mail between this and Suez altogether; then it would be undertaken by the B & N Company (a private one, having lines of steamers all the way from Southampton to Shanghai and Sidney via Singapore; and whose steamers combine to accomplish 300 miles every day), and would be performed with greater regularity and efficiency. There is non-regular steam communication all round the world from the Eastern limits of Asia to California and Oregon, the W. limits of America. There is a line of steamers between Eng. and India via the Cape. I regard this as the drying up of the Euphrates. Cyrus by conducting the Euphrates into an artificial receptacle, dried up the profuse channel of that river, and was thus enabled to take Babylon. The taking of Babylon was followed by a decree permitting the return of the Jews. So by the taking away of the Euphrates, the Jews were enabled to return to their own land. At present, the people of God are everywhere, and of every nation, tribe, and tongue. A drying up that shall correspond to their condition, must be universal in its character. Such is steam navigation. (278) Distances are dried up and annihilated by means of this, and the sea, one of the greatest of barriers, is now being dried up.

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<sup>147</sup> **Isa 60:2-3** The darkness shall cover the earth, And deep darkness the people; But the LORD will arise over you, And His glory will be seen upon you. The Gentiles shall come to your light, And kings to the brightness of your rising.

It annoys me that I cannot remember what I have written to you. I don't like to be writing the same things. The seventh vial <sup>148</sup> I regard as being fulfilled in the Electric Telegraph. Here something is being done in the air, corresponding to and exceeding what steam has done for the surface of the globe. Distances are annihilated. A man speaks in one part of the world, and is heard in another, thousands of miles away. Some of the effects described under the vial took place in 1841 in Europe. Islands are formed no more, ever since the submarine telegraph attaches them to continents; and mountains are not barriers anymore. These things are plagues to Popery which suffers by them in many ways, and is hardened to suffer more. The pope agreed with Naples to have an electric Telegraphic communication between the two capitals. The king of Naples did his part: made a telegraph to Terracina.<sup>149</sup> But the pope, though the vials have been lying ready a long time, cannot bring himself to complete the communication.

But there are prophetic agencies hereafter to be employed by Christ. In Isaiah 60, last verse, we are told, "a short oak will he make in its time." <sup>150</sup> He is arranging all things so that when the appointed moment comes, a moment may suffice. "In one hour is thy judgment come." *As the lightning shineth out of one part under heaven, and shineth*, etc., etc. The seals are, as I think, 1. Primitive Christianity; 2. Mohammedanism; 3. Popery; 4. Infidelity and the French Revolution; (279) 5. Indicates a period when putting to death for religious opinions shall come to a close.

This is the case now for the first time in the world. There have always been persecutions to death for the tenth's sake; but now that political supremacy has been given to Protestant nations, and civilization become the boast of men, wicked powers may harass in many ways, may imprison, etc.; but cannot put to death. Witness the deportations, memorials, missions, etc., on account of Achilli and the Madrai.<sup>151</sup> The moment is approaching, if not already come, when the penalty of death for religious opinions will not be allowed to be enforced in any part of the world. Even Turkey has had to succumb.<sup>152</sup> Madagascar has turned over a new leaf. Our expedition is knocking at the door of Japan. "Until thy brethren that shall be killed in like manner, shall be fulfilled." Under the seal, that fulfillment takes place. Next is to be the 6<sup>th</sup> seal, at hand I think. It is wonderful what is now going on in China. The Revolutionary party are entirely successful, and the pretender to the Empire is said to be a Christian, and bent on the overthrow of idolatry.<sup>153</sup>

There is a great passion for Education in the country. Young men are bent on getting an English education, and nothing else will satisfy them. The thing is so, and cannot be altered.

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<sup>148</sup> Alluding to Rev 16.17, KJV: the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air.

<sup>149</sup> After the Napoleonic Wars, Terracina was at the border between the Papal States and the Kingdom of Naples.

<sup>150</sup> **Isa 60:22** A little one shall become a thousand, a small one a strong nation: I the LORD will hasten it in his time.

<sup>151</sup> Perhaps alluding to the Hindu epic *Mahabharata*; Madri is the princess of the Madra Kingdom.

<sup>152</sup> Unfortunately, the slaughter of 100 million souls lay ahead in the 20<sup>th</sup> century. The Ottoman Turks played a key role, as did the Marxist-Darwinists of Germany, Italy, Russia, and China — each of them hounding Christ's church. Religious persecution must continue till Christ returns. *Only the Father knows when that day will be* (Mat 24.36).

<sup>153</sup> The leader of the Taiping Rebellion claimed to be the son of God, the younger brother of Jesus. He sought to impose a communist form of government, under a wrathful and unforgiving God. Some 20 million people died in the rebellion. Both the Chinese communists and the Chinese Nationalists trace their origin to the Taipings.

Converts from our American mission in the Deccan come down to Bombay, enter the institution superintended by Missionaries from Scotland and England, and are drawn only naturally to connect themselves with *their* Mission. This drain has been going on at such a rate, that Bros. Hume, Fairbank, and myself (280) have felt the necessity of having an Educational Institution in connection with *our* mission, and have written to the Committee at home accordingly. A Missionary, if he chooses, will always find time enough to preach, even if he be several hours a day laboring in such an Institution. Circumstances have forced us to adopt the measure as one for the present distress. I believe that the greatest results are eventually to be witnessed in connection with the preaching of the Gospel.

We are now in the midst of the Monsoon. Six inches of rain have fallen in the last twelve hours. We are yet at a loss to say how India is to be governed, whether the E. I. Co. will get a renewal of their charter, or some new system be devised. The present is a most preposterous form of government. A perfect Hydra. The Bombay Government is not governed by the Governor of Bombay, nor by his council, nor by the Governor general of India, nor by the supreme council of India, nor by the 24 directors constituting the E. I. Co. in London, nor by the Board of Control, nor by Parliament, nor by the Queen; but a little by each of these. The principal honor residing in the different parties mentioned, is to frustrate one another, and to retard the improvement of the country. A Native finds it quite impossible to understand what government he is living under. An immense deal of odium (disgrace) has fallen upon America through the publication of Mrs. Stowe's book.<sup>154</sup>

I can't but hope I shall soon hear from you again, Harriet — will have much to write, I think, from that new world into which she entered March 25. (281) And Kate, I hope, will get in the way of regarding the obligation to write, as resting on her not less than on Harriet. I do not think it fair that you should observe the *lex talionis*<sup>155</sup> in your correspondence with me. For consider I am one, and you are several; and you should write twice at least to my once.

With respect to temporal things, I at this time abound even to overflowing. I am the object of multiplied kindnesses, though not the particular kindnesses I most desiderate (desire). Whatever I venture to desire, I must prepare to want; whatever I dread or deprecate, I must prepare to meet. Don't for the world imagine that I say this mourningly. It was foolish to say it at all. But in alluding to the rule of God's government of me, I have no feeling but of consent, and serene if not cheerful submission. I have long since determined to let God have his way unto the end. I am better prepared to wait *years* now, than I once was *days*.

The Bissell's have been enabled to repurchase the mission premises and return to Seroor. We are accustomed to meet at Mrs. Hume's Wednesday evening for tea and reading of the Scriptures. Mrs. H. agreed to come to our house on Wednesday eve lately, with her children, who wanted to see Mr. Bowen's and Mr. Cassidy's house. It so happened that a number of ladies and gentlemen came to her house, and finding that she had come to ours, came also, little anticipating perhaps what kind of place they would find us in. So we had a room-full. Bro. C. and I waited upon them and upon ourselves, and gave them bread and butter, and plantain and tea; and they seemed to like it all very well, though we had no plates, knives, or

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<sup>154</sup> Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852) pricked the nation's conscience. The Civil War began in 1860.

<sup>155</sup> *Lex Talionis*: the law of retaliation — Kate will only write "in retaliation" to his writing her.

forks. (282) I broke the handle off the only knife we had, in cutting off the keel (spine) of a book six months ago; but as we have no occasion to exhibit it to the ready gaze of a fastidious world (buttering our bread behind scenes), it answers our purpose sufficiently well.

I am sorry to see such strong Sectarian tendencies in the Presbyterians and Congregationalists of America. I wanted to write to the Mercer street church, this time through Dr. Blakeman; but I find myself thinking, and will defer it for a season. What could I say that they do not already know? One thing I might give them: a token of my affectionate remembrance. This I hope to do yet. Meantime, do what you can to assure all, that my heart is unchanged toward them.

Nanking is in the hands of the Chinese insurgents, and thousands of idols are floating down the river that flows there (Yangtse Kyong), thrown in by these new iconoclasts.<sup>156</sup> They are friendly to Europeans, but bent on destroying the Opium trade.

Since the beginning of the year I preach in the European hospital here. Had some 60 hearers. I greatly like those books of Kitto that were sent me, and have lent the five volumes to five different people. My books are scattered all over Bombay and can hardly be called unused, I must conclude. With ever so much love to you and all.

Geo. Bowen.

(283)

***Harriet. Bombay. Sept 27, 1853.***

My dear Harriet.

Even if it be but a few lines, with such a mental ejaculation, I indorse myself to do what I ought to love to do, and what perhaps I *will* love to do, but what I do not *now*. And yet I cannot explain why I shrink from it. It pains me to look back upon three months elapsed without any missive to you, especially as it has been my privilege to receive from *you* 3 letters, and from dear Kate 2, and from Ma the expressions of love. Delightful letters they were, and I greatly rejoice that you are permitted to write such.

Since I wrote you (about 3 months ago), Bro. Cassidy left me, on a visit to his mother and sister in Poona, expecting to be back the same week; but it pleased the Lord to open a more effectual door there than he had found here, and he has remained there ever since. I last week despatched all his books and clothes to him. So I live alone again, and like to do so.

You did not understand what trial I alluded to in my letter of May, and indeed how would you? I can only explain when I shall have paid an eternal farewell to write. You know the New Jerusalem must come down to earth (284), and God shall wipe away all tears, "and there shall be no more sorrow." I do not expect to go to heaven, but heaven to come to me. Years ago I prayed God to lay upon me, if he would, the burden of the world, that speedy deliverance might come to many; and to enable me to *fill up that which was behind of the afflictions of Christ for his body's sake, the church*. With good reason, therefore, may my

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<sup>156</sup> *Iconoclast*: a destroyer of images used in religious services.

mouth be stopped till it pleases God to put a new song into it, and that will be the song of the cherubim.

**Great scandal** has arisen in Bombay. Through a native convert, Balasam Gunfeat, baptized a year ago by a church of Eng. missionary who lately apostatized. He was a young man of gentle spirit and, judging from his manner, of an affectionate disposition. He long before receiving baptism expressed to me his conviction of the truth of Christianity, and his admiration of it — though before that he had been an antagonist in public. He was, however, addicted to use of *bhang* — an intoxicating drug, and seems not to have relinquished it. He experienced a great deal of persecution after joining the Christian church, and the whole city poured out its vials of wrath and obloquy (defamation) upon him. He was put in jail for debt, and for some time remained there rather than let Christians pay the debt (285), fearing that selfish motives might be supposed to have prompted him to embrace Christianity. He wanted (lacked) stamina and energy, frittered away his life during the last year, was stung by the remonstrances of those who wished him to live differently, suffered from the physical and mental consequences of his use of stimulants — and in an evil hour, went to the principal Mohammedan mosque and publicly made a profession of his faith in Mohammed. Three wretched days followed. On the third, he took poison, and died in a few hours, in an agony of mind.

The natives, one and all, men and women, old and young, exclaim, “Behold the dreadful consequences of forsaking the religion of one’s fathers.” It is to {be} feared that this event has had a very bad effect upon the minds of many who were somewhat inclined towards Christianity. Alas, the church into which this young man was introduced can scarcely be called a church. The most flagrant instances of misconduct on the part of its members from time to time course out. It matters little how much the truth and excellencies of Christ’s word commend themselves to the consciences of this one and that one, if they see no church of Christ exhibiting and adorning that word in their lives.

Narayan and I go out as of old to preach, though not to the seaside generally, but to different parts of the city. (286) Only the other day we were regularly mobbed, and both of us covered with mud and filth.

A person died lately, a Mr. Gardiner, with whom I spent a good deal of time during his sickness. This man had ruined himself by drink, two or three times had been at death’s door with delirium tremens. He lay for many months the most frightful object, by reason of sores and immedicable (incurable) ulcers; nor was there anything in his state of mind that afforded any help, till the last week when the presence of the Spirit of God in his converting power seemed to be manifest. My spirit yearned over him in his last hours, and I was filled with amazement at the riches of God’s grace. He has left a wife and six interesting children.

Mr. Burgess expects to return to America in a few months, taking with him Mr. Fairbank’s children, and perhaps Mr. Wood’s — though it is not impossible that Mr. Wood may return with his own. Bro. Mills I hear is to return to America shortly. Dodd, Dulles, Mills, Wood, how many of ours returning. I am glad to hear of the improved health of dear Bro. Dodd; and I hope Bro. Dulles is invigorated by his native airs. May their souls *mount up on wings as eagles, run and not be weary. He shall not fail nor be discouraged*, and may he forbid that we should be.

The imperial dynasty of China is tottering (287), if it be not already fallen; and presently the 19<sup>th</sup> century will be thrusting itself into the heart of that Empire. The signs are favorable for Japan, also for Madagascar. We are about having penny postage on letters and papers throughout India. At this moment they are stringing some 2 or 3 miles of Telegraphic wire, so that it is within the scope of possibility that Calcutta, Delhi, Lahore, and Bombay be united by this agency before the expiration of the current year.

The first complete edition of the Marathi Scriptures worthy of the name, will leave the press next month. Hitherto the Old Testament has, most of it, been buried in an unintelligible translation. Are the Apostolic Christians you speak of Irvingites? <sup>157</sup> If they claim to have the gift of tongues, prove them. They themselves furnish you with a text. Irvingism is a delusion, even tho' it should be found to have some right things which other Christians have not. As you do not mention the subject in your last letter, I suppose you have got right with regard to the matter.

Altogether, the tone of your last letter is exactly what I would have it. Our Lord sometimes "*vients a pas lents, mais il vient.*" <sup>158</sup> I had Gaussen's *Daniel* in my hand for a quarter of an hour once, and was greatly pleased with it. <sup>159</sup> In prophetic studies, Bishop Newton <sup>160</sup> is the best starting point, I think. (288) A thousand expressions of love to all dear friends.

Yours fervently,  
Geo. Bowen

**Kate. Bombay. Sept 27, 1853.**

My very dear Kate.

You seem to want me to write to you particularly. And if to you, why not also to Ma? If I put Harriet's name at the beginning of my ordinary letters, they are none the less intended for you and Ma; and I consider that you are just as much bound to answer them as Harriet is. But surely I have good reason to be altogether satisfied with you, and gratified, seeing you have written me twice in the last few months. When I say satisfied, I mean comparatively, for I would like to hear by every mail; and if you don't pay the postage, it is no matter, for now and since a long time, I happen to have more money than I know what to do with. Since Cassidy left me, the upper part of my house has been occupied by another party, a pensioned soldier and his wife. They have a distinct (separate) entrance.

A book has lately come out, called "The Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana," by the wife of Brigadier MacKenzie, which, if you get hold of it, will tell you a good deal about Bombay, and missionaries in Bombay. (289) She even speaks of me, though mistakenly. She has been indiscreet in printing many personal matters. I have not seen the book, only criticisms upon it. She is a good person, amiable, pious, accomplished, very deaf. I know her.

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<sup>157</sup> The Catholic Apostolic Church, also known as the *Irvingian* Church, was organized in Scotland in 1835, named after Edward Irving (1792-1834). They claimed that extraordinary gifts and offices continue. The rest of the church, since the 2<sup>nd</sup> century (says Eusebius), has held to cessationism, testifying that these ended with the first generation.

<sup>158</sup> Quoting Victor Hugo: *He comes slowly, but he comes.*

<sup>159</sup> Francois Samuel R. Louis Gaussen (1790-1863), Swiss pastor: *The Prophet Daniel Explained.*

<sup>160</sup> Thomas Newton (1704-1782), Bishop of Bristol.

I am very glad you have seen Mr. Allen, and that the daguerreotype still exists. Your daguerreotype has faded much, as all do in this climate. Still, it is valuable to me, and memory condescends to be indebted to it. This is a horrid world of separations, at the best, and I would fain (gladly) see the fires sweep over its sin-spotted [excesses], and the new creation springing up behind, the abode of righteousness, the New Jerusalem whence we *shall go no more out forever*; and where there will be no heart separations, but where the gulf will be destroyed, the gulf of misunderstanding, or of sacrificial mutual surrenderment, that now often yawns between soul {and} soul.

Greatly do I bless God in all that it has pleased Him to bestow upon you this year, and trust that he will make your soul more and more like a watered garden, even like a four-rivered paradise. Christ prepares a place for us in heaven and a place for himself in our hearts. How beautiful should be the spot where Christ dwells. I commend to you the last three words of the 17<sup>th</sup> of John.<sup>161</sup> Especially learn to use them at the mercy seat. What can God withhold from *Christ in you*? (290) Christ in heaven wants nothing, and the Father can add nothing to him there; but *Christ in you* wants everything; nor shall he want it in vain, for *the Father heareth the Son always*.

And may the Lord complete and sum all His wondrous work of grace in Ma's heart. May her peace flow like a river, and her health shine brighter and brighter.

Your affectionate brother,  
Geo. Bowen.

***Family. Bombay. Oct 27, 1853.***

My dear Mother and Sisters.

You are waking up wonderfully to a proportion of your obligations to me. Out of the last 5 or 6 mails, 3 have brought me letters from you. And you see I am waking up too. I think it is only a month since I wrote you last. So whenever we do our duty, we do something more than our duty. That statement does not look quite orthodox, however; when we do our duty, something more than our duty is done; namely, other people are made to open their eyes upon *their* duties. We can't do anything alone. If we shut our eyes, somebody else will shut his eyes; if we speak a word, somebody else or a hundred somebody else insist upon speaking that same word; (291) whatever we do, a lot of people stand consecrated to do the same thing. "Then went in that other disciple."<sup>162</sup> Long ago this was deeply impressed upon my mind, and the question is never with me, "What can I safely do?" But "what can I, in conjunction with my unseen army of imitators, safely do?" Had I no other observer than God, I would in many things act differently from what I do. We should act as mothers of spoilt children sometimes act: keep certain delicacies away from the table, away from themselves lest their sick children should want them — *to the weak, becoming as weak*. Let love lead and rule us. I always feel ashamed to eat anything at the bedside of a sick person.

About a fortnight ago, Mr. Malletz, Secretary to Government, was proceeding with his wife and newly born child to Mahabaleshewar, where the Governor is pleased to reside a large

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<sup>161</sup> Joh 17.26, "I in them." See also Col 1.27, "*Christ in you*, the hope of glory."

<sup>162</sup> **Joh 20:8** Then the other disciple, who came to the tomb first, went in also; and he saw and believed.



part of the year. Mr. M. was passionately fond of his wife, and took every precaution that the journey might be happily accomplished. The China steamer conveyed them down the coast, as far as the mouth the Bomkote river, where they took their border boat to ascend that river. It was now night; they had a bar to cross, which is sometimes dangerous, and felt some anxiety. [Only,] they got among breakers; but escaping into still water (292), they cast anchor and intended waiting for daylight. Unfortunately, they concluded to go out, and soon were among breakers again. Mr. M. and his wife read the Scriptures and prayed together, fully conscious of their great danger. She told him that she was ready to depart, and that her faith was firm in Jesus. She told him where he would find her private Bible, in case he should survive. Mr. M. took the little babe and was handing it to the *ayah* <sup>163</sup> on the top of the cabin, when a wave swept over the vessel, taking the babe with it. Soon another wave came and swept away Mr. M. The next moment the vessel went to pieces. He found himself on a rock, and by means of a plank, succeeded in reaching the shore. Most of the servants and crew – the ayah among them – were drowned; but a few succeeded in reaching the shore, bringing with them the body of Mrs. M. But life was extinct, and no means that were tried could recall it.

An intimate friend of hers assured me that she had for some time — since the loss of a dear child — given pleasing evidence of piety. Strange to relate, on the top of the hill, at the foot of which her inanimate body was brought ashore, in that out of the way place, her mother's mother lies buried. Two of her children survive in England. She was about 25 years of age. Her husband has returned to Bombay. (293) He found her Bible, and discovered a number of passages quite recently marked by her, that seemed more than anything else adapted to comfort him, seemed marked indeed *for him*.

Mr. Hume and his family are at Ysandora (some 8 miles hence) seeking health, especially for Robert, their eldest boy, who has long been in an alarming state, but is now improving. Mr. Bissell at Seroor has been dangerously ill with spotted fever, but is now thought to be out of danger. Probably he will come to Bombay for a change. Mr. Burgess will be going home in 4 or 5 weeks by way of England, around the Cape. Mrs. Hume's growing family will take her home one of these days.

I was delighted lately on removing the glass from your Daguerreotype to find it perfect. I have long supposed that it was irreparably damaged; but it was merely the glass penetrated by the vapors from the plate. People here think I resemble Harriet. Fred King's portrait is as fresh and blooming as ever. The tone of your letters has greatly delighted me. I rejoice that the Holy Spirit is at the helm in Harriet's experience, and has guided her past some quicksands. I find nothing to take exception to in any of your statements. Every sinner ought to believe in God's willingness to justify him, and every Christian ought to believe in sanctification. (294) But it is of vast importance to have a right conception of sanctification. Very many of the Methodists mistake here.<sup>164</sup> It is of exceeding importance that we should be willing to have God enlarge our conceptions of true holiness. The standard of God grows

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<sup>163</sup> *Ayah*: a native nursemaid who looks after children.

<sup>164</sup> Bowen refers here to the Holiness Movement. He says we ought to pursue perfect holiness increasingly ("be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect"), but never think to attain it. See Rom 10.3; Phi 3.9.

with our growth. It will always do so. The piety of today carried over to tomorrow, is not sufficient for tomorrow. So that, in one sense, we will shall never have attained. In *this*, namely, that we may stay contented at the point we have reached. It is the “perfect” that are most bent on pressing forward, even when they have a heavenly consciousness of holiness, and a peace inviolable. Even God himself is always exceeding himself.

I have not the disposition I once had to speak of myself to people. When people speak as though it were forbidden us to hope for entire holiness in this life, I cannot but endeavour to vindicate the word of God and the Spirit of God. But remembering the self-deceivableness of the heart, I make no report of myself other than that of utter vileness and unworthiness, and throw on God the obligation to make a report of me, if He sees it important that there should be one. It is His matter more than mine. Yet would I not say that Christians should never verbally declare what they believe the grace of God hath wrought in them. I myself have profited by such declarations. (295) America is far ahead of the rest of the Christian world in her comprehension of the doctrine of holiness.

I shall be glad to get that letter from John Atterbury. Mr. Fairbank lent me [*Pxxxxxly*] the other day, and I read a good deal of it with a good deal of interest. I think I liked it better than *the Wide, Wide World*.<sup>165</sup> Many of the scenes and characters seemed drawn from life, and from a life which I had known. I don’t object to fiction. It is God and not Satan that has given us the faculty of imagination, and we are only responsible to have it guided by the Spirit of God. A vast deal of caution is necessary, for we may easily so exercise it as to be strengthening dangerous predilections in these, at the very moment we are seeking to transform them.

I would like to know something more about Miss Warner.<sup>166</sup> Do you ever see her now? Harriet, do you ever think of writing a book? No one is better fitted, I think. I suppose you could fall a good deal into the auto-biographical, though less now than formerly you would have done. You are more objective than you were. These books (Miss W.’s) are very popular among the English. American literature is getting into great vogue the last few years.

The man who had lived next door to me, a pensioned soldier with a great conceit of his own goodness, and a great but fitful profession of piety (296), was in the habit of rushing into intemperance about once in 6 months, and drinking himself into the horrors. In the interval, he walked erect in his self-complacency — as though he had the most absolute control of himself, and temptation could not lift a little finger against him. After a long abstinence, he (a few weeks ago) had his name taken from the Temperance Roll, as he was going to a ball where he would have to drink. He went and drank; drank for a week; went to the hospital with delirium tremens; and there cut his throat with a knife and died. How many a meeting has this man attended in my house! How many a warning heard from my lips! Alas, how many in Bombay are rushing with similar impetuosity down to perdition!

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<sup>165</sup> See his letter of June 4, 1852.

<sup>166</sup> Author of *Wide, Wide, World*.

Whitefield, that dreadful man with whom I lived in 1849,<sup>167</sup> is in the hospital, staying there I think to keep himself from starvation. I always supposed that he had killed a fellow soldier in Hurrachen, through the influence of delirium tremens. But the person who was there at the time, and the principal witness in the trial — *only* witness, I think — told me the other day that it was not so; he committed the murder when sober, and when sane, under an impulse of jealousy, was condemned to be hung, but pardoned afterwards.

Our present Governor, Lord Falkland, is expected to go home next month. He has been here 5 ½ years. (297) Lord Elphinstone, formerly governor of Madras, is coming to succeed him. A native convert (Sudhoo from Satara) and his brother, studying at the Free Church Institution in Bombay, are living with me.

My love to Mrs. Lee, Gibson and Gibsons, Blakemans, Masons, Dr. Skinner, Dr. Robinson if you have an opportunity, Atterburys, Humphrys, King, Lowery, Bros. Dodd and Dulles, Mr. Allen, Mr. Munger if you see them, Stebbins, all other old friends, and all your new friends; Mercer str. Church.

I praise the Lord for Ma's continued health and cheerfulness. Did I tell you about an Italian friend of mine, that fought in Rome for the Republic, and who has embraced the truth in Bombay? He wants me to ask you to give his cordial salutations to your Italian friends in New York. He sees now what Italy wants, and is desirous of giving it. Love to the Bloodgoods. To Uncle Richard; Blanch; Darlington, Snoudens, Elizabeth. Aunt Weston.

Your affectionate son and brother,  
Geo. Bowen.

(298)

***Family. Bombay. Nov 26, 1853.***

Dear Mother and Sisters.

I must write this month, if it were only to show how much I am delighted with your great improvement in the matter of correspondence. It really appears that I may expect a letter once a month from both Harriet and Kate. This is truly the year of reform and progress, and I must not be caught lagging behind the age. Perhaps India and America are brought nearer to one another by the sixth vial,<sup>168</sup> drying up the intermediate waters, and by the seventh vial drying up the intermediate air, in one word by steamboats and Electric Telegraphs, we may catch the spirit of the times, and our correspondence become more and more frequent. The time is not far distant when America will be brought within 30 days of India. Soon, in fact, one half the distance that separated us on my arrival here, will be as good as annihilated. When we have reached that height, we shall be able to see looming not far off, New York & Bombay 15 days apart.<sup>169</sup> There shall we see another height, and upon its pleasant summit, Bombay and New York, and all other beauties of the New Jerusalem side by side. (299) But in the meantime, what things shall come to pass?

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<sup>167</sup> Mentioned in his letter of Feb 2, 1849.

<sup>168</sup> The reference is Revelation 16, as mentioned in his previous letter of June 18, 1853.

<sup>169</sup> Indeed, it's now a mere 15 **hours** flying time between them.

In 2Pet 3 observe, “the world that then was,” “the world that is,” “the world that is to be.” The latter is the new heaven and earth. The first, an old heaven and earth. The second an intermediate one. The flood of fire or of something like fire comes between the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup>. We see that absolute destruction is not necessarily the fulfillment of the work. There shall be everlasting destruction of the wicked from the presence of the Lord; and there shall be sanctification and glory for believers; the new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven, with gates open for the reception of the converted nations. We are to haste unto this day, and it is doubtless at hand. I have not read the memoir of Mr. Fox, miss’y, but there is truth in his opinion which you quote, that the coming of the Lord is accelerated by everything we do, however humble, to make Him known.

The affairs of Turkey and Russia attract the attention of the whole civilized world. <sup>170</sup> For six months they have been just ready to make war, but always shrinking from it. Some think that the Turk shall come to his end and none shall help him (300), notwithstanding the promises of England and France to help him. They are now busily extending the 3000 miles of Electric Telegraph throughout India. Madras, Bombay, Agra, Delhi, Lahon, Calcutta, and Rangoon are to be thus united. In a month or two, most will be finished. An additional piece of our railway is nearly completed.

The Barkers have not yet arrived. Mr. Bissells has been very ill and is now in Bombay for a change. He is getting well. Mr. Burgess is here on his way to America. He goes to England round the Cape, taking his 3 children and Mr. Fairbank’s two. Mr. Hazen is also here. The Humes are again in town, all well.

Something in Kate’s letter concerning Nat and the attention he gives to religion has greatly pleased me. May the God of all grace fully reconcile him to evangelical religion, and to all that is most affecting in the word of God, and enable him to see all the attractiveness of the Crucified One. May we all see it more and more. May Ma see it, and in her latter days make most rapid growth in the love of God, and in preparation for those august and thrilling manifestations that await us. Perfection consists in desire. The angels in heaven excel us in this. Desire with faith is the essential condition of happiness. (301) Our souls expand as they receive, so that in the very moment we are sanctified and ready to exclaim, *Now we are perfect*, we find our capacities have grown, and we are in want of more. With all this, perfect contentment and exulting joy are consistent.

We got letters from Mr. Allen by the last mail. We have lately heard from Mr. Munger also. He had not time to go and see you when passing through N. York. In Vermont, Prof. Labaru said to him “In my north west chamber, Mr. Bowen was born.” Only think of their remembering in Middlebury the chamber in which I made my entrance on this sublunary scene. I must have made a very profane impression upon the mind of that community during the first six months of my existence. There are few houses in America so old. But here things are less fugitive (fleeting). A few years ago there was a ship sailing out of this harbor, 84 years of age.

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<sup>170</sup> Referring to the **Crimean War** (October 1853 to February 1856) in which Russia lost to an alliance of the Ottoman Empire, France, the United Kingdom, and Piedmont-Sardinia.

Lord Falkland is at length going home, and Lord Elphinstone coming out as governor. The Ch. Miss. Society have sent out a new missionary to Bombay, and another is on the way. The Ch. of Scotland are also sending out two. I still go about preaching, now in one street and now in another, and distributing tracts, of which we have a gratuitous series.

(302) What about Bros. Dulles and Dodd? Could not you stir them up to write to me? My love to them; also to Fred. King and all other old friends. The Old Testament in Mahratti is now all printed. It is the first enduring translation of the whole we have had. So that we have the whole Bible in intelligible Mahratti. The New Testament is to be still farther renewed. Mr. Ballantine is at work upon a new translation of it. Of the 9 Am. Miss. In Western India, 6 are now in Bombay. There are 10 in America, once in the field. It is possible Mrs. Hume may go home by the end of the next year. Bro. Wood ditto. Whether I shall go to tour in the Deccan this cold season, I don't know. Excuse this feeble epistle, and Believe me,

Ever yours  
affectionately, Geo. Bowen.

***Family. Bombay. Dec 25, 1853.***

Dear Mother and Sisters.

Another year flies to its home; but before it is clean gone, I must send you another word of love. It is an arch in the bridge; but whether the last one, or next to the last, or yet more distant from the terminus, who can say. The present is very good for its own here (302),<sup>171</sup> but still better in its relations to the future; for we are saved by hope. Happy are they to whom it is not a bridge of sighs. But a bridge is no place to settle down upon; we use it in quitting it.

I feel much the goodness of God to you all, especially in the very marked and spiritual blessings bestowed upon you during the last year. Each letter has been more and more welcome as showing that it was no fugitive refreshing bestowed upon you. Yours of Oct 31 came to hand the other day. You mention having received no recent letter from me. One must have come soon after that, and another, and another, such as they were. The Barkers arrived here Dec 15, and much was I surprised and gratified to find that Bro. Barker was an old friend, one whom I had often met of old in the prayer meeting of the Session room,<sup>172</sup> and in the choir of the Mercer st. church. I had no idea of it before. They are leaving for the Ahmednugger in a day or two with Bro. Hazen. Mr. Burgess left today with his 3 motherless children and Mr. Fairbank's two, for England and America, via the Cape. The new Governor, Lord Elphinstone, arrived 3 days ago. Lord Falkland, who has been here since April 1848, leaves tomorrow.

To discriminate between *consecration* and *sanctification* is perhaps difficult. The former word exhibits our activity, the latter our passivity. (303) We consecrate ourselves; we are sanctified. But *it is God who worketh in us to will and to of his good pleasure*. We do what we do by the efficacious working of God; and the holy act may be viewed with reference to

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<sup>171</sup> There are two consecutive pages numbered 302. This is the second one.

<sup>172</sup> *Session*: for Presbyterians, this is the elder council of the local church.

the human agent, and again with reference to the divine agent. What serves still more to create a difficulty, is that a just conception of consecration is a rare thing; even the highest conceptions are apt to lag behind the truth. How will this rule do:

Avail yourself to the utmost of the Spirit of God in His now given influences, and you will have a mighty communication of his further influence.

There is an act of consecration described by Upham,<sup>173</sup> and we can scarcely form too high an estimate of the blessings with which God will reward, or say, *respond* to that act if performed with evident sincerity. One of the most striking of those blessings is an enlarged and enlarging perception of what is comprehended in entire *consecration*. With regard to entire *sanctification*, I commend to you the following thought, which has long been present to me, and which perhaps I may have spoken of before: if made entirely holy today, an increase of holiness will be needed tomorrow, because our moral capacity expands, just as we press upon its limits; so that, in the unending life of all holy beings, these must be pursuit, aspiration. No angel has time to say, *I am perfectly holy* (304) — for scarcely can the words leave his mouth before he is made sensible of the need of reaching forward. His ideal has risen — what was just now *full sanctification* has ceased to be so. But it is not necessary for me to go much into this subject. God is teaching you. How much do I rejoice that he keeps you from the many subtle errors that abound.

What a frightful error that is of Dr. Edward Buskers, about a pre-existence.<sup>174</sup> How lamentable that after convincing Brahmins and their benighted Hindoos of the monstrous unreasonableness of transmigration, we should turn round and see Christian doctors repeating the same error. Dr. B. is playing into the hands of infidels, teaching that the Bible offers no sufficient solution of the ways of God to man, and that we must turn to speculation and guess at a mode of harmonizing them. Perhaps some false ideas of original sin, as it is wrongly called — some habit of viewing man as a sinner before he sins, and as transgressing God's law before he knows it <sup>175</sup> — has driven Dr. B. to this mad scheme. Sin is the transgression of God's law. This law is addressed to moral, voluntary, and intelligent beings. Such only can transgress it, and {such} only can sin. All that we say about infants is that, as a matter of certainty, they have natures that will sin when the time and opportunity of

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<sup>173</sup> Thomas C. Upham (1799-1872). A promoter of Holiness Theology following his post-conversion "experience" of sanctification. As Bowen implies in his letter of Oct 27th, and here, it is more likely a subsequent *act of consecration*, than a "second blessing" by God. We are *justified* but once, entirely by God, through faith in Christ. *Sanctification* is an ongoing *cooperative* process, as we increasingly put to death the deeds of the body, by the Spirit (Rom 8.13).

<sup>174</sup> *Mormonism*: souls pre-exist the body that they will inhabit; so be prolific in childbearing to receive those souls.

<sup>175</sup> This would be a curious claim for a Presbyterian. **1Cor 15.22** "For as in Adam all died, so in Christ all shall be made alive." This is the principle of *federalism*, that Adam is our federal head as to sin and death, and Christ is our federal head as to redemption and life. Bowen correctly states, that we are not guilty of Adam's original sin in taking the fruit. Yet, our sinful nature has its *origin* in that sin. Bowen admits that we have a sinful nature, and will sin if given an opportunity. Because of Adam's sin, *all* are corrupted by it, and condemned to death and hell (Rom 5.12-15); *all* are in bondage to sin (Rom 7.14). Ignorance of the law does not excuse our sin (Rom 2.15); rather, once known, the law *reveals* our sin (Rom 7.7). All are born children of the bondwoman, Hagar; but by faith we are made children of the free woman, whose husband is Christ — *children of promise, like Isaac* (Gal 4.22-31). There is never a point in our life, Bowen rightly says, when we "arrive" and attain to perfection. Yes, perfect sanctification in this life should be an aspiration to *pursue*, but it must never be a goal to reach. For we would then stand in our own righteousness, and no longer have need of Christ's righteousness, nor of his atoning blood. To pursue such a goal would be foolish error (1Joh 1.8).

sinning arrives. (305) But when they do sin, they do it voluntarily and culpably, as Adam did.<sup>176</sup> They that sinned not after the similitude of Adam's transgression, are the heathen who had no revelation as he had, but simply broke the law written in their hearts.

My friend Narayan Sheshadri got married the other day to a convert. Bro. Mills and wife left Madras the 21<sup>st</sup> inst. (this month) for the Cape, whence they proceeded to the United States. Bro. Barker asks me particularly to give his love to you all. He regretted that he could not find time to see you, just before leaving. 5 Am. Missionaries in 5 years have left this: French, Ballantine, Munger, Allen, and Burgess. Mr. Ballantine <sup>177</sup> has returned. Love to all. My warmest wishes for your peace and prosperity in 1854.

Affectionately,  
Geo. Bowen.

Did I mention that a young Italian here, Antongini, lately became a Protestant, and his salutation to your Italian friends. I am much interested in what you tell me about Italians. About your ragged school, of which Kate gave me a description.

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***Family. Bombay. March 10, 1854.***

Dear Mother and Sisters.

Forgive me for letting another good for nothing interval of silence thrust itself in between my last and this. I marched up to last mail day, looking it boldly in the face, with a glow of conscious rectitude and resolution; but somehow or other, it glided serpent-like through my fingers and was gone before I was aware. With a due diffidence of the future, I begin some days before hand, and trust that the H. C. Steamer *Semiramis* will not get off next Tuesday without bearing to you from me, some missive assuring you of my unaltering love, and of my joy in all your prosperities, of my trust in Him who keeps you with one hand, while he keeps me with the other, and of the facility with which I swallow down the dialectic disappointments regularly assigned to me by the kind physician.

It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth, good to bear it in his mature years: if Christ be his yokefellow, how elated should he be. "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; see how I bow the neck; and when you most subject yourself to its weight, you shall find it easy; when you least shrink from cares and labors and self-negation, you shall find rest unto your souls. But if you pull from the yoke, it will gall you; if you spurn at labor, there shall be goading and multiplied vexation." (307) However, I can say truly that my life flows serenely by, and that things which would once have cut deep like sharpest hailstones, now fall like flakes of snow, hardly perceptible. I find much rest unto my soul.

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<sup>176</sup> If there is no "original sin" (see previous note), did Bowen believe that all who die in infancy are sinless? He *seems* to define sin here as adherents of the Holiness Movement do: a willful breaking of a known law of God, by a rational being. Yet Psa 51.5 admits that we are *conceived* in sin. To deny this, is to negate the doctrine of election. Salvation and election aren't needed if infants are sinless, for they have nothing to be saved from. Bowen in fact wrote to Harriet on Dec 21, 1847, saying, "There is nothing truer than that man is dead in sin — *his whole nature*." Be cautious interpreting what Bowen has written here. He may simply be restating Dr. B.'s errors; we can't be sure. We are hearing only one side of this conversation. Bowen's theology is clear and consistent throughout: *God is sovereign; we are responsible*.

<sup>177</sup> Bowen spelled it "Ballantyne" here and afterward. It is kept "Ballantine" to aid searches.

How refreshing are your letters every month. Your last were particularly satisfying. The signs of your growth in grace were most welcome. Nothing could be better, I think, Harriet, than the recent developments of the work wrought in you last year. You undoubtedly got good, a great good, from your Methodist friends, and I trust you will never undervalue it. They ought not to be displeased if you are unwilling to step on the platform where they are. It is a great thing to get the eyes of our understanding open to the fact that God is willing to do great things for us; but it is not good, when we have experienced them, to say "These are the *greatest*; we must stop here." There is one thing that tests all heterodoxy and that is progress. It makes but little difference comparatively, how defective man's views may be, if he has a mighty impulse onward. Errors will vanish one by one from the path of such a one. Honor the Spirit of God, and you shall never fall.

Dear Kate, I rejoice in the Lord's goodness to you, and hope that he may make you more and more a temple of His Spirit. I am glad that you find opportunities to teach (308), and that you can do it pleurably. It is not a greater privilege to learn, than it is to teach; and we get a far better hold of knowledge when imparting it to others. If we are walking on the path of life, every mental acquisition is an inalienable treasure; the walls of our mental edifice are rising for eternity. Many things are good only when properly collocated (grouped). What is the use of good stories on a bad foundation? The whole building must be thrown down.

Mr. Hume's eldest daughter, Sarah, 13 years of age, is now very ill. She has inflammation of the lungs, and hope and fear alternate from day to day. They were going to Mahabaleshewar this week. Our Missionaries are scattering. Mr. Canay goes home soon, and so does Dr. Stevenson. The latter has been many years a chaplain of the Scotch Established Church, but he came out to this country as a missionary 30 years ago. Dr. Wilson is at the hills. Mr. Robertson goes soon. Mr. Murray Mitchell lives now at Poona, as does Mr. Cassidy. Mr. Jas. Mitchell, from Poona, has gone home. *En revanche* (on the other hand), we have some additions, two to the Ch. of Eng. Miss. Soc., and two to the Est. Scotch Church Society. The Native churches of Bombay continue as small as ever. In that connected with the Free church of Eng. Mission, there are but twelve communicants. In that connected with the Free church, a few more, and in ours about that number. There is no native church connected with the Estab. Scotch Church.

I have ascertained that the person who I supposed might be Frank on board the steamer, Sir Chas. Forbes, at Hong kong, is named A. Bowen. A friend of mine who lately left for China has promised to make further inquiries. A Christian gentleman of my acquaintance, Capt. Brett, died lately. I was with him a good deal in his illness, and much refreshed by beholding the operations of God's Spirit. He told me that he has some years before been very nigh to death, and was not then willing to leave his family; he worked to remain long enough in the service to secure provision for them. He was now dying a year before the completion of the requisite period, and was leaving them consequently, just as he had formerly been unwilling to leave them; yet he was perfectly resigned, and would cheerfully leave them with God. God undoubtedly called him to exercise faith in this particular way.

I never till lately met with the 2<sup>nd</sup> book of Esdras. It is not always with the other apocryphal books. It is probably by two hands. It is very interesting. There are many striking



resemblances to the apocalypse, just of the kind that exists between Daniel, Isaiah, etc., and the book of Rev. I give an extract (2Esd 2.42):

“I, Esdras, send upon the Mt. Sion a great people whom I could not number (310), and they all praised the Lord with songs. And in the midst of them there was a young man of a high esteem, taller than all the rest, and upon every one of their heads he sat crowns, and was more exalted, which I marvelled at greatly. So I asked the angel, and said Sir, what are these? He answered and said unto me, These be they that have put off the mortal clothing, and put on the immortal, and have confessed the name of God; now are they crowned and receive palms. Then said I unto the angel, What young person is it that crowneth them, and giveth them palms in their hands? So he answered and said unto me, It is the Son of God, whom they have confessed in the world. Then began I greatly to commend them that stood so stiffly for the name of the Lord.”

Another (2Esd 7.28f),

“For my son Jesus shall be revealed with them that be with him, and they that remain shall rejoice with him 400 years. After these years shall my son Christ die, and all men that have life. And the world shall be turned into the old silence 7 days, like as in the former judgments, so that no man shall remain. And after 7 days the world that yet awaketh not, shall be raised up, and that shall die that is corrupt... And the earth shall restore those that be asleep in her, and so shall the dust, those that dwell in silence, and the secret places shall deliver those souls that were committed unto them. And the most High shall appear upon the seat of judgment, and misery shall pass away, and the long suffering shall have an end; ... but judgment only shall remain, truth shall stand, and faith shall wax strong.”

Since I wrote, Mr. Fairbank has spent a month at Ahmednugger. I am glad that you see Mr. Allen. You must show him all the kindness you have opportunities of showing. Always give my love to him. I have passed many pleasant hours with him, and we generally get along very smoothly together, which is saying much, considering that I struck a course so much opposed to his ideal of fitness. I looked for a copy of that printed letter; but could not find any. You told me, I think, that it had been printed in some Methodist paper.

Before you receive this, we shall doubtless have telegraph communication with Calcutta, possibly with Madras. “The line has gone out into all the world.” (Psa 19.4) This word has bothered the commentators, but now its meaning appears! The firmament will yet declare the glory of God in a surprising manner. How little is creation known. How much is coming to light, the existence of which was not expected during thousands of years. How long and how serenely God waits for his wondrous works to be taken notice of. (312) What wondrous invisible agencies are we permeating, the air breathed by every child of Adam all his life long.

Many Christians that one meets with here, believe in the restoration of the Jews to their land in an unconverted state, and a great assault made upon them by Gentiles, and a manifestation of Christ result in the overthrow of their enemies, and their own conversion. One would think the Epistle to the Galatians had no existence. One of these told me the other night that our dispensation was but parenthetical; he was quite unable to see that the Jewish dispensation was truly so; the law being a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. You will not wonder that these people go further, and believe in the rebuilding of the Temple,

and reconstitution of sacrifices and cognate (related) rites. And to deny the validity of their tenets seems to them to savor of infidelity.<sup>178</sup>

**March 13.** I was with Sarah Hume yesterday, who I am glad to say, give signs of improvement. She has still a dreadful cough, and is so deaf that I could only communicate with her by means of a {chalk} slate. How many startling calamities is God sending of late upon America and England. How many fires and wrecks. How calculated to bring down the pride of man.

(313) Let Kate know that I have four pupils under 12 years of age (3 times a week), and much enjoy giving instruction to them. They themselves take interest in their studies. In teaching or preaching, the great thing is to interest. People have the lock and key of their own hearts, and if they don't choose to open, we may hammer away as much as we please, or cover the front steps with costly gifts, it's of no use. The obtaining attention is the first thing; the securing of it the second; and the improvement of it the third. We must look at children when they are not studying, when they are amusing themselves, to learn in what manner they are interested.

I visited a lady today (at her request) who is about leaving for Ceylon, in consequence of the departure of her sister, Mrs. Capt. Milne, for England. Her mind is possessed with an extraordinary horror of the voyage, in which she believes she will certainly be lost. Yet she is quite confident that it is her duty to go. And her great unwillingness appears to have filled her with doubts about her union to Christ. And distress about her spiritual state mingling with the other, completed her unhappiness. I told her that if she was satisfied that it was her duty to go, then she must go, consecrating herself to the whole will of Christ, whatever might be. Let Christ do what he would, that was best. (314) She must take a leap in the dark, believing that Christ was there and that she could not sink. I referred to Abraham and his son, and other instances of great sacrifices coming forth, and showed that no one had ever trusted in vain. I made no mock at her fears, but taking her worst apprehensions, showed that there was nothing really bad in them, if she would only lay hold of the Christ now offered to her, forgetting the past.

I had the fullest purpose of writing to my kind friends, Dr. and Mrs. Blakeman, but am after all, quite crowded out of the opportunity of writing to them. Do say what you can for me. I remember them affectionately and value the tokens of their love sent to me, and those sent by others. Those 5 volumes of Kitto are excellent. I hardly know a better book. Have lent it to many. Much love to my dear mother, upon whom may the Lord lift more and more the light of his countenance. She will be near her 70<sup>th</sup> birthday when this reaches her. Love to Nat and all his family, and all friends, and Believe

Affectionately,  
Geo. Bowen.

March 14.

(315)

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<sup>178</sup> Bowen is decrying the dispensationalism of John Darby and the Plymouth Brethren, founded in 1827.

***Family. Bombay. May 12, 1854.***

My dear Mother and Sisters,

The mail goes today and I have not much time, but you will no doubt accept from me a few hasty lines, than rather not hear at all, it being now two months since I have written. Your dear letters come with beautiful regularity, month by month; may they ever continue to do so. I pursue the even turn of my way. From one end of the month to the other, my peace is unbroken, my mind being stayed upon God. My effort to ascertain if Frank is now in China, did not prove successful.

We are about commencing here an Educational Institution like those that are connected with the other Missions in Bombay, where Natives may receive a pretty thorough education, largely religious. We have been in correspondence with the Prudential committee about this for a year. I was not formerly in favor of such institutions conducted by Missionaries; at least, I thought it more desirable that they should give themselves to direct evangelistic effort. I do not retract my former opinion, but it is evident to me that Missionaries will not spend their time in such efforts, and that if disposed to preach, they will do so nonetheless because they have an educational institution. (316) The principal reason for establishing this, is that converts of our Mission at Ahmednugger come down to Bombay in considerable numbers to get a better education than is given in the Deccan, enter institutions connected with the missions, and our best men are thus withdrawn from us, as they often end by joining these other Missions. And if there be a school at all, it may as well be as large as we can make it. So our Mission here has hired a large building, and engaged a Mr. Firth as a teacher. It is expected that I will take a considerable part in this, and I am willing to do so. We begin next month. There is quite a passion for education on the part of the Native youth, chiefly however as it is considered to be the chief avenue to employment and promotion.

Since March 31 inclusive, in consequence of the departure of Dr. Stevenson for home, and removal of Mr. Mitchell to Poona, the *Bombay Guardian* has fallen entirely under my management. I find it easy to supply all the editorial matter. I will send some numbers by this mail or the next. Tell me, please, what they cost you, if anything. I want to know as a matter of curiosity.

Dr. Stevenson has many friends in this community. He came out from Scotland as a missionary 30 years ago, and 20 years ago accepted a chaplaincy in the Scotch Estab. church. (317) The fact that a salary of £1400 a year is connected with it, leads many to impute a worldly motive. He has conducted himself well, however, being generally ready for good works, and not renouncing his interest in the Natives. He is a very decided pre-millenarian, and has all sorts of wild views (as they appear to me) about the Jews; but is a humble pious man, as well as a learned one. He is President of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, and has troubled himself much about inscriptions on the ancient caves of India. A large quantity of sculptures have been brought to Bombay on their way to England from the Persian Gulf — exhumed by Col. Rawlinson in Assyria. He has had much success in deciphering the inscriptions on them, though it is quite another thing to translate them. He has discovered the name of Belshazzar, the only scripture name that was wanting.

Up to this moment we see that the English and French fleets have not been able to help Turkey. "None shall help him." They only precipitate his fall. At the same time, God will take

care of his infant churches in Asia Minor, and give them enlargement. I am quite willing to see in these Protestant churches the “people brought back” of Ezekiel 38 and 39. (318) This Armenian church is the church founded in Apostolic times, which got shifted from its foundation, and is now being restored. This is the true restoration of the Jews, Rev 3.9.

Mrs. Hume and most of her children are at the hills (Mahabaleshewar). This is a great year for return of Missionaries. Mr. Clarkson, a very useful missionary in Gujarat, goes home by the next steamer. At the present moment, there are only half a dozen missionaries in Bombay. I suppose you will have heard Dr. Duff, and rejoice in his elegance and ardor. With all his zeal, he manages to spend very little time in India, and thinks nothing of being away 4 or 5 years at a time. He has never acquired a native language. But he may be made the instrument of good. I got a letter the other day from Mrs. Graves, Mahabaleshewar, who has been here now some 36 years, and is much loved by all. She still talks of returning to America. The return of the Humes would be a good opportunity for her.

We get sad news of the Jews at Jerusalem; they are perishing from want in consequence of the war.<sup>179</sup> This must create, if prolonged, distress all over Europe. Americans abroad deeply deplore the action of Congress in the Nebraska matter.<sup>180</sup> American slavery is everywhere regarded as the anomaly of the age. We are pretty much cured of a desire to boast of our country (319); for though we should bring forward a thousand admirable things, this one would outweigh them all. I often feel as though I would prefer a severance of the Union.

Affectionately,  
Geo. Bowen

***Harriet. Bombay. June 19, 1854.***

My dear Harriet.

It is some time since I heard from you. Your last was dated March 1, and was accompanied by one from Kate. I think I wrote you upon receiving it. Am expecting a letter by the steamer now due. I find myself now, to my own astonishment, Principal of an Educational Institution, as they phrase it; in other words, where natives learn English, Literature, Science, and Religion. Nothing was further from my thoughts than putting myself in such a position; I have been very quickly put into it. There has never been such an Institution in connection with our Mission, though the other missions in Bombay (ch. of England, ch. of Scotland, Free church of Scot.) all have them. If I do not mistake, I have sometimes spoken unfavorably of them, as withdrawing a Missionary from other work. (320) They need not do so. An hour or so of daily street preaching is as much as any ordinary man is fit for in that way, while there is no outpouring of the Spirit of God upon the hearers. This last would make everything easy. I approve of schools for the present distress, viz., suspension of spiritual influences. There is an earnest desire for English education on the part of the

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<sup>179</sup> The Crimean War. The combatants, Turkey, Russia, France, and England, all made claims on Jerusalem.

<sup>180</sup> Referring to the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854. It repealed the Missouri Compromise of 1820, which allowed Missouri to be a slave state, but banned slavery from all new states formed in the remaining Louisiana Purchase lands. The Act of 1854 then created two new territories, Kansas and Nebraska, and allowed for popular sovereignty: voters there would choose whether to be slave or free. That produced a violent uprising known as “Bleeding Kansas,” as pro-slavery and anti-slavery activists (abolitionists like John Brown) flooded into the two territories to sway the vote.

Natives, and to obtain it, they consent to receive the religious instruction that is mingled with it. I do not at all suppose that India will be converted in this way. Alas! But few of those who pass through Missionary institutions ever embrace the truth. But God's hand is in his bosom, and till it is plucked out, we have but a choice of stagnations. The great thing is to stand ready, so that the moment his glory begins to appear, we may press forward in the opening path. I have greater scope in this Institution, for utilizing the various knowledge I possess.

The *Guardian* goes on under my sole editorship. It is valued by a few. It is too exclusive, i.e., too religious say the most. As a man on board an American ship in the harbor last year said, we in Bombay may say, "religion is at a discount here."

Dr. Wilson, the Free church missionary, has been joined lately by his son from England — one of the two mentioned in the memoir of Mrs. Wilson (321), as sent home when children. He returns to India an infidel. Thinks Carlyle <sup>181</sup> a greater prophet than Isaiah. He spent two years in Germany and became thoroughly infected with the infidel philosophy of Germany. Unhappily he has become editor of a daily paper here, the *Bombay Times*. I think he is wanting, however, in the ability and prudence to maintain himself in that position. This is a great trial to his father, you may be sure.

Mrs. Hume and family have returned from the hills, all well. We are anxious concerning Bro. Wilder (Kolapoor) very ill lately. We have learned with surprise that Dr. Anderson, Sec. of the Miss. Board, is likely to quit India towards the close of this year.

I don't remember whether the death of Mr. Firth's child and; wife were mentioned in my last. The two deaths occurred a few days after his arrival in Bombay. He came to be employed in our school. He is an Indo-Butan, a very worthy man and Christian. There are about 150 boys in the school, and the number will probably double by the end of the rains.

Four or five native teachers are employed. Ramizi, a convert, is useful. I live where I did; Sardiri, a convert, {lives} with me. Upstairs, an Armenian imprisoned last year in Russia for Protestantism; and a Musselman from the North of India, who came to this port on his way to Mecca (322), but was here led to seek Christian instruction. He appears very well. I must mention that I support myself as of old, by teaching in Mr. Miles' excellent family.

We got lately some copies of the "Shawm" from America, containing *Daniel's Cantata*, composed by Mr. Root and Mr. Bradbury.<sup>182</sup> Scarcely had I begun to read this music when it affected me inexpressibly; and afterward, when I sat down to a piano and worked it out, I was delighted beyond measure. A soli of Daniel with Chorus, near the beginning, prayer of Daniel. Duet of King and Queen, solo near the end, are quite to my taste. If not utterly original, they are the better for it. They are of the school that I like. I find no fault with this Cantata for want of originality. Please tell Mr. Root how much I was pleased!

You will see by the enclosed, that I have at length written to Dr. Blakeman and Mrs. B.

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<sup>181</sup> Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881): Scottish essayist, historian and philosopher. A leading writer of the Victorian era, he exerted a profound influence on 19th-century art, literature, and philosophy.

<sup>182</sup> *Daniel: a Sacred Cantata* by Geo. F. Root and Wm. B. Bradbury, in *The Shawm* (pub. 1853). It was a library of church music, nearly a thousand pieces, consisting of psalm and hymn tunes adapted to every meter.

I send some more copies of the *Guardian*. The *Sabbath Meditations* may perhaps eventually make a volume, if it be thought that they present important views of Scripture. Give my love to everybody. Have a plenty of oil in your lamps. What about Mrs. Lee? Why did I let that correspondence drop! I wish many would write me, “not hoping to receive again.”<sup>183</sup> (323) I hope Ma continues to enjoy the smiles of providence, and to *cast her cares on him who careth for her*.

Ever your affectionate  
Geo. Bowen.

***Family. Bombay. Sept 21, 1854.***

My dear Mother, Harriet, and Kate.

You will learn with some surprise that Mr. Hume and all his family have left for America. They sailed a week ago today in the *Merchantonian* for the Cape where, by the advice of physicians, they will spend the winter, if the Lord permit, and proceed to America in the opening of the spring. It is not impossible that Mr. Hume may die before he reaches the Cape. I hope not, however; and there is a believable prospect that he will recover at sea. He was ill for two months before leaving B., of the dysentery, and during the latter part of his stay, sank very rapidly; so that at one time it appeared not unlikely that he might not be able to get away from here. But the Lord showed himself the hearer of prayer, and granted a measure of restoration. Mrs. Hume was expecting to go home with the children at the end of the year, but the Lord has made this unexpected disposition. All my intercourse with Bro. Hume has been of a most agreeable character (324), and I cannot but look upon him as a dear friend. He possesses many excellent characteristics, and has been of much use in India. He is universally regretted (missed). I fear there is not much likelihood of his returning to this country. He has six children and the oldest is now 14 years of age. Friends here raised a sum of 1635 rupees for him, especially for the education of his children. He and his wife and his children all feel that they know you. They have read many of Harriet's & Katie's letters, and always loved to hear and speak about you. May you have a happy meeting together.

Bro. Fairbank and I are now alone in the Mission. We are however expecting Mr. and Mrs. Bissell from Seroor in a fortnight, to stay until the Consecration, which will be held in December on occasion of Dr. Anderson's visit. My situation and labors do not change. I am the only Missionary in charge of the Institution, which has about 200 pupils. There are to be great Educational Operations in India on the part of Government; but of this and all matters of general Interest, you will get information from the *Guardian*.

Your letters received Sept 5 after a considerable interval, were very welcome. I admire much the arrangements of Providence in all that relates to you. About W.'s return those habits, is truly deplorable. It was a pity that she should remain isolated in such an asylum, while she had so many relations. (325) We have no right to disregard the instructions in 1Tim 5.4.<sup>184</sup> I am very glad that she is now so much more suitably placed. I hope the Snoudens will give her, in addition to the bread of this life, the truth unleavened of the gospel. I hope to hear

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<sup>183</sup> Luk 6.34.

<sup>184</sup> **1Tim 5:4** But if any widow has children or grandchildren, let them first learn to show piety at home and to repay their parents; for this is good and acceptable before God.

good accounts of her. Send my love. I am very glad to hear of the children of the Darlingtons. You will have seen in the *Guardian* (in May) some views of Job 41.

There is a pensioned sergeant Major, a close communion Baptist, with whom I have been in {the} habit of meeting on Friday mornings at different houses by rotation, and with whom I have had endless [interactions]. He was baptized in Burmah some 20 or 30 years ago, and rejecting ordination, has not been in the habit of attending any ministry, but only of worshipping socially. He is very set in his views, and can with great difficulty receive any new light. He wrote a most abusive reply to my remarks, which I refused to publish, and which he then took the trouble to get printed as a pamphlet and circulated, the design being, in the opinion of almost everybody, simply to injure me. In it he referred to some views of mine on human obligation and liability, etc., and sought to make it appear that I had some monstrous doctrines. I took no notice of all this, but left him to his own bitterness.

About three weeks after this, a great stroke descended upon him. (326) You must not understand me as intimating that there was the slightest connection between the paltry offense against me, and this severe dispensation. Three of his children died in a space of six days. One died first; and hearing of its decease I, without knowing the hour of the funeral, hastened to his house and got there too late. I went to the English Burying Ground, and there I found the company. They were in much embarrassment, as the English minister could not bury an unbaptized child. He had however said that the service might be performed by any other party in the burying ground, quite a remarkable act of liberality. Richardson, as soon as he saw me, asked me to bury the child, and I cheerfully consented. It was a pleasure, in return for what he had done, to be allowed to use to him the language of consolation, and perform the last rites for his child. Six days afterward I performed the same for his two other children that died.

Mr. Fraser removed to Bombay again. He has been professor in the government College there, and now takes charge of a Parsee educational establishment. He will of course be equally restricted from teaching religious truth. The Miles have just gone up to Poona for a month, and I have an extra hour or so in the morning.

Baptisms in Western India continue to be few and far between. (327) We talk about progress, but the increase of population makes increasing idolaters in a proportion vastly greater than that of the church's increase.

A valuable member of the church, Mrs. Agnette Sebastian, Mrs. Hume's assistant teacher, died two months ago, a great loss to the Mission. Another, a converted Brahman, or supposed to be, for his life was marked by unhappy delinquencies, especially the use of Bhang (an intoxicating drug), has also died.

On the 1<sup>st</sup> October, a new postal law, imposing a charge of  $\frac{1}{2}$  an anna on light letters to any part of India, goes into operation;  $\frac{1}{2}$  an anna is equal to one cent and a half. This is admirable. But papers published in this country are still much taxed. There are many papers conducted by natives now in Bombay, in Gujarathi, Marathi, Hindustani, and Persian, and even in English. Hardly any of them perhaps has a larger circulation than a weekly published in English, shall I say rather, is something *intended* for English. The English

language is the Norm even for the Saracen of this country, and many are cultivating it and despising their own vernacular.

The news from China is not so satisfactory of late. Their Christianity is getting frightfully corrupted. (328) Possibly Tai Ping Wang is dead, and has been for a year.<sup>185</sup>

Always tell me about everybody. Remember all who wish to be remembered to me. My love to Nat and all.

Yours ever,  
George Bowen

***Family. Bombay. Nov 21, 1854.***

My dear Mother and Sisters.

I must write you, if it is but briefly. It was such a pleasure to me that you saw Mrs. Munger, or rather that I should see one who had so lately looked upon you and conversed with you. I was also glad to learn from her that you were not expecting to see me again in America. Let us seek nothing from the Lord but what will consist with his glory. As for our future on earth, we know what it may embosom, but it is misery to have it crowded with hopes.

My last letter told you about the departure of the Humes. They were obliged to put into Ceylon, to make some change in the storage of the ship's cargo, and were there till Oct 18. Mr. Hume was improving. The deputation with Mr. and Mrs. Munger reached here Nov 3, 24 hours after our dreadful hurricane. I have seen something like this at sea, but never on land. The pressure of the wind was 35 pounds the square foot. The number of lives lost probably exceeded 800. (329) It seems to have been aimed point blank at our harbor, our admirable harbor where the vessels thought they would ride in safety. We hear very little of it anywhere else. At least 1000 trees were torn down. A tract was written by me on the evening following, and published the next day.

The deputation spent ten days in Bombay. They have very much the same view that all Missionaries have on arriving. Admirable in theory, but needing to be modified in practice. We have to consult the circumstances and exigencies of our case, and recognize the necessity of adaptation. They are disposed to make many changes. Some of them good, no doubt. But there is to be a Convention, or General Conference at Ahmednugger next week. Bros. Bissell and Wilder and wives go up this week. Bro. Fairbank and myself follow after the Sabbath.

My friend Cassidy (settled at Poona for 15 months past) has been getting married to Miss Emma Miles, my pupil, and I trust she will make him an excellent wife. Her sister Rosalin, my worst pupil, was married on the same day to Capt. Raith of the E. I. Co.'s army. I married both couples.

I teach 4 younger ones in the same family. The Deputation look askance at our Seminary, and it remains to be seen whether they will retain it or not. (330) They want to have the Missionaries preaching almost exclusively.

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<sup>185</sup> The rebellion began under the leadership of Hong Xiuquan (1814–64). In 1851, he proclaimed his new dynasty, the Taiping Tianguo ("Heavenly Kingdom of Great Peace"), and assumed the title of *Tianwang*, or "Heavenly King."



I enjoyed the intercourse with Dr. Anderson and Mr. Thompson very much. Dr. A. appeared to enjoy hearing me preach in front of a Hindoo temple one night, about as much as anything. But our one need is the outpouring of God's Spirit. In whatever manner truth is presented, it will come with power then. The kind of instrumentality is not the great thing. We all look forward with interest, and some perhaps with apprehension, to the Conference at Nugger. Some change may be made that some will deprecate. The gathering of Missionaries will be interesting: Mr. & Mrs. Ballantine, Mr. & Mrs. Hazen, Mr. & Mrs. Barker, Mr. & Mrs. Bissell, Mr. & Mrs. Wilder, Miss Farrar, Mr. Wood, Mr. Fairbank, and myself. Two native brethren, Harripunt and Ramkisharapunt are to be ordained. I am obliged to conclude summarily. Ever in love.

Geo. Bowen

My love to all the Mercer street people, and other Christian friends. To Nat and his family. Glad to get your interesting letter of Aug 27. Has Wallace Atterbury left his church in Lansing?

(331)

***The Late Hurricane. Nov. 3, 1854.***

*Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel. For lo, he that formeth the mountains and Createth the wind and declareth unto man what is his thought, that maketh the morning darkness, and treadeth upon the high places of the earth, The Lord, The God of hosts, is his name.*

*Amos 4.12-13.*

God is love. He delighteth in mercy. His tender mercies are over all. His works. Every sunbeam, every drop of rain, comes to us with expressions of His goodness. His word is replete with exceeding great & precious promises. In the person, words, acts, sufferings of His Son, especially, is His grace manifested.

God is also a being of infinite holiness. At his reproof, the pillars of heaven tremble and are astonished. The Seraphim veil their faces before Him. He looketh on the hills and they melt. He changeth the action of the elements so that instead of blessing, they devastate; they leave off expressing his kindness and forbearance & tell us of his awful greatness, his majesty, his purity and his severity.

Men do not naturally love to cherish a sense of the presence and glorious nature of God. They receive the innumerable benefits of his providence without any distinct or abiding feeling of gratitude; they are continually encompassed with his glorious works (332), but seldom do their hearts glow with admiration toward Him; the invitations and promises of His word fall upon their ears, or meet their eye, yet do they not turn unto him with all their heart. Among all the remarkable moral phenomena of this world, perhaps there is none more surprising than the power which men have of excluding God from their notice. Their Creator, their Preserver, their future Judge speaks to them unceasingly in manifold ways, yet they live as though God were not in the world.

It is therefore not difficult to see for what God hath reserved those occasional and terrible utterances of his providence. He lets loose the fury of the elements for a brief hour, that the

stony shrine of man's heart may be riven, and that the helpless creature may learn to recognize the majesty and might of the God whom it hath despised.

Thus hath God spoken to us. At his signal, the wind which was creeping gently and harmlessly through the closed fingers of the sleeping infant, arose and came against the city with something like the strength and impetuosity and irresistibleness of the angel who was sent forth against the camp of Sennacherib. Mariners had landed here the day before, glad to exchange the insecurity of ocean, for the stability of land: but lo! Half a million of souls stand up (333) with scarcely less alarm than if this city were a frail lark in the midst of angry seas. God the forgotten one comes back to the thoughts of men. They perceive now his existence, his presence, his sovereignty, his wrath. They are encompassed about with an overwhelming revelation of power. It is to their conceptions as though Power were now for the first time awaking. And a feeling arises that it is dreadful to be in the same universe with that power, and exposed to its visitation. They feel the force of that ancient saying, *It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God*. The language of the Bible returns vindicated to their memory; and their trembling lips articulate words that a few hours before they would have heard with scorn. To some extent, a resurrection of the conscience takes place, and the long withheld recognition of the claims of God, of their deep sinfulness, of the value of Christ's salvation, is made in this appalling hour.

Day dawns; the storm subsides; but desolation remains. It is as though some mighty army had brought its tremendous enginery to bear against the city, had discharged its innumerable missiles, fulfilled its errand of destruction and gone its way. When the inhabitants, stealing awestruck abroad, contemplate the ruin and count the dead, Day dawns; the elements return to their accustomed action; but how is it with thy heart? (334) Dost thou now dismiss thy fears, thy deep emotions, thy thoughts of God? Dost thou drive conscience back again to her tomb, and hasten to recover all thy former thoughts, or former indifference with regard to God, his words, prayer? Dost thou philosophize again, and break in twain the bond woven in thy thought that night, between the operations of nature and the mind of God?

Blush not for thy fear; it is the beginning of wisdom. Thou dost not sink but rise in the scale of being, by entertaining it. There is no other true courage than that which has for its germ, this very fear of Him. To turn from it is to turn from true peace, true joy, true dignity. *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom*.

The storm has ceased; the sky is blue again; the winds serene; but think not that God, his power, his majesty, have departed. The peculiar exhibition is terminated; but the things exhibited are just as living, just as present, just as worthy of awe, as they were. By the shock of yonder, how you were brought under the influence of truth; and you redescend under the power of falsehood exactly in proportion as you let go the conviction then experienced.

Know that these occasional displays of the might and indignation of God, are but the preludes to a day when an unlimited expression will be given to his wrath, his holiness, and his power. (335) Tremendous they seem to us, but they are the mere mutterings and grumbings of the coming tempest, and not the tempest itself. They are the premonitions of his judgment rather than his judgment itself. Mercy, longsuffering, pity for the perishing sons of men are abroad, and withersoever the volcano, the tornado, the earthquake rush on

their mission, thither they too speed and hasten to lay their controlling hand on the angry elements. The object of God is twofold, so to reveal himself that man shall fear; and so to reveal himself again, that man shall return unto Him through Christ, and inherit everlasting life. It is a blended condition of things. Mercy rejoiceth against judgment. But what will it be when God takes unto Him his great power, and clothes himself in all the terribleness of offended majesty? There is on the whole in his present dispensations, a vast exuberance of love. It is now the great day of his love; but the Great day of His Wrath shall dawn, and then who shall be able to stand?

The agencies of nature that now are, and for thousands of years have been conveying the blessings of God to ungrateful men, will then be absolved from all other missions but one, that of expressing the divine indignation against rebellious worms. The sun will become black as sackcloth of hair, the moon become as blood, the stars of heaven fall like untimely figs from a fig tree; (336) the heavens depart as a scroll; fire, wind, flood, lightning, thunder, then will have a sweep as wide as the world. And what wonder if the proudest, the boldest, the noblest, the wisest of earth, shall become suddenly conscious of a world of sin within them, and tremble at the mighty signs of an offended God, and a rejected Saviour, and *call upon the mountains and rocks to fall on them and hide them from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.*

When encompassed by the temporary display of the power and severity of God, many of those whose eye these lines should meet, have learned how fugitive is the peace that ordinarily reigns in their hearts, how poor a defense the shield of their vain confidence. By that experience, I conjure (beg) them to return no more to that fallacious lust. If they repose thereon, how shall their heart be strong; how shall they endure in the day when the Lord of Glory shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the gospel of the Son, Jesus Christ?  
(337)

***Family. Bombay. January 30, 1855.***

Dear Mother and Sisters.

The mail closes tomorrow, and it is now ten o'clock. I have left myself but little time to write to you and will try and make the most of it. Bro. Fairbank said to me this very day, "I was thinking how it was that you find time to do so many things that I could not at all undertake, and came to the conclusion that you saved the time that I give to correspondence." Well, it is a fact that if I write as many letters as he and Bro. Hazen and some others do, it would take one a good couple of hours every day. This time more than suffices for one of my departments of labor. Some people think I have a great deal on my hands. There is the *Guardian*, for instance, edited by me. There is our Institution, of which have the charge. I preach in the Hospitals; visit ships in the harbor sometimes; I have with Bro. Fairbank the chapel services; have meetings every night somewhere; preach to the heathen as much as any other missionary, I suppose. Am Secretary to the Bombay Tract and Book Society, having been chosen about a fortnight ago. Am President of the Temperance Society, though that does not involve much labor. And with all this, am not without leisure for social recreation.

(338) I wish to be led by the Lord in all things, and cannot refuse anything to which he seems to call me. I would like to be a model missionary, but find that I come short in many things, and perhaps am not worthy to be called a missionary. Doubtless I am outstripped by many in usefulness. I was at Mrs. Leith's this evening, and told her I was coming home to write my sister. She said, "Give my love to her." She has read some of Harriet's letters and feels as though she knew her. She is a very pious person. She was very kind to me when I was ill in 1848, and her husband was then the means under God of recovering me. We have a meeting at her house every Tuesday evening. Some beautiful flowers, given me by her, are beside me as I write. She often sends them to my house. I mention this to show what friends I have, even in the highest walks here, where I never seek friends.

Dear me, what a flood of egotism there is in this letter. I was absent at Nugger from Dec 1 to 27. Our Conference lasted 21 days. The minutes and reports are to be printed. It was delightful to be thrown so much into the Society of Am. brothers and sisters. I was much drawn to them and received ever so much kindness. Mr. Barker wished to be particularly remembered to you. (339) Bro. Wood has sailed for America with his five boys in the ship *Hurricane* bound for Liverpool. He seemed to anticipate seeing you again with much pleasure. Our deputation has gone to Madura by way of Cochin.<sup>186</sup> We could not but form a high opinion of these brethren. Their views in many respects were just; in others crude, like those of young missionaries. I hope good will come from their visit. Two native brethren were ordained.

It is quite likely that Bro. Fairbank will go to America before many months, and come back married. He has just heard of the death of his youngest child in Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Hazen are to arrive in Bombay, day after tomorrow to remain here. The Mungers go to Satara. Mrs. M. has promised to write to you. It was delightful to get some word concerning Frank. But could not gather from what you said, what he was doing, whether he was living in Hong kong, or merely visiting that place. And it is 14 months since he was seen there. I hope that some subsequent letter may give some further information.

The Deputation tried to do some things that they did not succeed in accomplishing. They tried to get the brethren to consent to a diminution of their salaries. They made some strong appeals which were not responded to, and they were obliged to give it up. (340) Our printing press, so far as it is secular, is to be given up. This is right.

In a month or two after you receive this, the Humes will I hope be arriving. They will no doubt see you. They always seemed to take great interest in you all.

Believe me affectionately yours — Geo. Bowen.

***Family. Bombay. April 30, 1855.***

My dear Mother and sisters.

I don't venture to think how long it is since I wrote you. I have an impression that I have somewhat exceeded two months. I have heard from you once (from Harriet and from Kate)

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<sup>186</sup> Now Kochi (1996); a major port city on the Malabar Coast of south India, bordering the Laccadive Sea. *Quilon* (if correct) is now Kollam, south of Kochi.

and it is about time to hear again. Bro. Wood had left, I think, when I last wrote you. Bro. Fairbank leaves tomorrow. He proceeds to Calcutta in the ship *Synunton* and there he expects to take a ship to America. The route is a long one, but the most economical. The P. & O. Co. have the monopoly of steam communication between this and the Mediterranean, and they charge enormously. Bombay is one of the most difficult ports for an American to get away from. There is almost no trade from thence to the United States (341), and the ships that come from America are generally obliged to take freight for some other port, and there obtain a cargo for America. Yet, though there are such difficulties, our Missionaries manage to surmount them bravely.

Since I arrived in the country, I may say indeed, since Jan'y 1849, there have left this for America no less than eight missionaries, viz., Messrs. French, Ballantine, Allen, Munger, Burgess, Hume, Wood, and Fairbank. There are now left in the country, seven in all. I am left alone in Bombay with Mr. Hazen, who is permanently located here now, I think. Mr. Munger and Mr. Ballantine have returned, and we expect Mr. Fairbank to return. He goes on a particular business, and it is not impossible that one born in this country may come with him, closely related. I wish him all happiness. I trust you will see him, and he you, in the autumn. He will talk to you to your heart's content, and tell you ever so much about me. He and I have been very intimate.

Our English Institution, started with so much trouble and no little expense, has been broken up. Saturday was the last day. It gave promise of answering the expectations that have been formed of it. Some of the pupils were evidently much interested in the religious instruction, and showed much seriousness toward the last. (342) They are scattered. It would have been a most painful thing for Mr. Hume to hear of the dissolution of this school, which was principally got up through his endeavours, and for the success of which his interest was greatly awakened. However, this is not a very pleasant subject.

We received letters from Mrs. Hume and the children, written in January, giving an affecting account of the last days and death of Mr. Hume. Mrs. H. is probably by this time in the United States and it is possible that you have seen her and her children before this reaches you.

I am not sure, but my connection with the Board may before long be dissolved. One of the converts has adopted views such as I hold in regard to infant baptism. I wrote you, I think, in 1850 with regard to my change of views.<sup>187</sup> I wrote also to the Presbytery; but as no answer was sent to my letter, I took no steps with regard to the Am Board. I had some conversation with Dr. Anderson on the subject, and he seemed to agree with me that I might labor with prosperity in connection with the Board. He viewed the matter in a liberal spirit. But some are much grieved by the defection of Sador. They know well that I have exerted no influence directly to overturn his conviction in favor of infant baptism, but it strikes me as not unlikely (343), as most natural indeed, that they should ascribe the change somewhat to the indirect influence excited by the fact that I was known to be opposed to infant baptism. So I have thought it best to write to them as a body, and ask their opinion with regard to the course I should pursue; whether they would consider that the interests of the Mission might

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<sup>187</sup> See his letter of Dec 16, 1850.

be promoted by my dissolving the official connection between me and it, and labor with them as heretofore, though not officially — or otherwise. I told them, I would not consider an answer in the affirmative as having the least shadow of unkindness attending it. It seems to me better that there should be a disruption. I have no very proselytizing tendencies with respect to the subject of baptism; at the same time, I must be free to express and maintain my convictions on this head, which are deep and settled. I have received no answer from them yet, but will receive one no doubt in the course of a week or so. Thus I shall probably become disconnected from Missionary Societies except in sympathy and hearty cooperation. I have not the slightest iota of connecting myself with the Baptists. The Baptists (of America certainly) attach an importance to the mode, which I cannot find to be warranted by Scripture. Perhaps what I now write had better not be much promulgated before I write again. (344)

Some five missionaries (Mr. Hazen and Mr. Fairbank among them) have been very much engrossed for some months past in preparing a new Marathi New Testament. There exists a very good one made and published by our Ahmednugger missionaries, but the Bible Soc. has never adopted it; and the present labors are directed to the preparation of one that shall be published by the Bible Society, and be free from the imperfections of former translations of that Society. I hear that I am to be chosen on the Committee in place of Mr. Fairbank; and as the duties are now to be less engrossing, perhaps I will consent.

You will have heard of the death of Dr. Poor & Dr. Scudder. Mr. Anderson, a very successful missionary in Madras, has also died. I need not write about any other things mentioned in the *Guardian*.

Believe me, Yours in much love. G. Bowen.

***Harriet. Bombay. July 9, 1855.***

My dear Harriet.

It will not do to let another steamer go without some lines for you. I have to thank you for a letter received about a fortnight ago from yourself, and for another previously received, written by yourself, Kate, and wonderful to relate, Ma. A few lines from her gratified me much, and softened my heart for the moment. (345) There is a tender spot in my heart for her. This is one for each, no doubt. But this is near the centre.

The letter of Feb 21 must have been detained in America, as it did not reach me till the latter part of May. I was sorry to see by your last letter that you were not well, and that you speak of a greater susceptibility to headaches than of old. I hope, however, that this is nothing more than a temporary debility. We have all of us great reason for gratitude to God that we enjoy such good health as we have had now for many years. It is nearly five years since I have taken a dose of medicine of any kind. I think I have seldom been more free from headaches than this year. People here, especially when they first know me, find much fault with what they call my *exposure* of myself. It is regarded as a frightful thing for anyone to get wet and keep wet. However, when they see that I flourish under it, and that I am more free from colds, etc., than others, they reconcile themselves to it. I am now in my eighth monsoon. The rain has been falling for nearly a month. 38 ½ inches have fallen.

I still continue to work on the Bible revision Committee. We are nearly through Acts. I began in the latter part of March. Bro. Fairbank left on the 1<sup>st</sup> of May, reached Calcutta safely, and left that port for Philadelphia in the ship *Valparaiso*, June 6. (346) Dr. Anderson and Mr. Thompson returned from Ceylon to the Madras presidency about the 1<sup>st</sup> of June. They are to leave Madras today, one for Europe by the overland routes, and Dr. Anderson for Calcutta where he will spend a month, and then follow Mr. Thompson to the Mediterranean, and the two will proceed together from Beirut to the United States.

I have sent in my resignation and it has been accepted, or rather forwarded to the Rooms by the deputation, recommending its acceptance, which amounts to the same thing. Ever since it was hinted by Dr. Anderson to me last December, that it would hardly be right to commit to my instruction a theological class, I have had the idea that a dissolution of this connection must take place. I must be free to serve the Lord as I think best. However, nothing that occurred in my intercourse with these revered brothers would have led me to resign. You will see by the last *Guardian*, my reason. Perhaps it would be well to send this to be extracted into the *Evangelist*. Practically, my position remains unchanged. I labor in connection with the American mission, as I always have, dividing the services with Bro. Hazen. I have received very kind letters from the other brethren, expressive of warm affection and sincere attachment. (347) I am perfectly persuaded that I have been led of God in this matter. He has determined all my ways from the beginning, and he must determine them to the end. The path I am on may lead whither it will, it is the path that God has chosen for me. This is enough for me.

I received the other day a letter from a gentleman at Mount Aboo, an acquaintance of mine, saying that he and a Christian friend (Sir Richmond Shakespeare) were desirous of having a Mission commenced among the Bhils,<sup>188</sup> an aboriginal tribe inhabiting the hill country north of the Nerbudda, and in a complimentary manner inviting me to undertake it. I have no objection to the work in itself, and am as able to go as any Missionary in Bombay, I suppose. But I have no knowledge of the language spoken by these people, and among them would have no occasion for the Marathi which I have acquired with so much pains. They need Missionaries. But there are, maybe 100,000 people in Bombay as ignorant of the gospel as they are. I cannot see my way to go, not now, at least.

I see by the last papers that the husband of Mrs. Lee has been killed. This must have been a great shock to her. Should you see her, assure of my deep sympathy and Christian love. You lend my letters; must not blame me if I sometimes lend yours. Mrs. Leith, a friend of mine, wife of Dr. Leith, wrote me the other day as follows (348):

“at last I return with very many thanks, your dear sister’s letters, which I find particularly interesting to me. What a beautiful life of faith hers seems to be! That passage regarding her painful anticipations of future duties, the anticipating, careful habit of mind, which prevents one from enjoying the present moment, I can entirely sympathize with. Is her conclusion, that the *rest* of the people of God is, in the present moment, a true one? I think and hope it is. My soul wearies for this rest. I have had much nearer approaches to it of late, and the remark of

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<sup>188</sup> The Bhils, mostly Hindus, live in the mountains of Madhya Pradesh, Gujarat, and Rajasthan.

your sister's seems to remove partly a film from my eyes. Though sinful, I may rest also. I trust you will have better accounts of your sister's health."

Mrs. L. is a seeking Christian, and has been for years. She is a person of great accomplishments in music, drawing, etc., and moves in the best society. Better than the best, however, to her, is Christian society. Her husband is a most estimable Christian man. They have no children. I have frequently had occasion to observe that childlessness is attended with spiritual blessings. There is no doubt that the rest of the Christian is in the present. "Ye shall find rest unto your souls" by faith in Christ, even as the very time that you bear this yoke, for he beareth it with you. In fact, Christ abideth in our hearts only so far as we give him our cares, and rest in him. *Peace which passeth understanding* is our terrestrial portion. (349) Excuse me for writing with such pale ink. I did not observe at the time.

Mr. Fairbank will be arriving in America soon after you receive this probably. He is expecting to marry. The engagement was formed before he left here. *Entre nous* (between us). The eldest daughter of Mr. Ballantine. You will see him no doubt. I hope you will see Mrs. Hume and her children. Give my affectionate remembrance to Nat, and Anty,<sup>189</sup> and their children. Remember me to all other friends. I am much pleased when you say anything about my old friends. What about Augustus Stebbins? Is James Gorton living? What about his family? Remember me to our relations in Pennsylvania. How about Uncle Richard?

Yours in love,  
Geo. Bowen.

***Family. Bombay. Sept 11, 1855.***

My dear Mother and Sisters.

I will just make a beginning of this letter tonight, though it is past 11, and then I will see myself bound to continue it tomorrow. If I had anything of a specially interesting or cheering character, I would not need to bind myself to write the dear words that are at the head of this letter. But things around me continue much as they were. That is, to the eye of man. Who knows what delightful harbingers, what dawning prospects of approaching good visit the eye of God? (350) *We have a light that shineth in a dark place*; we see the light, but little else. But suddenly we come upon the day. Meantime let us have *the daystar in our hearts*. If we have not learned to wait, we are not fit for the kingdom of God.

You will have heard of the death of Mr. Nesbit, the Free church Missionary here, one of best men I ever knew, one to whom I was strongly attached. The whole Christian community here regarded him with great veneration. He had a remarkable love of the Word of God, and a most happy manner of expounding it. Great humility. Readiness to prefer others to himself. Scarcely read any book but the Bible. Shunned (in English society) by all but Christians. A single eye. Great power of interesting and attaching to himself the natives. He died most suddenly. He was robust in health, just married for the second time, and looked forward to many years in India.

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<sup>189</sup> Nickname for *Antoinette*; see his letter of Nov 16, 1848.



Mr. and Mrs. Barker are now here from Nugger, her health having been very poor. She is better now. Letters have been received from Bro. Wood. I was delighted to see his notice of Ma and Kate. He had not met Harriet apparently when he wrote. Bro. Fairbank will be reaching America about this time, I trust. I should write to both these brethren, but have not time today. Give my love and best wishes to them, and to Mrs. Hume should you see her or her children, as I hope you will. (351) Many letters have been received from her. She seems to pine much for India. She has lost much. I hope she will yet find excellent compensation. We have had a very decent monsoon, less than 50 inches. Mrs. Fraser, whose husband was formerly pastor of the Free church, goes home by this mail. She has some idea of visiting America. If you ever have an opportunity, you must show her kindness for my sake.

I have been visiting a young mother lately, whose mind has been much troubled with evil suggestions concerning God, Christians, the Bible, etc.; suggestions which she hates, but cannot refute, and by which her conscience is defiled and peace destroyed. Having had once a similar temptation, and having received grace of God to vanquish it, I was happy to be able to show her by what means I had got the victory. She has derived considerable benefit from my counsel, and I have hope that the whole may be the blessed means of establishing her upon the rock of ages.

One Hindoo has embraced or is about to embrace Christianity in connection with the Established church of Scotland. This, I believe, is their first convert from Hindooism. There have been some painful developments in the church at Ahmednugger. Some members of long standing and good repute have turned out to be great transgressors, to have been so all along. (352)

Give my love to Bro. Mills, Dodd, Dulles, Atterburys, Skinner, Mr. Prentiss, all Mercer street church, Mrs. Lee. To Nat, Antoinette, Fanny & Nelly. Will either of them kindly write me? To Aunt Weston, Darlington, Snoudens, Fred King. Mr. Barker takes the greatest pleasure in hearing about you all. Mrs. Hazen sends her love to you, as does Mrs. Leith. I almost forgot to mention that I had a bad cold all last month. You can't imagine how solicitous all are here when anything is the matter with me. They seem to have the erroneous notion that I don't care for myself, and they must care for me. I am now, thank God, as well as ever.

Affectionately yours, Geo. Bowen.

***Family. Bombay. Nov 15, 1855.***

My dear mother, Harriet, and Kate.

I will begin a letter tonight, just by way of a distinct communication of my intention to write you by tomorrow's mail. I have received two much-prized letters from (two each from) H. and K. since I wrote. I was very much pleased with Harriet's account of her visit to the Atterbury's, and am delighted that they still [hold me in] affectionate remembrance, and mention me in their [illegible]. (353) I am greatly interested in all that relates to them. May it be your privilege ever to enjoy intercourse with such, and may you ever find a far greater power of attraction in the image of God as revealed in the humble, kind, and unpretending, than in richly endowed characters whose piety is more questionable, and whose constancy is *as the morning cloud*.

I was glad also to hear about Kate's visit to Lynn; though she might have entered into details and given me a circumstantial account of what she saw, heard, and felt, might she not? You seem to think that there is a stern, inviolable decree of brevity [launched] against you by the postmaster generals of America, Europe, and India. It is not so, but all the post offices in the world smile together to address you the encouraging assurance that they know no greater joy than to transmit your weightiest despatches.

The Barkers have just left Bombay after a visit of 2 ½ months, which proved beneficial to Mrs. B. Mr. B. frequently charged me to send you his kind remembrances. I have removed (moved) since I wrote you. After having spent 6 ½ years in Oomerkhadi <sup>190</sup> (in two houses), I have come to another part of Bombay called Kamutipoor.<sup>191</sup> I took the place first for a preaching station, and after using it for that about a week, I concluded to come and live here. I have a pretty good-sized room, some 20 feet square, opening on the street. (354) The front consists altogether of folding doors which can be thrown entirely open. I preach two afternoons in the week, as we have discussions in the Chapel on two other afternoons. The people come in pretty well, sometimes filling the room and the sidewalks in front. In one corner of this room is my desk, books, and settee. On this latter I sleep, having had no other bed since last year, when I gave my bed and bedding to a sick man in Oomerkhadi, whose furniture had been seized. Here, by the way, is something that does not look much like keeping your right hand in ignorance of what your left hand doeth. I had not used either bed or bedding for a long time before, so of course there was not the shadow of privation about it. I think I have snubbed myself pretty well for the miserable attempt at self-glorification. A man must be reduced to great straits when he resorts to such means as this to get himself praise. I continue to preach as of old in the Chapel on the Sabbath and also in the Hospital. Have also done considerable in the way of street preaching since I last wrote.

Sudoo, a young man that formerly lived with me, a member of the Ahmednugger church and studying for the ministry, embraced my views about Baptism — not however through any influence of mine — and the American mission dismissed him from their employ. I felt bound to give him employ. He preaches with me and pursues his studies in the Free church Institute. (355) I had no particular desire to adopt him, not caring to build on others' foundations, and I know not how long he may remain connected with me. The American missionaries are quite content that I should support him If you ask how I am able to do so, I answer, I have funds supplied by friends in this country, for mission purposes.

Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy (with their infant) have just come down to Bombay, as her sister, Mrs. Capt. Raith, is going to England next week. Mrs. C. is suffering from abscesses. It is just a year since I married these two couples. I was very happy to learn this morning that Miss Julia Miles, the next eldest, is about to join the church. They have a photographic apparatus in the house, and Miss Julia has been learning to take portraits. After having been pressed a good while to let my portrait be taken, I — to pacify them all — sat this morning. Should good impressions be taken, I will send you one.

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<sup>190</sup> Or Umerkhadi, a neighborhood in south Bombay.

<sup>191</sup> Or Kamathipura.

Since I wrote you, I received a letter from Sir Richmond Shakespeare, at Mount Aboo, urging the claims of the Bhils and other hill tribes, to missionary effort. He describes them as characterized by remarkable honesty of speech. When brought up for any theft, and asked if they have committed it, they answer *ies*, just as though no other answer were possible. There is only the one difficulty of the language. (356) I seem to be anchored by the Marathi, to the Marathi country. I do not, however, utterly abandon the idea of going, but wait for guidance. Without this, I cannot go. I am carrying on a controversy in the Diyanidaya with an anti-Christian native paper here. At least, I write the English, and Mr. Hazan kindly puts it into Marathi for me.

About twenty works have passed through my hands as Secretary of the Tract Soc. this year. I have to read all these in manuscript and in type. They are in Marathi, Gujarati, Hindoostani, and English.

Mrs. Fraser has gone to England. She expects to visit America. You will see her of course. I saw a portrait today of Mr. Allen, sent out from America to F. Graham. I never saw any thing so “speaking,” and get ready to answer him as I look at it.

Yesterday we were discussing the attributes of God in the Chapel. Bro. Hazen set them forth and proved them at some length. Afterwards objections were raised. Nourojse, the Parsee who opposed me for two years at the seaside, was there and talked as of old. His favorite position is that God is the author of all, and that is impiety to doubt it. He puts it into one man's heart to steal, and into another's to arrest him and punish him; and He has created hell for the wicked (whose wickedness is from Himself), and heaven for the good (whose goodness is from himself). All is from Himself, yet he makes these distinctions in dealing with men. (357) There are thousands in the community who regard this as a highly religious tenet.

I write little to you about my inner life. The *Guardian* will help you somewhat. But after all, I leave much more unsaid than said. It will be time enough when we are among the pastures of everlasting green together, to talk of much that seems to be incommunicable in this world. I had the thought, one sleepless night lately, with regard to the expression, “he putteth all their tears in his bottle” — that there are to be future expressions of the sympathy of God with our present sorrows. Our wounds are not merely to be cicatrized (scarred over) by time. If God now sees it necessary to withhold the expressions that our hearts demand, he will nevertheless find it due to himself, hereafter to give special tokens that in all our afflictions he condoled and felt all we felt. Therefore the tears are bottled. We may forget them, but God will reproduce them for the vindication of his own infinite lovingkindness.

I was so much gratified to learn from Bro. Wood's letter, that he had seen you, and that you were looking so well. I wrote Bro. Fairbank by the last mail. Give my affectionate remembrances to the Bloodgoods, Mrs. Lee, Fred King, Mr. Prentiss, Dr. Skinner, and the Gibsons, and all other friends, including your friend Dr. Metcalfe, and Mrs. Harrington.

In endless affection. Yours in love, peace, and trust,  
Geo. Bowen

(358)

***Munger's Letter. Bombay. Jan 15, 1856.***

My dear Mrs. & Misses Bowen.

If has often been to me a matter of regret that I had so little opportunity of becoming acquainted with you previous to leaving America. But the esteem and love I have for your dear son and brother, and the frequent opportunities I have had since I came to this land of seeing him & speaking with him of you, has drawn you so near my heart that you seem to me more like the friends I have known for years, than those of so brief an acquaintance. It is some months since this good brother gave me your address and I fully intended writing, but the early loss of my American vigor and an increasing round of missionary duties kept me from telling you many things about the beloved absent one, which I thought it would give you pleasure to know.

When I first saw brother Bowen, I was troubled to see him so thin. It seemed as if instead of going about prosecuting his daily labors, he ought to be on his couch under the care of a kind nurse. But he always affirmed he was well, and I recalled what one of you told me, that he had "a wiry constitution." Your message, dear Mrs. Bowen, I delivered to him, to which he pleasantly replied that his mother gave herself too much trouble about him. (359) He has here a circle of dear devoted friends among different denominations of Christians, all of whom would esteem it a privilege to do something for his comfort and happiness. His agreeable conversation, enriched as it is from the storehouse of his intellectual treasures and his deep earnest piety, cause his society to be sought for by the pious and intelligent portion of the community. He is a very dear brother in our mission.

We all feel that he is prone to pay too little attention to his personal comfort; therefore we would fain (gladly) in some way add to it. Today he is going on a little tour. Mrs. Hazen tried to force some delicacies upon him for his journey, but he said he had "everything." He had been looking around for some poor person on whom to bestow some sugar and tea. His European friends, knowing his unwillingness to receive anything from their hands, sometimes send supplies to his house during his absence, so that he knows not where to return them. Such is your son and brother, a happy man with everything that he wants; an example of humility and self-denial to the world around him.

I often wish you could see him; it would so comfort your heart. I feel that in giving him up for the sake of Christ (360), to labor in this land of nightshade & death, you have indeed made a great sacrifice. If maternal tenderness and sisterly affection sometimes plead that his presence is necessary as one earthly friend after another is passing away, all these feelings would be hushed could you witness the great work in which this beloved one of your heart is engaged. Could you see the hundreds of thousands in this great city who are mad upon their idols, and then see the cities, towns, and villages teaming with idolaters all over this vast country, you would renewedly dedicate him to this glorious work.

One station, Satara, is about 160 miles from Bombay. Consequently, I have not had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Bowen since our delightful missionary meeting at Ahmednugger. I came to this city a short time since for a change of air and medical advice. By the blessing of Heaven, I have been greatly benefited and shall soon return to our labours among the thousands there who are led captive by Satan at his will. Such is their ignorance, their satisfaction with their own religion handed down to them from their fathers, & so great is

their aversion to the humbling doctrines of the cross, that we should despair of benefitting them if the promises of God were not sure that *the heathen shall be given to him for his inheritance* (361), *and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession*. Pray that God would pour out His spirit on us & our labors. We are a feeble band among these millions of the deluded followers of Satan. Oh, who will come to our help?

I enclose a likeness of brother Bowen and three of his pupils, taken by a young Parsee. I wish very much I had a good daguerreotype of him to send you, but this is the best I have. The young native who took it is a beginner, I think a pupil in Mr. Kasey's school. The light was rather strong, so that our good friend has a little unnatural frown on his face. Those girls are very much attached to him. The mother told me they felt under very great obligations to him, and all of her family were very anxious to do something for Mr. Bowen, but she added he will receive nothing from us. Your dear son and brother does not know I am sending this picture; but I thought it might give you pleasure to see it. I procured another to send to my brother in New York, who is an admirer of Mr. Bowen's character, but it is not so good as this, so I shall retain it.

I am glad you receive the *Guardian* and thus get at the thoughts and feelings of one so dear to you, as they are written from week to week. We always hail the little paper with much pleasure. This hasty note is unworthy an answer (362), but please set this aside and confer on an absent friend the privilege of receiving a letter from you. Mr. Munger and I are alone when at our station. Yet I love India and would rather toil here than live in all the enjoyments of our favored land. I hope, my dear Mrs. Bowen, that the Lord is dealing gently with you, and giving you comfort and health, and that the joy of his salvation fills your heart. My dear husband joins me in desiring that the Lord will bless you and cause his face to shine upon you day by day. Believe me, your affectionate friend,

Mary E. Munger

***Family. Bombay. Feb 16, 1856.***

Dear Mother and Sisters.

I received Harriet and Kate's kind letters of Oct 29 in December, since which I have received nothing. I also had the great pleasure of receiving a letter from Dr. Smith and another, a good long one, from Mrs. Smith, and am exceedingly grateful for their unmerited remembrance of me. I hope to write them by this mail, if I get time; if not, by the next. I should have been in possession of another letter from you by this time, no doubt, if the English mail of Jan 10 had come in; but it is unaccountably yet out. Some accident must have occurred. (363) If it should remain out ten days longer, the Europeans in India would be in danger of losing their wits. How much they value communication with Europe. The most magnificent things in the East are despised by them in comparison with the Overland mail. Yet how little do they ever think of returning thanks to God for it.

I am very glad to hear of the arranged marriage of Nelly Bloodgood with Mr. Peabody, and of the satisfaction it gives to Nat and Anty. May the hopes cherished be abundantly realized, and the best blessings of heaven crown the union. You mention the marriage of Mr. Hyde to Miss Margaret Fleming. This name is familiar to me, but I cannot quite identify the party. I remember a Mr. Fleming that married Miss Angelina Stebbins. Is it his sister?

Many thanks to Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Atterbury, and Mrs. Blakeman for their kind remembrances. Give them my cordial love. Did I write to Mrs. Lee after her bereavement? I am afraid I omitted it. Kindly call her attention to the Daily Meditations in the Bombay Guardian. She will know where the texts are taken. I am afraid you have had to pay more for the *Guardians* in consequence of a neglect of mine. I should have posted them to go by Southampton. (364) Henceforth I will remember.

You will see that I have {been} touring a little in the Northern Concan. The new Governor General, Lord Canning, visited Bombay last month on his way to Calcutta. I attended his levee (reception) in the Town hall. Lord Dalhousie has been eight years our Gov. General, and has greatly distinguished himself by his administration of the Government. These eight years have seen the most mighty changes and improvements in India. The Punjaub and Pegu, a part of the Nizam's territories, and just now Oude,<sup>192</sup> have been annexed. We have a new opening for missions in Oude. It is unspeakably desirable that the whole of the Nizam's territory should be brought under the Company's sway.

I was absent a fortnight on my late tour. I have such a multiplicity of engagements in Bombay that I find it difficult to remain long away. I have abundant opportunities of preaching. These I have everywhere indeed. The preaching at my own house goes on as usual. Large numbers attend, but there is no permanent audience. People come and go. On returning from my tour, I found that some person had possessed themselves of a key, and entered my house unabashed. I suspect two ladies, Mrs. Munger and Mrs. Hazen. (365) A cot, etc., had been placed there, my couch mended. One can get no redress for these things. The same happened before in the days of Mrs. Hume. I only wish everybody could sleep as comfortably as I do, whenever I lie down — fare as well as I do whatever I eat. I have no ungratified desires with respect to worldly things.

I seem to have had more of the life of God in my soul since the first sabbath of the year. The great thing impressed upon me is the importance of manifesting God in everything I do, and without reference to anything ulterior. And I seek ever to bear in mind, that I have no manner of right to exist for any other purpose. It is arch treason in me, to be exhibiting myself. My faculties, my members, my organs, are given me that I may do, not my own will, but his. Self consecration is not good for a day. It must be renewed hourly and still more often. A perpetual consciousness of a present God to whom belong all my powers and opportunities for the showing forth of his glory, is what I seek to have. I find that in company there is a perpetual remembrance of the company, and a necessary adaptation of oneself to the company. Not a word is spoken without some kind of preliminary reference in the mind (366) to the parties' hearing and consideration of the way in which they are likely to {be} affected. Why should not God be equally remembered? Nothing is more important than praying without ceasing, and giving way to God.

Had some pleasant thoughts last night as I lay awake in bed. First the idea came into mind, suppose this great building should tumble down upon me as I lie here. Then I said, it cannot. God upholds it. All the night long he holds up this ceiling over my head, so that I can

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<sup>192</sup> Or Awadh, Avadh, in Uttar Pradesh (NE India), previously known as the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. *Nizam* refers to the ruler of the Princely State of Hyderabad.

sleep in peace. The building in itself can just as easily fall up as fall down. You see that my notions of Natural Philosophy <sup>193</sup> are very unphilosophical, judged by ordinary standards. But I thoroughly hold, and have for many years, that it is absolutely impossible to account for the fall of anything, or for any movement or change in the material universe, except upon the hypothesis of a present, willing and efficient God. I thought also that there was no motive so powerful as an intense desire to please another, and resolved to lay myself out in everything just to please God. Of course, such resolutions have been made a thousand times: words cannot picture forth the particular phases of experience. It seems to me generally sheer nonsense to speak about myself (367), for I cannot convey any proper impression of the kind of converse my soul has with God. Everybody can say the same.

The mail is in, the Southampton steamer having deranged (disengaged) her engine. In consequence of the delay, we learn that the Czar has signed a treaty of peace, or at least has accepted the conditions proposed by Austria.<sup>194</sup> The mail brings me no letter from you, however, which is a disappointment. Take notice that steam portage between England via Southampton has been reduced one half. It ought never to have hindered you from writing, much less now. Mr. Hazen has gone with his family to the Mahabaleshewar hills. He will return in a week or two. They will remain till the rains (June). Mrs. Wilder has presented her husband with a daughter. Mr. Wilder's health is not good. I fear they must be going home in the course of a year. Not, however, if his health will at all allow him to stay. The Mungers are again at Satara.

The Barkers are at their new station, Khokar,<sup>195</sup> and doing well. The Rev. Adam White, a new missionary (Free church) has arrived to labor in Bombay. This, however, will only release Mr. Murray Mitchell, who goes home in September. The first thing every new missionary does on arriving at his field (368), is to send home the most useful and experienced missionary. Mrs. Fairbank's coming may possibly release the Hazens. I believe, however, that in many instances, good comes from their return to America. The Missionary gets a heart as well as a body to labor longer here. But I speak not with any reference to myself.

You ought to have sent the account of my Secession to the papers. The thing will of course be made known, and it would have been better in this way. But it is no matter. Eight years in Bombay and not the beginning of fruit! I hope you have learned to bother yourselves with no more hopes concerning me, than that I should humbly accomplish the good pleasure of His will, and be found with you at His right hand in that day — and that you have quite got over any delusive expectation that your brother, your son, would be a distinguished missionary, a distinguishingly *useful* missionary.

Hearty love to all friends. I hope you have seen Fairbank, and Wood, and Mrs. Hume. Put yourselves out for Mrs. Hume. Write to her, please.

Yours in ever so much love — George Bowen

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<sup>193</sup> *Natural Philosophy*: the science of matter and energy and their interactions; physics.

<sup>194</sup> Regarding the Crimean War.

<sup>195</sup> Khokhar is located in the Vadodara district of Gujarat, 250 miles NW of Bombay.

(369)

**Harriet. Bombay. April 16, 1856.**

My dear Harriet.

Yes, if but a line. Two dear letters of yours since my last. Mr. Fairbank's calumniatory remarks about my white pantaloons, etc.<sup>196</sup> I strongly deprecate. You ought not to listen for a moment to such representations. You may be sure that he looked upon my pants with a jaundiced eye, else he would have seen them to be immaculately white, considering I don't know why he should stab me thus behind the back, and destroy among you my hitherto unimpeached reputation for cleanliness. As for my shirt collars, there is not the shadow of a foundation for the remark he makes upon them. They will look defiantly upon him when he returns, and notwithstanding all the sincerity and amiability of my countenance will I dare say make him turn pale with a sense of the wrong he has done. And if I could bring myself to it, I could tell you tales of him that would convince you that he is not at all the one who should come forth as the champion of missionary neatness. But in all generosity I forbear. Yet if I hear any more insinuations to the effect that my Dhoby (washerman) is a myth, I think I shall just transfer his monthly bills to the authors of these insinuations. (370) I think that will effectively cure them. I had it on my mind to get myself photographed, and the likeness of myself — pants and all — sent to you, that you might judge for yourself, and that Mr. F. might stand confounded and abashed. But this is still *in petrir*.<sup>197</sup>

I hear today that one of the young men mentioned in the *Guardian* has been baptized at Ahmednugger. I preach now no more in the Am. mission Chapel, as Mr. Hazen can easily conduct the services there, but in my own house. I am more satisfied with the audience I now have. They are voluntary — do not come because they are connected with the missionary and expected to.

I am just now very much interested in a young man confined in the house of Correction, condemned to twelve months hard labor, and whom I believe to be innocent. I will try and see the Governor in his behalf tomorrow.

In taking up the new Life of Sir Isaac Newton by Sir David Brewster, I found the introduction related to persons and places familiar to me. Namely, to Huntsbourne park, its library, and the Fellowes. I hope to write soon to Fellowes.

In all faithfulness yours — Geo. Bowen

(371)

**Family. Bombay. June ?, 1856.**

My dear Mother and Sisters.

You will perhaps be surprised to learn that I have just been writing to Mr. Fellowes, after a break of more than 16 years in our correspondence. I have had the pleasure of receiving two letters from you since I last wrote, and return you my best thanks for the same. The first one went up to Mahabaleshewar before I received it, coming under cover to Mr. Hazen, who was

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<sup>196</sup> This is a wonderful example of Bowen's good humor.

<sup>197</sup> *In petrir*: Fr. being kneaded — still in preliminary process.



then at the hills. But the second one came to me direct, and is, I think, the first letter that has come in this way to me. Mr. Merwin just put it in an envelope, addressed it to me, and put it in the Post office. Now I want you to send your letters in this way; that is, don't take them to the Rooms at all, but direct them as you normally do, adding via Southampton – Paid under ½ an oz., and pay 21 cents postage to England each, and they will come to me all right. This, you see, is not putting you to the slightest additional trouble, and it will be a decided advantage to me, for Mr. Hazen may occasionally be absent from Bombay. The steamers with the Indian mail leave Southampton the 4<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> of each month; and if you would post your letters 13 days before these dates, they are likely to come on without delay.

(372) Your last letters were very welcome. I am very glad that Mrs. Munger wrote to you and that Harriet replied. Mr. Munger was very ill at Mahabaleshewar when the letter came. I sent it up to Mr. Munger, and I have no doubt she saw it. Poor dear Mrs. Munger. You will be greatly grieved to learn that the Lord has removed her. She was taken at the hills about five weeks ago, with inflammation of the bowels, was frequently at death's door, improved sufficiently to be conveyed to her house at Satara, and there died last Tuesday. Brother Munger wrote me as follows:

“Dear Bro. Bowen. God has taken my precious wife. She is no longer a child of sin and suffering. Jesus has put upon her a spotless robe, and made her a guest in the mansions of his Father's house. She went from us this morning at a few minutes past 11. I do rejoice in her gain, and deep are my sorrows for my loss. There is an empty place in my heart. What shall fill it? I have asked the Saviour to come in and abide there. Will you ask him for me?”

He will feel the stroke inexpressibly. She was most dear to him, and she was everything that he could wish in a wife. I believe she made great progress in spirituality after coming to this country. (373) She seemed to have a true missionary spirit. She was a friend to me. Why should I say was? May her friends at home be prepared for the sad tidings. Thus four wives of American missionaries have died in about four years. Three of them belonged to Satara. Your letter brought the news of the departure of that other precious and beautiful soul, Mrs. Lee. Heaven has not sufficient treasures of its own for us, but God must increase them by transferring thither the most precious things of earth. Christ is still busy preparing a place for us, adorning it more and more.

Thanks for the excellent extracts from Dr. Metcalf's letter. He seems to be a man of true attainment. There was lately here an American, Dr. Wright. He was in the service of the P. & O. Company as surgeon. He went to Europe by the last steamer. I got much attached to him, and gave him a letter to you. It is seldom one sees so good a specimen of our country here. He was a Baptist, and I believe a child of God. I frequently meet Americans. I met one lately who enlisted in the Hon. Co.'s <sup>198</sup> army and was many years in the north of India. He is from Lansingburgh. His name is Stoppen or Spotten, but he changed it on entering the army, to Scott. (374) His mother sent him out money to purchase his discharge and return home. He got his discharge and came to Bombay, where he squandered his money and then entered

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<sup>198</sup> That and H.C. stand for “Honorable Company,” the “Honorable East India Company.”

the Indian navy, in which he is now a Quarter master. He seems somewhat seriously disposed. I forwarded a letter to his mother lately.

The Hazen's returned today from the hills, all very well. I am enjoying my usual health. I preached three times yesterday; once in Marathi at the Chapel, once in English at the Free church, and once in Marathi at my own home. You speak of the frown on my photograph. It does not belong to me, I think, but was thrust upon me by the glare. I am now in my ninth monsoon. The rain is descending as I write, in torrents. An hour or two ago I was walking in them, and had to pass through a large sheet of water, about a foot deep.

You can send much for half an ounce. Can't you get my friend Mrs. Stimpson, who does not want to be forgotten, to write? and Bakewell? and many others? Don't let anybody suppose they must write religiously in writing to me, but write as their heart prompts them. I take an interest in whatever truly interests them. I was going to say something about angels not being perhaps so angelic as we suppose, but it is no matter.

Since writing the last word (375), I find my domestic foes, the rats, have been playing some detestable trick this evening. I missed a portion of a Marathi manuscript sent me from Ahmednugger, and was utterly at a loss to know what could have become of it — when at last I found that it had been carried along with ever so many other papers into a drawer of my desk, and thence into another drawer. I found some of your old letters. These were not damaged, but a little piece had been eaten out the Nugger manuscript. They have played me such tricks before. They are one of the unsavories of India. They have a most offensive odor. Some are of an enormous size, all but as large as a cat. I frankly confess that I abhor them, and have kept terms with them too long. They must have a taste of strychnine.

***Kate. Bombay. August 29, 1856.***

My dear Kate.

As my last communication from home was a letter solely from you, it is but fitting I should single you out in addressing this. though I may perhaps forget before I get through, that I am writing to any one of you in particular. I run you all together very much in my conception and affections. I have the advantage of standing out single and insoluble to your apprehensions. (376) Two mails have, however, come in since I heard from any of you. I have a dim shadowy feeling that it is some time since I have written to you some printed communications which you are at liberty to regard as written for you expressly. In return for these, I expect an indomitable faithfulness on your part, and that you will regularly write once a month at least.

You ask me to write to Caroline Darlington. Which? The mother or daughter? The mother I suppose. Well, I will seek an early opportunity of doing so. I am glad that Ma is pleased with her new church relations. I remember the church now. I heard Mr. Eaton preach one Sabbath evening in February or March 1844. I had been on to Kingsbridge to see Frank that same day, returned in the afternoon. John or Bakewell Atterbury was at the house in the evening; but I left to go to church because I had resolved to, in compliance with a request to attend church once at least every Sabbath. I was then still in the bonds of iniquity and infidelity.

I think I must have told you of an interesting American that was here before the monsoon, Dr. Wright. He knew your friend, Dr. Metcalf. He wrote me the other day from London. He had been communing with Baptist Noel's people, and enjoyed the occasion exceedingly. He has now gone to Paris to pursue some medical studies!

I pursue my usual labors. (377) You will read in the *Guardian* about our attempt on Coconut fair day. This is the great festival of Western India. On that day, there are at least 100,000 people in the Esplanade and beach. A friend of mine, Mr. Peyton, conceived the idea of getting a pulpit made and conveyed there. I promised to preach. The pulpit or scaffold was covered with red cloth and, borne on the shoulders of four coolies (porters), was a conspicuous object. No sooner was it planted, and I had got into it, than a sea of heads of all castes assembled around it. I raised my voice to its utmost pitch, and for a little while, I hope, was heard by many. Afterward "some lewd fellows of the baser sort" resolved to extinguish my voice by their clamor, and succeeded. Mr. Narayan then made attempts to carry on the preaching, but with no better success. Thus we alternated for some time. The people became more unruly, tore up tracts and threw them at us, and finally got up in the pulpit. Seeing that there was likely to be a riot, we desisted and sent away the pulpit. The attempt was not successful, but it was as well to make it. The whole difficulty was caused by one or two individuals. Afterwards we found opportunities of preaching and discussing.

As secretary of the Tract Society, I have much to do. To mention only one item: I have to read the proofs of all the books and tracts printed, and generally more than once. We keep the press all the time busy. For instance (378), we bring out a tract every native holiday, adapted to that holiday, and generally get many thousands into circulation. The spirit of infidelity is very prevalent now among the young men. Not that they renounce the substance of their hereditary religions; that would involve them in difficulty. But they seek to familiarize themselves with the arguments of European infidels, and to reproduce them in native publications. In the *Diyanidaya*, I reply to a Marathi paper of this kind.

My place was broken open the other night. The circumstances were these. On Sunday night, after twelve o'clock, I was awakened by a person at my window, calling me by name. It was Mr. Kearrug who lives upstairs. He said there was a man occupying apartments on the floor above me, who he feared was about to kill his wife; and he wanted me to go and speak with him. The house is a large double house, with an entry and staircase in the middle, and lodging places on each side of the entry. I occupy rooms in the basement. I went up and heard the man threatening his wife, called out to him to open the door, which he refused to do, and had some words with him for abusing his wife. I went down to my room again and was soon asleep. The next day, as I afterwards learned, his wife went to the hospital, her face being much bruised by blows he had given her, and being apprehensive that he might kill her. (379) The following day he came to me and asked pardon for having insulted me, saying he did not know I was a minister. He said his wife had left him and he did not know what had become of her.

That evening I was at a social meeting and came home about ten. I unlocked my door (the front door) and entered; heard the voice of someone, which startled me; got my match box and lighted my lamp; and then found the door, opening on the entry, open, and a European and a native policeman there. The European, a neighbour, informed me that the door had

been broken open, and my place entered by Mr. Coalson, the man who had maltreated his wife, under the pretense that his wife was in my rooms. He entered them with a light, and Mr. Sonithers, the neighbour, attracted by the noise, entered. Immediately afterwards and found him, and spoke to him about what he was doing. Then Coalson got a buggy and went off. Sonithers placed a policeman to watch the door. I concluded at once, when I heard this, that the man was in the horrors, for I knew he had been drinking day and night ever since he had come to the house. The next morning I found that he had gone to the hospital. I have seen many in this state since I came to Bombay. They are ready to perpetuate any deed of violence, or murder, whether upon themselves or others. (380) Perhaps I have occupied too much space with this.

I have been reading a book called the [blank space]. It is written by a lady, Miss Moberly, daughter of the Headmaster of Winchester.<sup>199</sup> Many wild, crude, and objectionable ideas in it, and many also that are very good. The book is quite readable. I think this book affords a very good specimen (favorable) of the unrestrained religious speculations of English religious people now-a-days. When everyone makes his own system, there is needful a great deal of the Spirit of God not to fall into innumerable errors.

We have heard with much satisfaction of the probability that Bros. Wood and Fairbank and two other missionaries and their wives would leave in July for Bombay. May they come in the fullness of the blessing. The Lord be with you all, and keep you kindly. I am glad to hear of Ma's continued health. My cordial love to all dear friends.

Yours ever,  
George Bowen.

***Family. Bombay. Oct 3, 1856.***

My dear Sisters and Mother.

I grew much refreshed by receiving two letters from home by the last overland, dated July 2 and July 30. The first was marked 'returned for postage' and I suppose was returned from England to America in consequence of some irregularity. (381) Harriet was visiting at Paterson <sup>200</sup> when the last letter was written.

Many thanks to Kate for doing her part. I thought I had effectually damaged, in fact given a death blow to that manuscript work, by burning up the chief part of it before I left. I am sure I must have done so, and that what you have is an inconsequential fragment. The only good (I can perceive) that this work could have wrought, would have been by showing to a class not very numerous in the community, but still having a definite existence, that a person viewing the world as *they* viewed it, having their aspirations, their sorrows, their doubts, their religion as they choose to call it, their sins and their natures, did yet become a most sincere believer in orthodox Christianity, and profess to have found by faith in Christ, what he had so vainly rummaged literature, philosophy, and the dream world in *quest* of, for

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<sup>199</sup> George Moberly (1803-1885) became headmaster of Winchester College in 1835; served as Bishop of Salisbury 1869-1885. Moberly fell under the influence of his friend John Keble, founder of the Oxford Movement at Balliol College. That liberal theology may be what Bowen is referring to as "unrestrained religious speculations."

<sup>200</sup> Presumably Paterson, N.J., the first industrialized city in the U.S., where Colt first manufactured his revolvers.

many long years. I really remember scarcely anything about it. I was engaged upon it up to the very moment when I was shown the truth of Christianity. Its completion and my own new life were, as near as might be, simultaneous. The engrossing nature of my new perceptions, and the disgust for my old errors which they naturally brought with them, hindered me from looking to that former condition. And it is surprising how entirely a multitude of things have faded from my mind, that were formerly its constant tenants.

(382) Is that Agathon <sup>201</sup> in existence? Probably not. I believe I have never told any human living what I designed in that. My idea was to take Christ, in the period of his life before his ministry, and represent him subject to various temptations, availing myself of the *silence* of Scripture with regard to his early manhood. This idea was cherished by me as long ago as when I was in Europe. I find references to it in my diary. I got a New Testament (French) when I was in Paris, just to see what scope it would give me in this respect. In all this, I was a perfect unbeliever, and took Christ just I would have taken Prometheus regarding him (that is, the incarnation), as a mythological character. Under these views, I wrote some strange things. I have most of the original matter of this in a MS book.

Mr. Robert Brown, one of my best Christian friends, goes home by this mail. He is a wealthy merchant, very tall, 5 feet 1 ½. He goes home for his health. The rain is over and gone. I have frequent opportunities of preaching in the streets and on the Esplanade. Was at a lecture in defense of Hindooism last Saturday evening, and replied to the Brahmin's arguments.

I wrote to C/L [Felicors], as you suggested, and had, by return of mail, a delightful answer, which I am sure you will thank her for sending. Mrs. Hazen wishes me to give you her love. I have just been dining with them, and conducting a Marathi service. My love to all.

Yours in all faithfulness,  
George Bowen.

(383)

***Family. Bombay. Dec 17, 1856.***

My dear Mother and Sisters.

It is about two months since I received anything from you, and about that time, I think, since I wrote to you. I hope in a few days to get something from you. You have accustomed me to the monthly letters, and you must not depart from this good custom. John Atterbury's letter, written a month before yours, came by the same mail that brought yours. The cost of his was exactly double that of yours, though both were under weight. His came through Mr. Merwin, and yours was mailed by yourselves. This will show you whether I was right or not in asking you to send direct.

I enjoyed your last letter very much. It is very grateful to think that I write anything that is helpful to you and others, be it but one or two others. I feel that I am called to give out what is in me, so far as providence intimates, and to leave what I have uttered to be used by providence. If it should be neglected 100 years, what of that? (384) I suppose that by a very

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<sup>201</sup> *Agathon*: an Athenian tragic poet whose works have been lost.

little concession to the spirit of the world, I could write something that would be far more attractive generally. But I ever feel that I must look to the standard which God has given me, weigh every line in the balances set before me. I often feel as I add a line or two to an article, "This is spoiling this for the world, destroying its influence." There is a very great temptation to a writer or speaker to make a little more of the human auditors, than of the One divine auditor. I suppose there is a very little written that the writer would like to read aloud, every word of it, in the presence of Christ. Many a long year ago I asked from God, grace to live a life of faith; and it will not do for me to shrink from a life of sterility if this is to be the answer. I suppose it is. I never dreamed that God would take me so literally at my word, in the promises I made him. It is very easy to make promises to one who you think will not require you to fulfill them. But if I hold the Lord to the letter of his word, he may and will hold me to the letter of mine.

Have you read *Memoirs of the Groves*?<sup>202</sup> He was a missionary in Bagdad and afterwards in India. Unconnected with any society. You will find it singularly interesting, instructive, suggestive. I am noticing it in this week's *Guardian*.

I was intending to send you a photograph of me taken by Mrs. Leith. (385) Will perhaps send it at the New Years. Nothing could be kinder than Mrs. Atterbury's offer to have the expense of printing the *Daily Meditations*. I have no manuscript. But Mr. Wilder and his family will probably be going to America in a couple of months, and I think I will send a file of this year's *Guardian* by them. You still speak of my foolish fiction in manuscript. I confess, however, that I read your remarks with interest. When I came away, I had two little MS. books containing my diary from '44 to '47. Fred King, by some force of persuasion, induced me to let him have them. I thought at the time the will of the Lord was so. I gave them to him, and I have often since wished that they were with me.

I shall be delighted to get your Daguerreotypes (Harriet's and Kate's), and am looking eagerly for the arrival of the missionary party. This is a hasty letter, but I am just now beset with multitudinous things to do. Kindly send the enclosed to John Atterbury.

With love to all,  
Ever yours affectionately,

Geo. Bowen.

(386)

***Family. Bombay. January 16, 1857.***

My dear Mother and Sisters.

Last Monday, the 12<sup>th</sup> January, the missionary party of eight arrived, after a voyage of nearly five months, all well. Bro. Wood gave me your photographs (Harriet and Kate's), for which accept my best thanks. I have not yet learned to like them as much the ones I brought from America. Nevertheless I value them and will doubtless value them still more and more.

You, Harriet, say in your letter that you would fain show yourself to me younger, etc. There is something better than youth, and that is a title to perennial youth. What we can age is but

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<sup>202</sup> Anthony Norris Groves (1795-1853). Missionary to Bagdad.

a temporary infirmity, a curable disorder, like a headache that changes one's appearance, but only for a day. We shall awake in the beauty and bloom and glory of heaven's inviolable youth. In another point of view, we may be said to have as much youth as we have faith and love. Faith is the conservation salt, and the soul where it abides unbroken, lives on, blooming in sight of God and expanding to a heavenly perfection. Christ is our life, and that life surely knows no winter, no age. Let what is mortal fail and die, we shall only be the more immortal.

I was much pleased to hear what Bro. Wood had to say of your whereabouts, appearance, conversation, etc., of Ma and her remarks. (387) Sorry to learn from Kate that Frank has been in N. Y. without your seeing him. Glad that you have seen Mrs. Hume and that you are drawn to her. I received a letter from her some time ago, the first, and should write by this mail, but will scarce have time.

With the *Guardian* this time, I send a copy of the letter written in 1849 by me, on missionary life.<sup>203</sup> You once wrote for a copy, but I supposed I had none, until the other day, I found a few in a box. The Ballantines and Bissells are in Bombay; eight American missionaries, but they will be all away to the Deccan shortly.

The Hindoo [Godoori],<sup>204</sup> with whom I was discussing some time ago, now holds forth on the sands at Bark Bay, where I need to discuss with a Parsee and others; and we had on [Tuesday] a great discussion. The Bawa (guru), as he is called, now shifts his ground, and instead of defending Hindooism, attacks Christianity. He had with him copies of the Old and New Testaments, which I sent him some time ago, and which he appears to have read considerably. Mr. Ballantine took a considerable part in the discussion. The new missionaries were present and appeared to be much interested, though of course they understood little. There were several hundred present. I like Mr. Harding much, what I have seen of him.<sup>205</sup>

(388) It appears that Bro. Fairbank took with him to America, copies of the *Bombay Guardian*, containing all the Sabbath *Meditations*, and left them with a publishing house. I will ask him to give an order for them and will send it to you, so that if Mr. Atterbury is willing to undertake the pecuniary responsibility, you may get them published by that house, Jewett & Co., or by any other.

Your long-expected letter came on the same day that the missionaries did. Give my best wishes and congratulations to the new married couple; they are not too late, I hope. I have never been so overwhelmed with work as during some months past. Yet, why do I say overwhelmed? I am flourishing like a green bay tree — and as fruitlessly. I speak of fruit on earth. There is fruit in heaven.

I suppose Mr. J. Murray Mitchell goes home by this mail. What do you think I have just done? Put up those photographs of myself, one of Mrs. Leith, one of Mrs. Nesbit, and two of her school children, one of Mrs. Graves, and will get Mr. Mitchell to take them as far as

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<sup>203</sup> January 8, 1849.

<sup>204</sup> Apparently not the Parsee named Nourojse, mentioned in his letter of Nov 15, 1855.

<sup>205</sup> This is *not* the Anglican John Harding, who served as Bishop of Bombay from 1851 to 1869.

England. I think the postage across the Atlantic will not be much, as they were quite light. Perhaps I will send another batch one of these days.

I have probably written you about a determined enemy of mine, Mr. Richardson. He published lately his eight tracts, all about me (389), giving extracts from my writings, interlaid (sic) with such expressions as Horrid, blasphemy, you lie, sin, etc., etc. If I had one by me, I would send it. He has lately had a great triumph. His successor in the City mission, Mr. Ross, has adopted all his views and his spirit as well: the gospel not to be offered to sinners; all not immersed {are} haters of God, etc. Satan has immense power in these parts, and the people of God immense weakness. Excuse my careless rapid writing this time. Much love to all friends.

Yours in the best of bonds,  
Geo. Bowen.

Don't get tired of praying for me. My love to Dr. Skinner. Shall be most happy to hear from him on the subject of baptism, or any other subject. I am perfectly satisfied that I was Scripturally baptized by him. Remember me to Mrs. Ralph Wells.

Bro. Wood wishes me to give you his love. Enclosed are some lines from Bro. Fairbank.

***Harriet. Bombay. March ?, 1857.***

My dear Harriet.

I have the pleasure to acknowledge your kind letter of Dec 3, Kate's of the same, and hers of the 31<sup>st</sup> Dec, and return you both my best thanks for your affectionate punctuality. Yet do you know that I was going to intermit this mail (390), so much I have to engage my attention — and have only been induced to write today by the necessity, real or supposed, of administering a reproof shall I say! A criticism. I may perhaps be all in the wrong, and it may be that there is not the slightest necessity for me to give myself any uneasiness, but some remarks of yours about a book that you have read, and which I have never seen, entitled *Seed-grain for thought and discussion*, by a Mrs. Lowell, rather jar upon my feelings. This book you say contains extracts from Emerson, Martineau, and Carlyle,<sup>206</sup> and you write in rather a commendatory way of these writers saying "that they give virtue a high place, the highest, in fact do everything but humble themselves at the feet of Jesus." I look upon these persons as the enemies of all righteousness, and the deadliest foes of virtue.

Miss Martineau is that most hideous of beings, an Atheistic woman, the translator and panegyrist of Conte, who would have the worship of man substituted for that of God. Carlyle too is a pantheist and avows sentiments that tend directly to the annihilation of the very idea of virtue. Like the heathen around me, he looks upon sin as a necessary infelicity of our condition. Sin is not sin, in his theory; man is not really guilty. Emerson uses the same language. (391) Now if these persons just uttered their atheism and ungodliness and left it there, there would not be much to apprehend from them. But they wish to be thought

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<sup>206</sup> Harriet Martineau (1802-1876) often cited as the first female sociologist; Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881), historian, preached "Natural Supernaturalism;" Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), essayist and transcendentalist.



humble and loving Christians, at the same time that they hate the true Christ with a most uncompromising hatred. This it is that gives them an influence.

But the Christian is one whom God hath gifted with power to detect the true character of their teachers, and whom God has commissioned to testify against them with unflinching faithfulness. Be not deceived. These writers are infinitely more mischievous than Tom Paine & his crew.<sup>207</sup> They wear sheep's clothing, which he did not. It is impossible for blasphemy to go further than it does in their writings, and that too in the very virtues which are intermingled with the phraseology of the Gospel. I write not from prejudice, but from conviction. I bear about with me the scars of the deep and venomous wounds which they inflicted upon me in the days of my infidelity. I can well forgive them the injury they did me, though that injury, if it worked itself out, would have destroyed my soul forever and involved the perdition of others. But can I ever fall in with the world's way of viewing these men and their doctrines? Can I be led captive by their guile, so far as to look upon them as sincere truth-seeking men? (392) Can you? I trust not.

On reflection I conclude that you did wrong in reading those old manuscripts of mine, on which you lately stumbled. I fear they have done you harm. You have interested yourself in the sentiments there brought forward, because they were those of your brother. But no, they are those that I hate. So burn up those manuscripts, I conjure (beg) you, and let not my old self come up again from its proper hell, to do mischief when I am seeking to do good. I would not have you read such books as you speak of. I believe you can do it with less harm than others. But you cannot read them without mentioning the reading of them, and thus some weak brother may perish.

My dear Harriet, there is something in you that you need much to beware of. Your love for the intellectual, the uncommon, the out of the way. Your power of appreciating and sympathizing with elevated views, poetic ideas. Mind not high things. Even in religion there is danger of your suffering from this tendency. You may be much taken up with a Mad. Guyon, a Fenelon, or a Pascal, when some much better Christian, whose society is far more to be prized, who is unspeakably dearer to Christ, living next door to you, is perhaps overlooked, unthought of — because commonplace. Yet the Lord has, it seems to me, dealt with you in a way that was peculiarly designed to humble you on account of this passion for the uncommon.

I hope you enjoyed your visit to the dear family at Paterson. I am expecting to hear of it in your letter to come next Monday. I notice with pleasure what Kate says about Ma's portrait that is to come. I shall be delighted to get it, and hope Ma will not decline sitting for it. I was reading in a book the other day, called *Life in Christ, or Memoir of Mrs. Mary Winslow*.<sup>208</sup>

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<sup>207</sup> Thomas Paine (1737-1809), a deist who ridiculed Christianity, and justified the brutal French Revolution as a defense of the *Rights of Man* (1792). In 1790, Edmund Burke had decried that same revolution as un-Christian.

<sup>208</sup> It's actually, *Life in Jesus*, by Octavius Winslow. This is a collection of his mother's letters describing experimental and practical divinity. Joel Beeke writes of it, "Would you like guidance in learning how to live more closely to Christ, how to walk more by faith than by sight, how to be patient in adversity and thankful in prosperity, how to wrestle at the throne of grace? Buy and read *Life in Jesus* prayerfully."

It think that Ma would be interested in this. Mrs. W. was in New York from 1875 to 1830. She was a most earnest, holy, and useful Christian.

I wrote to Mrs. Hume by the last mail. It seems to me that it will be a most desirable arrangement if the Lord effect it, for you to live with Mrs. Richard Brown. I should be very glad to hear from Mrs. Brown. Tell me all about him and his family. In the *Guardian* you will find copious notes of my missionary doings lately, chiefly confined however, to my discussions with the Brahmin who has lately become so prominent as a defender of Hindooism. I go this afternoon to meet him again. I have considerable audiences in my house several times a week. Bro. Wood and his wife are now at Satara; send their love. Also the Hazens. (394) Mr. Wilder has not yet received permission to go home. The Hardings are in Bombay. The other new ones have gone to the Deccan.

Kate mistakes when she says, "You speak of one of our letters having been delayed apparently on account of postage." Not so. I merely mentioned the fact that a letter sent to the Rooms came along with a letter posted by yourselves a fortnight later, and cost more. But do as you think best. Rates of postage are now so low that you need never take them into account. You can send by Marseilles now for a slight advance on the Southampton rates.

Mr. George Miles, son of the gentleman in whose family I teach, is to be married on Monday next, and I am to marry him. They are expecting Mrs. Raith, their daughter, with Captain Raith from England, in Madras; Mrs. Showell, another daughter in England.

***Family. Bombay. June 10, 1857.***

My dear Mother and Sisters.

Oh yes — if I mistake not, two letters have come from you since I wrote, one of them written by Kate and Harriet. Since I wrote last, India has become the scene of a vast and dangerous revolution. It has been hitherto confined to the Bengal army, but you must bear in mind that this army is scattered over the whole of non-peninsular India (395); that is, from Burmah to Afghanistan.<sup>209</sup> It consists of about 120 regiments which, if they could effectually combine, would of course be irresistible. The English troops and all others are a mere handful comparatively. The first mutiny took place at Barrackpore (Calcutta) in April. The disaffection was caused by an idea that government had planned to destroy their caste by giving them cartridges prepared with animal matter, beef fat for the Hindoos and lard for the Musselmans. The mutiny was speedily suppressed, but the disaffected were just disbanded and allowed to go their way. Nothing was thought of this mutiny. But on the 10<sup>th</sup> of May, at Meerut (30 miles from Delhi) some 65 soldiers having been just in prison on account of this cartridge fantasy (for there was really no objectionable matter in the cartridges), the rest of the soldiers mutinied, released their companions, and the whole fell upon the European population and massacred all they could find, men, women, and children, with every circumstance of brutality and aggravation. They then made off to Delhi, where they induce the native troops to join them and so get possession of the town and fort.

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<sup>209</sup> The Bengal Mutiny and great revolt of 1857-1859. It is referred to as the first Indian war of independence.

The Emperor of Delhi, you must know, has been allowed by the H. C. to retain his title (396), though he is a mere stipendiary of the British, with a shadow of authority. But the mutineers have rendered allegiance to him or his son, and are seeking to set up an independent sovereignty. At Delhi, there were frightful massacres of the English. Since then, almost every day has brought us the account of some new outbreak, until it seems as though the panic were to spread through the entire Bengal army. Happily, this army is distributed among 30 or 40 different military stations, far separated. At these stations there is generally a regiment or more of European troops. In most cases, the mutineers have been subdued and disbanded, after a conflict, after murders and arsons, and have gone off in the direction of Delhi, without arms.

There has been very great delay on the part of the British army, in marching upon Delhi. One reason, I suppose, has been the danger of leaving the country unprotected behind them. Just as he was setting forward from Karnaul,<sup>210</sup> the Commander-in-chief died of cholera, it is said. We have no details, and suicides have been so common of late, that one naturally surmises this. We are momentarily expecting to hear that Delhi has been taken, and the revolt suppressed at that place, now its great centre. But we may be disappointed. The insurgents may be able to defend themselves and even to get some victories over the British; there may be massacres more fearful than we have yet had (397); the flames of revolution may rage throughout the North West Provinces, Punjaub and Bengal. I cannot doubt, however, that God will enable the British to maintain themselves in the country, and ultimately to recover their authority. Matters will then be placed, I trust, on a better footing. There has been too much caste in the army. The Brahmin have had everything their own way.

There has been some fear entertained in Bombay, though I know of no ground for it. One missionary, I understand, has just come down to Bombay for the purpose of sending his family to England, under the idea that they are not safe here. But the Bombay army has not shown the slightest disposition to sympathize with the Bengalis. What an age it is! What revolutions, what conflicts, what a spirit of madness. China, that third of the world, destroying itself as fast as it can. China and India together are one half the world. Add the Persian wars and the massacres in Borneo, and what a year this 1857 is!

**June 11.** The mail leaves today. It is not likely that we shall get tidings of the fall of Delhi before the steamer leaves. The army probably reached that place the day before yesterday, and may even now be assaulting it. (398) The telegraph is broken between Delhi and Agra, and there will be some delay in communicating the result.

You will see by the *Guardian* that the discussions with the Bawa having gone on for 4 1/2 months, has been discontinued because of the Monsoon. The monsoon has not burst yet, though daily expected. There is no American missionary besides me in Bombay. Mr. Hazen is in Poona. Mr. Hastings has gone to Ahmednugger.

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<sup>210</sup> Karnal was used by East India Company army as a refuge during the Indian Rebellion of 1857 in Delhi.

There are two Newmans.<sup>211</sup> One took to popery, the other to infidelity. There are no greater shams than Carlyle and Francis Newman. The greatness of a sham is according to the extent to which dissimulation is carried on. Men whose hearts are filled with hatred to all that is truly good (scripturally good) and who cannot keep their page free from the most frightful blasphemies, men intensely selfish and vain, affect to be adorned with all purity, meekness, love of truth, self-denial. The world is taken in by the dissimulation. But a Christian should know better than to be deceived by such. There is no greater Pharisaism than that which is embodied in the infidelity of the age; no more insincere or hypocritical men than your Newmans, Emersons, Carlyles, Martineaus.

I honor your sex by classing her (Martineau) among men. You speak, dear Harriet, of an intelligent skeptic who puts bad books into your hands. Beware of such. I shall be glad if you will prefer common Christians to uncommon infidels. (399) Remember dear Harriet, that in following the bent of your own mind, you have made many sad mistakes fruitful of much sorrow. Do not get you away from the simplicity of the gospel. Have you not read the admirable book *Edifice of Faith* by Rogers, in reply to *Phases of Faith*? Get it with the addition if you have an opportunity, and let your infidel acquaintances read it. I have not a favorable opinion of Mrs. Browning's writings.<sup>212</sup> I have known infidels that extolled them to the skies. Let us take every book to Christ, and ask his opinion of it. Pardon me for writing in a style so trenchant. I am obliged to write hurriedly.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilder and their two children left here on the *Rock City* for New York, May 11. You will doubtless see them, perhaps about the time when you get this. Show them all kindness and give them my best love. I hope Mr. Wilder may much improve by the voyage. His health was very poor.

I sent you overland, April 25, a copy of *Daily Meditations*, and I hope you will have secured it before this. And another copy by the Wilder's ship. Bros. Fairbank and Wood gave me very interesting accounts of Ma. Why might she not write once a year at least? There is no necessity of her writing otherwise than she would talk if I were there. Let her dictate if she will not write. I mean word for word.

Love to Nat and family. R. Brown, & all other friends.  
Yours most affectionately, Geo. Bowen.

(400)

***Harriet. Bombay. July 13, 1857.***

My dear Harriet.

Your letter and Kate's of May 16, I received by the last steamer. I wrote you about a month ago, but it is possible that you may be rather anxious to hear (just now that India is in such an unhappy state), how matters are in Bombay. As yet the mutinies have been confined to the Bengal presidency, though they have advanced to our very borders. At Indore and Mhow

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<sup>211</sup> Francis Wm. Newman (1805-1897), brother of Cardinal John Henry Newman (former Anglican priest). Francis was influenced by John Darby (Plymouth Brethren). He also rejected infant baptism and eternal punishment (hell).

<sup>212</sup> Probably referring to the "poet preacher" Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861).

there have been risings and massacres quite lately.<sup>213</sup> These places are just over our frontier. There was also a rising of Nizam's troops at Aurangabad, within this presidency, but it was quickly suppressed. Thus we have been wonderfully preserved up to the present time. The possibility of a rising in Bombay has been contemplated since the beginning, as the Musselman population is large (120,000), and dangerous just now. The proclamations of the emperor of Delhi have been in circulation, I understand, among them for some time — inviting them for the sake of their religion, to rise and drive the Europeans from the country, or destroy them. But there is not much fear entertained, I think, of an outbreak — as it would be necessary for the Musselmans to have an understanding with the Native army, and our Bombay army is mostly comprised of low caste Hindoos.

(401) We are sending a force north and towards Indore and Mhow. Whether the Bombay native troops will be staunch when called upon to fight their brethren of Bengal, is doubted by some. There is, of course, a great demand for European troops. But a few thousands can be brought to bear at the present emergency (I mean in all the disturbed provinces), and this in a country peopled by half a hundred million of souls. It has been hoped that the troops departed from England to China would be diverted to this country, but there is some doubt now of this, as we hear that war is broken out in China, worse than before, and all help will be needed there. Still, on the whole I have the impression that things are improving. Delhi is not yet taken, but the condition of its inhabitants and defenders is said to be bad in the extreme, and I cannot but hope that we may soon be permitted to hear of its downfall.

But it seems to me that even the rulers must see that we need something more than earthly resources to bring this country again in their power. Alas, that there should be so little willingness to seek the Lord and give honor to him. There is no telling the amount ruin and desolation wrought in the north of India by these mutinies. The amount of Government money stolen from the local treasuries is something enormous (402), and the ruin in the destruction of property is beyond computation. But of course the saddest thing is the destruction of life that has taken place, and the unspeakable barbarities perpetrated upon helpless women and children. Delicate ladies that would never set their foot upon the ground have been subjected to indignities that cannot be described. I have only heard of the death of one missionary, but it will be wonderful indeed if many have not perished. And yet I think we should have heard of it, if many had been killed. It will be a most important fact, on many accounts, if missionaries and converts have generally escaped.

It is not missionary efforts that have provoked the rebellion. The wrath is against Government, and has been excited by the diminution of regard shown to caste and native prejudices. Such a result would never have been witnessed if Government had not so long and so extravagantly pampered these prejudices. It is really and strictly the fruit of the long and wicked alliance of the Government with idolatry, caste, etc. If the abominable things had never been hugged to the bosom of the Government, their repudiation would not have excited this ire and this alarm. This is the earthly rationale of the matter. But there is a

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<sup>213</sup> Mhow was renamed Ambedkar Nagar in 2003. It is a cantonment in the Indore district in Madhya Pradesh. It is 14 miles southwest of Indore city, towards Bombay (Mumbai) on the old Bombay-Agra Road.

heavenly; and from this we learn that God is not mocked any more in modern times than in ancient. (403) I continue preaching, writing, praying, conversing, hoping, serving, rejoicing, believing.

Harriet's letter I was very glad (& sorry) to get. It was everything that I could wish. Yet a word more need be said. I hope my letter afterward received has not inflicted any unnecessary wound. Have you read a life of *Adelaide Newton*? <sup>214</sup> You would like much of it, much. Many thanks to Kate for a letter. I am glad to get its statements. You don't know how things have faded from memory. For instance, Ricard Brown's children, their names, ages, etc. I cannot at all see them. And so with a great deal else. I rejoice in the Lord's goodness to the Browns. The Wilders will be arrived before you get this. I intended to have written them a letter to greet them on landing. Should you see them, give them my cordial love. You will love Mrs. Wilder much, and her dear boy Eddie.

The Lord was never more manifest to me than of late. I am sometimes overpowered and physically weakened by these manifestations. The rains have been holding off very much of late. Only about 20 inches so far. I have this evening read a letter from an officer at Indore, who was in the midst of the mutiny, in the hands of the mutineers even, and in great danger. It described the entire outbreak. The mutineers did their utmost to awake the Holkar (their native sovereign) {to} lead them against the British. There was great slaughter. (404) Sixteen bodies of men, women, and children, Europeans, were to be seen in one place. At another time, 32 were counted in various parts of the city. They completely destroyed the residences and European houses.

You ask about a copyright for the *Meditations*. The book is yours to do what you like with it. But I doubt if a copyright would be available, seeing that the book has already been published. I received a letter lately from Mr. Burgess, the C.E. missionary, proposing to get the *Meditations* published. He had seen some of them in the *Guardian*. Of course, he will let the matter drop when he finds that they have been already published in a book form.

Much love to Ma. I rejoice to hear that she finds so much comfort in waiting upon the Lord, and continues to preserve the sense of his loving kindness. May her experience be ever richer and fuller until the perfect day.

Yours ever affectionately.  
Geo. Bowen.

***Mother. Bombay. July 29, 1857.***

My dear Mother.

Perhaps I ought to address my letter occasionally especially to yourself, instead of addressing them to the family. Who knows but it may have the effect of eliciting some special letter from you. Year after year goes by without my getting anything direct from you. (405) You, of course, read all that I send, and read it with the feeling that it is intended for you, and in every letter that I get from Harriet and Kate, there is mention of you, and

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<sup>214</sup> Rev. John Baillie, *A Memoir of Adelaide Leaper Newton*, London 1856. She was the authoress of "Song of Solomon compared with other Parts of Scripture." She died at just 30 years of age (1824-1854).

perhaps some brief message. There is surely one insurmountable barrier to your writing me from time to time, without any formality, without any effort, telling me everything, or the half of everything. I give constant thanks to the Lord, dear mother, for his exceeding goodness to you, for giving you such good health, and the use of your faculties unimpaired, and congenial occupation, and the society of your daughters, and freedom from harassing [illegible].

I write at the present time from a feeling that you will all be, if not anxious, exceedingly desirous to know how matters are going on in India. Up to the present time, I cannot say that they are improving. The late horrors indeed far exceed those previously announced. The idea has distinctly dawned upon my mind as a possibility that the rebels may succeed in entirely exterminating the Europeans, Governor General, and all from the northern half of India. And all in Bombay have felt it to be quite possible that they may be driven hence. But without speculating on the future, let us consider what is actually brought before us in the Providence of God. (406) Delhi is not yet taken. The besieging force is still there, and there are frequent encounters between the rebels and them. But there has been no assault. General Barnard,<sup>215</sup> the commander-in-chief, has died. It is the non-capture of Delhi that has led to all the mutinies and massacres of the last six weeks.

General Sir Hugh Wheeler, who was holding the fort of Cawnpore,<sup>216</sup> died with a wound, and afterwards the entire company of Europeans, including about 240 women and children (many of them the families of officers) were treacherously and horribly assassinated. Sir Henry Lawrence, regarded as the best man in India for the present emergency, has been killed at Lucknow. The three foremost men cut down almost at a stroke. Nana Sahib, Raja of Bethoor (near Cawnpore), at the head of 10,000 or 15,000 men, advanced as far as Futtahpore,<sup>217</sup> and it seemed at one time as though he might march on Calcutta. For you must understand that the European troops in the country are very few, and very scattered. General Havelock met Nana Sahib at Futtahpore and gained several victories over him, having only about 1700 men with him. He has reoccupied Cawnpore. This is the first news of a cheering character we have had. But between Havelock and Delhi there are two large bodies of insurgents in undisturbed possession of the country. (407) Agra has been burnt and pillaged by the mutineers, the Europeans escaping in the Fort.

Wonderful to relate the rebellion has not yet crossed the frontiers of the Bombay presidency. Some of the Bombay native troops have been sent to the disturbed frontier, and it remains to be seen how they will behave in presence of the Bengal mutineers. I have no confidence in them. I know that some of the corps most trusted in, sympathize with the mutineers. But what all are now apprehending in Bombay, is the Muharram, the Mohammedan 1<sup>st</sup> month, commencing Aug 20, when they have their great festival. This is always a time of great license with them, and many feel that they are as likely as not to raise the standard of the king of Delhi then.

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<sup>215</sup> Sir Henry William Barnard (1799-1857) died July 5<sup>th</sup>. He had served in the Anglo-Afghan and Crimean wars.

<sup>216</sup> Now Kanpur. The slaughter of civilians came to be known as the Bibighar Massacre. The bodies were thrown down a well by the Sepoys to hide them. In British reprisals, the battle cry was heard, "Remember Cawnpore."

<sup>217</sup> Now Fatehpur. It's in the southern Uttar Pradesh state in northern India, about 45 miles southeast of Kanpur.

We have now no European troops, they having been sent up country; whether any others will arrive before that, is a question. I need not say to you that I am unacquainted with such a thing as fear or apprehension for myself. During all these months my mind has been as serene, my sleep as sweet as ever it was. I feel that it is God who has come forth to work his strange work, and I wait to see the accomplishment of the same. My soul is of course wrung at times by the tidings that burst upon me. (408) And I have many dear friends here for whose safety I am tenderly solicitous.

Up to the present time I continue to have good opportunities of preaching the gospel. One day lately I made a pleasant excursion with Mr. White and Narayan Sheshadri to Salsette where there are about 1500 workmen employed on the water works, and we preached to them, and to bodies of workmen on the road. A vast missionary field occupied by missionaries of a number of societies, English and American (not by the Am. Board), has been entirely swept by the rebellion, and it will be a long time, to human appearance, supposing the English succeed in recovering their ground, before the stations can be occupied. Missionaries have been killed, native Christians too, and mission property has been destroyed. The names of a few missionaries have been given in the *Guardian*. We are very much cut off from obtaining information. We were all greatly distressed last Sabbath to hear of the massacre of a Mr. Hunter, his wife and infant at Seealcote (Sialcot). He was a Scotch missionary and was some time in Bombay. They were excellent people; I saw them go from here with great regret. They went only last November to the Punjaub to commence a new mission there. He had some native Christians with him; (409) they too were probably killed.

General Havelock whose name I mentioned, is a good Christian man. I know him intimately. With Sir Henry Lawrence too I have had correspondence. He was regarded as a Christian. So too, I believe, was Sir Hugh Wheeler. It is altogether singular that there should have been three such men in supreme command in one district. As a rule, irreligion and immorality prevailed among the European officers of the Bengal army to a fearful extent. As they have done things that could not be told, so there has now been done to them and their families, things that cannot be told.

The Hazens are all now here. Should there be any disturbance, they will probably go on board one of the American ships in the harbour. The Hardings are at Seroor. A special prayer meeting in connection with these disturbances is held here weekly. About 150 of all denominations come to it. Mr. Clark, the Free church minister here, lost his wife lately, by cholera, and he goes home with his children. Mr. Candy, minister of the church of England, one of the best known and most respected men of western India goes home next month. He has been in India 35 years, originally in the army.

**30<sup>th</sup>.** There are only about 2000 effective men (Europeans) before Delhi (410), and it will be a great mercy if they are not overwhelmed. A Mhee (Mohammedan priest) has been arrested at Poona for having planned a rising in that city and in Hyderabad simultaneously tomorrow evening. I was talking with the Hazens last evening; they seemed disposed to go on board of ship till these troubles of the Muharram be overpast. I recommended them to; as Mrs. Hazen is approaching the term of her confinement. Believe me, my dear mother and my dear sisters, Yours affectionately — Geo. Bowen



**Harriet. Bombay. Aug 28, 1857.**

My dear Harriet.

I received your very welcome letter of June 18 about three weeks ago, just after my last to you. I write you a few lines as I think in these strange eventful times, you will be desirous of hearing more frequently than usual. The aspect of things has not improved; it has even assumed some darker shades. The mutiny has extended to the Bombay army. July 31 at midnight a mutiny broke out at Kolapoor. For some weeks, the papers here were not allowed to speak of it. Three officers were killed. It was put down after some fighting. Many of the rebels were killed. Some 120 or 130 were made prisoners, and they are being blown away from guns.<sup>218</sup> (411) Within a few days we have heard of mutinous conduct in the 12 Bombay regiments stationed at Nassurabad.

There was a great panic in Bombay on the 1<sup>st</sup> of the month. A musselman conspiracy with a view to a general rising through the country on the Bukru Eid,<sup>219</sup> Aug. 1, had been by the goodness of God, detected; and it was believed that it extended to Bombay. A great many of the European inhabitants fled to the Fort; many went on board of ship; others made preparations in their houses for receiving the enemy. All passed off quietly. There was a tremendous downpour of rain that day (6 inches), and it would have been an uncomfortable time for insurgents.

Though living more exposed than anybody else, I yet saw no occasion for departing from my normal routines. I sleep where anybody may shoot me from the street, that chooses; but the thought of danger has not come to me. The Hazens went on board of ship, which was well on Mrs. Hazen's account. We had a day of humiliation, not, however, appointed by Government. We have been greatly favored by Providence. A regiment of European soldiers has arrived from the Mauritius.<sup>220</sup> When people have had one good panic and nothing has happened, it is very difficult to alarm them again.

We are now in the midst of the Muharram (412), the great feast of the Mohammedans; and there would naturally be a good deal of alarm, were it not for the reaction from the previous fear. The Mohammedans get very wild in this feast. At this moment, 12 at night, they are making a most deafening noise just before my door, and the light of their torches flares into the room where I am sitting, and I see men made to appear like tigers, rushing by with a rabble at their heels. They paint themselves a brimstone yellow from head to foot, with black stripes and spots all over their body, with a long tail borne by attendants, and go dancing and prancing along.

Matters have got a good deal worse in the Bengal presidency. From Benares to Patna,<sup>221</sup> the country near the Ganges is in the hands of the mutineers. General Havelock has been

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<sup>218</sup> The methods employed by the British were so harsh that many in the western world were horrified, especially in America. Here Bowen describes tying mutineers to the mouth of a cannon and then firing the cannon, obliterating the victim. British plans to reform Indian society in their own image, one underlying cause of the revolt, were set aside after the mutiny (post 1859). The religious conversion of the Indian population was no longer viewed as a practical goal.

<sup>219</sup> Or *Baqarah Id*; an *Eid* is a Muslim celebration or feast.

<sup>220</sup> *Mauritius*: an island in the southwestern Indian Ocean.

<sup>221</sup> That is, *Banaras*, now called Varanasi; *Patna* is also called Pataliputra, the capital of Bihar.

successful in his attempt to relieve Lucknow, and it is awful to think of the fate that, humanly speaking, awaits that garrison. There are the families of some friends of mine there. I know a lady in Bombay, seven of whose relations perished in that bloody massacre at Cawnpore. It will strike you, I think, as the most awful thing you can read of. Not far from a thousand in all — men, women, and children — perished there; and that, too, under the much frightful circumstances. It is even a question, I think, whether Havelock and Neil may not be invested <sup>222</sup> by the enemy at Cawnpore (413), and be destroyed before reinforcements can reach them. The English force is still before Delhi, acting on the defensive. We shall have great cause for thankfulness if they are not greatly reduced before large reinforcements reach them, if not overwhelmed. The next two months will decide, I think, whether the British Empire in India will endure or not.

The entire country from Calcutta to the Punjaub, has been forsaken by missionaries, those of them that have survived. I have seen the names of eleven missionaries who, with their families and the family of another missionary, have been killed. If God has sent these judgments in consequence of the iniquity of the Government in honoring the things that He hates, it would seem to follow that He will not turn away his wrath while the Government refuses to change its policy. This the Government will not do. What then?

Our missionaries at the Deccan remain at their several posts. The Bissells and Hardings at Seroor; and Woods, Munger, and Mrs. Graves at Satara, are in some danger, I think. Mrs. Wood has been confined. The child did not live. Missionaries of other societies are coming to Bombay, and sending their families home. Mr. Clark, Mr. Candy, Mr. Munger, go home themselves. We carry on missionary operations in Bombay as usual. (414) The Wilders would have been in danger, I think, at Kolapoor. You mention having seen the mother of Mrs. Freeman. Mr. Freeman was, I believe, among those that were killed at Fattayghur.<sup>223</sup> Our missionary operations continue as usual, but there are fewer inquirers than ever. Good audiences occasionally.

Your occasional reference to Mrs. Leith and other friends suggests to me that I have probably never written to you much about those with whom I am most intimate. The Miles family are nearer to me than any other, and more like a family to me. I am perfectly at home there, and for eight years have received the utmost possible kindness. I am there every day, you know, teaching, and they consider me as one of themselves. If I have omitted speaking about them to you, it must have been on the principle that what is most familiar is most overlooked in letters. Or perhaps I was afraid lest you should be made jealous by the thought of any other family regarding me as son and brother. If so, I have surely wronged you.

**29<sup>th</sup>.** I think I have never seen the Musselmans enter into this festival with so much earnestness. Every five minutes some company is going by with music. One large company just went by with green flags and with certain religious symbols borne on horseback (415), and fanned by men walking at the side. We have a man of great energy at the head of the

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<sup>222</sup> Here *invested* means to be covered or blanketed, as with a *vestment*; that is, overrun or overcome.

<sup>223</sup> That is, *Fatteghar* or *Fategarh*, about 50 miles from Cawnpore.

police, Mr. Forsett. The departure of the mail has been postponed to the 31<sup>st</sup>, evening, in order doubtless that it may take the news of how we got through the Muharram.

**30<sup>th</sup>.** Sabbath evening. This afternoon as I was going down to the Chapel to preach, I met a company of artillery with 4 heavy guns drawn by six horses each. They were on their way to take up positions at certain points in the town, in case there should be any disturbances tonight, or simply as a precaution against it. Tonight is the night of the great midnight procession. The taboots, which are to be thrown into the sea tomorrow, are tonight conducted through the city. These taboots, you know, are gaily ornamented structures representing the mausoleums of Hussein and Hassan. Intelligence has been received; I hear of a mutiny at Kolapoor. No details. There are cavalry and infantry there. The ladies of that station came to Bombay a week or so ago.

**31<sup>st</sup>.** Some doubt about the Kolapoor news. The night has passed off quietly, and there is no more apprehension felt with regard to this festival. It appears there was a fight on Saturday evening, between the native soldiers of a regiment here, and the police. The regiment should be disarmed at once. May I ask you to send the enclosed to Mr. Wilder? (416) Mr. Merwin will send it.

Believe me yours in all affections.

Geo Bowen

Could you never learn the name of Frank's ship? Remember me in love to Nat and his family.

***Harriet. Bombay. Oct 16, 1857.***

My dear Harriet.

I last wrote you about the 1<sup>st</sup> of September,<sup>224</sup> at the close of the Muharram. Since then the numbers of the *Guardian* will have enabled you to trace the course of events in India. There have been a number of outbreaks in the Bombay army, at points remote from each other, but they were one and all wonderfully unsuccessful. It is matter of admiration that notwithstanding the revelation of such elements of mischief in the midst of us, we have been kept in perfect safety. Those that entertain mutinous designs, at this hour, after the exhibition of enormous wickedness made by the mutineers of northern India, declare by that fact that they approve of that wickedness, and are prepared to imitate it. Their guilt is equal to their infatuations.

In Bombay we have just been passing through a crisis without knowing it. There are here three native regiments that ought to have been disarmed long ago. Men and native officers belonging to these regiments (417), met in a hired house in the native town, for the purpose of organizing a simultaneous outbreak with massacres of the European inhabitants; and plunder of the shops of Marwadis and Wanis (many lenders and grain dealers). The time was well-chosen. Several European regiments have reached Bombay of late, but they have been sent off to places in the interior, and we have at the present time only 300 European soldiers. Supposing there was sufficient concert among the native troops, it would have been easy for them to inflict frightful massacres, thought they should eventually have been

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<sup>224</sup> See his letter of Aug 28.

defeated. But Mr. Forsett, our superintendent of police, a Fouché in cunning,<sup>225</sup> though a better man, ascertained about the mutiny, and attended it as one of the conspirators, made it known to an officer of one the regiments, and a number of the mutineers have been seized. Two were yesterday blown away from guns on the Esplanade, and there are more to be tried. A friend of mine present at the execution, stood behind the guns at some distance, yet the disiecta membra of the unhappy wretch fell around him.<sup>226</sup> The Lord has favored us in this presidency in a most surprising manner, and I am quite at a loss to account for it.

Delhi was taken on the 21<sup>st</sup>, after several days of desperate fighting within the walls. (418) The mutineers that survived are dispersing in bands through the country, and may do a great deal of mischief before they are destroyed. Lucknow, I am glad to say, has been relieved and we have been spared a repetition of the Cawnpore tragedy. It remains to be seen if the force and the relieved succeed in making their way safely to Cawnpore.

Weekly prayer meetings in connection with these disturbances have been kept up in Bombay, and have been pretty well attended. Can I say so? Perhaps not one in ten of those who make a profession of Christianity have been present. I have never had better opportunities of preaching than during these months past. It is still apparently water spilt upon the ground, but I thank God that I am enabled heartily and energetically to work in this appointed and therefore excellent work of spilling water on the ground. I have been very much troubled of late with prickly heat, so that for five weeks I have now slept on an average of three hours a night. It is perfectly astonishing to me how I can lose so much sleep with impunity. I wonder how much sleep we really need. I am as well as ever I was in all other respects, but I have been such a spoilt child with respect to physical suffering (419), that *this* appears to me like a real affliction. It only troubles me at night, and then it comes on like a paroxysm sometimes.

Mrs. Hazen was confined of a daughter last Saturday morning, and saw it expire on Sunday. She bears it with excellent patience; is getting on well. Mrs. Barker also has a daughter. Mrs. Wood lost an infant. The Hardings are at Seroor. I am glad the copy of *Daily Meditations* reached you so promptly; but sorry that you should have had trouble and met with disappointment in efforts to get published. I hope you will give yourself no further trouble about it. Very likely it would fall stillborn from the press. There are plenty of good works if people choose to read them, and if God considers this a good work, he will take care of it. Did I tell you that Mr. Burgess wrote to me, purposing to have it published? What accounts I have seen of Charlotte Brontë <sup>227</sup> and how her works do not (I must confess) dispose me to contract any nearer acquaintance with her. It is not all originality that I like.

I shall be anxious to learn what feelings are awakened in America by the events that have been lately taking place in India. How the churches are affected with regard to mission. This

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<sup>225</sup> Joseph Fouché, villain of the French Revolution, and Napoleon's Minister of Police.

<sup>226</sup> One of the effects of prolonged exposure to fear, death, and bloodshed, is that we become inured to it. We may speak of its horrors off-handedly, as Bowen does here; for otherwise our conscience could not bear it.

<sup>227</sup> Charlotte Brontë (1816-1855) English novelist and poet, author of *Jane Eyre*.

is called a missionary age; but really it is not so. The dogs eat the crumbs that fall from the Master's table.

(420) Mr. Abbott and his family arrived here safely. You may remember that he reached America the day I left, and visited me on board the *Goodwin*. I have been greatly pleased with him. A man that has thought his own way to every truth. I find that he and I think alike very much on many subjects. I was sorry that he hurried on to Ahmednugger. It is impossible, it appears, to get missionaries in America for Bombay.

I am very sorry to hear that Nat met with temporary embarrassment in his business. It is not a business that God loves to bless. But perhaps it is not well for Nat, not the best thing that he should be rich or even independent. As you never mention the least word from him concerning me, I suppose that his feelings are not very friendly towards me. Is it so? I have nothing but feelings of friendship to him and his. I am thankful for all his kindness shown to you. I am also thankful to the Lord that you have never been left in a position to be a pecuniary burden upon him. I was quite confident from the beginning, that you would not be.

You speak about a copyright of *Daily Meditations*, etc. Understand that I do not care a [straw] about this. The book is yours. If you derive anything from it, I shall be glad. But this I do not anticipate. If published, I hope nobody may lose by it. (421) Again, I say give yourself no trouble about it. I have written to Kate. Much love to Ma. Remember me kindly to all friends, and believe me ever and affectionately yours,

Geo. Bowen

***Family. Bombay. Dec 24, 1857.***

My dear Mother, Harriet, and Kate.

I did not expect to write by this mail, though I am much in debt to you; but finding I have a few minutes, and Mr. Hazen's letters are open, I write. I received a day or two ago your joint contribution of [notes], for which accept my best thanks. I have enough imagination and sensibility to enjoy Harriet's description of the lovely being found behind a counter. Very glad to get Ma's dear lines. Most thankful that you have not shared in the common financial suffering of our country.<sup>228</sup> I hope that all is right. It is not necessary for me to write to you about matters that are treated in the *Bombay Guardian*.

The mutiny is now fast dying out. We are much interested to see the state of the public's mind in England with regard to India — the decided conviction of the necessity of an entire reformation of Governmental abuses. Some things that I have seen in the American papers indicate a wrong apprehension of the Company's rule. (422) It has on the whole, been beneficent rather than oppressive, especially of late. Yet there has been a good deal that would appear to the Americans very like extortion. For instance, taking 1/3 sometimes 2/5 of the produce from the poor cultivators. Yet they have never been used to anything better. It is a pernicious policy however, detrimental to the interests of the country and Govt.

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<sup>228</sup> The Panic of 1857 was a sudden downturn in the U. S. economy. A general recession first emerged late in 1856, but the successive failure of banks and businesses caused the panic that began in mid-1857.

You must not believe all that is said about torture. What torture there has been, has generally been inflicted by native officials, without the knowledge of Europeans. The tendency to tyrannize is far stronger in the natives than in the Europeans. No missionary in India but desires to see the entire annexation of the native states by the Company. It is beyond a question that such annexation would be greatly for the benefit of the masses in these states. But the connection of the Govt with idolatry, caste, opium traffic, etc., is so abominable, without the shadow of extinction.

I have been out of health since I wrote you last. I thought for a long time it was prickly heat; but when I came under the Doctor's hands, it turned out to be a cutaneous disease. Whether I caught it in the Hospital or not I don't know. I never had anything that gave me so much physical discomfort. For two months and a half, the only sleep I had ordinarily, was between 4 and 6 A.M. (423), and often I passed the entire night without a wink of sleep. I do not reject this trial of faith, and hope that patience was thus assisted to have her perfect work. The wonder was that I could go about all my duties just as usual. At length, Dr. Leith, hearing about me, called on me, and required me to remain at home, which I did for a fortnight. It is now a wonder to me to find myself well, the malady seemed so ineradicable. I hope that I may not lose the benefit of this trial.

The Hazens are off for America this week. Mrs. Hazen had a little daughter last month that died the second day. It was the most beautiful infant I ever saw. They felt it much. The Doctor requires that Mrs. Hazen should leave soon as there was a ship bound for New York. They leave on the ship *Sweepstakes* for New York,<sup>229</sup> in four days or five, I suppose. I hope you will see them soon after you receive this, and you will just remember that I have received ever so much kindness from them. Mrs. Hazen called on me repeatedly during my illness, and was urgent to have me back-up my quarters with them. I received two days ago a letter informing that there was a Mr. Smith, officer in the *Cowasjee Family* now in the harbour, who had seen a brother of mine at Hong kong, and who was anxious to see me. (424) Frank was an officer on board ship, and was expecting to be captain. I am going down to the harbour now with Mr. Hazen to visit the *Sweepstakes* and the *Cowasjee Family*, and if I hear anything interesting concerning Frank, I will not fail to write at once.

The Hardings are in Bombay in the Hazen's place. I am obliged to close. In love to all —  
yours affectionately. — Geo. Bowen

***Harriet. Bombay. January 23, 1858.***

My dear Harriet.

I told you in my last written, a month ago, that I was going on board of a ship in the harbor to see a person who had sent word to me that he could give me information concerning Frank. I went that same day, and saw Mr. Smith, an American, an officer on board of a ship that was loading opium for China. He told me that he saw a good deal of Frank at Hong kong last August. He had known him before. Frank was first mate in the *Kate Hooper*, a

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<sup>229</sup> Sweepstakes, an 1853 Clipper ship, made a record passage from New York to Bombay in 1857, of 74 days, between May 9 and July 22. At the time, it was one of the fastest passages on record.

Baltimore vessel.<sup>230</sup> But he was expecting to be made captain of a ship coming down here from Shanghai. This vessel was to take coolies,<sup>231</sup> I believe, to South America. I cannot say that I received a very satisfactory impression concerning Frank. He said he was not married. Had really been in New York, as mentioned by you. (425) Did not go to see you because he did not wish to see his friends until he had plenty of money. Had been in Bombay within a few years. Looked like a Frenchman, with beard, moustache, imperial.

Asked Mr. Smith to find me out in Bombay and tell when he had seen him, though not to let me know anything of his whereabouts. Was quite thin. Only think of his having been in Bombay while I was there, and not making it known to me! Very likely he saw me on some occasion or other. I would probably not have recognized him. Well! It is ground for thanksgiving that he is alive, and still wanders about the world, which though a world lying in wickedness, is still a world where grace is proffered. It is 14 years since I have seen him.

The Hazens left here Dec 30 in the ship *Sweepstakes* for N. York, and I think it not unlikely that they may be with you soon after you receive this. I hope you may have a pleasant meeting with them. You will now please to imagine the Hardings installed in the American mission house where successively the Humes, Fairbanks & Hazens have lived. They are an interesting couple, and I hope may become fitted for extensive usefulness. Mr. Munger is here now, preaching in Mr. Hazen's place for a little while. Mr. Harding has not the language yet. (426)

I preach daily, as a general rule, sometimes necessarily broken in upon, either at my own house, or in some of the thoroughfares of Bombay, to Hindoos of all castes, Musselmans, Parsees, and Jews. This letter would be very long if I gave you a report of but a few days' expression on these occasions. The spirit of opposition seems as intensified as ever. I have much cause for thankfulness in that God enables me to keep at this work without disinclination, with more zest than formerly even, though the results are *nil*. The process of converting rags into a piece of fair paper for the King to write his name upon is, you know, one of prodigious severities and crushings. I speak of myself. But I have only to make mention of loving kindness and gentleness on the part of our great (speaking reverently) Secretary of Missions.

My health is not yet quite reestablished. I am rid, thanks to the Lord, of that which hung upon me last Oct & Nov. But my digestive organs have never got altogether right.

A greatly esteemed Christian brother, Mr. Molesworth, has come down from the Deccan to here in Bombay, and I have been permitted to see him face to face. He is somewhat of a Plymouth Brother in sentiment. (427) Christians generally delight to hear him expound the Scriptures. He was in the army, but left it through conscientious scruples; and through the

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<sup>230</sup> The merchant ship *Kate Hooper* left Hong Kong in July 1857 bound for Havana, Cuba. During the 174-day trip, the ship endured official scorn, the death of its captain and some of its crew, and several mutinies by the "cargo" — 652 indentured Chinese laborers ("coolies") who thought they were going to San Francisco, not Cuba; they set the ship on fire. Much of the ship's crew wound up in a Havana jail. (*Prologue Magazine*, Summer 2001, Vol 33, No. 2). See Bowen's next letter, of April 5.

<sup>231</sup> "Coolie" referred to the hats worn by Chinese laborers; it is now considered offensive, if not racist.

same, has refused ever since to receive his pension. He lives a life of faith beyond most men, giving away almost everything, and spending little upon himself.

I should have mentioned that I wrote by the last China mail to Dent & Cor, the firm at Hong kong who were going to give Frank command of a vessel, asking the name of the ship and other information. Ten years have elapsed since I landed in Bombay. How well I was that I did not then know what was before me. How different the form which the goodness of God has taken towards me, from that which I then anticipated. *Not fainting, I pursue.*

This year will be the best & the worst that the world has yet seen.

A Mrs. Campbell, wife of an American Missionary in the Punjaub, with her children, is expected here on her way home. Another American Missionary from that field is also, as many, down to go home.

I am expecting hourly the Overland steamer with a letter from you. I think I have already thanked Ma for her kindness in writing me a few lines. I was glad to get Kate's letter. Much love to all your friends that remember me. (428) The blessing of God be with you.

Yours affectionately,  
Geo. Bowen

***Harriet. Bombay. April 5, 1858.***

My dear Harriet.

The 9<sup>th</sup> & 24<sup>th</sup> are the dates of the month by which I have opportunity to communicate with you. But just when I reach them, a crowd of work gets between me and the opportunity, and I am carried past. So I begin now a few days before. For your two welcome letters should not go without an echo at least. Many thanks for them, and also for the letter from Julia Stimpson,<sup>232</sup> which I was so glad to get. I am unwilling to be lost from the affectionate remembrance of old friends, though I give them so little proof of my own perpetuated friendship. I hope to be able to answer this letter without delay and without waiting for the [empowering] dream.

It is refreshing to hear of the revivals in America. I hope we shall get still more animating accounts. I am very much interested in your letters. I have seen a good deal of the Plymouth Brethren. I think I must have written you freely about them in former years. They are obviously in error with regard to two or three little points of no little importance. The Sabbath — an ordained ministry, the perpetual obligation of the law. Some of them in their interpretation of prophecy (429), favor the most outed views.<sup>233</sup> If I mistake not, I have read the work to which you refer, and wrote an article on one of its vagaries, Dec 1, 1855,<sup>234</sup> I hope I am not confounding two different books. Many of them are most stupidly literal in the interpretation of prophecy, at the same time that the commands of Scripture are to them of very elastic texture.

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<sup>232</sup> He had spelled it "Stimson" here, but likely the same Stimpson referred to Sept. 14, 1849, and June 1856.

<sup>233</sup> That is, tossed out, fringe, or heterodox.

<sup>234</sup> Referring to an article in the Bombay Guardian.



I have written and published so much on the prophecies, that it is useless for me now to speak of them. The comments on Revelation, published a year ago, are the wealth of many years investigations, and I never would have dared to publish them if I had not found reason to believe that they expressed the mind of the Spirit. We have in Scripture itself interpretations of some of the prophecies. Daniel's, as a careful consideration of these, would free many minds from error with regard to the general scope of the prophecies. I have found in my own experience, the fulfilled blessedness promised in the beginning of Revelation.<sup>235</sup>

I told you in my last that I had seen a mate on a ship who had seen a great deal of Frank last Aug & Sept. in Hong kong. I subsequently wrote to the company of the ship Frank had been on board of, for information, but have received no answer. I hope that Frank really left the *Kate Hooper*, for I see by an American paper that there was a mutiny of the poor Coolies on board of her, and that fifty of them were shot down by the ship's officers, before they were subdued. These poor creatures are entrapped on board of these vessels (430), without any idea where they are going to; and when they find they are being taken to the other side of the globe, they naturally rebel. It is a bad traffic. I shall not be at all surprised to learn that Frank, in common with many other American captains, is engaged in it. Newton <sup>236</sup> was at one time in the slave trade.

**April 6.** 10 P.M. Returning home just now, I found a letter from Dent & Co. Hong kong, in reply to one I had written them asking information concerning Frank. I learn from this that Frank really was on board the *Kate Hooper* when he left Hong kong in October last, bound for Havana with coolies; it is wonderful he himself was not killed. The Captain was confined to his berth by sickness at the time. The *Kate Hooper* will very likely go to the States from Havana.

I have seen within a day or two a Mr. & Mrs. Ullman, missionaries of Pres. Board of Foreign Missions. They were at Myapoorie, 70 miles from Agra, where the mutiny broke out in those provinces. All the ladies of the station were placed under Mr. Ullman's care, and at 5 minutes warning at the dead of night, they started off with them and drove them to Agra. All their property was destroyed — their jewels, says Mrs. U. — their household goods, says Mr. U. They go to England where he is to superintend the printing of the Scriptures, the presses in Northern India having been destroyed. More laborers are leaving India than are coming to it.

(431) There are now a good many American ships in the harbor. A few weeks ago I was with a party on board one of them. I was so much reminded of home by some of the things on the tables. The butter for instance, and the hot biscuits; one would almost have affirmed that Anty had made them. Nothing of the sort had I looked {at} for more than ten years. And the Bombay people on board (my friends the Miles) were quite delighted with the specimens of American condiments. There were the Hardings & Dr. A.'s, [even] four captains, two young

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<sup>235</sup> Rev 1:3 Blessed is he who reads and those who hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written in it; for the time is near.

<sup>236</sup> John Newton (1725-1807) left the slave trade and became an abolitionist with Wilberforce. He was the author of the hymn *Amazing Grace*, sung in pentatonic scale as the slaves aboard might have sung it.

Bostonians, and myself, all Americans. The American captains are generally far from pious — Unitarians and Universalists. I was at a very different meeting on board of another ship in the harbour, last week. The Captain of which is a fervent Methodist brother.

Mr. Munger having returned to Satara, I preached in the Mission chapel every Sabbath morning. Mr. Harding not yet have got hold of the language sufficiently. These Hardings are dear people, sincere, earnest, and kind. I preach a good deal beside. Often in the Esplanade (the great open place between the Fish and the native town, where men most congregate), standing on a high stool and surrounded by great numbers. I am happy to say that some European constables have attended and enforce order. I have no objection to the people making comments and asking questions, if they don't become disorderly. I see no abatement of their hostility to the truth.

(432) Some time ago I received a letter from a lady in London, who has two brothers in the civil service in this presidency. She tells me that one of them, though reputed pious before he left home, has become an utter skeptic, and entreats me to do what I can for him. She has seen the *Guardian*, and heard something about me from a gentleman in India. I know the other brother, but not this one. They are both in the interior.

The memorial to the House of Commons (in a late number of the *Guardian*) was written by myself. I am quite well now, have been for some months. I have many delightful seasons through the discovery of Him *in whom I live and move and have my being*, and who is Love. I am utterly confounded at the deluge of love poured daily out upon this incorrigible sea of salt: myself. How important to consider all our thoughts are so many acts in the sight of God. Our character is made known to man by acts and words, but to God by the thoughts & feelings of the heart. So be as careful to give God beautiful thoughts and sentiments, as to give man fair acts and words.

I am weekly at several such meetings as you describe. I have often rejoiced to see the Spirit of God performing such a symphony as you speak of. These meetings seem to be characteristic of India. Christians that go home to England miss them. I have often thought that Christians in America would find them a great means of grace. I don't know why they could not be introduced. The Bible should be the great medium, regulator, and purifier of Christian sociality. How many evenings are flung away in vanity, that would be delightfully spent in this way. How many are sluggish in their private reading of the Word, that would in this way kindle up surprisingly. (433) The great thing is to make ministers shrink back and be themselves in the meeting. A minister may help in such a meeting, but it should be his great study to bring others forward and upward. There should be great freedom: people must not be tied down, but allowed to take almost colloquials, and even to bring in things that are a good way wide of the passage in consideration.

I was glad to see that reference to Helen Lansing, though sorry she is in such poor health. She has never been married, I infer. I hope you have seen her. What about her brother?

**April 8.** Eleven years today since I was licensed to preach the gospel. The bridge I suppose is nearly finished. We shall soon see the King in his beauty.

**Eve'g.** Was this afternoon preaching in the Esplanade to a large audience. There were three American constables present, and the people were wonderfully quiet. Mr. Forsett, Deputy Commissioner of Police, also came. The authorities seem to be determined that missionaries shall have no liberty to preach without noisy interruptions. I have not asked their aid. For the most part, the people have hitherto found reason to believe that they could do pretty much as they liked to missionaries, the authorities caring for none of these things.

I enclose a letter for Mr. Wilder. Will you kindly get Mr. Merwin to send it to him? In much love dear Mother & sisters. I am yours ever. Love to Nat & his family. Love to the Atterburys and all other friends. Much interested in your notice of Mrs. Eliott.

Geo. Bowen

## Map of Bombay 1893





## Bombay to Ahmednugger – c. 1850

<https://www.loc.gov/resource/g7650.f000246/?r=0.192,0.522,0.095,0.06.0>



## Central India - 1856

