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Memoirs of the princ

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MEMOIRS  
OF THE PRINCIPAL  
HYMN-WRITERS & COMPILERS  
OF THE  
17TH, 18TH, & 19TH CENTURIES.  
BY JOHN GADSBY.

FOURTH EDITION.

1<sup>ed</sup>

1855

LONDON:  
JOHN GADSBY, GEORGE YARD, BOUVERIE STREET.

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## MEMOIRS

OF

## HYMN-WRITERS AND COMPILERS.

ADAMS (JOHN) was born at Northampton, in the year 1751, of poor industrious parents. His mother, who was a good woman, was a member of the Baptist church under John Ryland, sen. They had two sons. The elder died young; but the younger, John, was put apprentice to an ironmonger in the same town. His master was so satisfied with his conduct, that he left off business in his favor. When 18 years of age, it pleased God to enlighten his mind by his Spirit, and call him into the grace of Christ. He then joined the church under Mr. Ryland, and continued a consistent member after Mr. Ryland left, his son, Dr. Ryland, succeeding him. When Mr. A. Fuller's work on the Gospel came out, Dr. R. espoused his views, and Adams firmly opposed him, and accused him of changing his principles, when Ryland said he had preached what he had not believed. Dr. Gill's Commentary, which was in the table pew for the use of members, Dr. R. had removed, observing that it was only fit for ministers. Adams at that time, 1791, wrote some lines which he called "A Lamentation." For this poem and for receiving Mr. Huntington into his house, Dr. R. and his church excommunicated him; and Mr. H. wrote a book in his defence, entitled, "Excommunication." The people not only cast Adams out, but persecuted him in every way, even injuring him in his business; and so far was Dr. R. carried by his zeal, that he publicly wished his people not to have any dealings with him. Adams often said he was fed by ravens, and after many a meal would exclaim, "The Lord has given me another good dinner. No thanks to John Ryland." After this affair, he purchased two houses and converted them into a meeting-house, which Mr. Huntington, going from London for the purpose, opened. It was supplied, and I believe is to this day, with preachers of a free-grace gospel. In the year 1811, Adams left off business and removed to London, in order to hear Mr. Huntington, and was received by him into communion. After Mr. H.'s death, Adams went to Olney, in Buckinghamshire, and from thence to Newton Blossomville, near Olney, where his son was curate. He afterwards returned to Northampton, and remained there until it pleased God to take him to himself, May 15th, 1835. He died full of joy, having no fear of death, and in full assurance of being for ever with the Lord. He was in his 84th year, and had been 66 years a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. His life was unblameable. He outlived both Dr. Ryland and the 20 members who signed his excommunication. He never published any book, but some of his hymns were inserted in the "Gospel Magazine;" and his son, who is now vicar of Thornton, near Mar-

ket Bosworth, has in his possession many of Adams's hymns and poems which have never been published. In addition to those which have been inserted in various selections, and to which Adams's name has usually been attached, the one commencing,

"Jesus is our great salvation,"

was written by him, though it has not until now been acknowledged as his.

ALDRIDGE (WILLIAM) was born at Warminster, in Wiltshire, in 1737. His youth appears to have been spent in pleasure and worldly gratifications; and it was not until he was 24 that a divine change was wrought in his soul. He then fell into great distress of mind. His sins appeared in a most awful light, and it was a considerable time before he experienced deliverance. His mind being then directed to the ministry, he went to Lady Huntingdon's College at Trevecca, in Wales, and afterwards labored for several years in her connexion at Margate, Dover, Canterbury, Deal, Maidstone, &c. In 1776, he left her, and went to Jewry Street Chapel, London, where he was invited to become the stated minister. Here he continued for 21 years, until his death, and was greatly beloved by the people. He died Feb. 28th, 1797. There is a copy of his hymns, Feb., 1776, in Cheshunt College Library, and another in the British Museum Library; the latter of which I met with some time ago, and sent it to the Museum for preservation. The hymn commencing,

"O my Lord, I've often mused,"

was originally published by Allen and Batty, in 1757, but altered by Aldridge in 1776.

ALLEN (JAMES) was born June 24th, 1734, at Gayle, near Hawes, Wensley Dale, Yorkshire. His father, intending him for the Establishment, placed him under the care of a clergyman; but the inconsistent conduct of his tutor and the students appears so to have shocked Allen that he said he would not go into the Church. In 1749, he heard Mr. Ingham (for account of whom see farther on) and others of that connexion, preach on the doctrines of justification without the deeds of the law, of imputed sin and imputed righteousness, &c.; and under these discourses his mind was relieved from a sense of guilt. In 1751, he was sent to John's College, Cambridge, when he began to lose his zeal and joy. After a time he visited his father, and resolved not to return to Cambridge. In 1752 he joined the Inghamites, and was a popular preacher among them for about nine years. He then built a chapel for himself, in which he officiated to the end of his days. In one of his letters he says, "My eyes were never fully opened till the latter end of October, 1762. How am I now ashamed of my preaching, and the hymn book I was concerned in printing. Almost every page puts me to the blush." He wrote many scriptural pieces, and composed a few spiritual songs, which are still used occasionally by the society at Gayle. He died Oct. 31st, 1804. (See BATTY, farther on.)

BAILEY (JOHN) was born at Slinfold, near Horsham, Sussex, Aug. 20th, 1778. Having received a religious education, he says,

in his own account, he considered himself very good, especially as he had never sworn an oath, was not given to tell lies, or follow any evil ways. In short, he was much noticed for his exemplary conduct. When he was taken from school and put to business, he was exposed to temptations that he knew not how to withstand, and engaged in the pleasures and vanities of the world. He was, however, stopped in the midst of his imaginary pleasures by a severe affliction. He begged of the Lord to pardon him, and promised how circumspect he would be if he would restore him. But he soon forgot his vows, and mingled again with his former companions. Yet in the midst of all he was unhappy. His soul was filled with the greatest apprehensions of danger and a fearful looking-for of judgment. To retire to rest was dreadful. Death appeared as staring him in the face, and a sense of guilt sank him into the blackness of despair. He feared sleep, lest he should awake in hell; but when the morning came, his heart rejoiced, and he forgot his troubles until the night returned. Thus he was ever repenting and sinning. He could say with the poet,

“Here I repent and sin again;  
Now I'm reviled, and now am slain;  
Slain with the same unhappy dart  
Which O too often wounds my heart.”

It pleased God, however, again to lay his afflicting hand upon him. He was desirous of exaltation in the world, but was crossed and opposed in every direction; and the temptation which Job had, “Curse God, and die,” was ever haunting him. Under this he was miserable and wretched, and found himself withal as arrested by the hand of Divine justice, which constrained him to say, “Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.” “But justice,” he says, “knew nothing of patience, and I found my guilty soul arraigned at the bar of God's most holy law. I found myself bound in the chains of my sin, my neck also yoked with my transgressions. I tried to work myself out of the bondage I experienced, and that distress and anguish of soul I labored under. My former vows, promises, and resolutions which I had made, came to my remembrance; and I found I had broken them all. Yet so foolish was I and ignorant, that I determined to try once more what could be done in my own strength. Again I attempted the work, and again did I find my vows, promises, and resolutions futile; and this sank me the deeper into distress and bondage. Nay, such was my distress, that I fell into all the horrors of despair. I could truly say, with David, ‘The sorrows of death compassed me about, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and heaviness.’ But although my distress drove me to the Lord in prayer, and caused me to cry for his help, yet, instead of waiting for *his* delivering hand, to work *I* would go, and double my diligence. I was like the ‘captive exile, which hasteneth that he may be loosed,’ (Isa. li. 14,) but I made more haste than good speed. Sometimes I thought I had a small reprieve from my fears, when I used to be very industrious, by attending public worship four times on the Lord's Day; and I used to resolve (my old work) to improve all I had heard on that

day, and promised God what I would do if spared to the next week. But alas, alas! I often found before Monday had expired, that sin and Satan were too much for my resolutions, vows, and promises; and though I took great pains to cleanse myself, I found what Job said to be true, 'Though I wash myself never so clean, yet thou wilt plunge me in the ditch again, and my own clothes will abhor me.' Yet I could not give it up. I heard the preachers say, if we wanted to be happy we must be holy, and it was this I wanted;" but, he says, he knew no more of gospel holiness than a blind man did of colors. Thus he continued many months, and envied the very brutes. "O ye happy creatures!" said he, "ye have no soul to be saved or lost! Do hereafter for you! ye are not subject to eternal wrath, as I am! I have sinned, and done evil, and expect eternal death! But ye have not sinned, and are happy. But O wretched creature! miserable me! born to see and experience much sorrow, affliction, and distress here and hereafter! O awful words! Hereafter the Judge will say, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' I would have given the world, were it in my power, to have known the worst of my state. I often wished my sufferings at an end; and I knew and felt my rebellion against God, and often wished myself lost outright. O thou blessed Jesus! Thou knowest our frames, and rememberest we are but dust. But such was my anger and wrath, that, if it had been possible, I should have plucked God from his throne, or removed myself out of his hands. The terrors of the Lord made me distracted, 'and the arrows of the Most High drank up my spirits.' But, blessed be God, he has given me to see since, I was 'not appointed to wrath, but to obtain mercy.' My long spiritual bondage often made me sigh for liberty, which I frequently heard much spoken of by different persons, called ministers of the gospel; yet I do not recollect any one of them ever did, in my hearing, describe scripturally and experimentally what it was they meant by the liberty of the gospel; nor did any of them come to my case and distress of soul. This surprised me much. I found myself bound with the chain of my sin, guilt, and corruption. I found, by daily experience, every attempt to reform my life and leave off sinful thoughts and inclinations fruitless; for, by the light and teachings of the Spirit of God, I had greater and more clear discoveries of my corrupt nature and desperately wicked heart. The efforts I had been making to repair a broken law, and satisfy divine justice, I found to be the offspring of a proud heart and deceiving enemy, which bowed me down to the meditation of terror; and often would I cry out with the Psalmist, 'While I suffer thy terrors, I am distracted;' and these terrors nearly brought me to the finishing of my sufferings here, to introduce me into much greater hereafter. For now the enemy suggested I had better put a period to my existence. O horrid temptation! While I write, my blood seems to chill in my veins, and my heart sickens at the remembrance of my sorrows. I cannot describe the force of the temptation; four separate and distinct attempts did I make upon my life. But those words of John once came to me, when about to commit the direful

act, 'No murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.' This passage, by the application of the Spirit of God, broke the snare of the fowler, and the prey was delivered." He was also tempted to believe he had sinned against the Holy Ghost, but was greatly relieved by the consideration that *that* sin could only be committed *wilfully*. "To constitute this sin, there must be *light* and *spite* inseparably connected. As a good writer observes, 'Paul had *spite* when he persecuted the church of Christ, but he had no *light*; Peter had *light*, but he had no *spite* or malice in his heart against the Lord; he was entirely overcome by fear through the weakness of the flesh and the violence of temptation.'" "One day I was reflecting on my dreadful state, and the multitude of my sins and transgressions. Being alone, as I frequently was, I heard a voice, saying, 'Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee.' Thinking some person had come into the room, I looked round, but there was no one. I went into the passage to see, but could perceive no person. I might have been certain there was no one, but (being then, as I am now, rather deaf) supposed some one might have come in, and I not heard them; but it was not so. I returned to my former spot, and, wondering what this meant, I heard again, yet louder, 'Son, be of good cheer; thy sins, *which are many*, are *all* forgiven thee.' Immediately my guilt, distress, and bondage of soul left me; the chain of my sins, where-with I had been so long bound, was loosed; my fetters were knocked off; the prison doors were opened, and the poor prisoner brought forth. The rebel experienced pardon, and was fully justified in the court of God's law, as well as that of conscience. I could indeed say with the poet,

'Sweet was the hour I freedom felt,  
To call my Jesus mine;  
To see his smiling face, and melt  
In pleasures all divine.'

O the love and delight I experienced in a precious Jesus! I saw him by faith as crucified for me, as 'wounded for my transgressions, as bruised for my sins.' I saw the chastisement of my peace was upon him, and that by his stripes I was healed. I saw that my sins had pierced and nailed him to the accursed tree; and this led me to a godly sorrow for sin. It was here I saw the exceeding sinfulness of sin in crucifying the Lord of life and glory; and I assure you I mourned for him, and was in bitterness as one that mourns for his first-born. Wherever I went, the love of a crucified Jesus appeared uppermost in my mind, and seemed so impressed on me that I could see the burden-bearing Saviour as crucified for me; which sight, by faith, constantly appeared before me. I have said, 'Dear Lord, it is too much for one so vile, for one so sinful!' yet I was constrained to look again; and the text, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee,' was constantly following me. It was often suggested by the enemy, 'You know you are such a great sinner, such a rebel against God, how can you think it is for you?' I was obliged to acknowledge it. But I found that when the enemy would come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord did lift up a standard against him; and enable me to see that as far as

the east is from the west, so far had God removed my transgressions from me. For many months I walked in the light of God's countenance, and rejoiced in Christ Jesus; and sometimes thought I had no confidence in the flesh. In short, these were days of rejoicing, for the word of the Lord was precious to me; the ordinances of God's house were also much coveted. I could say with David, 'I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than dwell in the tents of wickedness;' and I could add, 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! my King and my God!' I would not on any account now miss an opportunity for worship. In the morning, afternoon, and evening I was there as soon as the doors were opened; and then often a prayer meeting at night would finish the day. As I had a love to the house of God, so I much loved those who I thought were the saints of the Most High God. Every one who carried a hymn book and Bible I thought were these characters; and having a very high opinion of them, I used to talk freely to those who worshipped where I did, about Jesus Christ, the preciousness of his death, the greatness of his love, and the blessings of his grace, which I then enjoyed in a high degree. I esteemed them as fathers and mothers in Israel; and of them I used to ask the way to Zion, with my face thitherward. But I was much surprised at the answers I received to simple questions, and at the checking admonitions which they thought proper to give. Some of them would say, 'Be not too forward, young man; you should leave those things for your elders. Remember, O youth, there is such a thing as being presumptuous. I would advise you, as a friend, to be careful what you say.' But they might as well have attempted to stop the course of the sun as to hinder me from speaking well of my dear Jesus, who had saved me with an everlasting salvation. What I spoke was simple, but sincere; and I found afterwards that these were some of the little foxes noticed in the Song of Solomon, which spoil the tender grapes. But none of their cunning prevented me from declaring that as long as I lived I would bear testimony to all around of the goodness of God to me. I could say with David, 'Come, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul;' for the more I was forbidden, or checked, I cried out so much the more, 'Bless his holy name, who hath forgiven all my sins, and healed all my diseases; who redeemeth my life from destruction, who hath crowned me with lovingkindness and tender mercies; who hath satisfied my mouth with good things, so that my youth is renewed like the eagle's.' Jesus Christ and him crucified was all I wanted to know in earth or heaven. My whole heart and soul were taken up in him as my God and Saviour, my Brother, and everlasting Friend. The alteration I felt in my mind was as great as that experienced by a person quite ready to sink under a heavy burden, when it is immediately taken from his shoulders. Thus the yoke was taken off my neck because of the anointing, and I found rest in the Lord Jesus Christ,—yea, my reader, spiritual rest and peace of conscience, ease of mind and tranquillity of soul, through an application of pardoning love, a glorious view of justification by the

righteousness of Christ, full atonement for sin by his sacrifice, and a hope of everlasting rest hereafter; which made me long to be with him, to see his lovely face, to behold his glory without a veil between. Those words of Johu were much on my mind, 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.' Ah! for this sight I longed; I saw nothing here worth stopping for; and I wished the time of my departure was at hand. I thought, to be sure, I *had* fought a good fight, when in fact I was but just entering the field to fight; and this my covenant God and Father has convinced me of since. I remember well at this time that no preaching suited me but that in which Jesus Christ was the sum and substance. Such sermons were like 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.' And however improper in doctrine and the experience of the church of Christ, that signified not, as I was then ignorant of doctrines; if Jesus was held up to the view on the pole of the gospel, that was enough for me. I was once much pleased at Tottenham Court Chapel, with an observation which dropped from a country minister. He said, 'I would not give a farthing for that sermon which did not begin, continue, and end with Jesus Christ, the Saviour of poor sinners.' Well said, said I, you shall be my minister, while you preach up the all-lovely Jesus, who is to my soul 'the fairest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely.' And as it is with most of God's family at first setting out, so it was with me. I wished to do something for the Lord Jesus, who had done so much for me.

\* \* \* The world was under my feet, self in every form crucified, sin appeared to be dead and buried, and Satan, who fell like lightning, gone for ever. But alas! my dear reader, I soon lost, for a season, those divine and spiritual manifestations which I had for some months enjoyed. This was to me a weaning time; and like a weaned child I was before God. I expected, as I had been so highly favored with the light of God's countenance, I should see no more dark and gloomy nights; but O, my reader! I found myself a child. I experienced the truth of Paul's words, 'When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child;' and I found that, upon reviewing my conversation, I had spoken and understood as a child indeed, was fractious and discontented, and had to contend with things I never expected. I had hoped to have seen all my enemies dead on the sea-shore; but instead of this, I found they were all strong and lively. The Canaanite was still in the land, and God will have war with Amalek for ever. When my former thoughts, evil corruptions, and sinful propensities, came into my mind as intruding visitors, I was distressed in spirit, and my poor soul was distracted; for really I never expected to find hard thoughts of God any more, who had done such great things for me; who had saved me, and called me with a holy calling; who had set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. A recollection of these mercies, accompanied with a contemplation of my present situation, led me to call all things into question. All my former experience of the goodness, faithfulness, love, and tender mercies of God towards

me, appeared delusive. Instead of comfort and joy in the Holy Ghost, I had daily sorrow and sighing; instead of access to God in prayer, I found no liberty of soul at a throne of grace, with great shyness of coming there; and I lived at a sensible distance from the Lord. I could truly say, 'Thou hidest thy face, and I am troubled.' I experienced my heart to be hard, my spirit was impatient, and I was full of fears and unbelief. I found the enemy to close upon me; it was as his hour and the power of darkness. 'Surely,' thought I, 'it cannot be right with me.' He insinuated, 'No, you are not right; you are only a hypocrite; you had better give it all up, and return again into the world, and be comfortable. You see you have no part or lot in the matter. Where are the joys of which you spake, and where the blessedness you professed to have experienced? Your friend, as you called him, is gone, never more to return.' But blessed be God, I found Satan to be 'a liar from the beginning.' These things used to distress me much. I greatly desired to be right; and I used to wrestle hard with God in prayer, that he would root out sin in me altogether. I was toiling many months at this work, and nights of darkness and days of distress have I experienced; for even while I was praying, I found sin working in my members. I felt what the apostle described, 'The good that I would, I do not; and the evil that I would not, that do I.' Sensible of proneness to wander, and conscious of very many backslidings, in a most particular way were these words applied with power to my soul: 'Come, let us return unto the Lord, for he hath torn, and he will heal; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up.' O 'who is a God like unto our God, pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin?'—After some time he was strongly impressed with a desire for the work of the ministry. He had a friend who used to go to a workhouse to preach, and Bailey would sometimes go with him, and give out the hymns. One day his friend was taken ill, and he desired Bailey to go for him, and read a chapter, &c. But he says, "It was such a burden to me, that it bowed me down before the Lord; and it was as fire in my soul shut up. Such were its effects on my mind, that I was indisposed. The hour was fast approaching, when I was to stand up between the living God and poor sinners; and at the appointed time I went, but was as a fool going to the correction of the stocks, and entirely unprepared, as some have termed it, to speak. I went to the workhouse, and told the people how I was situated, that their minister was ill, but I would read and pray with them."—He was invited to go again and again, and says, "I labored in the workhouse as a servant of the Lord for some months, and have the happiness to say I did not labor in vain. This circumstance came to the ears of my religious friends, and they had, unknown to me, prepared the way for my going further into the work, and many doors were opened in providence for me to speak, which were unsought and unexpected." He also often preached in the fields with Lady Huntingdon's ministers, and had large congregations. He subsequently, however, left her connexion, and was then greatly tried in providence, often being ready to drop while

walking, from want of food; but many sweet promises were applied, which made him like a giant refreshed with new wine. "I remember once in particular walking to Epsom, to preach, with a very heavy heart, on account of domestic necessity and distress. My dear partner was confined, and it was not in my power to provide comfortable things for her or our offspring, being then only a poor schoolmaster. As I travelled on my journey, a spirit of grace and supplication was given me, and I wrestled hard with God in mighty prayer, that he would be pleased to open in providence a door for my deliverance, for we were miserably off; the times were very bad. It was in the depth of winter, bread eighteenpence per loaf, coals two shillings and sixpence per bushel, a wife lying-in, and all to be supported out of ten shillings and sixpence per week. In addition to this, I was behind with my landlord. He was a flaming professor, but, like many other wicked men, his 'tender mercies were cruel;' for, notwithstanding he knew my distressed situation, yet he promised if I did not pay my rent on the Monday following, the quarter-day, he would seize my goods. Not being able to return from Epsom on Sunday night, I had a comfortable night's rest, and I awoke in a sweet serenity of mind, was happy in private prayer, and I poured out my soul into the bosom of my God and Father, making known all my wants and necessities. A person came in while I was at breakfast, and presented me with a parcel, begging my acceptance of it. Shortly after this person was gone, a second came in and desired to speak with me, and, after our conversation, begged I would not be offended, as they had brought a little money, and thought it might be serviceable. A third came with two bottles of wine. Thus I was assisted with those things I really wanted, and returned home with a thankful heart, and richly laden. I just arrived in time to save the small inventory, a bed and stool, skillet, and old carved chest, from public sale; and after the landlord was paid, had a sufficiency to support us all that week." Other circumstances of a similar nature are recorded by him, but they cannot be inserted here. In 1801 his wife's uncle died, and left them some property, about £50 a year, but he gave his wife's mother £20 a year out of it. He was originally a member of the Church of England, but, having on one occasion sprinkled a child, he suffered so acutely on account thereof, that he was compelled to become a Baptist. In 1803, he accepted the call of a church at Brockham, in Surrey, as their pastor, and some months afterwards removed with his family to Dorking, about two miles from Brockham, where he commenced as a druggist, as he only received £30 a year as a minister, which would not support his family; but in fifteen months he became insolvent. In 1807 he left the Brockham people. He then removed to London, and endeavored to establish himself in some way of business, but all his exertions failed; until he exclaimed, "The Lord has dealt bitterly with me." Passing down Church Lane, Goodman's Fields, he saw a large chapel to be let. He named it to several of his friends, and in December, 1807, it was taken and opened by him. This was the present Zoar Chapel, in Great Alie Street, as it is now called. For about

half a year, so few people attended, that he feared it must be given up; but the numbers began then to increase, and in July, 1808, a church was formed. Here Bailey continued until 1824. He was then laid by through illness for five years, removing to various places subsequently for the benefit of his health. His last sermon was preached at Wandsworth, Oct. 10th, 1830, and he died during his sleep on the following Thursday, Oct. 14th, 1830. A full account of Bailey's life was published by Mr. J. A. Jones, under the title of "The Poor Pilgrim," which is well worth a perusal; but it is, I believe, now out of print. I have, however, extracted the main features. The hymn commencing,

"Jesus, we come to meet,"

is in Bailey's Selection; and as in his preface he says, "Some of the hymns are original," it has been thought that this was his; but as the hymn was published about the same time by S. Barnard, of Hull, I cannot say which was the author, though I incline to believe it was Barnard.

BAKEWELL (JOHN) was born in 1721, and died March 18th, 1819. He was one of the first local preachers among the Methodists, having commenced in 1749. He is said to have composed many hymns. The one commencing—

"Hail! thou once-despised Jesus!"

or, as in some books,

"Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,"

is believed by some to have been written by him; but I am more inclined to believe it to have been Madan's, as I find it in his book, 1760.

BARNARD (S.) was originally minister at Ebenezer Chapel, Dagger Lane, Hull, and afterwards at Howard Street, Sheffield. This was about the year 1810. I think the hymn,

"Jesus, we come to meet;"

was written by him; but am not sure whether it was by him or Bailey.

BATTY (CHRISTOPHER) was born at Newby Cote, near Settle, in Yorkshire, in 1715, and died at Kendal, April 19th, 1797, aged 82. In 1771, Mr. B. went on a visit to a friend named Green, at York. Mr. Green told him that as he (Mr. Batty) had been instrumental in the conversion of his daughter, who had died the preceding year, he meant to leave him all his property; but Mr. B. positively refused to have it; upon which Mr. G. left it to Mr. Ingham. In 1757, a hymn-book was printed at Kendal, entitled, "A Collection of Hymns for the Use of those that seek and those that have Redemption." There was no name in the title-page, but the preface was signed J. A., C. B., &c.; that is, James Allen and Christopher Batty. There were three brothers of the Battys, all ministers among the Inghamites. About the year 1748, Mr. W. Batty and his friends, whilst speaking in various places in Lancashire and Yorkshire, met with much persecution. At Gisburn they were interrupted in their religious meeting by the curate of the parish, heading a large mob and entering the place where they were

assembled for worship. At Colne they were treated still worse. At Clitheroe their reception was very uncourteous. At Lancaster the affair became so serious, that they had to apply for protection to the civil power. Two families in Kirkby Lonsdale espoused the cause of Mr. Ingham and received his preachers. These dissenters, anxious to convey their views of the gospel to the people, obtained from the Bishop of Chester a license for a private house in Mitchelgate, (the Court of Sessions at Kendal having refused the application,) and one of Mr. Ingham's principal ministers (said to be Mr. James Allen) preached in it. An alarm was spread. The town was in a commotion, and the mob made the preacher a prisoner. It happened providentially for him that James Ashton, Esq., of Underley Hall, was in Kirkby Lonsdale, and heard of the uproar. He rushed through the crowd, and, seizing the dissenting minister by the hand, expressed great pleasure in seeing him, and reminded him of the pleasant days they had spent together at college; then, taking him by the arm, led him to the vicarage. "Did not the biped lions look very silly when they had missed their prey? Did they not slink away like dogs detected in thievery? They supposed they had got hold of a dangerous fellow; but to their surprise, no doubt, found he was a learned friend of their worthy Squire Ashton." The vicar (Croft) had a good deal of conversation with the stranger, and said he was very sorry a gentleman of his talents and education should think it his duty to leave the Establishment to become an itinerant preacher. The editor of the "Life and Times of Lady Huntingdon" says that the hymns,

"My God, my Creator, the heavens did bow;"

"O my Lord, I've often mused;"

"I no more at Mary wonder;"

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing;"

as also some others which first appeared in the book named above, were by the Battys; but I am more inclined to think they were Allen's, as William and Christopher Batty published a volume of their own in 1779, in which only one of those hymns appears. Still Christopher Batty may have written some of them, as his initials are affixed to the preface along with Allen's. (See ALLEN.)

BEDDOME (BENJAMIN) was born at Henley, Jan. 23rd, (old style,) 1717. When about seven years old, his parents removed to Bristol. Having received a suitable education, he was apprenticed to a surgeon and apothecary. The earliest account of any serious impression being made on his mind appears to be an obscure passage found in his handwriting: "Mr. Ware, of Chesham, preached at the Pithay, Bristol, Aug. 7th, 1737, with which sermon I was, for the first time, deeply impressed." At his first awakening, he used to be greatly affected under the word. Though the affectionate ministry of his father, John Beddome, had not gained his attention before, yet he now felt it in a most impressive manner. That he might conceal his abundant tears, he would sit behind in the gallery, where he was not likely to be seen. At the close of his apprenticeship, he became a student at Bristol, and afterwards removed to London. He was baptized by Mr. Wilson in 1739,

and joined his church at Goodman's Fields. After the death of Mr. Flower, of Bourton-on-the-Water, Gloucestershire, Beddome was invited to supply the destitute church. He went to them in July, 1740, and having received many calls to become their settled pastor, he accepted the office, and was ordained in September, 1743. In 1749 he had a severe illness, and on his recovery wrote a hymn, which he subsequently replaced by one commencing,

"If I must die, O let me die  
Trusting in Jesus' blood!  
That blood which hath atonement made,  
And reconciles to God."

He had not long been restored to his people ere a new trial awaited them. Mr. Wilson finished his course. His bereaved church at once fixed their eyes on Mr. Beddome, who had formerly been in communion with them, that is, in Goodman's Fields; and so determined were they, if possible, to prevail upon him to remove, that call after call, entreaty after entreaty, and argument after argument, were used, but all in vain. His final answer was, "I would rather honor God in a station even much inferior to that in which he has placed me, than intrude myself into a higher without his direction." In 1770, the Fellows of Providence College, Rhode Island, conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts, as a token of respect for his abilities. \* \* \* My account is taken from Rippon's "Baptist Register," and I am sorry to say that it is so almost entirely made up of his abilities, his benevolence, &c., that it is not worth extracting farther. In the near prospect of death, he was calm and resigned. It had been his earnest wish not to be long laid aside from his beloved work of preaching the gospel, and his prayer was remarkably answered, as he was laid by only one Lord's Day; indeed, he was composing a hymn about six hours before he died. He died Sept. 3rd, 1795.

BENNETT.—I have no account of this author. The hymns written by him are in Dobell's Selection, and probably written expressly for it. The hymn,

"Convinced as a sinner, to Jesus I come."

is one of them.

BERRIDGE (JOHN) was born at Kingston, in Nottinghamshire, March 1st, 1716. His father was a wealthy farmer at Kingston, and intended to bring John up to agriculture, and for that purpose took him to markets and fairs, that he might become acquainted with the price of cattle and other things connected with farming; but, whenever his father asked him what he conceived was the value of such and such a thing, he was invariably so far out in his judgment that his father despaired of his ever being a competent agriculturist, and so ceased from endeavoring to instruct him in that line. The truth is, God had designed him to occupy a more exalted station. The circumstance to which he ascribed his first serious impressions was singular. Once, as he was returning from school, a neighboring youth invited him into his house, and asked if he should read a chapter to him out of the Bible. He consented. This being repeated several times,

he began to feel a secret aversion to it, and would gladly have declined accepting these friendly invitations. But having obtained the reputation of being a pious child, he was afraid to risk it by a refusal. On his return from a fair, where he had been to enjoy a holiday, he hesitated to pass the door of his young neighbor, lest he should be accosted as before. The youth, however, was waiting for him; and when he approached, renewed his invitation, and, in addition to his former request, asked if they should *pray* together. In this exercise it was that he began to perceive he was not right, or the amusements of a fair would not have been preferred to the pleasures of devotion. And such was the effect of this interview, that not a great while after, he *himself* adopted a similar practice with his school companions. At the age of 14, God was pleased to convince him that he was a sinner, and must be born again. About this time he left school, and returned to his father, with an intention to apply himself to business. A tailor who was occasionally employed in the family, being a man of strict sobriety, and struck with the uncommon appearances of religion in one so young, conversed with him on serious subjects, whenever he came to the house on business. As opportunities of this nature seldom occurred, John's love for religion induced him to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with this man, by going frequently to his house for the purpose of serious conversation. His relations at length suspected he had too much religion, and fearing to what it would grow, discovered some inclination to discourage it. They insinuated that, since his attachment was so strong to his new companion, he should be bound to him in articles of apprenticeship. This threat had not the designed effect; for so prevalent was his bias to reading, prayer, and serious discourse, that he frequently repeated his visits. Finding this their scheme unsuccessful, and conceiving that his predilection for reading and religion would entirely unfit him for business, they resolved, though reluctantly, to send him to the university. In this determination, which was perfectly congenial with his own inclinations, he most readily concurred; and, after previous preparation, entered Clare Hall, Oct. 28th, 1734, in the 19th year of his age. A neighbor soon after meeting his father, and inquiring for his son, he jocosely replied, "He is gone to be a light to lighten the Gentiles." This testimony was true. Being now in his element, he pursued his studies with uncommon avidity, and made such progress in every branch of literature as rendered him in no respect inferior to any of his contemporaries. Favored with a good understanding, improved by literature, and possessing a natural vein of humor, which was extremely fascinating, he rose in respect; and his acquaintance was courted at the university by ecclesiastics of superior rank, though of wider principles and less rigid morals. "So insatiable was his thirst for knowledge, that from his entrance at Clare Hall to his acceptance of the vicarage of Everton, he regularly studied 15 hours a day. A clergyman, with whom he had been in habits of friendship about 50 years, said of him, that he was as familiar with the learned languages as he was with his mother tongue, and that he could be under no temptation to

court respect by itinerant preaching, for he merited and enjoyed that in a high degree among all ranks of literary professions at the University." Being of a witty turn of mind, he read with avidity various works of wit, which, together with his natural humor, made him such *excellent company* at the college that whenever it was known he was to be present at any public dinner, the table was sure to be crowded. Socinian principles were then widely prevalent, and as evil communications corrupt good manners, he caught the contagion, and drank into the Socinian scheme to such a degree as to lose all serious impressions, and discontinue private prayer for the space of ten years, a few intervals excepted. In these intervals he would weep bitterly, reflecting on the sad state of his mind, compared with what it was when he came to the university, and would frequently say to a fellow-student, who became an eminent minister in the Establishment, "O that it were with me as in years past!" Conscience, however, at length resuming her authority, he was compelled to relinquish sentiments so derogatory to God, and so subversive of every good principle and practice. He now discovered that they not only lessened God the Son in his esteem, but God the Father also; and tended to promote no higher a morality than what comported with all the maxims and pleasures of the present world. With the renunciation of his former errors, he returned to the regular exercise of devotional religion, although it was but a small remove, if any, from pharisaical. Soon after this, he began to feel strong inclinations to exercise his ministry; and accordingly, in the year 1749, accepted the curacy of Stapleford, near Cambridge, which he regularly served six years from college. His parishioners were extremely ignorant and dissolute, and he was much concerned to do them good. He took extraordinary pains, and pressed very earnestly upon them the necessity of sanctification; but had the mortification to find that they continued as unsanctified as before. But let the good man speak for himself. I extract the following from "The Works of Mr. Berridge, by Mr. Whittingham, Vicar of Potton:"

"When I was about the age of 14, God was pleased to show me that I was a sinner, and that I must be born again before I could enter into his kingdom. Accordingly, I betook myself to reading, praying, and watching, and was enabled hereby to make some progress in sanctification. In this manner I went on, though not always with the same diligence, till about a year ago. I thought myself in the right way to heaven, though as yet I was wholly out of the way; and imagining I was travelling towards Zion, though I had never yet set my face thitherwards. Indeed, God would have shown me that I was wrong, by not owning my ministry; but I paid no regard to this for a long time, imputing my want of success to the naughty hearts of my hearers, and not to my own naughty doctrine. You may ask, perhaps, what was my doctrine? Why, dear Sir, it was the doctrine that every man will naturally hold whilst he continues in an unregenerate state, viz., that we are to be justified partly by our faith and partly by our works. This doctrine I preached for six years, at a curacy, which I served from college; and though I took some extraordinary pains, and pressed sanctification upon them very earnestly, yet they continued as unsanc-

tified as before, and not one soul was brought to Christ. There was, indeed, a little more of the form of religion in the parish, but not a whit more of the power. At length I removed to Everton, where I have lived altogether. Here again I pressed sanctification and regeneration as vigorously as I could; but finding no success, after two years' preaching in this manner, I began to be discouraged, and now some secret misgiving arose in my mind, that I was not right myself. (This happened about Christmas last.) Those misgivings grew stronger, and at last very painful. Being then under great doubts, I cried unto the Lord very earnestly, 'Lord, if I am right, keep me so; if I am not right, make me so. Lead me to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.' After about ten days' crying unto the Lord, he was pleased to return an answer to my prayers, and in the following wonderful manner. As I was sitting in my house one morning, and musing upon a text of Scripture, the following words were darted into my mind with wonderful power, and seemed indeed like a voice from heaven, viz., 'Cease from thine own works.' Before I heard these words, my mind was in a very unusual calm; but as soon as I heard them, my soul was in a tempest directly, and tears flowed from my eyes like a torrent. The scales fell from my eyes immediately, and I now clearly saw the rock I had been splitting on for near 30 years. Do you ask what this rock was? Why, it was some secret reliance on my own works for salvation. I had hoped to be saved partly in my own name, and partly in Christ's name; though I am told there is salvation in no other name, except in the name of Jesus Christ. (Acts iv. 12.) I had hoped to be saved partly through my own works, and partly through Christ's mercies; though I am told we are saved by grace through faith, and not of works. (Eph. ii. 7, 8.) I had hoped to make myself acceptable to God partly through my own good works, though we are told that we are accepted through the Beloved. (Eph. i. 6.) I had hoped to make my peace with God partly through my own obedience to the law, though I am told that peace is only to be had by faith. (Rom. v. 1.) I had hoped to make myself a child of God by sanctification, though we are told that we are made children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. (Gal. iii. 26.) I had thought that regeneration, the new birth, or new creature, consisted in sanctification, but now I know it consists in faith. (1 John v. 1.) Compare also these two passages together, Gal. vi. 15, and Gal. v. 6, where you will find that the new creature is, faith working by love. The apostle adds these words, *working by love*, in order to distinguish a living faith from a dead one. When we are justified, it is done freely, that is, graciously, without any the least merit of ours, and solely by the grace of God through Jesus Christ. (Rom. iii. 24-28.) All that is previously needful to justification is this, that we are convinced, by the Spirit of God, of our own utter sinfulness; (Isa. lxiv. 6;) convinced that we are the children of wrath by nature, on account of our birth-sin; (Eph. ii. 3;) and that we are under the curse of God, on account of actual sin, (Gal. iii. 10,) and under these convictions come to the Lord Jesus Christ, renouncing all righteousness of our own, and relying solely on him, who is appointed to be the Lord our righteousness. (Jer. xxiii. 6.) Again, Christ says, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, (with the burden of sin,) and I will give you rest;' that is, I will take the burden away; I will release you from the guilt of sin. Where you may observe, that the only thing required of us when we come to Christ, is to come burdened and sensible that none can remove this burden but Christ. Again, Christ did not come to call the righteous, but sinners, to

repentance. See also Luke v. 32. Hear how he cries out in Isa. lv. 1: 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters and drink; come, buy wine and milk, (that is, the blessings of the gospel,) without money and without price.' Where we are ordered to bring no money, that is, no merits of our own, we must not think to make a purchase of these blessings by any deserts of ours. They are given freely, that is, graciously, and must be received freely. Nothing more is required from us, but to thirst after them. Why was the pharisee rejected? (Luke xviii. 10, &c.) Because he came pleading his own works before God. He was devout, just, chaste, and abstemious; and thanked God for enabling him to be so. Very well; so far all was right. But then he had some reliance on these works, and therefore pleads the merits of them before God, which showed that he did not know what a sinner he was, and that he could only be saved by grace, through faith. He opens his mouth before God, and pleads his own cause, though God declares that every mouth shall be stopped before him, and the whole world brought in guilty before God. (Rom. iii. 19.) And why was the publican justified? Not on account of his own works, but because he was sensible of his evil ones; and accordingly came self-accused, self-condemned, and crying out only for mercy. And now, dear Sir, hear what is the rise and progress of true religion in the soul of man. When the Spirit of God has convinced any person that he is a child of wrath, and under the curse of God, (in which state every one continues to be till he has received Jesus Christ into his heart by faith,) then the heart of such a one becomes broken for sin; then, too, he feels what he never knew before, that he has no faith, and accordingly laments his evil heart of unbelief. In this state men continue, some a longer, some a less time, till God is pleased to work faith in them. \* \* \*

And now let me point out to you the grand delusion which had liked to have ruined my soul. I saw very early something of the unholiness of my nature, and the necessity of being born again. Accordingly I watched, prayed, and fasted too, thinking to purify my heart by these means; whereas it can only be purified by faith. (Acts xv. 9.) Watching, praying, and fasting are necessary duties, but I, like many others, placed some secret reliances on them, thinking they were to do that for me, in part at least, which Christ only could. The truth is, though I saw myself to be a sinner, and a great sinner, yet I did not see myself an utter lost sinner, and therefore I could not come to Jesus Christ alone to save me. I despised the doctrine of justification by faith alone, looking on it as a foolish and dangerous doctrine. I was not yet stript of all my righteousness, could not consider it as filthy rags, and therefore I went about to establish a righteousness of my own, and did not submit to the righteousness of God by faith. (Rom. x. iii.) I did not seek after righteousness through faith, but as it were by the works of the law. Thus I stumbled and fell. (Rom. ix. 31, 32.) In short, to use a homely similitude, I put the justice of God into one scale, and as many good works of my own as I could into the other; and when I found, as I always did, my own good works not to be a balance to the divine justice, I then threw in Christ as a makeweight. And this every one really does, who hopes for salvation partly by doing what he can for himself, and relying on Christ for the rest. But, dear Sir, Christ will either be a whole Saviour or none at all. And if you think you have any good service of your own to recommend you unto God, you are certainly without any interest in Christ. Be you ever so sober, serious, just, and devout, you are still under the curse of God, as I was, and knew it not, provided you have any allowed reliance on your own works, and think they are to do something for you, and Christ to do

the rest. I now proceed to acquaint you with the success I have lately had in my ministry. As soon as God had opened my own eyes and showed me the true way to salvation, I began immediately to preach it. And now I dealt with my hearers in a very different manner from what I had used to do. I told them very plainly, that they were children of wrath, and under the curse of God, though they knew it not; and that none but Jesus Christ could deliver them from that curse. I asked them, if they had ever broken the law of God once, in thought, word, or deed? If they had, they were then under the curse; for it is written, 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all the things that are written in the book of the law to do them.' And again: 'He that keepeth the whole law, and yet offendeth in one point, is guilty of all.' If, indeed, we could keep the whole law, without offending in one point; if we had done, and continue to do, all the things in God's law, then, indeed, we might lay claim to eternal life on the score of our own works. But who is sufficient for these things? If we break God's law, we immediately fall under the curse of it; and none can deliver us from this curse but Jesus Christ. There is an end, for ever after, of any justification from our own works. No future good behaviour can make any atonement for past miscarriages. If I keep all God's laws to-day, this is no amends for breaking them yesterday. If I behave peaceably to my neighbour this day, it is no satisfaction for having broken his head yesterday. If, therefore, I am once under the curse of God, for having broken God's law, I can never after do anything of myself, to deliver me from this curse. I may then cry out, O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of sin? And find none able to deliver, but Jesus Christ. (Rom. vii. 23—25.) So that if I am once a sinner, nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse me from sin. All my hopes are then in him; and I must fly to him as the only refuge set before me. In this manner, dear Sir, I preached, and do preach, to my flock, laboring to beat down self-righteousness; laboring to show them that they were all in a lost and perishing state, and that nothing could recover them out of this state, and make them children of God, but faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. And now see the consequence. This was strange doctrine to my hearers. They were surprised, alarmed, and vexed. The old man, the carnal nature, was stirred up, and railed, and opposed the truth. However, the minds of most were seized with some convictions, and the hearts of some were truly broken for sin, so that they came to me as those mentioned in the Acts, thoroughly pricked in the heart, and crying out with strong and bitter cries, 'What must we do to be saved?' I then laid the promises before them, and told them if they found themselves under the curse, Christ was ready to deliver them from it; if they were really weary and heavy laden, Christ would give them rest; if their hearts were broken for sin, and they looked unto Christ, he would heal them. I exhorted them also to thank God for these convictions, assuring them it was a token of good to their souls. For God must first smite the heart, before he can heal it. (Isa. xix. 22.) I generally found that they received comfort from the promises; and though they complained much of the burden of sin, and of an evil heart of unbelief, yet they always went away refreshed and comforted. Many have come to me in this manner, and more are continually coming; and though some fall off from their first convictions, yet others cleave stedfastly unto the Lord. They begin to rejoice in him, and to love him; they love his word, and meditate much upon it; they exercise themselves in prayer, and adorn their profession by a suitable life and conversation.

And now let me make one reflection. I preached up sanctification [by the works of the law he means] very earnestly for six years in a former parish, and never brought one soul to Christ. I did the same at this parish for two years, without any success at all; but as soon as ever I preached Jesus Christ, and faith in his blood, then believers were added to the church continually; then people flocked from all parts to hear the glorious sound of the gospel, some coming six miles, others eight, and others ten, and that constantly. Let me now apply myself to your own heart, and may God dispose you to receive my words in the spirit of meekness. Indeed, Sir, I love and respect you, else I could not have written to you so freely. Are you then in the same error that I was in for near forty years, viz., that you must be saved partly by faith and partly by works? And have you constantly preached this doctrine? Then you may be certainly assured of these two things: first, That you never yet brought one soul to Christ by your ministry. And, secondly, That you are not yet in the way of salvation yourself. Oh! be not displeased with me for telling you the truth. But you will say, perhaps, that you have not only been sincere, but ever zealous in preaching the word of God. So was I; but there is a zeal which is not according to knowledge; and that zeal I had, though I knew it not. You may say farther, that you have read and prayed much. So have I; but still I knew nothing, as I ought to know, until God was pleased to show me that I was blind, and then I cried heartily to him for light and direction, and he opened my eyes. (John ix. 39.) I now proceed to give you some further account of myself, and of the impediments which kept me from the truth. When I first came to the University, I applied myself diligently to my studies, thinking human learning to be a necessary qualification for a divine, and that no one ought to preach unless he had taken a degree in the University. Accordingly I studied the classics, mathematics, philosophy, logic, and metaphysics, and read the works of our most eminent divines; and this I did for twenty years; and all the while was departing more and more from the truth as it is in Jesus; vainly hoping to receive that light and instruction from human wisdom, which could only be had from the word of God and prayer. During this time I was thought a Methodist by some people, only because I was a little more grave, and took a little more pains in my ministry than some others of my brethren; but, in truth, I was no Methodist at all, for I had no sort of acquaintance with them, and could not abide their fundamental doctrines of justification by faith, and thought it high presumption in any to preach, unless they had taken holy orders. But when God was pleased to open my eyes, about half a year ago, he showed and taught me other things. Now I saw that nothing had kept me so much from the truth as a desire of human wisdom. Now I perceived that it was as difficult for a wise or learned man to be saved as it was for a rich man or a nobleman. (1 Cor. i. 26.) Now I saw that God chose the foolish things of this world, to confound the wise, for two plain reasons; first, That no flesh should glory in his presence; (1 Cor. i. 29;) and, secondly, That faith did not stand, or was not produced, by the wisdom of man, but in the power of God. (1 Cor. ii. 5.) Now I discerned that no one could understand the word of God, but by the Spirit of God. (1 Cor. ii. 12.) Now I saw that every believer was anointed by the Holy Spirit, and thereby led to the knowledge of all needful truths; (1 John ii. 20;) and, of course, that every true believer was qualified to preach the gospel, provided he had the gift of utterance. Now I saw that the Methodist's doctrine of justification by faith was the very doctrine of the gospel; and I did no

longer wonder at the success which those preachers met with, whether they were clergymen or laymen. They preached Christ's doctrine, and Christ owned it; so that many were added to the faith daily. But you will say, perhaps, that these Methodists are schismatics. Let us therefore examine the matter. A schismatic is one that dissents and divides an established church; at least this is the general notion of a schismatic. Now, I ask, what do you mean by a church? or what is it that makes one church differ from another? It is the doctrine. The church of England differs from the church of Rome, not by its steeples, bells, or vestments, but by its doctrines. Schism, therefore, consists in departing from the doctrines of a church, and not from the walls of a church. In the time of Stourbridge fair, a sermon is always preached in the open field to the people at the fair, and preached by some Fellow of a college, or clergyman at Cambridge. Now, I ask, would you call this clergyman a schismatic? No, surely; and yet he preaches in the open fields, and upon unconsecrated ground. It is plain, then, that schism doth not consist in preaching out of the walls of a church, but preaching contrary to the doctrines of the church. And now, dear Sir, let me lay open my sin and my shame unto you. I solemnly subscribed to the articles of our church, and gave my hearty assent and consent to them. Amongst the rest, I declared that 'we are accounted righteous before God, only for the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ by faith, and not for our own works and deservings, and that we are justified by faith only,' as it is expressed in the eleventh article. But though I solemnly subscribed this article, I neither believed nor preached it; but preached salvation partly by faith and partly by works. And oh, what dreadful hypocrisy, what shameful prevarication was this! I called and thought myself a churchman, though I was really a dissenter and a schismatic; for I was undermining the fundamental doctrine of our church, and the fundamental doctrine of the gospel, namely, justification by faith only; and yet, dreadful as the case was, I fear it is the case of most of the clergy in England. Scarce anything is preached but justification by faith and works. And what is the consequence? Why, there is scarce any true religion amongst us; the gospel of Christ is not truly preached by us, and Christ will not own our ministry. Look around the parishes which are near you, and see whether you can find anything besides the form of religion, and not much of that. Nay, amongst those who are thought religious people; who are sober, serious, just, and devout; who read, and fast, and pray, and give alms; amongst those you will scarcely find one who knows anything of the power of religion, and has experimental knowledge of it. For if you ask such people, in the very words of Scripture, whether they know that Jesus Christ is in them, otherwise they are reprobates; (2 Cor. xiii. 5;) whether Christ dwells in their heart by faith; (Eph. iii. 17;) whether their sins are forgiven for Christ's name's sake; (1 John ii. 12;) whether they have received an unction from the holy one; (1 John ii. 20;) whether the love of God has been shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost; (Rom. v. 5;) whether they are filled with joy and peace in believing; (Rom. xv. 13;) whether they walk in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, and do ever rejoice, with joy unspeakable and full of glory; (Acts ix. 31, 1 Peter, i. 8;) and lastly, whether the Holy Spirit bears witness with their own spirit that they are the children of God; (Rom. viii. 14—16;)—if, I say, you ask the better sort amongst us whether they have any experience of these matters, they would stare at you with the utmost amazement, and would think you an enthusiast, if they did not call you so. If you read over the homilies of the church, if you read

over the fathers of the church, if you read the works of the good old bishops that were published a hundred years ago, you will there find the gospel of Christ preached, and the true doctrine of our church. But since that time, I mean in the last century, our clergy have been gradually departing more and more from our doctrines, articles, and homilies; so that at length there was scarce a clergyman to be found, but who preached contrary to the articles he subscribed. And almost all the sermons that have been published in the last century, both by bishops and curates, are full of that soul-destroying doctrine, that we are to be justified partly by our own works and partly by Christ's merits. And now let me ask how the whole church of Rome happened to depart from the simplicity of the gospel, and to fall into this doctrine of works and faith which we now preach? It was owing to the depraved nature of man, which makes him think himself to be something, and that he can do something, though he is nothing, and can do nothing, to justify himself in God's sight. At the Reformation, our church returned again to Jesus Christ, and placed justification on the gospel footing of faith only. And so it continues to this day; but though our articles and homilies continue sound and evangelical, yet our clergy have departed once more from both, and are advancing to Rome again with hasty strides; preaching, in spite of articles and subscription, that most pernicious, papistical, and damnable doctrine of justification by faith and works; which doctrine, I am verily assured, no one can hold, and be in a state of salvation."

After Berridge had preached in this new strain a week or two, and was ruminating whether he was yet right, as he had perceived no better effects from these than his former discourses, one of his parishioners unexpectedly came to inquire for him. Being introduced, "Well, Sarah," said he. She replied, "Well! Not so well, I fear." "Why, what is the matter, Sarah?" "Matter! I don't know what's the matter. These new sermons. I find we are all to be lost now. I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep. I don't know what's to become of me." The same week came two or three more on a like errand. It is easy to conceive what a relief these visits afforded his mind, in a state of such anxiety. Now he was deeply humbled, that he should have spent so many years of his life to no better purpose than to confirm his hearers in their ignorance. Thereupon immediately he burnt all his old sermons, and shed a flood of tears of joy in their destruction. These circumstances alarmed the neighborhood. The church quickly became crowded, and God gave testimony to the word of his grace, in the very frequent conviction and conversion of sinners. Hitherto he had confined his labors to his own parish, and had been accustomed to write his sermons at full length; but an incident occurred, as unexpected to him as it was novel in itself, which led him to preach extempore. He had not exercised his ministry in an evangelical strain many months, before he was invited to preach what is commonly called a Club Sermon. All his old sermons were burnt, and much of his time was engrossed in writing new discourses. When he intended to compose this, he was so much engaged with people who came under serious impressions, that he found himself straitened for time, and therefore resolved to give the people one of his own discourses, which

he had delivered at home, not expecting that any of his parishioners would be present. On the Lord's Day evening, one of his hearers informed him of his intention to accompany him the next day. This was an unwelcome intimation, and he endeavored to dissuade him from his resolution, but to no purpose. Upon this, he resolved to rise very early, pursue his journey, and compose his sermon at the place where it was to be delivered, that he might not be interrupted by the visits of his people. In going, he comforted himself that there would be but a small congregation, and that a shorter discourse might be ventured on. But, to his great surprise, on his arrival, he was informed that all the clergy and people of the neighboring parishes were come to hear him. This wrought up his mind to such a degree of agitation as absolutely incapacitated him for study; and he was therefore obliged to ascend the pulpit, and preach, *bonâ fide*, an extempore sermon. But here God wonderfully and most agreeably disappointed his fears, by affording him such extraordinary assistance as enabled him to rise superior to all his embarrassment, and to command the most solemn attention from his numerous audience. This was a happy event both for himself and others, as it released him from writing his sermons before he delivered them, for he never afterwards penned a discourse, except on a particular occasion, and gave him the opportunity of preaching more frequently, not only at home, but in the adjacent villages. Hitherto the Methodists, as they were called, Whitefield, Wesley, Lady Huntingdon, &c., had been personally unknown to him, and as reports had operated much to their disparagement, he had had no inclination to seek an acquaintance with them. But now a correspondence was opened and an intimacy formed, which continued with some of them to the end of their lives. I learn, by the following extract of a letter, that his first sermon out of doors was on May 14th, 1759: "On Monday se'nnight, Mr. Hicks accompanied me to Meldred. On the way we called at a farm-house. After dinner I went into the yard, and seeing near 150 people, I called for a table, and preached for the *first time* in the open air. We then went to Meldred, where I preached in a field to about 4,000 people. In the morning, at 5, Mr. Hicks preached in the same field to about 1,000. Here the presence of the Lord was wonderfully among us, and I trust, beside many that were slightly wounded, near 30 received true heart-felt conviction. On Monday last, I went to Shelford, four miles from Cambridge, near twenty from Everton. The journey made me quite ill, being so weary with riding, that I was obliged to walk part of the way. When I came thither, a table was set for me on the common; and, to my great surprise, I found near ten thousand people round it, among whom were many gownsmen from Cambridge. I was hardly able to stand on my feet, and extremely hoarse with a cold. When I lifted up my foot, to get on the table, a horrible dread overwhelmed me; but the moment I was fixed thereon, I seemed as unconcerned as a statue. I gave out my text, (Gal. iii. 10, 11,) and made a pause, to think of something pretty to set off with; but the Lord so confounded me, (as indeed it was meet, for I was

seeking not his glory, but my own,) that I was in a perfect labyrinth; and found, if I did not begin immediately, I must go down without speaking. So I broke out with the first word that occurred, not knowing whether I should be able to add any more. Then the Lord opened my mouth, enabling me to speak nearly an hour, without any kind of perplexity; and so loud that every one might hear. The audience behaved with great decency. When the sermon was over, I found myself so cool and easy, so cheerful in spirit, and wonderfully strengthened in body, I went into a house and spoke near an hour, to about two hundred people. In the morning I preached again to about a thousand."—For several years Berridge was a very rigid Arminian. Nor was it by arguments in debate upon the subject of controversy between Arminians and Calvinists, but by a long confinement from preaching, occasioned by a nervous fever, that he was led into more consistent views of divine truth, and in the firm belief of which he ended his days. In this long and severe affliction, the Lord led him into a path which he had not known, and taught him many useful lessons to which he had been altogether a stranger. Hitherto he had learnt to be an active, but not a passive, servant of the Lord. To be laid aside in the plenitude of his success, was so irritating to his nature, that, like Jonas, his heart fretted against the Lord, and he wished he had never been employed in the work of the ministry. To such a pitch of criminal exasperation was he carried against the government of God, for checking his ministerial career, that he could not even endure the sight of his Bible, nor bear to hear the people sing in his adjoining church. In this furnace of affliction he became much more acquainted with the plague of his own heart, was led to see that the work of God could be carried on without his agency, and was convinced of the divine sovereignty in the dispensations of grace and appointments to the sacred office. After this event, his connexions with Christians of the Calvinistic persuasion were enlarged. Some time before Mr. Whitefield's death, he made his first visit to the Tabernacle in London, and continued to renew it every year to the close of his valuable life. Jesus was a name on which he dwelt with peculiar emphasis and delight. With what exalted affections would he extol the bleeding Lamb, with what streaming eyes would he point to his agonizing sufferings! how would they sparkle when he displayed the exceeding riches of his grace! and what a reverential grandeur marked his countenance when he anticipated his glorious appearing! In short, to adopt the language of the melodious poet, Jesus was

"The circle where his passion moved,  
And centre of his soul."

No minister could with more judgment detect the human heart in all its subtle machinations. Communion with God was what he much enforced in the latter stages of his ministry. It was, indeed, his own meat and drink, and the banquet from which he never appeared to rise. He did not confine his labors to the narrow limits of Everton, a small and trifling parish, but, like the

majestic sun, illumined an extensive tract of country. His love to mankind was ardent. He knew the worth of an immortal soul; he knew the awful terrors of the Lord; he knew the emptiness of the present world; he knew the sandy foundation upon which thousands build; he knew the dangerous devices of Satan; he knew the awful precipice upon which the ungodly stand. His bowels melted with pity, his heart yearned to assist them. He therefore left no means unattempted to awaken their concern. He would take the counties of Bedford, Cambridge, Essex, Hertford, and Huntingdon, making *the episcopal mandate the rule of his operation*, "Go and seek Christ's sheep wherever thou canst find them." In this circuit he preached upon an average from ten to twelve sermons a week, and frequently rode a hundred miles. Nor were these extraordinary exertions the hasty fruit of intermitting zeal, but were regularly continued during the long succession of more than 20 years, exemplifying, through the whole of his ministerial career, the motto of Dr. Doddridge, "Let us live while we live." As to his usefulness, I learn from more sources of information than one, that he was in the first year visited by a thousand different persons under serious impressions; and it has been computed that, under his own and the joint ministry of Mr. Hicks, about 4,000 were awakened to a concern for their souls, in the space of 12 months. He perpetually aimed in his preaching at laying the creature low, and exalting the Saviour. His discourses were chiefly of the expository kind, experimental and practical. His voice was strong and loud, but perfectly under command. The numbers that sometimes heard him were very great, ten and fifteen thousand at some places composing his congregation; and he was easily heard by all of them. People came to hear him from the distance of 20 miles, and were at Everton by 7 o'clock in the morning, having set out from home soon after midnight. At that early hour he preached to very considerable congregations; also at half-past 10 and half-past 2 o'clock, and again in the evening. Incredible as this history of his success may appear, it comes authenticated through a channel so highly respectable, that to refuse our belief would be unpardonably illiberal. This work was at first accompanied with bodily convulsions and other external effects on some of the hearers; but those effects soon subsided, and the work was carried on more quietly and gradually. As his labors were prosperous, so they were opposed. It could not be grateful to the prince of darkness to behold his kingdom so warmly attacked, and his subjects in such numbers desert his standard. Hence he stirred up all his strength, and a furious persecution ensued. No opposition was too violent, no names were too opprobrious, no treatment was too barbarous. Some of his followers were roughly handled, and their property destroyed. Gentry, clergy, and magistrates became one band, and employed every engine to check his progress and silence him from preaching. The Old Devil was the only name by which he was distinguished among them for between 20 and 30 years. But none of these things moved him. He had counted the cost, and was prepared for the fool's cap. The clamors of the multitude had no more effect

upon his mind, in the regular discharge of his duty, than the barking of the contemptible cur has upon the moon in her imperial revolutions. Vengeance was not his. The only revenge he sought was their salvation; and when they needed any good office, his hand was the first to render it. "Soon after I began to preach the gospel at Everton," says Berridge, in a letter, "the churches in the neighborhood were deserted, and mine so overcrowded, that the squire, who did not like strangers (he said) and hated to be incommoded, joined with the offended parsons; and soon after, a complaint having been made against me, I was summoned before the bishop. 'Well, Berridge,' said his lordship, 'did I institute you to Eaton, or to Potton? Why do you go preaching out of your own parish?' 'My Lord,' says I, 'I make no claims to the living of those parishes. 'Tis true, I was once at Eaton, and, finding a few poor people assembled, I admonished them to repent of their sins, and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, for the salvation of their souls. At that very moment, my Lord, there were five or six clergymen out of their own parishes, and enjoying themselves on the Eaton bowling-green.' 'Pooh! I tell you,' retorted his lordship, 'if you continue preaching where you have no right, you will very likely be sent to Huntingdon gaol!' 'I have no more regard, my Lord, for a gaol than other folks,' rejoined I; 'but I had rather go there with a good conscience, than be at liberty without one!' His lordship looked very hard at me. 'Poor fellow,' said he, 'you are beside yourself, and in a few months you will either be better or worse.' 'Then, my Lord,' said I, 'you may make yourself quite happy in this business; for, if I should be better, you suppose I shall desist of my own accord; and if worse, you will not send me to Huntingdon gaol, for I shall be better accommodated in Bedlam!' His lordship then pathetically entreated me, as one who had been, and wished to continue, my friend, not to embitter the remaining portion of his days by any squabbles with my brother clergymen, but to go home to my parish, and so long as I kept within it I should be at liberty to do what I liked there. 'I have but a little time to live,' said he; 'do not bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.' At this instant, two gentlemen were announced, who desired to speak with his lordship. 'Berridge,' said he, 'go to your inn, and come again at such an hour, and dine with me.' I went, and, on entering a private room, fell immediately upon my knees. I could bear threatening, but knew not how to withstand entreaty, especially the entreaty of a respectable old man. At the appointed time I returned. At dinner, I was treated with great respect. The two gentlemen also dined with us. I found they had been informed who I was, as they sometimes cast their eyes towards me, in some such manner as one would glance at a monster. After dinner, his lordship took me into the garden. 'Well, Berridge,' said he, 'have you considered of my request?' 'I have, my Lord,' said I, 'and have-been upon my knees concerning it.' 'Well, and will you promise me that you will preach no more out of your own parish?' 'It would afford me great pleasure,' said I, 'to comply with your lordship's

request, if I could do it with a good conscience. I am satisfied the Lord has blessed my labors of this kind, and I dare not desist.' 'A good conscience!' said his lordship; 'do you not know that it is contrary to the canons of the Church?' 'There is one canon, my Lord,' I replied, 'which saith, "Go, preach the Gospel to every creature."' 'But why should you wish to interfere with the charge of other men? One man cannot preach the gospel to all men.' 'If they would preach the gospel themselves,' said I, 'there would be no need for my preaching it to their people; but as they do not, I cannot desist.' His lordship then parted with me in some displeasure. I returned home, not knowing what would befall me; but thankful to God that I had preserved a conscience void of offence. I took no measures for my own preservation, but divine providence wrought for me in a way I never expected. When I was at Clare Hall, I was particularly acquainted with a Fellow of that college; and we were both upon terms of intimacy with Mr. Pitt, the late Lord Chatham, who was at that time also at the University. This Fellow of Clare Hall, when I began to preach the gospel, became my enemy, and did me some injury in some ecclesiastical privileges, which beforetime I had enjoyed. At length, however, when he heard that I was likely to come into trouble, and to be turned out of my living at Everton, his heart relented. He began to think, it seems, within himself, we shall ruin this poor fellow among us. This was just about the time that I was sent for by the bishop. Of his own accord he writes a letter to Mr. Pitt, saying nothing about my Methodism, but, to this effect: 'Our old friend Berridge has got a living in Bedfordshire, and I am informed there is one ——— that gives him a great deal of trouble, has accused him to the bishop of the diocese, and, it is said, will turn him out of his living. I wish you could contrive to put a stop to these proceedings.' Mr. Pitt was at that time a young man, and not choosing to apply to the bishop himself, spoke to a certain nobleman, to whom the bishop was indebted for his promotion. This nobleman, within a few days, made it his business to see the bishop, who was then in London. 'My Lord,' said he, 'I am informed you have a very honest fellow, one Berridge, in your diocese, and that he has been ill-treated by a litigious person ———. He has accused him, I am told, to your lordship, and wishes to turn him out of his living. You would oblige me, my Lord, if you would take no notice of that person, and not suffer the honest man to be interrupted in his living.' The bishop was astonished, and could not imagine in what manner things could have thus got round. It would not do, however, to object; he was obliged to bow compliance, and so I continued ever after uninterrupted in my sphere of action. The person, having waited on the bishop to know the result of the summons, had the mortification to learn that his purpose was defeated. On his return home, his partisans in this prosecution fled to know what was determined on, saying, 'Well, you have got the Old Devil out?' He replied, 'No; nor do I think the very devil himself can get him out.'——It would be a task to recollect the numerous instances of Berridge's benevolence. Never man entered upon

the work with more disinterested views. His purse was as open as his heart, though not so large. At home, his tables were served with a cold collation for his numerous hearers, who came from far on Lord's Days, and his field and stable open for their horses. Abroad, houses and barns were rented, lay-preachers maintained, and his own travelling expenses disbursed by himself. Cottagers were always gainers by his company. He invariably left a half-crown for the homely provision of the day, and during his itinerancy it actually cost him £500 in this single article of expenditure. Nor was his liberality confined to these channels. His ear was ever attentive to the tale of woe, his eye was keen to observe the miseries of the poor, the law of kindness was written upon his heart, and his hand was always ready to administer relief. The gains of his vicarage, of his fellowship, and of his patrimonial income (for his father died very rich) were appropriated to support his liberality; and even his family plate was converted into clothes for his itinerant preachers. But the most prominent feature in his character was his unaffected humility. He never spoke of himself but in language the most depreciating; and when he related any interfering providence or display of stupendous grace on his behalf, it would generally be with streaming eyes, and the sweetest expressions of praise upon his lips. He was naturally of a jocular turn of mind, and in his earlier days had been the very life of his companions. No doubt, when grace laid hold of him, this proved a source of great grief to him. "His stature," says Mr. Whittingham, "was tall, but not awkward; his make was lusty, but not corpulent; his voice was deep, but not hoarse; strong, but not noisy; his pronunciation was distinct, but not broad. In his countenance there was gravity, without grimace; his address was solemn, but not sour; easy, but not careless; deliberate, but not drawling; pointed, but not personal; affectionate, but not fawning. He would often weep, but never whine. His sentences were short, but not ambiguous. His ideas were collected, but not crowded. Upon the whole, his manner and person were agreeable and majestic."—In January, 1793, he intended to have again visited London; but, instead of his presence, his friends received the lamentable intelligence of his death. For some days previous to his decease, his strength and health had visibly decreased; and on Sunday, the 20th, he came down into his parlor as usual, but with great difficulty reached his chamber in the evening. A few hours after he was in bed, he appeared to be seized with the symptoms of immediate dissolution. His face was contracted, and his speech faltered; and in this situation he continued till about 3 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 22nd, when, breathing less and less, this champion for his Redeemer fell a victim to mortality, in the 76th year of his age. His frame of mind during his last hours appears to have been peculiarly comfortable. Mr. Whittingham, whom I have already mentioned, said, "Sir, the Lord has enabled you to fight a good fight, and to finish a truly glorious course." He answered, "Blessed be his holy name for it." It was also said to him, "Jesus will soon call you up higher." He replied, "Aye, aye, aye; higher, higher, higher!"

On the ensuing Lord's Day, his remains were interred in his own churchyard. As he was never married, he left no widow to deplore his loss, nor children to perpetuate his memory. The "Christian World Unmasked," and the hymns called "Zion's Songs," are the only works which he issued. His hymns appear to have been originally published in 1795. Prior to this time, however, some of them appeared in the "Gospel Magazine," under the signature, "Old Everton," the earliest being in 1774. In the preface, Berridge says, "Many years ago these hymns were composed in a six months' illness, and have since lain neglected by me, often threatened with the fire, but have escaped that martyrdom. Fatherly mercy prevented that literary death, for authors can seldom prove cruel to their own offspring, however deformed." The following is the epitaph on his tombstone, written by himself (except, of course, the last date): "Here lie the remains of John Berridge, late Vicar of Everton, and an itinerant servant of Jesus Christ, who loved his Master and his work; and, after running on his errands for many years, was caught up to wait on him above. Reader, art thou born again? (No salvation without a new birth.) I was born in sin, Feb., 1716; remained ignorant of my fallen state till 1730; lived proudly on faith and works for salvation till 1754; was admitted to Everton Vicarage, 1755; fled to Jesus for refuge, 1755; fell asleep in Jesus, Jan. 22nd, 1793."—"The middle and latter end of the last century," says the Editor of the "Gospel Standard," (page 218, Vol. XVII.) "was a remarkable period. A chain of ministers, commencing with Whitefield, and embracing in its links Toplady, Berridge, Newton, Romaine, Huntington, and Hawker, extends itself down to our degenerate days. However differing in gifts, all these men were evidently taught by the same Spirit, and preached the same gospel. Toplady, like a lamp fed with spirit, flamed forth, blazed, and died, from shortness of wick, not from lack of supply. Newton, snatched from Afric's burning shore, and from worse than African servitude, united to much sound wisdom great tenderness of spirit, and an experience of divine things which, if not very deep, was sound and varied. He knew much of his own heart, was singularly frank and sincere, had much sympathy with the tried and afflicted, and being gifted with an easy, fluent style, has left behind him many useful and excellent letters. Romaine was a burning and shining light, who lived the faith which he preached, and in the midst of the metropolis for half a century had but one theme, one subject, one object, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. In many points widely differing, but united by the same faith to the same glorious Head of influence, life, light, liberty, and love, was John Berridge. As all the lines of a circle radiate towards the centre, all necessarily meet in one point; so, however the servants of Christ may differ in ability, gifts, time, place, and usefulness, yet all meet in one point, the central Sun of the system—the crucified, risen, ascended, and glorified Son of God. Romaine, poring over Hebrew roots in his study at Lambeth, and Berridge preaching from a horse-block at Potton, mingling smiles with tears, and the quaintest humor with the deepest pathos,

were as different in natural disposition and constitution as can well be imagined. But each sighed and groaned under a body of sin and death, each dearly loved, and each highly exalted the dying Friend of sinners, each was honored and blessed in his work, and each is now in the bosom of his Lord and God." As Berridge was deeply led into a knowledge of his own heart, he knew how to attack Satan in the strong-holds of his hearers. On one occasion, when addressing his people, who were principally agriculturists, he said, "Have not some of you, when you have ploughed a furrow, looked back, and observing it well done, proudly said, There is not a man in the parish, who can plough a better furrow than this?" A ploughman had actually expressed himself in such terms, and on hearing a further description of pride with its awful consequence, was savingly convinced of sin, and afterwards manifested a conversation and practice becoming the christian character. A man of more than the common size once went to hear him, and placed himself immediately before the pulpit with the full design of incommoding him, and rendering him confused; for that purpose he made various gesticulations, and uttered most contemptuous expressions. Berridge, not in the least intimidated, thought it proper to address him personally, which he did in so powerful a manner, as to cause him to sink down in the pew, and to perspire through his great coat. As soon as he came out of the church, he acknowledged his intention, saying, "I came to confuse this good man, but God has made him the means of convincing me that I am a sinful, lost sinner." The conviction thus produced proved saving and permanent. He lived an ornament to the gospel, and when he departed this life, he slept in Jesus. At another time, while he was standing upon a table, and preaching in the open air, to a multitude of people, two men got under the table with the design of overturning it, but the word so powerfully penetrated their hearts, that they could not effect their purpose; and afterwards they desired to speak to him, when they declared, with expressions of grief and shame, what they had intended to do. Others came with their pockets filled with stones to throw at him while preaching, but finding the discourse they heard affecting their hearts, they gradually emptied their pockets of the stones they had put into them; and afterwards they also confessed to him the motive by which they were actuated respecting him, and requested that he would pray for them. "O King of Glory," said one eminent man, when a number of scoffers were present while Berridge was preaching, "break some of them in pieces; but let it be to the saving of their souls! I had but just spoken, when I heard a dreadful noise on the farther side of the congregation; and, turning thither, saw one Thomas Skinner coming forward, the most horrible human figure I ever saw. His large wig and hair were coal black; his face distorted beyond all description. He roared incessantly, throwing and clapping his hands together with his whole force. Several were terrified, and hastened out of the way. I was glad to hear him after awhile pray aloud. Not a few of the triflers grew serious, while his kindred and acquaintance were very unwilling to believe even

their own eyes and ears. They would fain have got him away; but he fell to the earth, crying, 'My burden! my burden! I cannot bear it.' Some of his brother scoffers were calling for horse-whips, till they saw him extended on his back at full length. They then said he was dead; and, indeed, the only sign of life was the working of his breast, and the distortions of his face, while the veins of his neck were swelled, as if ready to burst. He was just before, the chief captain of Satan's forces; none was by nature more fitted for mockery, none could swear more heroically to whip out of the close all who were affected by the preaching."—A lay-preacher in London, named Bell, once got it into his head that he should be carried to heaven in a chariot of fire. Mr. Berridge once sent for him, and said, "I have heard, Mr. Bell, that you say you shall be carried up to heaven in a chariot of fire." "*So I shall,*" replied Mr. Bell, in a tone of uncommon exultation. "Indeed!" added Mr. Berridge, "then you will be highly honored. May I request one favor of you?" "Most assuredly," answered Mr. Bell. "When you are carried up to heaven in a chariot of fire," replied Mr. Berridge, "I request that you will grant me the honor of being your postilion."—Mr. Berridge, soon after his connexion with the Tabernacle in London, was visited by a lady, who came down in her carriage from London to Everton, to solicit his hand in marriage, assuring him that the Lord had revealed it to her that she was to become his wife. He was not a little surprised at her application, and for such a purpose. He paused for a few moments, and then replied, "Madam, if the Lord has revealed it to you that you are to be my wife, surely he would also have revealed it to me that I was designed to be your husband; but as no such revelation has been made to me, I cannot comply with your wishes."—Age and infirmities caused the good old man to be almost both blind and deaf before he died. "My ears are now so dull," said he, "they are not fit for converse; and my eyes are so weak, I can read but little, and write less. Old Adam, who is the devil's darling, sometimes whispers in my ears, (and he can make me hear with a whisper,) 'What will you do, if you become both deaf and blind?' I tell him, I must think the more, and pray the more, yea, and thank the Lord for eyes and ears enjoyed till I was seventy; and for the prospect of a better pair of eyes and ears when these are gone." Mr. B. was once an unusually long time cleaning his spectacles while the people were waiting for him to rise. At length he said, "If you can see *without* spectacles, thank God for it. I thank him that I can see even *with* them."—The following lines were by Berridge, and pasted on his clock:

"Here my master bids me stand,  
And mark the time with faithful hand;  
What is his will is my delight,  
To tell the hours by day, by night.  
Master, be wise, and learn of me,  
To serve thy God, as I serve thee."

Most of the preceding account I have taken from periodicals, the "Gospel Magazine," the "Evangelical Magazine," and the "Gos-

pel Standard;" but I am indebted for much to the work by Mr. Whittingham already alluded to. This work contains many very interesting letters, with Zion's Songs, &c. &c. Those of my readers who can afford to do so will do well to purchase it. The following extracts from some of Berridge's letters will be found interesting:

*To Lady Huntingdon, March 23rd, 1770:* "Eight or nine years ago, having been grievously tormented with housekeepers, I truly had thoughts of looking out for a Jezebel myself. But it seemed highly needful to ask advice of the Lord. So, falling down on my knees before a table, with a Bible between my hands, I besought the Lord to give me a direction; then letting the Bible fall open of itself, I fixed my eyes immediately on these words, 'When my son was entered into his wedding chamber, he fell down and died.' (2 Esdras x. 1.) This frightened me heartily, you may easily think; but Satan, who stood peeping at my elbow, not liking the heavenly caution, presently suggested a scruple, that the book was apocryphal, and the words not to be heeded. Well, after a short pause, I fell on my knees again, and prayed the Lord not to be angry with me, whilst, like Gideon, I requested a second sign, and from the canonical Scripture; then, letting my Bible fall open as before, I fixed my eyes directly on this passage, 'Thou shalt not take thee a wife, neither shalt thou have sons or daughters in this place.' (Jer. xvi. 2.) I was now completely satisfied, and being thus made acquainted with my Lord's mind, I make it one part of my prayers. And I can look on these words, not only as a rule of direction, but as a promise of security, 'Thou shalt not take a wife'—that is, I will keep thee from taking one."

*To Lady Huntingdon, — 3rd, 1763:* "O heart! heart! what art thou? A mass of fooleries and absurdities! The vainest, foolishlest, craftiest, wickedest, thing in nature. And yet the Lord Jesus asks me for this heart, woos me for it, died to win it. O wonderful love! Adorable condescension!

"Take it, Lord, and let it be  
Ever closed to all but thee."

Writing to Lady Huntingdon about her new college for ministers, at Trevecca, he says,

"The soil you have chosen is proper. Welsh mountains afford a brisk air for a student; and the rules are excellent; but I doubt the success of the project, and fear it will occasion you more trouble than all your other undertakings besides. Are we commanded to send laborers, or to pray the Lord to send them? Will not Jesus choose and teach, and send forth his ministering servants now, as he did the disciples aforetime, and glean them up when, and where, and how he pleaseth? The world says, No; because they are strangers to a divine commission and a divine teaching. And what if these asses blunder about the Master's meaning for a time and mistake it often, as they did formerly? No great harm will ensue, providing they are kept from paper and ink, or from a white wall and charcoal. Do you like to see cade-lambs in a house and suckling with a finger, or to view them skipping after the dam in their own proper pasture? We read of a school of prophets in Scripture, but we do not read that it was God's appointment. Elijah visited the school, which was at Bethel, and seems to have been fond of it; yet the Lord commands him to fetch a successor, not from the school, but, as the Romans fetched a dictator,

from the plough. Are we told of a single *preaching* prophet that was taken out of this school? or do we find any public employment given the scholars, except once sending a light-heeled young man, when light heels were needful, with a horn of oil to anoint Jehu? (2 Kings ix.) That old prophet, who told a sad lie to another prophet, was of this school, and might be the master of the college, for he was a greyheaded man. (1 Kings xiii. 11.)"

*To Lady Huntingdon, Dec. 26th, 1777:* "I do not want a helper merely to stand up in my pulpit, but to ride round my district. And I fear my weekly circuits would not suit a London or a Bath divine, nor any tender evangelist that is environed with prunella. Long rides and miry roads in sharp weather! Cold houses to sit in with very moderate fuel, and three or four children roaring or rocking about you! Coarse food and meagre liquor; lumpy beds to lie on, and too short for the feet; stiff blankets, like boards, for a covering; and live cattle in plenty to feed upon you. Rise at 5 in the morning to preach at 7; breakfast on tea that smells very sickly; at 8 mount a horse, with boots never cleaned, and then ride home, praising God for all mercies."

*To Lady Huntingdon, April 26th, 1777:* "I regard neither High Church nor Low Church, nor any church, but the church of Christ, which is not built with hands, nor circumscribed within peculiar walls, nor confined to a singular denomination. I cordially approve the doctrines and liturgy of the Church of England, and have cause to bless God for a church-house to preach in, and a church revenue to live upon. And I could wish the gospel might not only be preached in all the British churches, but established therein by Christ's Spirit, as well as by a national statute; but from the principles of the clergy and the leading men in the nation, which are growing continually more unscriptural and licentious, I do fear our defence is departing, and the glory is removing from our land. Perhaps, in less than 100 years to come, the church lands may be seized on to hedge up Government gaps, as the abbey lands were 250 years ago. But you say the Lord is sending many gospel laborers into the church. True, and with a view, I think, of calling his people out of it. Because, when such ministers are removed by death, or transported to another vineyard, I see no fresh gospel laborer succeed them, which obliges the forsaken flocks to fly to a meeting. And what else can they do? If they have tasted of manna, and hunger for it, they cannot feed on heathen chaff, nor yet on legal crusts, though baked by some stanch pharisee quite up to perfection."

*To Lady Huntingdon, Dec. 30th, 1768:* "A very heavy time have I had for the last three weeks; cloudy days and moonless nights. Only a little consolation fetched down now and then by a little dull prayer. At times I am ready to wish that sin and the devil were both dead, they make such a horrible racket within me and about me. Rather let me pray, Lord, Give me faith and patience; teach me to expect the cross daily, and help me to take it up cheerfully. Wofully weary I am of myself, but know not how to live and feast daily upon Jesus. A treasure he is indeed, but lies hid in a field, and I know not how to dig in the dark."

*To Mr. Coats, April 22nd, 1761:* "Why do you write to me with so much reverence, and make so many apologies for writing? Is this becoming language from one sinner to another sinner? Ought the dust of the earth to elevate his kindred ashes? Or should a frog croak out a compliment to a toad? And need I this? If you love me, do not hurt me. I do not want to be taught well of myself; the devil would teach me this daily, and is so skilful a doctor in his own business that he

needeth not a helping hand from God's own children. Before you write again to me, look into yourself, and if you find anything there that causeth something, then sit down and write to John Berridge as you would write to one Alexander Coats. I find you are got to your crutches. Well, thank God for a crutch to help a lame leg; this both showeth and helpeth your weakness. Truly, my friend, your cross is just the same with my own. I am not able to walk a step without a crutch, so lame I am. The wood of it comes from Calvary. My crutch is Christ; and a blessed crutch he is. O let me bear my whole weight upon Thee, whilst I am walking through this wilderness!"

*To Lady Margaret Ingham, Jan. 28th, 1766:* "I am one of those strange folk who set up for journeymen without knowing their Master's business, and offer many precious wares to sell without understanding their full value. I have got a Master too, a most extraordinary person, whom I am supposed to be well acquainted with, because he employs me as a riding pedlar to serve near fourteen shops in the country, besides my own parish; yet I know much less of my Master than I do of his wares. Often is my tongue describing him as the fairest of men, whilst my heart is painting him as the Witch of Endor; and many big words have I spoken to his credit; yea, and frequently beseeching people to trust him with their *all*, whilst my own heart has been afraid to trust him with a groat."

*To Mr. —, Oct. 23rd, 1779:* "Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 2nd of July came duly to hand, but has waited a wearisome while for an answer. Indeed, I have been much, yet not too much, afflicted with my old disorder for some months, a nervous fever. We have been housekeepers every summer for forty years; and this fever-friend has kept me this summer twelve weeks at home, and forbids me all literary correspondence. As winter comes on, I begin to revive; and when the swallows march off, I begin to march out; as when the swallows return, I am obliged to keep in. 'Tis well we are not in our own keeping, nor at our own carving, since we so little know what is good for us. I do not love this fever-friend; yet he is certainly the best earthly companion I have. No lasting gain do I get but in a furnace. Comforts of every kind make me either light or lofty, and swell me, though unperceivably, with self-sufficiency. Indeed, so much dross, native and acquired, is found in my heart, that I have constant need of a furnace; and Jesus has selected a suitable furnace for me, not a hot and hasty one, which seems likely to harden and consume me, but one with a gentle and lingering heat, which melts my heart gradually, and lets out some of its dross. Though I cannot love a furnace, nor bask in it like a salamander, yet the longer I live, the more I see of its need and its use. A believer seldom walks steadily and ornamentally, unless he is well furnaced. Without this his zeal is often scalding hot; his boldness attended with fierceness, or rather rashness; and his confidence at times more the result of animal spirit than the fruit of the Spirit; but a furnace consumes these excrescences, and when sweetly blown with grace, will make a Christian humble, watchful, and mellow; very censorious of himself and full of compassion for others. May your congregation be increasing in numbers, and the power of the Lord be present to wound and to heal, to quicken, and comfort, and build."

*To Mr. N., Jan. 15th, 1774:* "Dear N.,—The first pages of your letters are usually much illuminated with compliments. I wonder where you pick them all up, and how you find storage for them. Indeed, the old ass of Everton cannot discern his own features when you have cropped his ears and tail, and powdered and spruced him up in a letter. I am

daily praying to know more of my blindness, helplessness, and vileness, and you are kindly contriving to put a mask on my face. Is this Christianity, or have I provoked you to it by sweetly begriming your own face? Leave this varnish, dear N., to the world who love to gild a base metal and make it look like gold." (See p. 153.)

BRADBERRY (DAVID).—I can give but little account of this author. He wrote several poems, most of which were not published until after his death. One of his poems, entitled "Tetel-estai, or the Final Close," was reviewed in the Evangelical Magazine for 1796. This poem was printed and published in Manchester; and as, in Rippon's Register for 1790, I find mention made of one "Rev. Mr. Bradberry" as attending a meeting in Manchester, it is probable that he was originally settled over a people somewhere in that district. In Wilson's "History of Dissenters," there is a brief notice of one David Bradbury, who succeeded the celebrated Sandeman, the founder of Sandemanianism, at Glover's Hall, London. This may be the same person, though the name is spelt differently; and if so, he must have embraced Sandemanianism, and removed from Lancashire to London. In the Theological Magazine, Vol. I., there is a portrait, "David Bradberry, Kennington." In a Collection of Hymns, by Joseph Middleton, 1793, the hymn,

"Come, thou Almighty King,"

is called Bradberry's; but as I find it in Madan's Selection, sixth edition, 24 years earlier, I am inclined to think it must be Madan's. Indeed, I am told, but have not seen it, that it is in Madan's Supplement, 1761. (See p. 153.)

BRADFORD (JOHN, A.B.) was born in 1750. He was educated at Wadham College, Oxford. In the early part of his life he was Curate of Frelsham, Berkshire, but during that time confesses he was an avowed Arian, and denied the divinity of the Son of God. He was writing a sermon from the words, "Ye must be born again," when the Holy Spirit broke into his heart, and caused him to feel as he had never felt before. Sins were presented to his mind of which he had never thought, and which he had never considered to be sins. He now saw that *he* must be born again, and cried earnestly that he might experience the new birth, not knowing, or just then reflecting, that a dead child cannot cry. He never finished the sermon, but instead thereof burnt nearly all that he had previously written. The first relief he felt was from a manifestation that Jesus Christ was God. He had never doubted but that such a *man* as Jesus Christ *had lived*, but he had never beheld him *as God*. He *now* saw that his Deity was the ground of all Christian confidence. The following Sunday he went and preached from what he had really *felt*, and the effect he describes as wonderful. No less than five persons were awakened under that sermon. Some time afterwards he joined the Countess of Huntingdon, who purchased the theatre at Birmingham, and sent him there. It was then very popular. The entire theatre—pit, boxes, gallery, and stage, was sometimes crammed. He subsequently left the Countess's connexion, and

went to a chapel in Bartholomew Street, Birmingham, which was built for him. In 1797, he removed to Grub Street Chapel, London, where he remained until his death, July 16th, 1805. His hymns were published at Birmingham in 1792.

"O the power of love divine,"

is one of them.

BRADY (NICHOLAS) was born at Brandon, in Ireland, in 1659, and died in 1726. He was a clergyman of the Church of England, and published many sermons. In conjunction with Nahum Tate, he issued a new authorised version of the Psalms for the Church of England. It is called Tate and Brady's.

BREWER (JEHOIDA) was born in Monmouthshire in 1751 or 1752. He commenced preaching when in his 22nd year, and settled at an Independent Chapel in Livery Street, Birmingham, in 1795. A large chapel was in course of erection for him when he died, Aug. 24th, 1817. He was interred in the ground adjoining the unfinished chapel. He expressly wished that no memoir of him should ever be published. That beautiful hymn,

"Hail, sov'reign Love, that first began,"

was, I believe, the only one he ever wrote.

BROWNE (SIMON) was born at Shepton Mallett, Somersetshire, about the year 1680. He began to preach before he was 20 years of age, and was soon afterwards settled over a considerable congregation at Portsmouth. In 1716, he removed to the Old Jewry, London. Here he remained about seven years, when he was attacked by a very singular malady, which hung upon him, without any intermission, during the remainder of his life. He imagined that God, by a singular instance of divine power, had, in a gradual manner, annihilated him in the *thinking* substance, and utterly divested him of consciousness. Nothing grieved him more than that he could not persuade others to think of him as he thought of himself. Several causes have been ascribed for this malady, one of which was that, once when on a journey with a friend, they were attacked by a highwayman with loaded pistols. Mr. Browne, being the stronger, disarmed him, and, seizing him by the collar, they both fell to the ground. Mr. Browne was uppermost, and kept the man down until his friend ran for assistance. When assistance arrived, Mr. B. arose from off the man, when, to his unspeakable terror, he found the man was dead. From that sad period, Mr. B. became a prey to that awful imagination which ever after haunted him. At the beginning of his disorder, he had frequent propensities to destroy himself, but he became a little more calm later on in life. Even while in this state of mind, he wrote a Defence of Christianity and several other books, yet still maintained that he had no power to *think*. He died at the close of 1732. His remains were interred in the meeting-house of Shepton Mallett, where a monument was erected to his memory. When he gave up preaching and left London, his congregation presented him with £300. He was a man greatly respected. His hymns were printed in 1720. The preface is very curious, giving an ac-

count of all the hymn-writers that had lived before him, so far as could be ascertained. Amongst his hymns is the following:

"Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove."

BURDER (GEORGE) was born in London, June 5th, 1752. On leaving school, he was placed with an engraver. As he advanced in years, he attended the preaching of Whitefield and Romaine. "My judgment," he says, "was before informed, but I found my heart affected by this kind of preaching." At the age of 21 he commenced business as an engraver. When 24 he preached his first sermon. He had strong inducements to join the Calvinistic Methodists, but, from conscientious motives, declined, and united himself with the Congregational Dissenters. About a year afterwards he accepted a call to Lancaster, where he continued for six years. He then removed to Coventry, where he remained nearly 20 years, preaching frequently in the villages throughout the counties of Warwick, Stafford, and Nottingham. He was one of the leading men in the formation of the London Missionary Society, in 1795, and was the "projector" of the Religious Tract Society. In 1803, he was appointed Gratuitous Secretary to the Missionary Society, and one of the editors of the "Evangelical Magazine." He also accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the Congregational Chapel, Fetter Lane, London. His "Village Sermons" are well known. He died in 1832.

BURKITT (WILLIAM, M.A) was born July 25th, 1650. He was Vicar of Dedham, in Essex. On Lord's Day, Oct. 17th, 1703, while he was attending in the congregation at his church, having another minister officiating for him, he was struck with that sickness from which he never recovered. He was a great enemy to adult baptism by immersion. A Mr. John Tredwell having taken charge of a small Baptist cause at Lavingham, several of Mr. B.'s congregation joined his church. Mr. B. was greatly offended, and warned his people against the dangerous principles and practices of this sect, and cast many unjust and uncharitable reflections upon his neighbors and their opinions. Mr. Tredwell, who esteemed the character of Mr. Burkitt, wrote him a friendly letter, endeavoring to persuade him to desist from such practices, so derogatory to his character and reputation in the world. But he was unsuccessful. Mr. Burkitt, with several parishioners, subsequently entered Mr. T.'s meeting-house when the people were assembled for worship, and demanded to be heard. Mr. T. said he had no objection, providing Mr. B. would allow him to reply. Upon this Mr. B. discoursed for two hours on infant baptism, and then left the place with his friends, without waiting for a reply. Soon afterwards, Mr. B. published the substance of his harangue, and called it, "An Argumentative and Practical Discourse on Infant Baptism." Mr. Keach replied to this in a work entitled, "The Rector Rectified." The hymn commencing,

"Jerusalem, my happy home,"

was published by him in 1693, in a little work called, "A Help and Guide to Christian Families." The hymn was not, however,

entirely his own, as portions of it are found in Daniel Burgess's, John Mason's, and Thomas Shepherd's books. Perhaps Burkitt put the whole together and made his own emendations and additions; for it is certain that the hymn did not appear in its present form until published by him in his "Help."

**BURNHAM (RICHARD)** was born in the year 1749, died Oct. 30th, 1810, aged 62, and was buried in Tottenham Court Chapel, London. He was minister of Grafton Street Chapel, Soho. In the preface to his hymns, he says, "I have labored much, in my spiritual songs, to set forth, though I own it is in a feeble way, the unequalled beauties and transcendent glories of a crucified Immanuel; and have aimed to give, instrumentally, the greatest encouragement to the weakest of the Redeemer's praying family. Your pastor is willing to own that he is the unworthiest of the unworthy; yet unworthy as he is, he humbly trusts, through rich grace, he has in some measure found that the dear bosom of the atoning Lamb is the abiding home of his immortal soul." He died Oct. 30, 1810.

**CADOGAN (HON. WILLIAM BROMLEY)** was born in 1751. He was the son of Lord Cadogan, Master of the Mint, and in high favor with the then government. Before God brought him down, he was exceedingly bitter against the truth, and on being appointed vicar of St. Giles's, Reading, dismissed his curate for holding such views. Prayer was regularly and publicly offered up for him in the house of Mrs. Talbot, the widow of the late vicar, which for a time made him very indignant; but the prayers were answered, and his lofty looks brought down. He was made to see and feel his state by nature, and to cry for mercy, which, in his own time, God manifested unto him. He now wrote to his old curate, whom he had dismissed, and assured him his house and his heart were open to him. He had written above 300 sermons, but he tried all these by fire, which they could not stand. He preached a sermon on the death of Romaine. His family used every means to prevail upon him to retrace his steps; but all was of no avail, for the Lord had laid fast hold of him. He died Jan. 18, 1797.

**CENNICK (JOHN).**—As some account of Cennick, written by himself, was published in the "Gospel Standard" for February and March, 1850, and as I have also named him in my biography of Lady Huntingdon, it will not be necessary for me to give many particulars here. He was born at Reading about the year 1717, and brought up in the Church of England. From the age of 15, he was fond of plays, novels, romances, card-playing, and the like; but, one day, to use his own words, "while walking hastily in Cheapside, in London, the hand of the Lord touched me. I felt at once," says he, "an uncommon fear and dejection; and though all my days, since I could remember, had been bitter through the strength of convictions and the fear of going to hell, yet I knew not any weight before like this. The terrors of the Lord came about me, and the pains of hell took hold on me."

This state of mind continued for two years, though he would often cry, "Peace," to himself, and try to persuade himself that he had not been so great a sinner as some others; but his pangs soon returned, and he was "even buried in affliction." He fasted long and often; prayed, kneeling, nine times a day; and spent as much time as possible in deeds of mortification and self-denial; but at last found that salvation was not of works, as he could get no relief. He was, "as if the sword of the Lord was dividing asunder his joints and marrow, soul and spirit;" until one day, while in the church, he heard the voice of Jesus, saying, "I am thy salvation." His heart danced for joy, the fear of hell was taken away, and he rejoiced in the assurance that Christ loved him, and died for him. Some time after this, he became acquainted with Whitefield, his heart having been knit to him through reading one of his works. He then joined the Methodists, as Whitefield, the Wesleys, and others were at that time named; and was subsequently called to preach amongst them, that is, in 1739 or 1740. When John Wesley published his sermon against election, Cennick left him, and came to Whitefield, and afterwards assisted Whitefield in the erection of a new chapel at Kingswood, Bristol, near the one of which Wesley had deprived Whitefield. Soon after Methodism was introduced into Ireland, Cennick was preaching there one Christmas Day, from, "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes," when the mob christened him and his hearers "swaddlers,"—a name of reproach which they bear in Ireland to this day. In 1745, Cennick joined the Moravians, and remained amongst them until his death, July 4, 1755. He caught cold on board ship, when returning from Ireland, and this caused a brain fever. He was interred in the Moravian cemetery, Chelsea. I have had in my possession five books of Cennick's Hymns, namely, "Sacred Hymns for the Children of God, Parts I., II., and III.," first published in 1741 and 1742; and "Sacred Hymns for the Use of Religious Societies, Parts I. II. III.," published in 1743—5. Cennick, however, published other hymns, with a copy of which I have not been able to meet. Some of them were in the Moravian Hymn Book, 1754.

CLARK (W. AUGUSTUS) was ordained by a Greek bishop, but afterwards joined the Baptists, and became pastor of Redcross-street, about 1773. In 1780, in consequence of the part he took with the mob against increasing the liberties of the Papists, he had to leave, when he opened a room in Bunhill Row. There he remained only three months, and then went to Ireland, and from Ireland to America. He returned to England about 1797, and went to Petticoat Lane; but that place being taken down, he again went to Bunhill Row, being in 1801. I have no account of his death.

COLE (CHARLES) was upwards of 54 years the pastor of the Baptist church, at Whitechurch, in Hampshire. He was born at Wel-low, in Somersetshire, May 20, 1733, and was deprived of both his parents by the smallpox, when he was only six years of age.

Some relatives took young Charles under their care, and taught him to weave broadcloth. Having learnt his business, he removed to Freshford, near Bradford, Wilts. He was a young man very attentive to his outward deportment; regular in his attendance at the parish church, a bigot to the Establishment, and, in religious sentiment, a *pharisee*. But he did not long remain in a state of ignorance. Hearing that Mr. Haines, a worthy minister, then pastor of the Baptist church at Bradford, was about to administer the ordinance of baptism, and knowing that a neighbor of his was a candidate, curiosity excited him to attend; when impressions were made on his mind too deep to be ever eradicated. Still his prejudices in favor of the Established Church and his attachment to her mode of worship were so strong, that, as his way to the meeting-house led through the churchyard, he could not prevail on himself to pass her doors; so that, though he repeatedly left home for the express purpose of going to hear Mr. Haines, he forfeited his resolutions, and still attended the established worship; till at length his mind grew very uneasy, and being, as he said, "starved out, he was *obliged* to go to seek relief for his mind." He had not heard Mr. Haines long, before he became convinced of the insufficiency of man's righteousness in order to his justification before God, and of his own in particular. He continued in a state of distress for some time; but on New Year's Day, 1753, he heard Mr. Haines preach, from Ezek. xxxvi. 26, "A new heart will I give you." His soul found relief, and from that time, he says, he possessed "a New Year's Gift indeed." In February, 1756, he was baptized, and became a member of the church at Bradford. It being perceived that God had bestowed on him gifts for the ministry, an opportunity was afforded him to exercise them with acceptance in two or three villages around; and ultimately the Bradford church called him publicly out to the sacred work, in the year 1758. In the order of divine providence, a way was soon opened for his removal from Bradford, to preach the gospel at Whitchurch. With that people he began his pastoral labors, and with them he finished them, extending over a period of more than 54 years. His diffidence was so great that it was with much reluctance he was prevailed on to go at the first. In May, 1758, he preached his first sermon to them, and tarried six weeks. They then invited him to supply them a twelvemonth, with a view to the pastoral office; and at the close of that period he was unanimously invited to take the oversight of them in the Lord. The church, on his coming amongst them, was in a very low state, being reduced to 13 members. His ordination took place June 6, 1759. He had many difficulties to contend with. A salary of less than twenty pounds per annum was his prospect of support, which subjected him to great domestic inconvenience; yet such was his private worth, that, when he became known, he had the satisfaction of numbering among those who contributed privately to his necessities some who were not very friendly to the religion he professed. His ministerial labors were very considerable. For several years he preached weekly in the neighboring villages of Bourne and Long-

parish. In the latter he met with much opposition. One circumstance was very remarkable. Mr. Cole's preaching at Longparish had excited the malevolence of one farmer Brown, who was determined to wreak his vengeance on this servant of Christ. Knowing the road Mr. Cole would pass on his return home from preaching, he posted himself on the road, having provided himself with a carter's whip as the instrument of his vengeance. About the time Mr. Cole usually passed, a person somewhat resembling him came that road; and as it was dark, farmer Brown mistook him for Mr. Cole, and with the greatest rage began to lay on with his carter's whip, exclaiming at the same time, "I'll give it thee, coming to Longparish to preach; I'll make thee remember coming here to preach." The gentleman thus assaulted cried out, "I never did preach at Longparish; but I shall soon preach to thee." This person proved to be a most respectable solicitor of Andover, the father of the celebrated Alderman Combe, M.P. for the City of London. He was as good as his word, for he preached such a sermon to farmer Brown as made a very great impression on him. He had to pay a considerable sum for his night's sport, and thus became no small sport to others. The Lord abundantly blessed Cole's labors, so that the church was enlarged more than fourfold before his death. He passed through a series of years with unspotted reputation. In November, 1813, he was seized with paralysis, which deprived him of sight and the powers of recollection, and greatly shook his otherwise feeble tabernacle. Notwithstanding these afflictions, he discovered much eagerness to converse on the best of subjects. He assured a friend that he loved his Master and his service; that he had been many times weary *in* it, but was never weary *of* it. On being reminded of the faithfulness of God and the all-sufficiency of the atonement, he replied, "Yes, there is firm footing there; firm footing for a poor sinner to stand upon." Shortly afterwards he had a second attack, which, for a season left him apparently lifeless. On recovering his speech, he said, "I am dying, but the sting of death is taken away. I am not afraid to die; all my doubts and fears are gone. I am very happy. I am going to Jesus. My funeral text," said he, "is, Christ is all and in all. And when the funeral sermon is preached, let three hymns be sung that have most of Christ in them." He continued full of enjoyment, and expressed his confidence in the Lord, till towards the close of the day, when the exhaustion of nature prevented his speaking. He departed to his rest Dec. 3, 1813, in the 81st year of his age. The Preface to his Hymns is dated May 20, 1789, and I find the book advertised in Rippon's Baptist Register, Vol. I., 1790. It is entitled, "A Threefold Alphabet of New Hymns."

COUGHLAN (LAWRENCE) was a member of the Church of England, but joined Lady Huntingdon. In 1773, Lady H. commenced building a large chapel at Wapping, London. Coughlan told the trustees that he was to be the *stated* minister. This they objected to. Toplady's advice was asked by Lady H., and he en-

tirely discountenanced Coughlan's proceedings, so that Coughlan was overruled. The hymn commencing,

"Sweet the moments rich in blessing,"

originally published by Allen and Batty, as I have already mentioned, was altered by Coughlan, in 1779, as it is now generally sung.

COWPER (WILLIAM) was born at Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, Nov. 15, 1731. In his autobiography he says, "I cannot recollect that, until I was in my 32nd year, I had ever any serious impressions of a religious kind, or at all bethought myself of the things of my salvation, except in two or three instances." At 10 years old he was sent to the Westminster School, where, he says, he learnt Latin and Greek at the expense of knowledge much more important. "That I may do justice to the place of my education, I must relate one mark of religious discipline, which, in my time, was observed at Westminster; I mean the pains which Dr. Nicholls took to prepare us for confirmation. The old man acquitted himself of this duty like one who had a deep sense of its importance; and I believe most of us were struck by his manner and affected by his exhortation. Then, for the first time, I attempted to pray in secret; but, being little accustomed to that exercise of the heart, and having very childish notions of religion, I found it a difficult and painful task, and was even then frightened at my own insensibility. This difficulty, though it did not subdue my good purposes till the ceremony of confirmation was passed, soon after entirely conquered them. I relapsed into a total forgetfulness of God, with all the disadvantages of being the more hardened, for being softened to no purpose. At 12 or 13 I was seized with the smallpox. I mention this only to show that, at that early age, my heart was become proof against the ordinary means a gracious God employs for our chastisement. Though I was severely handled by this disease, and in imminent danger, yet, neither in the course of it, nor during my recovery, had I any sentiments of contrition, any thought of God or eternity. On the contrary, I was scarcely raised from the bed of pain and sickness before the emotions of sin became more violent than ever, and the devil seemed rather to have gained than lost an advantage over me; so readily did I admit his suggestions, and so passive was I under them. By this time I became such an adept in the infernal art of lying, that I was seldom guilty of a fault for which I could not invent an apology capable of deceiving the wisest. These, I know, are called school-boys' tricks; but a total depravity of principle, and the work of the father of lies, are universally at the bottom of them. At the age of 18, being tolerably well furnished with grammatical knowledge, but as ignorant of all kinds of religion as the satchel at my back, I was taken from Westminster; and, having spent about nine months at home, was sent to acquire the practice of the law with an attorney."—At 21, he took possession of a set of chambers in the Temple; but, soon after his settlement there, was struck with such a dejection

of spirits that none but those who have felt the same can have the least conception of. Day and night he was upon the rack, lying down in horror and rising up in despair. He soon lost all relish for those studies to which he had before been so much attached; they had now no longer any charms for him. He had need of something more salutary than amusement, but had no one to direct him where to find it. At length he met with Herbert's Poems, and though he did not find in them what he wanted—a cure for his malady, yet his mind never seemed so much relieved as while he was reading them. In this state he continued for nearly a year, when, having experienced the inefficacy of all human means, he was at length driven to God in prayer. "Such," says he, "is the rank our Redeemer holds in our esteem, that we never resort to him but in the last instance, when all creatures have failed to succor us. My hard heart was at length softened and my stubborn knees taught to bow." He went with some friends to Southampton, where he spent several months. Soon after their arrival, they walked about two miles from the town, and sat down upon an eminence, when, on a sudden, it was as if another sun had been kindled in the heavens on purpose to dispel his sorrow. The weight of his misery was taken off, and his heart became light and joyful in a moment. He could have wept with transport had he been alone. But Satan and his wicked heart soon persuaded him that he was indebted for his deliverance to nothing but a change of season and scene. "By this means the blessing was turned into a poison, teaching me to conclude that nothing but a continued circle of diversion and indulgence of appetite could secure me from a relapse." Upon this hellish principle, away went all thoughts of religion and of dependence upon God. Having spent about 12 years in the Temple, in an uninterrupted course of sinful indulgence, he obtained at length so complete a victory over his conscience, that all remonstrances from *that* quarter were in vain. Though at this time little better than an infidel, yet, when half intoxicated, he was often employed in vindicating the truth of Scripture, while in the very act of rebellion against its dictates. At one time he went so far as to assert he would willingly have his right hand cut off, so that he might but be enabled to live according to the gospel. This inconsistency of his was visible to others as well as to himself, insomuch that a deistical friend of his cut short the matter by alleging that, if what he said were true, he was certainly damned by his own choosing. At length he appears to have spent nearly all his money, and begun to be apprehensive of want. Through the influence of a relative, he was appointed Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords. He acknowledges that he was totally unfit for the office, and yet he labored hard to make himself master of the duties. But God had designed other things for him. "To this dilemma," he says, "was I reduced, either to keep possession of the office to the last extremity, and by so doing expose myself to a public rejection for inefficiency, or else to fling it up at once, and by this means to run the hazard of ruining my benefactor's right of appointment, by bringing his

discretion into question. In this situation, such a fit of passion has sometimes seized me that I have cried out aloud, and cursed the hour of my birth, lifting up my eyes to heaven at the same time, not as a suppliant, but in the hellish spirit of rancorous reproach and blasphemy against my Maker. I made one effort of the devotional kind; for, having found a prayer or two in that repository of self-righteousness and pharisaical lumber, 'The Whole Duty of Man,' I said them a few nights, but soon laid them aside." He now began to look upon madness as the only chance remaining, and earnestly wished for it, that he might be excused from appearing at the Bar of the House of Lords. The day of decision drew near, and then came the great temptation—the dark and hellish purpose of self-murder. He thought perhaps there was no God; or the Scriptures might be false, and if so, God had nowhere forbidden suicide. At any rate, his misery, even in hell itself, he thought, would be more supportable. Accordingly, in Nov., 1763, he purchased half an ounce of laudanum, resolving to use it as soon as he was convinced there was no other way of escape. He went into the fields, to find a house or a ditch in which to die; but his mind was changed. He thought drowning would be better. He took a coach to the Tower Wharf, intending to throw himself into the Thames from the Custom-house Quay, but the water was low, and there was a porter seated upon some goods. He returned to the coach, and put up the shutters. Twenty times had he the vial to his mouth, distracted between the desire of death and the dread of it, and even at the time it seemed as if an invisible hand swayed the bottle downwards. A convulsive agitation seemed to deprive him of the use of his limbs. He reached the Temple, and prepared himself for the last scene. He poured the laudanum into a small basin, set it on a chair by the bedside, half undressed himself, lay down between the blankets, and, shuddering with horror, reached forth his hands towards the basin, when the fingers of both his hands became so closely contracted, as if bound with a cord, that they became entirely useless. He could indeed have guided the basin to his mouth with his hands, as his arms were not at all affected, but the circumstance struck him with wonder, and he lay down to muse upon it, when he heard his laundress's husband coming in, which frustrated his design for that time. The next morning was to place him at the Bar of the House, and he was determined not to see it. He went to bed and slept till 3 o'clock, when, taking his penknife, he endeavored to force it into his heart, but it would not penetrate. The clock struck 7, and instantly it occurred to him that there was no time to be lost. He took his garter, and, forming a noose, fixed it about his neck, but twice did the iron and framework of the bed break under his weight. The third effort was more likely to succeed. He fastened the garter to the top of the door, which was a very high one, and, pushing away the chair, hung at his whole length. While he hung, he heard a voice say distinctly, "'Tis over!" but it did not at all alarm him nor affect his resolution. He hung so long, that he lost all sense and consciousness

of existence. When he came to himself again, he thought himself in hell. The sound of his own groans was all that he heard. The garter had broken, and he was lying on his face. The stagnation of blood under one eye, and a red circle round his neck, showed plainly that he had been on the brink of eternity. His landress must have passed the door while he was hanging on it, as she was in the adjoining room. On hearing him fall, she went into his bedroom to ask him if he were not well, and said she feared he had been in a fit. He sent for his relative, and related to him the whole affair. His words were, "My dear Mr. Cowper, you terrify me. To be sure, you cannot hold the office at this rate." And thus ended his connexion with the Parliament Office. "To this moment," he says, "I had felt no concern of a spiritual kind. Ignorant of original sin, and insensible of the guilt of actual transgression, I understood neither the law nor the gospel. I was as much unacquainted with Christ in all his saving offices as if his blessed name had never reached me. But now a new scene opened upon me. Conviction of sin took place, especially of that just committed. The meanness of it, and its atrocious nature, were exhibited to me in colors so inconceivably strong, that I despised myself with a contempt not to be imagined or expressed, for having attempted it. This sense of it secured me from the repetition of a crime which I could not now reflect on without abhorrence. Before I arose from bed, it was suggested to me that there was nothing wanted but murder to fill up the measure of my iniquities; and that, though I had failed in my design, yet I had all the guilt of that crime to answer for. A sense of God's wrath, and a deep despair of escaping it, instantly succeeded. The fear of death became much more prevalent in me now than even the desire of death had been. My sins were now set in array before me. I began to see and feel that I had lived without God in the world. As I walked to and fro in my chambers, I said within myself, 'There was never so abandoned a wretch—so great a sinner!' All my worldly sorrows seemed now as if they had never been; the terrors of my mind, which succeeded them, seemed so great, and so much more afflicting. One moment I thought myself shut out from mercy by one chapter, and the next by another. The sword of the Spirit seemed to guard the tree of life from my touch, and to flame against me in every avenue by which I attempted to approach it." If for a moment a book or a companion turned away his attention from himself, a flash from hell seemed to be thrown into his mind, and he said within himself, "What are these things to me who am damned?" He feared he had committed the unpardonable sin, and no argument that could be used in extenuation of his guilt could gain a moment's admission. Life appeared more desirable than death, only because it was a barrier between him and everlasting burnings. He took his Prayer Book and endeavored to pray out of it, but immediately experienced the impossibility of drawing nigh to God unless God first drew nigh to him; and, with the most rooted conviction, he gave himself up to despair. "I felt a sense of burning in my heart, like that of real fire, and con-

cluded it was an earnest of those eternal flames which would soon receive me. I laid myself down, howling with horror, while my knees smote against each other. In this condition my brother found me, and the first words I spoke were, 'O brother, I am damned! Think of eternity, and think what it is to be damned!'" At length he was visited by Martin Madan, who spoke to him of sin and salvation, which seemed to cause hope to spring up. But he says, "What I had experienced was but the beginning of sorrows, and a long train of still greater terrors was at hand. I slept my usual three hours well, and then awoke with ten times stronger an alienation from God than ever. Satan plied me close with horrible visions, and more horrible voices. My ears rang with the sound of torments that seemed to await me. Then did 'the pains of hell get hold of me,' and before daybreak the very 'sorrows of death encompassed me.' A numbness seized the extremities of my body, and life seemed to retreat before it. My hands and feet became cold and stiff; a cold sweat stood upon my forehead; my heart seemed at every pulse to beat its last, and my soul to cling to my lips as on the very brink of departure. No convicted criminal ever feared death more or was more assured of dying. At 11 o'clock my brother called upon me, and in about an hour after his arrival, that distemper of mind I had wished for so ardently actually seized me. While I traversed the apartment in the most horrible dismay of soul, expecting every moment that the earth would open and swallow me up, my conscience scaring me, the avenger of blood pursuing me, and the city of refuge out of reach and out of sight, a strange and horrible darkness fell upon me. If it were possible that a heavy blow could light upon the brain without touching the skull, such was the sensation I felt. I clapped my hand to my forehead, and cried aloud through the pain it gave me. At every stroke my thoughts and expressions became more wild and indistinct; all that remained to me clear was the sense of sin and the expectation of punishment."—"It was now found necessary to confine him in a lunatic asylum, where he remained for about eight months. "All that passed," he says, "during these eight months, was conviction of sin and despair of mercy." At one time he seemed even to regret that he had not given every scope to his wicked appetite, and even envied those who, being departed, had the consolation to reflect that they had well earned their miserable inheritance. Soon after his confinement, he threw aside his Bible, as a book in which he had no interest or portion. But now the happy period which was to shake off his fetters had arrived. He flung himself into a chair, and, seeing a Bible, ventured to open it. The first verse he saw was Rom. iii. 25. The full beams of the Sun of Righteousness immediately shone upon him. He saw the sufficiency of Christ's atonement, and his pardon sealed in his blood. He thought he must have died with gratitude and joy. His eyes were filled with tears, and his voice was choked with transport. For many succeeding weeks tears were ready to flow if he did but speak of the gospel, or mention the name of Jesus. Rejoicing day and night was his employment. He was too happy to sleep much, and

thought it was lost time that was spent in slumber. "My doctor," he says, "ever watchful and apprehensive for my welfare, was now alarmed, lest the sudden transition from despair to joy should terminate in a fatal phrensy. But the Lord 'was my strength and my song,' and was 'become my salvation.' I said, 'I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord; he has chastened me, but not given me over unto death.' 'O give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever.' In a short time Dr. Cotton became satisfied, and acquiesced with the soundness of my cure; and much sweet communion I had with him concerning the things of our salvation. He visited me every morning while I staid with him, which was twelve months after my recovery. The gospel was the delightful theme of our conversation. No trial has befallen me since, but what might be expected in a state of warfare. Satan indeed has changed his battery. Before my conversion, sensual gratification was the warfare with which he sought to destroy me. Being of a naturally easy, quiet disposition, I was seldom tempted to anger, yet that passion it is which now gives me the most disturbance, and occasions the sharpest conflicts. But Jesus being my strength, I fight against it; and if I am not conqueror, I am not overcome." In 1765 he removed to Huntingdon, and in 1767 to Olney, where he contracted a close friendship with John Newton. Here it was that the Hymns by Newton and Cowper, called Olney Hymns, were written. When Newton removed to London, Cowper wrote,

"The vicarage-house became a melancholy object as soon as Mrs. Newton had left it; when you left it, it became more melancholy; now it is actually occupied by another family, I cannot even look at it without being shocked. As I walked in the garden last evening, I saw the smoke issue from the study chimney, and said to myself, 'That used to be a sign that Mr. Newton was there; but it is so no longer. The walls of the house know nothing of the change that has taken place; the bolt of the chamber door sounds just as it used to do; and when Mr. P—— goes up stairs, for aught I now or ever shall know, the fall of his foot can hardly perhaps be distinguished from that of Mr. Newton. But Mr. Newton's foot will never be heard upon that staircase again.' These reflections, and such as these, occurred to me on this occasion. If I were in a condition to leave Olney, I certainly would not stay in it. It is no attachment to the place that binds me here, but an unfitness for every other. I lived in it once, but now I am buried in it, and have no business in the world outside my sepulchre. My appearance would startle them, and theirs would be shocking to me."

Cowper subsequently endured many severe trials, but he entered into his rest April 25, 1800. Early in the Friday morning a decided alteration for the worse was perceived to have taken place. A deadly change appeared in his countenance. In this insensible state he remained till a few minutes before five in the afternoon, when he gently, and without the slightest apparent pain, ceased to breathe, and his happy spirit escaped from that body in which, amidst the thickest gloom of darkness, it had so long been imprisoned, and took its flight to the regions of perfect purity and bliss. In a manner so mild and gentle did death make its ap-

proach, that though his kinsman, his medical attendant, and three others were standing at the foot of the bed, with their eyes fixed upon his dying countenance, neither of them could determine the precise moment of his departure. A short time previously the king, George III., had granted him a pension of £300 a year, but it came too late. Maunder, in his "Biographical Treasury," the most bigoted biographical work I ever read, says, "Cowper fell into a terrible state of nervous and mental debility, but was restored by the skill and humanity of Dr. Cotton." How different is this from Cowper's own account, as given above!—It does not appear that Cowper ever stood up to preach. He says,

"I have had many anxious thoughts about taking orders, and I believe every new convert is apt to think himself called upon for that purpose; but it has pleased God, by means which there is no need to particularise, to give me full satisfaction as to the propriety of declining it; indeed, they who have the least idea of what I have suffered from the dread of public exhibitions, will readily excuse my never attempting them hereafter. In the mean time, if it please the Almighty, I may be an instrument of turning many to the truth, in a private way, and hope that my endeavors, in this way, have not been entirely unsuccessful. Had I the zeal of a Moses, I should want an Aaron to be my spokesman."

The following may not be altogether without interest or use. It is extracted from one of Cowper's letters:

"You never said a better thing than when you assured Mr. — of the expedience of a gift of bedding to the poor of Olney. There is no one article of this world's comfort with which they are more unprovided. When a poor woman, and an honest one, whom we know, carried home two pairs of blankets, a pair for herself and husband, and a pair for six children, as soon as the children saw them, they jumped out of their straw, caught them in their arms, kissed and blessed them, and danced for joy. An old woman, a very old one, the first night she found herself so comfortably covered, could not sleep a wink, being kept awake by the contrary emotions of transport on the one hand, and fear of not being thankful enough on the other."

Cowper's hymns are well known. The hymn commencing,

"Breathe from the gentle south, O Lord!"

has been usually ascribed to Newton; but Southey, in his edition of Cowper's works, says, "This hymn is here restored to him (Cowper) on the authority of Mrs. Johnson, the widow of his excellent kinsman." And I believe there is no doubt that it is Cowper's, though at one time I doubted it. The omission of the "C." must have been an error of the printer's. The hymn commencing,

"God moves in a mysterious way,"

is, perhaps, one of Cowper's best. Some say it was written while taking a solitary walk in a field, feeling depression coming upon him; and others say it was written one night when he had ordered a man to drive him to a certain place by a river that he might drown himself; but as the man could not find the spot, though

he had always been well acquainted with it, Cowper saw the Lord's hand in it, and the snare was broken. I believe the former to be the true version.

DE COURCY (RICHARD) was born in Ireland in 1743 or 1744. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. As the Irish bishops would not ordain him, probably because of his Calvinistic sentiments, he left Ireland, and came to England, when he immediately waited upon Whitefield. On being introduced, Whitefield took off his cap, and, showing De Courcy a scar on his head, said, "I got this wound in your country for preaching Christ;" alluding to a time when he was once nearly stoned to death by the Papists. Through the influence of Lady Huntingdon, De Courcy was ordained by the Bishop of Lichfield, when he joined her ladyship, and preached in many of her chapels. Multitudes flocked to hear him, notwithstanding that the Arminians cautioned the people against him. At the commencement of his career, he met with a temptation common to young ministers: "I have been tempted," said he, "strongly to believe that, after I had preached a few sermons, my strength would be quite exhausted, and that I should preach no more;" but he soon obtained relief on this head; for he afterwards adds, "With regard to my fears of being exhausted after a few sermons, the Lord has given me satisfaction in that particular; for he has discovered to me the super-excellency of that wonderful book, the Bible, above all other books; not only for its purity, but also for the variety of its matter. I find it a mine replete with the richest treasures; and that the deeper I penetrate into it by faith and prayer, the greater riches are still discoverable. This book, he showed me, was to be the central point of all my divinity; and to be searched with unwearied diligence, if I meant to be a good householder, bringing out of my treasure things new and old." He afterwards left Lady H., and joined Lady Glenorchy, in Edinburgh. In 1770, he obtained the curacy of Shawbury, near Hawkstone, in Shropshire, and remained there about four years; when he was appointed Vicar of Aldwinkle, Shrewsbury, by the Lord Chancellor, (Lord Dartmouth,) which caused a great commotion; and a gentleman in the parish wrote a satirical poem about him, entitled, "St. Alkmond's Ghost;" but he was not to be frightened away by a ghost of that sort; but continued preaching "Salvation by free grace, through faith." In 1776, while absent from his parish, many of his hearers went to hear the Baptist minister, and, finding more food for their souls, though De Courcy was a strong advocate for the doctrines of grace, did not return to the church. This caused De Courcy to publish "A Letter to a Baptist Minister," on baptism, to which a reply was issued in a little tract, entitled, "*Dipping versus Sprinkling; or, the Good Vicar in a Bad Mood. By John the Dipper.*" This reply was said to have been written by Mr. B. Francis. De Courcy's work, "Christ Crucified," was written against the Socinian Dr. Priestley, and is still unanswerable. On the fast-day which was kept in 1803, De Courcy took a slight cold, which brought a return of his disorder in the chest. The

following morning, being much worse, a physician was sent for. "I am almost spent," said he; "it is a hard struggle, but it will soon be over. I shall not recover; but Christ is mine. He is my foundation; he is the Rock I build upon." When the doctor had seen him, he immediately left the room for some medicine, when De Courcy exclaimed, "Thanks be to God for my salvation," and immediately expired. This was Nov. 4th, 1803. He wrote a few poems; and it is believed that the hymn,

"Jesus, at thy command,"

was written by him on one occasion when Whitefield was about to leave for America, though some persons think it was written by Whitefield, and others by Toplady. It did not appear in De Courcy's first edition, (1775,) but in a third edition, in which 203 hymns were added, most of them by other authors; and as Toplady published it in his Selection in 1776, before De Courcy issued his third edition, I incline to the opinion that it was not De Courcy's, but Toplady's. The Editor of the "Gospel Magazine" says of De C., "Gifted with all the graces of oratory, and with a mind stored with divine truth and experience, he boldly stood forward as a champion for the gospel, equipped with the sword of the Spirit and the word of God. He imitated the cherubim in the Garden of Eden, by turning the sword of the law every way, to prohibit the self-righteous from access to the tree of life on the footing of their own works. His weapon was defensive and offensive, for he assaulted error and defended truth."

DODDRIDGE (PHILIP) was born in London; in June, 1702. At his birth he showed so little sign of life that he was laid aside as dead; but one of the attendants, thinking she perceived some motion or breath, took that necessary care of him which was the means of preserving his life. His father died in 1715, about which time Philip was removed to a private school at St. Alban's. The person who had the management of his late father's affairs acted so imprudently as to waste all the property, and had it not been for a Mr. Clark, dissenting minister at St. Alban's, who stood as a father to him, Philip must have been thrown into want. In 1718 he left the school at St. Alban's, when he had an offer from the Duchess of Bedford that, if he would go to one of the Universities, and be educated as a minister for the Church of England, she would defray the expense of his education, and if she should live until he had taken orders, would provide for him in the church. This, however, he declined, as he could not satisfy his conscience so as to comply with the forms of the church. Mr. Clark then took him under his care, and a way was thus opened for him to enter into the ministry. After having been some time under Mr. Jennings, who kept an academy at Kibworth, and subsequently at Hinckley, Doddridge entered on the ministry in 1722. He preached his first sermon at Hinckley from 1 Cor. xvi. 22. The following year he settled at Kibworth. In 1729 he removed to Northampton, succeeding a minister named Tingey. His learning is said to have been very great. "Though others might exceed him

in their acquaintance with antiquity or their skill in the languages, yet, in the extent of his learning, and the variety of useful, important knowledge he had acquired, he was surpassed by very few." I am bound to confess, however, that so far as his life has been given by his biographer, Mr. Job Orton, I can trace very little of that learning which can be alone imparted by the Holy Spirit. Nearly the whole book is taken up with his exemplary piety, his covenants with God, his zeal, his resolves, his doing good, and all such Arminian trash. When allowed by Orton to speak in his own words we find more life. To a friend he writes, "I have great need of using the publican's prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' to me an unprofitable servant, who have deserved long since to have been cast out of his family. You talk of my strength and usefulness. Alas! I am weak and unstable as water. My frequent deadness and coldness in religion sometimes press me down to the dust; and, methinks, it is best when it does so." He was once conversing on the way in which Christians often died, when he said I wish that my last words may be these:

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall;  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus and my All."

In Dec., 1750, he went to St. Alban's to preach the funeral sermon of his old friend and benefactor, Dr. Clark. In that journey he contracted a cold, which did not leave him throughout the winter. In the spring of 1751, it considerably abated, but returning again with great violence in the summer, he had to give up preaching, and removed to Bristol, to try the waters there; but his health was evidently rapidly declining. When his friends reminded him of his fidelity, diligence, and zeal in his Master's service, he used to reply, "I am nothing; all is to be ascribed to the free grace of God." In Sept. he left Bristol for Lisbon, where he arrived on the 13th of October, and on the 26th (old style) breathed his last. On his body being opened, his lungs were found in so ulcerated a state that it appeared wonderful to the doctor that he had been able to speak so long. It was, I think, a cruel thing to send him from England under such circumstances. When a consumptive person's friends are favored with wisdom to remove him or her, in the early stages of the disease, to a more congenial climate, it often, with God's blessing, tends to the checking of the malady; but, as a physician in Malta once said to me, it is unpardonable in the doctor to keep their patients in England until their lungs are all but gone, and then to send them abroad to die. D.'s body was interred in the burying-ground belonging to the British factory at Lisbon. That Doddridge's *real* feelings should have been suppressed will hardly be wondered at, when it is known that his biographer, Job Orton, charged even the mild Lady Huntingdon with Antinomianism. Doddridge wrote many works.

**DRACUP (JOHN).** The earliest notice I can find of this author is his first settlement at Steep Lane, Yorkshire, where he continued

for 17 years. At this time he was a Pedobaptist. What led him to change his sentiments on the subject of baptism, I know not; but he seems to have exercised his ministry chiefly, if not entirely, among those who practised the baptism of believers only. When, therefore, he left Steep Lane, it was to settle at Rodhillena, near Todmorden. Here he remained a few years, but with little success; so that the church, on his removal, dissolved itself, and its members sought fellowship at Hebden Bridge and elsewhere. In 1781 Mr. D. was invited to succeed Mr. Abraham Greenwood, as pastor of the infant church at Rochdale, in Lancashire; but in 1783 he deemed it desirable to resign his charge, in consequence of the little encouragement he had in his ministry. In the course of the next year, his old friends at Steep Lane invited him to resume his oversight of them in the Lord. His answer was, "that he would return, and live and die with the people." He was now a Baptist. His re-settlement seems to have been cordial and happy, and his pastorate extended over 11 years. Thus he spent 28 years in all with this little church. He died May 28th, 1795, and was interred in the chapel yard. His last sermon was from Eccles. viii. 8, admonitory to the people of his charge, and prophetic of his own end. He published a small volume of hymns in 1787, amongst which I find,

"Free grace to every heaven-born soul."

This hymn was inserted by Coughlan, in his selection in 1779, and subsequently in Lady Huntingdon's; so that Mr. D. was probably in some way connected with the Calvinistic Methodists of that time, and wrote the hymn for them.

ELLIOTT (R., A.B.) was born at Kingsbridge, Devonshire. He was admitted into Benett College, Cambridge, 1746. He soon afterwards began to favor the Methodists, and ultimately settled in London as a dissenting minister. He wrote many works, one of which was entitled, "Sin Destroyed and the Sinner Saved; or Justification by Imputed Righteousness, a Doctrine superior to all others for promoting Holiness in Life," &c. He died 1788. The hymn,

"Prepare me, gracious God,"

usually ascribed to Toplady, was written by Elliott, in 1761, and altered by Toplady in 1766. (See p. 154.)

ERSKINE (RALPH) was born at Monilaws, Northumberland, March 15th, 1685. He was educated with his brother Ebenczer in the University at Edinburgh, and took the degree of M.A. in 1704. He was very popular, but did not obtain a settlement in the Scotch Church until 1711, when he was ordained minister at Dunfermline. He was a great advocate for the truth, as his sermons prove. In 1734, he joined the seceders from the Scotch Church, and was deposed by the General Assembly. His hearers built a meeting house for him, which was well attended to his death, Nov. 6th, 1752. No minister in Scotland was ever more esteemed. He was once going in a careless manner to preach at Libberton, near Edinburgh, when he met a poor person, to whom,

without being asked, he gave alms. The poor man was much affected at such an unexpected act of kindness, and earnestly thanked Mr. E. ; when immediately these words came to Mr. E.'s mind : " I am found of them that sought me not." " Ah !" he said, " what a mercy it will be if, notwithstanding my carelessness and neglect of prayer, the Lord should be found of me this morning !" This reflection aroused him into prayer for the Lord's gracious presence ; and he obtained it in a remarkable manner. Erskine's Gospel Sonnets are well known. Several of them are not original, however, being varied from Dr. Watts. Take this as an instance :

" Oft earth, and hell, and sin have strove,  
 To rend my soul from God ;  
 But everlasting is his love,  
 Seal'd with his Darling's blood.  
 The oath and promise of the Lord  
 Join to confirm his grace ;  
 Eternal pow'r performs the word,  
 And brings the strong solace.  
 Amidst temptations sharp and strong,  
 I to this refuge flee ;  
 Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,  
 When storms enrage the sea.  
 The gospel bears my spirit up ;  
 The never-changing God  
 Lays for my triple ground of hope.  
 The word, the oath, the blood."

The reader will readily recognise Dr. Watts in the above. The last two lines, as altered by Erskine, are particularly touching.

FAWCETT (JOHN) was born at Lidget Green, near Bradford, Yorkshire, Jan. 6th, (old style, that is, now 18th,) 1739. He was brought up in the Established Church, but received his first convictions under Whitefield, while preaching in the open air at Bradford in 1755. The volume before me, however, though it consists of nearly 400 pages, and purports to be a Memoir of Mr. Fawcett, contains very little account of a work of grace on his soul. It would appear that he was " pious" from his youth, and it certainly is an unspeakable mercy to be kept from youthful sins. That Fawcett knew something, however, of the plague of his heart and of the healing balm, will, I think, be manifest from one or two extracts that I may have occasion to make from his diary. He lived in a day when free grace and free will were united together, so far as man could do it ; and it was not until the separation between Whitefield and John Wesley that the mist began to be dispelled. Whitefield's sermon on the occasion I have named was from John iii. 14. " As long as life remains," said Fawcett, " I shall remember both the text and the sermon ;" for it seems they sank deep into his heart. He was then only 16 years of age. From this time he began to make a more public profession of religion, and joined the people then called Methodists. Three years afterwards he joined the Baptist church at Bradford. " One Lord's

Day," he says, "I went to the public meeting, not without some apprehension of taking cold, which I believe was the case; for in the afternoon I felt extremely ill, and was overwhelmed with sickness. The sorrows and, as I thought, the pains of death, appeared to take hold upon me. I was ready to conclude that my useless life was drawing towards an end, and that the Lord was about to cut me off in the midst of my days. I had a deep sense of my past sins, which are many and grievous. I saw myself deserving of the divine displeasure, and that if I am ever saved, it must be through the mercy and grace of Jesus Christ. Many of my Christian friends discovered great sympathy with me. I could not forbear shedding tears at the sight of them. Having taken something to drink, after one of my brethren had offered up to God a fervent and suitable prayer, I attempted to walk home, and reached it, after a little time, by the assistance of some kind friends. Having perspired a little during the night, I found myself this morning much relieved, for which I desire to bless God with all my heart, and would earnestly implore that he would sanctify this affliction to the benefit of my soul. 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes.' (Ps. cxix. 71.)" In 1763, at the request of the church, he entered on the work of the ministry. He went the following year to Wainsgate, over which church he was ordained, July 31st, 1765. His mind was so much exercised for about six months afterwards, that he seriously contemplated relinquishing the work altogether. He wrote the following letter to a friend:

"Dear Sir,—I have taken this opportunity to acquaint you with the bitter distress I at present feel. I fear I have entered upon a work to which God has not called me; and instead of combating these fears with success, I think I grow worse. I compare myself to the parched heath in the wilderness, which knoweth not when good cometh. I am continually bowed down under a sense of my weakness and foolishness. I spend my days in pain and anguish of mind on these accounts; and what will be the event of these things I know not. Surely, if the Lord had called me to the work, I should be more sensible of his presence with me, and of his assistance. I make my complaint to him daily, but he seems to cover himself with a cloud that prayer cannot pass through. I am ready to say with Job, 'When I cry and shout he shutteth out my prayer.' In attempting to make preparation for the pulpit, I sit for hours together, and can do little or nothing."

In 1772 he went to London, to supply for Dr. Gill, who, through age and infirmities, was incapacitated from preaching. After Dr. Gill's decease, Mr. F. was invited to become the regular pastor, which, by the advice of some friends, and seeing that he had an increasing family, with only £25 a-year from the people at Wainsgate, he consented to do; but, after a portion of his furniture and books had been sold, he relented, and told his flock that if they would raise him £40 a-year, it would be the extent of his wishes. This, however, they declined to do. He nevertheless decided upon remaining, and throwing himself upon the providence of God. In 1777 a new chapel was erected at Hebden Bridge, no great distance from Wainsgate; and thither Mr. F. went. The chapel was capable

of holding from 500 to 600 people. For several years prior to 1783, he had been a great sufferer from sickness and domestic calamities. In that year, however, (1783,) a favorable change took place in his health, and his appearance was so much altered for the better, that some of his friends could hardly recognise him. In 1793, after the death of Dr. Caleb Evans, Mr. F. was invited to become President of the Baptist Academy at Bristol; but this he declined. In 1808 he preached at the opening of the Baptist Chapel, York Street, Manchester, which had been erected by the people who left St. George's Road when Mr. Gadsby settled there. Mr. F. was connected with the Baptist Association, and Mr. G. was by them accounted an "Artinomian." In 1814 Fawcett's health was evidently rapidly declining, and early in 1816 he had become so weak that he frequently had to use crutches. The account of the state of his mind during his last illness is as follows: "As to the state of his mind in this last illness, it was conformable to what he had experienced and evidenced through all his former afflictions. Mercy, divine mercy, was what he implored, with all the lowliness of a babe in Christ. He joined with the greatest fervency in the petitions offered up at his bedside; and though his mind was not in general so much elevated with holy joy as some of God's people have been, he had solid comfort, and often expressed his 'desire to depart and to be with Christ.' A short time before he expired, he said, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' One of his attendants having said, 'There remaineth a rest for the people of God,' he added, 'O receive me to thy children!'" He died July 25th, 1817.—The following are extracts from his diary: "Another month is come to a close; I have the same complaints to make as at the beginning. I have been chargeable with many sins of the heart, and many also in word and action. I have made but little progress in the ways of holiness, and gained but little advantage over the evil propensities of my heart. I have indeed formed many resolutions to walk more circumspectly, to be more constant and fervent in the private and public exercises of religion; but I have failed in the performance, and fallen into lukewarmness and indifference. I have been of but little use in my family, in the world, or in the church of God. My life has been one continued scene of imperfection and sin. If I had done all that the law of God requires, I should still have been 'an unprofitable servant.' What, then, shall I say of myself, since I have come so very far short of its righteous demands in every particular? I am a sinner, but blessed be God for Jesus Christ!

‘O Lord, I confess  
To thee my distress,  
And acknowledge my folly and sin;  
How prone I'm to stray  
From thy righteous way;  
How imperfect my actions have been.”

“May 1st, 1760.—I have been but little this day in prayer and meditation. I have found pride and ambition working in my heart. I have reason to fear that I have sought my own praise

more than the glory of God in writing the foregoing verses. I have been very cold in my evening devotions."—"May 26th.—My sins have this day been many and great. I have to complain of wandering thoughts and negligence in private prayer; unreasonable anger, and too much levity."—"Wednesday, Oct. 21st.—This morning I had reason to complain of hardness of heart, and to lament an absent God; but I was enabled to look again towards his holy temple. I see great need of divine strength to preserve me from falling into those nets and snares which I meet with by the way. Alas! how prone am I to be led away by the corrupt inclinations of my own vicious heart! Lead thou me, O God, by thy Spirit, and let me not wander from thy commandments!"—Fawcett was greatly fond of psalmody, and often said, "If the Lord has given to man the ability to raise such melodious sounds and voices on earth, what delightful harmony will there be in heaven!" His hymns were printed in Leeds, in 1782. He was also the author of several other works. The well-known hymn,

"A crumb of mercy, Lord, I crave,"

though not published in Fawcett's works, was nevertheless written by him. It appears in the "Gospel Magazine," 1777, with his name and address in full.

FELLOWS (JOHN) was contemporary with Gill, Toplady, &c. Dr. Watt, in his *Bibliotheca Britannica*, calls him a Methodist. He was, however, a Baptist, and many of the hymns he wrote were on baptism, and printed in 1773. He was the author of a sacred poem, entitled, "Grace Triumphant," "Elegies on the Death of Gill and Toplady," &c. The 4th edition of his hymns, with additions, was printed in 1777. This edition contains the hymn,

"Humble-souls, who seek salvation ;"

but it was written by Fawcett. In 1782, Fawcett published it with the following remark: "The author (Fawcett) lays claim to this hymn, though it has appeared under another name."

FOWLER (HENRY) was born in the parish of Yealmpton, Devonshire, Dec. 11th, 1779. Before he was 11 years old, he was put on trial with a person at Dartmouth, but as the family were dissenters, and as he thought the church people must be right, he was determined he would not serve his time there. Accordingly, he was removed, and apprenticed at Plymouth. He soon contracted the most awful habit of cursing and swearing. Indeed, he was placed in the very school of vice and filthy conversation, and was, he says, the devil's tool. When he had turned 17, he got into company with a poor shoemaker, who induced him to read a little of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and, as he read, explained to him the meaning of the various points. As the shoemaker expounded, Fowler felt something unaccountably strange working in his mind, which he tried to put aside, but could not. When he left, he ruminated over what had passed, and sensibly felt that he was in a dangerous state. From this time he became

more moral. He resolved and vowed, and entered into a covenant with God that he would love and serve him. Not being able to pray, he got some ready-made prayers, but none suited his case; so at last he threw them aside, and tried to pour out his heart in broken sentences, such as, "Lord, teach me thy way;" "Show me thy mercy;" "Save, Lord; I am lost;" "Pardon thou my sins." Sometimes he felt a little melting of heart, but at other times great horror and trembling, and appeared to himself the vilest sinner on earth. He kept to his parish church, and still hated all dissenters, but the clergyman was evidently as dead as a stone. At length he was directed to go and hear Dr. Hawker, and the time to him was a memorable one. The whole discourse appeared to be directed to him. He was full of consternation, and went home with the full conviction that he never could be happy until he knew Christ for himself. He now began to read diligently the Scriptures and all the religious books that fell in his way. The light that shone in his heart and upon the Bible astonished him, and he was like a hind let loose. He found Christ to be precious in all his names, characters, and offices. He also found much liberty in prayer, and told the Lord he could not live unless he blessed him. Sometimes he thought he had gone too far in his freedom with the Lord, when passage after passage would be sent into his mind, until he stood amazed at the sovereign love of God manifested in Jesus and in his heart also. This lasted for several months. He now felt a strong desire to preach Christ to poor sinners, and the light which God had given him encouraged him to think that he would also qualify him for the great work of the ministry. In 1799 he went to London, where he had to labor with some of the worst of men. Innumerable snares and temptations surrounded him, but the Lord preserved him. Labor falling off, he went to Bristol, but in three months returned to London. In the summer of 1800, he had much bondage in his spirit. Hearing seemed to be of no use to him, and despair fast approached him. One day he made up his mind he would go for the last time to hear preaching, and he went to hear John Newton. The Lord was pleased to make the sermon, which was from Jonah ii. 7, a special blessing to him, and his soul was taken once more out of prison. In October he went to Portsea, and two months afterwards to Plymouth Dock (now called Devonport.) One day, when he went to see some of his relations, a few friends met together for prayer, as there was no preaching; when an old disciple asked him to read a chapter, and, if anything struck him, to tell them about it. He did so, and continued for about half an hour. This was his first attempt to speak in the name of the Lord. The report of this soon spread abroad, and he was requested, soon afterwards, to speak at the Old Tabernacle, at Plymouth, which put him in great straits, for he could not refuse, and yet the thought of it was horrible to his feelings. His text was Zech. ix. 11. He felt the sweetness of the words, his fears were in a great measure removed, and he was furnished with an abundance of language and appropriate matter. The news soon spread, and he was from

that time frequently employed in preaching in Plymouth and the villages round. While at Plymouth, Mr. Fowler wrote a number of hymns, which were inserted in the "Gospel Magazine." \* \* \* Many propositions were made to him to relinquish his trade, and give himself wholly to the ministry, but all in vain. All he begged of the Lord was, that he would give him plenty of business, and enable him to preach the gospel free of charge. In 1813, the providence of God appeared all against him, so that he was shut up every way and hemmed in on every side. He therefore made up his mind to go to Bristol for a week or two. Having made his arrangements, he met with a man who gave him a letter to take to Mr. Robins. Robins was from home, but a friend of his opened the letter, and the result was that Fowler preached to Robins's people on the following Lord's Day. While at Bristol he received a letter inviting him to go to Birmingham to supply for them. He went accordingly, being in August, 1813; and this ended in his being settled there at the place previously filled by John Bradford. In 1819, Mr. F. received an invitation to supply at a chapel in Conway Street, London. This chapel was opened for Mr. Robins by some old hearers of William Huntington, who had then departed to his eternal rest. In October Mr. F. went there, which event led to his finally removing to London, after the new chapel in Gower Street was built. The account from which I have taken most of the preceding was written by himself. The work is entitled, "Travels in the Wilderness." Mr. Fowler breathed his last on Sunday, Dec. 16th, 1838. His departure was so easy that those around him were not aware his spirit had fled. The last time he preached was on Tuesday evening, November 15th. He was obliged to take to his bed on the Monday following, which, during the last fortnight, he only left to have made three or four times, on account of his great weakness. His cough was very violent at first, and as weakness increased his sufferings became very great. Not being able to lie on his back through a sense of suffocation seizing him when he did so, he sat up almost the whole time of his confinement to his bed. During the first part of his confinement, being asked how he felt in his mind, he said, "I am under shades and glooms. The Lord sees fit to lead me through much tribulation; but I know it is well with me whatever my frame of mind, and will be so at the last. I must come in on the old ground—redemption free, justification free, salvation free." On Sunday, Dec. 2nd, when one of his family went up to see him, he said, "Satan has been very hard with me since my affliction, very strong with me; and at times I have had hard work to keep hold of the hem of the Saviour's garment." For the last fortnight his mind was in a far more happy frame. He seemed quite tranquil, and many times expressed his firm reliance on Christ, and his assurance of Christ's love to his soul. At one time he sang this verse:

"If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,  
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;

Secure, when mortal comforts flee,  
To find ten thousand worlds in thee!"

On Dec. 15th he was much worse, and symptoms of approaching dissolution appeared. In the evening he took his wife's hand, and said, "My dear, I feel quite happy! Christ is very precious to me;" and added, "I think I have been wandering a good deal this evening; but what I now say I speak from the real feelings of my heart." He asked the time, and being told, he said, "Not later! Lord, when, when—," and other words which could not be distinguished. These expressions were uttered about three hours before his departure. Towards the closing scene his voice changed, and he spoke with great difficulty. At this time he said solemnly, "Christ is the *substance* and *end* of the law." Soon after, "Come, Jesus, come quickly;" and repeated the word "*Come*" several times. The last words that could be distinguished as connected were, "My God, my God, take me to thee to see thy face, and sing thy praise." He spoke several times after that apparently in prayer, saying, "Jesus, my God," and "Come, dear Jesus," his countenance looking very beautiful at the time, every trace of his recent suffering being gone. After a little silence, with a long sigh, he breathed his last, having just completed his 59th year.—Mr. Fowler was not a Baptist. Soon after Gower Street Chapel, London, was built, Mr. F. became the pastor. A clause was inserted in the trust-deed to the effect that the first minister that was settled there should decide whether the cause should be a Baptist one or not. Mr. F., however, on being chosen, declined that responsibility. I believe his conscience would not let him fill up the vacant clause *against* Baptism, whatever might have prevented his doing so in favor of it. Some time after his death, a man named Blackstock, who had once professed to be a Baptist, but who had on two or three occasions found it convenient to change his sentiments, was appointed his successor; and he, less scrupulous, filled up the clause by inserting "mixed communion."\* This time-serving step was followed by the mark-

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\* Mr Blackstock was for some years pastor of a Strict Baptist Church at Wolverhampton. A minister was wanted by a Baptist church at Lakenheath; but the principal wealthy supporters of the chapel were not Baptists. Mr. B. went and settled over them and turned the church into Open Communion; but in a very short time his two main supporters were struck by death. They died within a week of each other. It was a solemn stroke. Mr. B. then had to leave. He then professed to have seen his error, in having renounced Strict Communion, and wrote to Mr Gadsby, stating that God had shown his displeasure, his hand having gone out against him in more ways than one. Mr. G. did not reply to his letter, but he subsequently met him at the house of a friend. Meantime Mr. B. had been supplying for a month at Gower Street, and then for three months at Soho Chapel, Oxford Street, where he quite expected to settle. The deacons, however, do not appear to have been satisfied about his principles. They were Strict Baptists, and did not wish to have the seeds of disunion sown in the church; and they therefore catechised him as to his vacillation. His answer was, "I would sooner lose my right arm than change to Open Communion again." And upon one occasion he is reported to have said in the Soho pulpit that "the ordinance of the Lord's Supper without previous baptism was like a cow with only one horn." At his interview with Mr. Gadsby, above referred to, Mr. G. said, "I give you my hand upon your confession; but at the same time I stand in doubt of you. I believe, if the people at Gower Street gave you a call on Open Communion principles, you would accept of the call." "O, Mr. Gadsby!" Mr. B. replied; "you do not know what I have suffered, or you would think differently." "Well," said Mr. G., "time will prove." In a very short time after this, Mr. B. having been rejected at Soho Chapel,

ed displeasure of God. The people fell off, until they were unable to pay the interest, and the mortgagee sold the chapel; by which means £2,600, that had been subscribed towards its erection, was entirely sacrificed, and the chapel became private property. It was afterwards, however, sold to the people, or their successors rather, for whom it was originally built, and is now a Strict Baptist cause. Mr. F. published a small volume of Original Hymns in 1818, and a second in 1824. Also a Selection.

FRANCIS (BENJAMIN) was born in 1734, and was baptized when only 15 years of age. At 19, he commenced preaching, and went for three years to the academy at Bristol. On leaving, he went to Sodbury, but removed, in 1757, to Horsley, where he was ordained in 1758. The chapel was so well attended that it had to be enlarged, and he visited London to collect towards the expenses. Here he was tempted to give up his charge and remove to London, but he positively refused, though he had a large and afflicted family, with only a very small income. In 1764, the chapel had to be again enlarged, and the next year a new chapel was built for him at Minchin Hampton; and here he remained for 35 years, that is, until his death, Dec. 14th, 1799. He is said to have been of a most heavenly mind, and generally happy, though mostly in the midst of trouble. His early friends were nearly all taken away before him, and he would often weep at the remembrance of them. Looking up towards heaven, he would call it the residence of his most numerous friends, containing far more of them than were left him on earth. His last illness confined him to his house for nearly 12 weeks, and was, at times, exceedingly painful, yet seldom did a wrinkle distort his countenance. He was the author of "Dipping versus Sprinkling." (See p. 154.)

"Pray, Mistress Lydia, let us know,	If you have children, please to tell
Are you in social life or no?	What is their age, and where they dwell;
If married, what's your husband's name?	And whether they were all rhanitized,
And why hath Luke conceal'd the same?	When your whole household was baptized."

FRANKLIN (JONATHAN) was born Nov. 10th, 1760, and died May 3rd, 1833. He was originally minister of a Baptist church at Croydon, but, in 1808, removed to Redcross Street Chapel, London, where he remained until his death. He wrote several hymns.

GADSBY (WILLIAM) was born in the village of Attleborough, Warwickshire, about Jan. 3rd, 1773. As his parents were very poor, he had little or no education. When 13, he was apprenticed to a ribbon weaver, but was subsequently compelled to leave that trade, in consequence of a tenderness of the chest; and he then became a stocking weaver. In 1790, he went to see three

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the very thing occurred which Mr. G. had predicted. Mr. G., therefore, positively refused to preach in Gower Street Chapel any more, as he could not countenance such an unstable man. Mr. B. left in MS. his autobiography, which was published after his death. I speak deliberately when I say he was not honest enough to publish it during Mr. Gadsby's life, or during his own life; for in it he charges Mr. Gadsby and others with having *persecuted* him; whereas, all that they did was to decline countenancing him by preaching where he preached, on account of his inconsistency. To me, whether in the character of a biographer or a Christian, it matters not whether a man be a Churchman, a Baptist, or a Pedit-baptist, if he be a true Christian, and consistent in his profession; but a time-server must call for and will have the displeasure of God. (Jas. i. 8.) Had it not been for Mr. B.'s book, I should not have referred to the subject at all.

men hung, and the horrid spectacle had such an effect upon his mind that he was never afterwards like the same youth; for the thoughts of eternity preyed much upon his spirits. The lengths of folly into which he ran prior to this time were often related by him in his ministry; but as perhaps nearly every one whose eye this may meet will have read the Memoir of him which was published shortly after his death, I shall not give the account here, nor yet of his experience, his call to the ministry, &c.\* Suffice it to say, that, in 1793, he was baptized, and joined Mr. Butterworth's church at Coventry. In 1796 he received his dismissal from that church, and joined a few people who met in a barn at Hinckley. The first time that he stood up and took a text was on Whit-Sunday, 1798, in an upper room in a yard at Bedworth, Warwickshire. His text was 1 Pet. ii. 7. In 1800, a chapel was built for him at Desford, Leicestershire, and he at the same time often preached in the barn at Hinckley. The word is said to have been greatly blessed. In 1802, a chapel was built at Hinckley. In 1805, he removed with his family to Manchester, to the chapel in which a Mr. Sharpe formerly preached, in St. George's Road, now called Rochdale Road, where he remained until his death, Jan 27th, 1844. While over the church at Manchester, he travelled for preaching more than 60,000 miles, (railways were unknown during many of his earlier years,) and must have preached nearly 12,000 sermons. In the "Gospel Magazine" for 1824, there is an account of the laying of the foundation stone of Mount Zion Chapel, Plymouth Dock, (Devonport,) when an address from 1 Cor. iii. 11, was delivered by Mr. Gadsby, in the presence of upwards of 5,000 persons." His Selection of Hymns, to which this little work is designed as a "Companion," was first published in 1814. In 1838, a new edition was issued with a Supplement, now called the "First Supplement," many of Mr. G.'s original hymns being curtailed to make room for it. In 1846-7, (that is, after his death,) the whole of Hart's hymns which did not already appear in the Selection, were added thereto, making the total number of hymns in the book 882. In 1849-50, in consequence of a fire at my premises in London having destroyed the stereotype plates of the hymn book, the Second Supplement, by Mr. Philpot, of 256 hymns, was added, increasing the total number to about 1130, several of Hart's being omitted, as not suitable for general use. My father also published a Selection of Hymns for Sunday Schools. Many of his own hymns were inserted in various volumes of the "Gospel Magazine," signed "A Nazarene," which was indeed his usual signature in that magazine. These hymns, with many other originals, were published by him in a separate volume, under the title of "The Nazarene's Songs." His signatures in the "Gospel Standard" were, "An Old Soldier," "A Lover of Zion," &c. He was buried in the vault No. 1450 in the Rusholme Road Cemetery, Manchester, Mr. Kershaw, of Rochdale, officiating, and several thousand persons being present. \* \* \*

For the particulars of my father's life, I must refer to the Memoir

\* The Memoir consists of 120 pages, price one shilling.

already alluded to. I could not do justice to him in less than 15 or 20 pages, and this space I cannot possibly spare here. His last words were, "I shall soon be with him, shouting, Victory, victory, victory," (raising his hand) "for ever." \* \* \* "Free grace, free grace, free grace!" He died without a struggle, without moving hand, or foot, or head.

GIBBONS (THOMAS) was born at Reek, near Swaffham Prior, Cambridgeshire, May 31st, 1720. In 1742, he was appointed assistant minister at Silver Street, and, in 1743, was chosen minister of the Independent church at Haberdashers' Hall, London. The University of Aberdeen conferred upon him the degree of D.D. in 1764. He wrote several works, "Rhetoric," "Memoirs of Eminent Women," of Dr. Watts, &c. On Feb. 17th, 1785, he was seized with a fit, and remained speechless until the 22nd, when he expired. His hymns were published in 1769. His father, also named Thomas, was for some years minister at Olney, and afterwards at Royston.

GOSPEL MAGAZINE.—As many hymns now in almost universal use were originally published in this magazine, it may not be out of place to give some account of it. It commenced in 1766. It was then edited by a Mr. Gurney. In 1774 it was edited by Mr. Mason, author of the *Divine Treasury*. From Dec., 1775, to June, 1776, it was edited by Toplady, but his health compelled him to give it up. Mr. Erasmus Middleton, author of the *Biographica Evangelica*, succeeded him; but in 1783 it ceased to exist, and the *New Spiritual Magazine* took its place for a short time. In 1796 the *Gospel Magazine* was revived by Mr. Row, who continued editor until 1838, when he died. It then got into the hands of a clergyman named Baker, a Puseyite, or something as bad, but is now edited by Mr. Doudney, on Calvinistic principles. Dr. Watt, in his *Bibliotheca Britannica*, says the magazine commenced in 1768; but this is an error, as I have had the earlier volumes, and have now deposited them in the British Museum library.

GRANT (JAMES) was for some time a magistrate in Edinburgh. He was a true Christian, and ever a lover of good men. Having "an ear for music," he was delighted with the old Scottish melodies, but, of course, disliked the words to which they were sung. He therefore composed some sweetly plaintive experimental hymns to be sung to them. These are now but little known; but one of them,

"O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,"

which he composed to the air of the "Yellow-hair'd laddie," has found its way into many selections, and is likely to live for ages. The Hymns were printed in 1784, and entitled, "Original Hymns and Poems written by a private Christian for his own use."

GREENE (THOMAS) resided at Ware, in Hertfordshire. His hymns were first published in 1780. He was not, I believe, a minister.

GRIGG (JOSEPH) was assistant minister to Mr. Bures, of Silver Street, London; but upon the death of the latter, Mr. G. retired from this service. He married a lady possessed of considerable property, the widow of Colonel Drew. He died at Walthamstow, Oct. 29th, 1768. He composed 19 hymns, in a 12mo. volume, entitled, "Hymns by the late Rev. Joseph Grigg, Stourbridge." Amongst these, is that beautiful hymn,

"Jesus! and shall it ever be,"

which has been ascribed to so many different persons. I have seen the above little book, and have no doubt of its originality.

HAMMOND (WILLIAM, B.A.) was one of the early Calvinistic Methodist preachers. He afterwards joined the Moravians, and was buried in the Moravian burying-ground, Chelsea, in 1783. He wrote his autobiography in Greek, but it was never published. He was educated at John's College, Cambridge. His hymns were printed in 1745, and he wrote a work entitled, "The Marrow of the Church." There is a preface giving some account of a weak faith, a full assurance of faith, &c.

HART (JOSEPH) was born about the year 1712. As his "Experience," written by himself, must have been read by nearly every one under whose eye this can fall, and as those who have not read it may procure it for a penny, I shall not attempt to give it here. He received a classical education, and his civil calling was that of a teacher of languages. He was delivered from bondage in the Moravian Chapel, Fetter Lane, London. He began to preach about 1760, and is said to have delivered his first sermon at the Old Meeting House, St. John's Court, Bermondsey, and was afterwards settled at the Independent Chapel, Jewin Street, London. His ministry was most abundantly blessed to a large and prosperous church, and his congregations were equally numerous. He was determined to keep his pulpit free from the errors of the day, not allowing, as Toplady says of him, an Arian, or Arminian, or any unsound preacher, to occupy it even once. His usual saying on this matter was, "I will keep my pulpit as chaste as my bed." Mr. Hart continued preaching, valiant for the truth, to his congregation, even while sinking under the pressure of bodily suffering. I have no account of the duration of his last illness, or of the nature of it; but it may be judged to have been somewhat lingering from the observations of Mr. Hughes, his brother-in-law, when preaching his funeral sermon: "He was like the laborious ox that dies with the yoke on his neck; so did he with the yoke of Christ on his neck; neither would he suffer it to be taken off, for you are witnesses that he preached Christ to you with the arrows of death sticking in him." He died on the 24th of May, 1768, aged 56 years, having been about eight years in the ministry. His remains lie interred in Bunhill Fields burying-ground, where a tombstone to his memory may be seen. An oration was delivered at his interment by Andrew Kinsman, of Plymouth; and his own hymn, beginning

"Sons of God, by blest adoption,"

was sung over his grave by the multitude. It was said that his funeral was attended by the largest number of persons that were ever assembled on those grounds, there being upwards of 20,000. "Mr. Hart left behind him a widow and five children. Being in destitute circumstances, Mr. Hughes's sermon was published for their benefit, and subscriptions were made among the friends of the deceased for the same end. Mrs. Hart survived her husband nearly 22 years, dying in 1790, aged 64; and now lies with him in Bunhill Fields. The last survivor of Mr. Hart's children died in the year 1836, at an advanced age. He had been a barrister. Having married an heiress of Lincolnshire, and assumed her name, he was not known by that of his family. Of late years he was a local preacher among the Wesleyans, and preached twice the day before his death. Several grandchildren of Mr. Hart are now living; one of whom is Mr. Joseph Hart, music-seller, Hatton-garden, London. After the death of Mr. Hart, who was not a Baptist, the choice of the church falling upon Mr. Hughes, who was a Baptist, to succeed him, a division took place in the church. The Independent part of it, among whom was Mr. Hart's widow, sat under the ministry of Mr. John Towers. Mr. Hughes's sermon shows him to have been a man of like spirit with Mr. Hart, and a suitable person to follow him in the same place, to feed the flock of God just bereaved of their beloved pastor. He survived his predecessor only five years, as he died on the 29th of May, 1773, and was also interred in Bunhill Fields. In his last moments he exclaimed, "I have no other refuge for my immortal soul than this: God loved me from all eternity, loved me when a sinner in my blood, and will love me for ever." The pharisaical Dr. Johnson says, "Easter day, 1764, I went to church. I gave a shilling; and seeing a poor girl at the sacrament in a bed-gown, gave her privately a crown, *though* I saw Hart's hymns in her hand!" The editor of the "New Spiritual Magazine," 1786, says, "This valuable minister was for some years a pastor of an Independent chapel in Jewin Street, London, and was there made a very useful instrument for the conviction, conversion, and establishment of the elect of God. He spared no pains to set forth the glory of Christ and the blessedness of his kingdom." His funeral sermon was preached by his brother-in-law, Mr. John Hughes, who gave the following testimony concerning him: "It is well known to many, that he came into the work of the ministry in much weakness and brokenness of soul, and laboring under many deep temptations of a dreadful nature; for, though the Lord was pleased to confirm him in his everlasting love to his soul, yet (to my knowledge) he was at times so left to the buffetings of Satan, for the trial of his faith, and to such clouds and darkness in his soul, that he has been oftentimes obliged to preach to the church with sense and reason flying in his own face, and his faith at the same time like a bruised reed, insomuch that he has often done by the church as the widow of Serepta did to the prophet Elijah, who made him a cake of that little she had, when she herself seemed at the very point of starving. He gave a proof of the soundness of his faith by the soundness of his repentance, openly

confessing his sins to all the world, and forsaking them. Though he knew assuredly that his sins were for ever pardoned, yet he was contented to stand in the porch of the house of the Lord all his days, alone bearing his shame, that others might learn to fear the Lord by the things which he suffered."—Mr. Hart's little volume of hymns will live while the world stands. Before his call by grace, he is said to have composed several profane songs, which are still extant in the world.

HAWES (THOMAS, LL.D. and M.D.) was born about 1732. He was educated at one of the colleges at Oxford, but was expelled *because*, for no other reason could ever be ascertained, he was a Calvinist and had large congregations. The chapel at Broadway, Westminster, was presented to him, but the Dean refused to license him, *because* he had been expelled from Oxford. Subsequently, however, he was nominated Rector of Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, and he held the living for 56 years. Lady Huntingdon appointed him one of her chaplains, and he itinerated for her. For several years prior to his death he resided at Bath, and died there, Feb. 11th, 1820, being then the oldest "Evangelical" clergyman in England. He wrote the "Life of Romaine;" "A View of the Present State of Evangelical Religion throughout the World;" "Church History," &c., and a few hymns, amongst which is,

"O thou from whom all goodness flows."

HERBERT (DANIEL) was born about the year 1751. He had to wade through a long series of losses and crosses, that bore down upon him like a torrent, and so shattered his nerves that he never finally recovered. But though God tried him in the furnace of temporal affliction, he balanced his stroke, when the barrel of meal and cruse of oil had been nearly spent, by raising him up some friendly aid; so that he often said, "How good is God to me, a poor, discontented, murmuring, rebellious worm!" The editor of the "Gospel Magazine," 1833, says of him, "He was a plain, unadorned, though faithful and honest, messenger to dispense the word of eternal life to the helpless family of Zion. In early life it pleased Jehovah to meet him with omnipotent grace, and put him into the happy possession of gospel peace, at which period he gave him a promise that 'his shoes should be iron and brass, and as his day so should his strength be;' which in the after stages of Christian conflict was truly verified. This indeed was exemplified in the conduct and experience of our beloved friend, who for more than 60 years knew what it was, by a living faith, to view his multiplied transgressions buried in the great fountain of a Redeemer's blood. His dear Lord imparted to him a clear perception, spiritually to enter into the great mystery of iniquity so opposed to the reign of grace in the hearts of God's elect, so that he knew how to speak a word of advice to the tempted and tried followers of the Lamb; and his Lord had designed him to be an instrument in his hand for good to his chosen seed, scattered abroad." "Respecting the last few months of his frail abode, his friends evidently saw the gradual approach of dissolution;

and for some weeks prior to that period, the Lord was pleased for wise ends to suffer the great foe to shoot his fiery darts; yet under those dark seasons light sprang up, and faith would say, 'All, all is well. I know in whom I have believed. Jesus is mine; he paid down a price for me, and I should be the basest wretch were I not to declare it.' Sometimes he would say, 'Satan is at his old work again, but he cannot come near. No, no! my precious Jesus will not leave me; he has promised me that which I am sure he will perform. He does supply my need. Ah! my precious Christ, what a sink of iniquity I am! I feel it, but I am washed! I will praise free grace as long as I have breath. All my hope beyond the grave is Christ. I am justified by his righteousness. I have peace within, and will glory in my enfeebled state. I have been called an Antinomian for many years, but tell the professing world my faith is fixed on Christ, the rock, who is the self-existent, independent God, with the Father and the Holy Spirit. I feel his power, and love his dear name, and I care not a rush for what they say. I have an anchorage steadfast and sure, and shall outride the storm and enter the port, where envy and malice cannot come.' Drawing near his end, he added, 'It will soon be over. Redeemed by precious blood, saved by sovereign grace, rich and free, I shall soon sing as loud as Paul the apostle. Come, Lord, with thy smiles, and take thy poor servant home!' This prayer his God answered, and gave him to enjoy a peace of mind that passeth all understanding. On the evening of the day he died, his spirit was calm and joyous. He entered the valley and shadow, exclaiming, as his last words, 'Ah, my Father! my Father! my Father!' and fell asleep upon his couch by his fire-side without a sigh." He died Aug. 29th, 1833.—His hymns were written at Sudbury. They consist of three volumes, but the third volume is more scarce than the first two volumes. The preface to Vol. I. is dated 1801. In this Preface he says, "I flatter myself that the hymns will be received by those who know the plague of their own hearts and have felt the power of efficacious grace. \* \* \* While the poor saved sinner, who is enabled to credit the report of the gospel of salvation, full and free, without money and without price, will find satisfaction in reading these lines, whatever the man untaught of God may say will give the writer no concern."

HILL (ROWLAND) was born at Hawkstone, near Shrewsbury, in 1744, and was the sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, Baronet. He was educated for the Church of England, but joined Lady Huntingdon, and for a long time preached in her pulpits. Something, however, caused a difference between them. Her ladyship felt this acutely, as she had helped him in more ways than one when he stood in need of help. He subsequently sought to be reconciled to the Countess, but she replied, "He wants to preach to our large congregations, and bring nothing but divisions; but I have avoided this." This was in 1781. Ten years previously, John Berridge, under whose patronage Rowland had come out, had called him "Honest Rowley." In 1782-3, the

Surrey Tabernacle was erected for him. Lady H. subscribed liberally towards it, but said she had seen enough of him to exclude him from her chapels. Of course I give no opinion upon this; I merely record the circumstance. He wrote several works against Wesley and in defence of Calvinism, &c. The editor of the "New Spiritual Magazine" says, "Perhaps the doctrines of Calvin had not been so vehemently enforced by any preacher since the death of Whitefield. He preached frequently at the chapel in Tottenham Court Road, the Tabernacle in Moorfields, &c. Becoming famous for his almost unparalleled zeal and originality, he drew a great number of people after him. The crowd was too great to be contained within the walls of the Tabernacle, and our preacher was obliged to launch forth in the open fields. He also went out to Hampstead Heath, and met a multitude. The second Sunday it happened to be wet, when he took for his text, 'My doctrine shall drop as the rain.' 'What,' he said, 'would the condemned souls in Tophet's parched pit give for a single drop of this consolatory rain, that falls upon our delightful land, and makes fruitful our long burnt-up fields?' The same summer he preached on Kennington Common, at Croydon, Mitcham, &c." Indeed, his labors were not confined to *any* part, as he itinerated over England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. "We are commanded," he said, "to preach the gospel to every creature, even to the ends of the earth; therefore, though I wander about, I always *stick to my parish*." A man was once going to throw a stone at him, when another, who stood by, laid hold of his arm, and said, "If thee dost touch him, I'll knock thy head off." A person on one occasion threw three snakes upon him; but Mr. H., finding they were harmless, cast them behind him, and had the pleasure of finding this man subsequently, as he says, "a steadfast follower of the Lamb of God." Mr. H. was once fired at while preaching in his own pulpit. The ball passed the pulpit, and broke the window. A few years before his death, he was preaching at Devonport, when two men, upwards of 70 years of age, entered the vestry, and asked him if he remembered preaching there fifty years ago; to which Mr. H. replied in the affirmative. They then told him that they had gone together at that time to stone him; but his prayer had so deeply impressed them that they looked at each other and trembled. They retired to their homes, but neither of them durst go to bed, lest they should awake in hell. From that time they hoped, they said, they "were converted to God, who of his infinite mercy had kept them in his ways to that moment." About 1772 Hill wrote to Mr. Fletcher, who had been advocating the doctrines of Wesley, "You represent *finished salvation* as the vilest Antinomianism. \* \* \* You charge us with the opprobrious name of Antinomians, and place us with a set of monsters *invented* by yourself." Yet, unhappily, in 1820 we find Mr. H. calling others Antinomians for believing those self-same doctrines. A work that he wrote, "Imposture Detected," against John Wesley, he sent to Toplady to correct. In this work, Mr. Hill styles Wesley a "lying apostle," "the prodigy of the age," "a designing wolf," &c. &c. "This most marvellous Mr. John," says he,

"must be allowed to assert just what he pleases, without any regard to truth or fear of falsehood. His tongue and his pen may hiss, and his bare *ipse dixit*, not only unwarranted by proof, but in flat contradiction to facts, is to confirm the whole fabulous legend." Some persons have tried to make it appear that the work was *written* by Toplady; but this is a mistake. After Toplady had "soled and heeled it," as Hill expressed it, he returned the manuscript to Hill, and Hill published it in his own name. Thomas Olivers replied to this work, under the title, "An Oliver for a Rowland;" when Hill immediately cried out, "It was not mine; it was Toplady's." This untied the knot of friendship between him and Toplady. When Toplady was on his death-bed, Hill wished to see him; but Toplady said he was too ill to be seen; but he forgave him, and sent his love to him. Hill attacked William Huntington with great malignity. It is said that Huntington once sent a note to him by his servant, when Hill took it from the servant's hands with a pair of tongs, and, without opening it, conveyed it direct to the fire. He was once waited upon by a person whom he termed an Antinomian, when he turned to him and said, "Do you, Sir, hold the Ten Commandments to be the rule of life to Christians?" "All the law, and more than the law," replied the visitor, "is in the gospel, and that is their rule." Mr. H. then rang the bell, and said to his servant, "John, show that man the door, and keep your eye upon him until he is beyond the reach of everything in the hall."—"I had almost said I had rather see the devil in the pulpit than an Antinomian." In a speech he once made at the Argyle Rooms, London, he said, "I hope the time will come when I shall see the funeral of all bigotry; and then I would say, as the man said who had buried a bad wife, 'This is a joyous day indeed!'" After the meeting, he wrote the following lines:

"Here lies old bigotry, abhorr'd  
By all that love our common Lord.  
No more his influence shall prove  
The torment of the sons of love.

"We celebrate, with holy mirth,  
This monster's death, of hellish birth;  
Ne'er may his hateful influence rise  
Again, to blast our sacred joys.

"Glory to God, we now are one;  
United to one Head alone.  
With undivided hearts we praise  
Our God, for his uniting grace.

"Let names, and sects, and parties fall;  
Let Jesus Christ be all in all.  
Thus, like thy saints above, shall we  
Be one with each as one with thee."

The "Gospel Magazine," for 1833, says, "It is well known that Mr. Hill, with all his profession of loving his neighbor as himself, which was his constant pulpit theme, was the last

man to exercise that, God-like disposition. Let his treatment, among innumerable instances, stand forth, of Romaine, Hawker, and poor William Huntington," the two latter of whom he styled Antinomians. — Mr. Hill was certainly both an original and an eccentric; but I do not believe half the ridiculous stories that are told of him. Some of them, indeed, were also told of my father, such as his saying one morning from the pulpit, "Here comes my wife with a chest of drawers on her head;" and so forth. From his very boyhood, however, Hill evinced a quick and witty turn of mind. He was once playing in a room in which his father was sitting in an arm-chair, when some one said to him, "Well, Rowley, what should you like to be?" Looking knowingly towards his father, the baronet, he said, "I should like to be a baronet, and sit in a great chair." During his residence at Eton School, there was once a discussion about the letter H. Some said it had the full force of a regular letter, while others contended that it was a mere aspirate, and might be left out of the alphabet altogether without any disadvantage. On hearing this, Rowland exclaimed, "For goodness' sake, don't take away the H, or I shall have to be *ill* all the days of my life." — Mr. Hill was once invited to preach some charity sermons at Wapping, when the managers of the chapel told him that, as it was a very respectable congregation, they hoped he would be as guarded as possible in his expressions. After the usual singing and prayer, Rowland opened the Bible, and, leaning upon it with both arms, he exclaimed, "Here we are, all sinners at Wapping; and we are all whopping sinners!" — He was once returning from Ireland, when he was greatly annoyed by the captain and mate, who, for some time, did scarcely anything but swear, first at each other and then at the wind. Mr. H., however, in a loud voice, called out, "Stop, stop! Let us have fair play. It is my turn now." "Your turn for what?" asked the captain. "Why, to swear," replied Mr. H. "Very well," said they; and they waited, and waited, but still Mr. H. did not swear; until the patience of both captain and mate was exhausted, and they bade him be quick, and take his turn. "Ah!" said Mr. H., "as it is my turn, I have a right to take my own time, and swear at my own convenience; and I will do so when I can see any good in it." "I did not hear another oath," Mr. H. often told his friends, "on the whole voyage." — He once offended some farmers mortally, by saying they were as bad as their very pigs. Several of them were assembled in a house at the bottom of the village, when Mr. Hill happening to pass by, they called him in, and demanded an explanation of his assertion. He immediately consented to give it. "Now," said he, "look at your pigs; when the acorns drop, they do not go under the elm in search of them, but under the oak; and when they have swallowed all they can find, off they go, without giving a single look at the tree which has furnished their meal. So you, like your pigs, know where to look for your wheat and other produce; and when your barns are filled with plenty, like them you forget to look up to the Source whence all your blessings

have been obtained." The farmers were pleased with the readiness of the preacher, though they did not much relish his homely but well-sustained comparison.—In begging for charities, it is well known that Mr. H. excelled. "A miser," he would often say, "is like a pig, of no use until dead and cut up." "There is," he once exclaimed, "a perpetual frost in the pockets of some people. As soon as they put their hands into them, they are frozen, and unable to draw out their purses. Had I my way, I would hang all misers, but the very opposite of the common mode. I would hang them up by the heels, that their money might run out of their pockets, for you to pick up, and put on the plate." Once, when preaching for a public charity, a note was handed to him in the pulpit, inquiring, if it would be right for a bankrupt to contribute to the collection? He referred to the inquiry, and answered it firmly in the negative. He then added, "But, my friends, I would advise you who are not insolvent, not to pass the plate this evening, as the people will be sure to say, 'There goes the bankrupt!'" Like most public men, he was occasionally troubled with anonymous letters. He would occasionally refer to these communications, from the pulpit, and then say, "If you wish me to read these anonymous letters, you must always enclose a £5 note in them, for some good charity." In speaking to tradesmen, he would say, "You are sometimes more in the path of duty in looking into your ledgers, than into your Bibles. All things should be done decently, and in order." Maunder, in his "Biographical Treasury," says, "The numerous tales that are told of his eccentricities should be received with caution; though it is certain he occasionally illustrated the most solemn truths by observations which savored more of the ludicrous than the pathetic, more of the grotesque than the serious; yet his intentions were pure and sincere, and he was no less indefatigable in his calling as a preacher than he was benevolent as a man. His writings are very numerous, the principal of which is entitled, 'Village Dialogues.' But he was not sparing of wit, humor, or sarcasm, whenever he could make either subservient to his purpose, as was strikingly seen in a satirical pamphlet against the ministers of the Established Church, which he published anonymously, under the title of 'Spiritual Characteristics, by an Old Observer.'"—The writer of a work called "The Pulpit," in 1810, says, "Mr. Hill gives his text very indistinctly and almost inaudibly. The character of his discourses is generally known—sameness in substance, incoherent in arrangement, whimsical in illustration, commonly colloquial in language, and abounding in strange flights of fancy, and apt but humorous stories. He absolutely labors for his metaphors; and, in his zeal to lower himself to what he conceives to be the aptitude or capability of his audience, he constantly mistakes vulgarity for simplicity. Mr. Hill shall have his praise. Credit let him take for the species of talent by which he is known in the pulpit. He has the happy knack, if such it is, of immediately arresting the contemplation of the commonalty, and obtaining their attention. Naturally eccentric, he is unequalled in the excitation of religious merri-

ment. Perhaps he is the only living preacher, and this he has done, who could make the people smile during a funeral sermon. His stories are uniformly amusing; his jokes are jokes of the heart." Jokes of the heart, indeed! They were *home-thrusts*. Some of his "jokes" might be by the polite called vulgar; but they were *telling*. I may give the following anecdote. He was once speaking of hypocrites, when he said, "Snuff-takers, my brethren, usually blow their noses on one side of their handkerchiefs, in order that the other side may appear clean. A hypocrite is like one of these snuff-takers' handkerchiefs, with the foul side turned inwards, and the fair side next the company." Mr. H.'s manner of preaching was sometimes most energetic, and the power of his voice overwhelming. "Because I am in earnest," he once said, when preaching at Wotton-under Edge, "men call me an enthusiast, but I am not; mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill, and I saw a gravel-pit fall in, and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard in the town below, at the distance of a mile. Help came, and rescued two of the poor sufferers. No one called me an *enthusiast* then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrecoverably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No, sinner, I am not an enthusiast in so doing; I call on thee *aloud* to fly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the gospel of Christ Jesus." "Sinner," on another occasion he exclaimed, "you may ramble from Christ, but we will ramble after you, and try and bring you back into his fold." At the moment these remarks were made, a pickpocket entered the chapel. The words powerfully struck his mind, and he went home deeply affected. I might give many other anecdotes, but I forbear, and refer my reader to a little work by Mr. Sherman, entitled, "A Memorial of the Rev. Rowland Hill," from which I have made several extracts.—Mr. Hill was the last of those ministers who were contemporary with Whitefield, &c. He died April 11th, 1833. When near his end, he was asked if he could see his personal interest in Christ; to which he replied, "I can see more of the personal glory of Christ than of my interest in him." "But you would not give up the hope you have for a thousand worlds?" "No, nor for ten thousand," he replied; "but I want to be *perfectly holy*, perfectly like my dear Lord; for without holiness, there is no such thing as getting into heaven;" and he then "roused himself, and protested with a strong effort against the dangers of Antinomianism." On the 11th of April, his articulation was all but gone; but such words as these: "Eye hath not seen" &c., were gathered. He tried to utter the following but could not:

"And when I'm to die  
Receive me, I'll cry," &c.

"These," say his biographers, "were almost the last signs of sensibility which he gave;" but his last words were, I believe, "Stink-

ing Antinomianism!" He died without a sigh or a groan, and despite all that is recorded of him, I believe has entered into rest. He was a great friend to Sunday schools, to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the London Missionary Society, and the London Society for the Conversion of the Jews. In the preface to his selection of hymns, the first edition of which was printed in 1787, Mr. Hill says, alluding to his own, "Some of them are by no means the better for being entirely new."

HORNE (WILLIAM WALES) was born at Gissing, in Norfolk, in 1773. He commenced preaching when about 20 years old, and shortly afterwards settled over a Baptist church at Yarmouth, where he remained about five years, and then went to Leicester. Subsequently, about 1806, he removed to London. His practice was, to give a lecture at 7 in the morning at Limehouse; another at Trinity Hall, Aldersgate Street, at 11; another at Limehouse at 3; and again at Aldersgate Street in the evening, walking about 17 miles. The two churches were united in one a short time before his death, and assembled at Ebenezer Chapel, Commercial Road, where he preached until his death. He was afflicted with gout, dropsy, and finally consumption. He died July 27th, 1826.

HOSKINS (JOSEPH) was minister of Castle Green Meeting House, Bristol, for ten years. He is said to have had an amazing gift in prayer, and to have been blessed with great boldness as a preacher. He found the church in a low and languid condition; but through his instrumentality, it was raised to a flourishing state. He died Sept. 28th, 1788, aged 43, and was buried in the Baptist Burying Ground, Bristol. His hymns were printed in 1789, about a year after his death.

HUMPHREYS (JOSEPH) was one of the early Calvinistic Methodist preachers. He only wrote a few hymns, all of which were appended to one of Cennick's volumes, in 1743, which I procured, and sent to the library of the British Museum. He died in London, and was buried in the Moravian Cemetery at Chelsea.

HUNTINGDON (COUNTESS OF) was the second daughter of Washington, Earl Ferrars. She was born Aug. 24th, 1707. Her maiden name was Selina Shirley. Her mind, even in very early years, was of a serious cast. When only 9 years old, she attended the funeral of a child about her own age, and dated her first serious impressions from that time. In June, 1728, she married the Earl of Huntingdon, whose character is said to have been in the highest degree exemplary; and certainly their union was one of peace and happiness, which continued uninterruptedly until the day of his death. "After her marriage," says the author of her "Life and Times," (a work well worth perusing,) "she manifested a particularly serious deportment; and though sometimes at Court, yet in visiting the higher circles she took no pleasure in the fashionable follies of the great. At Donnington Park she was the Lady Bountiful among her neighbors and dependants; though, as she herself afterwards felt and declared, going about to establish her own righteousness, she endeavored, by prayer,

and fasting, and almsdeeds, to commend herself to the favor of the Most High. For, notwithstanding the early appearance of religion in Lady Huntingdon, it is evident she continued for many years a perfect stranger to the true nature of that gospel which is the power of God to every one that believes. She aspired after rectitude, and was anxious to possess every moral perfection. She counted much upon the dignity of human nature, and was ambitious to act in a manner becoming her exalted ideas of that dignity. And here her ladyship outstripped the multitude in an uncommon degree. She was rigidly just in her dealings, and inflexibly true to her word. She was a strict observer of her several duties in every relation of life. Her sentiments were liberal, and her charity profuse. She was prudent in her conduct, and courteous in her deportment, a diligent inquirer after truth, and a strenuous advocate for virtue. She was frequent in her sacred meditations, and a regular attendant at public worship. Possessed of so many moral accomplishments, while she was admired by the world, it is no wonder that she should cast a look of self-complacency upon her character, and consider herself, with respect to her attainments in virtue, abundantly superior to the common herd of mankind. But while the Countess was taken up in congratulating herself upon her own fancied eminence in religion, she was an absolute stranger to that inward and universal change of heart wrought by the gracious operations of the Spirit of God, by which new principles are established in the mind, new inclinations imparted, and new objects pursued. At length the time arrived for that God, who alone can change the heart, to effect the change in the Countess. Whitefield, Ingham, the Wesleys, and the other Methodists, as they were called, to whom were afterwards joined Berridge, Cennick, R. Hill, Romaine, Toplady, &c., had commenced their itinerant labors and were followed by vast multitudes. The bulk of the church clergy at that time were exceedingly loose in their lives, caring no more for either the souls or the bodies of their parishioners than a stone, while these new parsons, "Methodists," were all animation and earnestness, enforcing the claims of a righteous God in his law, and setting forth the awful consequences of sin and the all-sufficiency of the Saviour. Wherever they went, they were as a flame of fire, and left behind them a light which no opposition or wrath of man could extinguish. Through their instrumentality, many even of the church clergy were awakened to a knowledge of their real state before God, and brought to rejoice in the salvation of Jesus. The canopy of heaven was generally the roof under which they preached, and often their congregations amounted to from 10,000 to 20,000 persons. Though there was, doubtless, a large amount of wildfire amongst the people, yet, beyond all question, great numbers were savingly brought to God. Conversing with Lady Margaret Hastings one day, the Countess was exceedingly struck with a remark she made, that since she had *known and believed in the Lord Jesus* for life and salvation, she had been as happy as an angel. To any such sensation of happiness, Lady Huntingdon felt that she was, as yet, an utter stranger. The more she ex-

amined herself, and considered the subject, the more she was convinced of the momentous truth. This conviction caused many reflections to arise in her mind ; and, beginning also to see her sinfulness and guilt, and the entire corruptions and depravity of her whole nature, her hope of being able to reconcile herself to God by her own works and deservings began gradually to die away. She sought, however, by the most vigorous austerities, to conquer her evil nature, and dispel the distressing thoughts which continually engrossed her mind. But, alas ! the more she strove the more she saw and felt that all her thoughts, words, and works, however specious before men, were utterly sinful before Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. A dangerous illness having soon after brought her to the brink of the grave; the fear of death fell terribly upon her, and her conscience was greatly distressed. She felt the awful conviction of the certainty and eternal duration of a future state. She now perceived that she had beguiled herself with prospects of a visionary nature ; was entirely blinded to her own real character ; had long placed her happiness in mere chimeras and grounded her vain hopes upon imaginary foundations. It was to no purpose that she reminded herself of the morality of her conduct ; and in vain did she recollect the many encomiums that had been passed upon her early goodness and virtue. Her best righteousness now appeared to be but "filthy rags," which, so far from justifying her before God, increased her condemnation. The remorse which before attended conscience, on account of sin, respected only the outward actions of her life ; but she now saw her "heart was deceitful above all things and desperately wicked;" that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," that "the thoughts of man's heart are only evil, and that continually." The day now began to dawn. When upon the point of perishing, in her own apprehension, she was enabled to lift up her heart to God in prayer, when the Sun of Righteousness arose on her benighted soul, and immediately all her fears and distress were removed, and she was filled with joy and peace. Viewing herself as a brand plucked from the burning, she stood amazed at the mighty power of that grace which had saved her from eternal destruction just as she had seemed to be on its very brink, and raised her from the gates of hell to the confines of heaven. The depths from which she had been plucked made the heights to which she was then raised only the more amazing. She felt the Rock underneath her, and from that secure position looked with astonishment downward to that horrible pit from which she had been so mercifully delivered, and in ecstasy upward to that glory to which she should be raised. From that moment her disorder took a favorable turn, and she was restored to perfect health. Dr. Southey attributed the change in the Countess's mind to "decided insanity in her family," and there were not wanting some who endeavored to induce Lord Huntingdon to interpose his authority ; but he continued to manifest the same affection for her, and at his death left her the entire management of her children and their fortunes. The Bishop of Gloucester (Benson) was, however, sent for, and

he attempted to convince her ladyship of the unnecessary strictness of her sentiments and conduct. But she pressed him so hard with scripture, and so plainly and faithfully urged upon him the awful responsibility of his station, under the great Head of the church, Jesus Christ, that his temper was ruffled, and he rose up in haste to depart, bitterly lamenting that he had ever laid hands on George Whitefield, to whom he imputed, though without cause, the change wrought in her ladyship. She called him back: "My Lord," said she, "mark my words. When you come upon your dying-bed, that will be one of the few ordinations you will reflect upon with complacence." It deserves remark, that Bishop Benson, on his dying-bed, sent ten guineas to Mr. Whitefield as a token of his favor and approbation, and begged to be remembered by him in his prayers. — In 1738 the first Methodist Society was formed, in a plain chapel in Neville's Court, Fetter Lane, London, being supplied by Whitefield, Ingham, the Wesleys, &c. Cennick was then one of the congregation. It was here that Lord and Lady Huntingdon first attended. Sometimes whole nights were spent in prayer, and they were often, as Whitefield said, overwhelmed with the Divine presence, and cried out, "Will God indeed dwell with men upon earth? This is none other than the house of God and the very gate of heaven!" All these preachers were, as I have already mentioned, members of the Church of England, and for some time seemed to think it impossible that any other class of men could preach. Lady H. was, however, the means of undeceiving them. Through her, one Maxfield, a layman, commenced preaching, and it is well known to what an extent this lay-preaching amongst the Methodists grew. Mr. J. Wesley was at first greatly vexed at this, but his mother said to him, "John, take care what you do with respect to that young man; for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are." Mr. W., finding it was impossible to prevent his followers from preaching, subsequently "admitted volunteers whom he thought qualified to serve him as sons of the gospel." Some Moravians having joined the Society in Fetter Lane, fatal errors began to be introduced. Some said they had nothing to do with the ordinances; that they ought to leave off the means of grace, and not communicate, not search the Scriptures, not use private prayer, till they had living faith; and that no one had any faith who had ever a doubt or a fear, &c. Lady H. and the Methodists now withdrew from them, and the Moravians still have possession of the chapel. The first Methodist Conference was held in June, 1744, in Lady Huntingdon's house. It may not be improper here to remark, that the first Methodist preachers, though educated for the church, finding her rules too contracted for their views, set aside her discipline as to preaching, formed themselves into a society, and began to itinerate, and preached wherever a door was opened. Their first society was, as I have already mentioned, formed in Fetter Lane, London. They all strictly adhered to the Articles and Homilies of the Establishment, but gave up the habit of *reading* their sermons. Speaking extempore, at that time, attracted great attention.

They were so strict in their outward deportment, and so methodical in all their meetings, &c., that the term Methodist was applied to them. The obloquy under which the Countess labored for having joined them was almost incredible, and yet she was the means, under God, of bringing out many others of the nobility. Speaking of that passage of Scripture, "Not *many* mighty, not *many* noble are called," she was wont to say, "I bless God that it does not say, 'Not *any*.'" Whitefield's preaching excited unusual interest, and wherever he was, there also were Lord and Lady Huntingdon. When the Methodists, with Whitefield at their head, commenced field-preaching, persecution began to increase. The thousands and tens of thousands who attended their discourses caused envy and malice to rage. They were called Papists, Jesuits, &c. Some of them were nearly stoned to death, others pelted with mud, others thrown into ponds, others had dogs set upon them, and others (Rowland Hill, for instance,) had serpents thrown at them. They were, in fact, maltreated in every possible way. Their houses were broken open, their furniture destroyed, and, in some cases, their places of meeting demolished. The magistrates, in many instances, refused to interfere for their protection, leaving them entirely at the mercy of the mob. Under these circumstances, Lady H. wrote to Lord Carteret, one of the principal Secretaries of State, who laid her letter before the King, George II. The King's reply was, that he "would suffer no persecution on account of religion," and he ordered all magistrates to afford protection. In Ireland a grand jury made the following memorable presentment, which is well worthy the religion of that unfortunate country: "We find and present Charles Welsey to be a person of ill-fame, a vagabond, and a common disturber of his majesty's peace; and we pray that he may be transported!" Similar presentments were made against eight other Methodist preachers and some respectable citizens of Cork. Through the influence of Lady H., however, at Court, the persecution was stayed. In Wales, Sir W. W. Wynne had fined a number of persons five shillings, ten shillings, and twenty shillings, for preaching, or attending as hearers. Lady H. lost no time in laying the particulars before the Government, and that haughty baronet had the mortification of being compelled to refund all the money. He was shortly afterwards thrown from his horse and killed. Another magistrate in Wales went to hear Howell Harris, taking the Riot Act with him, and being determined to commit him, if he could lay hold of a single opportunity. The sermon, however, was blessed to his conversion, and one of his daughters was subsequently married to Charles Wesley. Many instances occurred in which, as Whitefield said, "God of persecutors made preachers;" but it is impossible for me to enumerate them here. The Countess's house and heart were, at first, open to all who even *professed* to love the Lord Jesus. No wonder, then, that she should have admitted some vipers into her bosom. Strange indeed would have been her path, had she met with no trials from pretended friends. Some who had stood most in need of her aid, and had received it, were the first to turn

upon her and rend her. But no trial, no affliction, ever had such an effect upon her mind as the death of her beloved partner, in 1746. One or two serious attacks of illness, from this time to 1750, tended greatly to relax her elasticity of mind, but her zeal remained unchanged. She made frequent tours with Whitefield, Romaine, Ingham, Venn, &c., into Wales, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and other counties, and attended their field preachings. On one occasion, while Whitefield was preaching in Yorkshire, two persons died suddenly near the spot where Lady H. was. Whitefield's text was, "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after death the judgment." His manner is described as having been peculiarly solemn. About this time, (1767—8,) Lady H. established her college at Trevecca, in Wales. The students were to be educated and boarded, and to have one suit of clothes a year, for three years. (See Berridge's letter, page 32.) Some students from the college went down to Hull to preach. "Rich and poor," it is said, "thronged the chapel to hear of human depravity, of atonement for sin by the sacrifice of Christ, of justification freely given by grace, of imputed righteousness, and of the Spirit's work in regeneration, sanctification, and comfort." In a subsequent year, some of the students went to America, in a ship which Lady H. had chartered for the purpose. After the Countess's death, the college was removed from Trevecca to Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, and the power which attended the preaching in Lady H.'s days appears to have been removed also. Thousands of pounds have been left to the college by various persons, since Lady H.'s death. In 1762, Lady H. built a chapel at York; one at Lewes, in Sussex, in 1765; another in Gloucester about 1770; and another in Worcester in 1771-3. Besides these, she had many others which I need not enumerate. They are still in existence, and are called Lady Huntingdon's. In 1756, the Countess visited Brighton. On passing down one of the streets, a lady accosted her, and said, "O Madam, you are come!" Lady H. at first thought she was deranged, but said, "What do you know of me?" "Madam," replied the person, "I saw you in a dream, three years ago, dressed just as you appear now, and that you would come to Brighton, and be the means of doing much good." Lady H. was made instrumental in this person's conversion. She died about a year afterwards, in the full assurance of faith. In 1759, Whitefield visited Brighton, and first preached under a tree in a field behind the White Lion Inn. Amongst the persons called under this sermon was one Edward Gadsby. He lived until 1785. Mr. Glasscott preached his funeral sermon from Ps. xxxvii. 37.

On one occasion while at Brighton, Lady Huntingdon heard of and visited a poor soldier's wife, who had just given birth to twins. After relieving her temporal needs, for Lady H.'s entire time was spent in going about to do good, temporally as well as spiritually, she conversed with her upon soul matters, her awful state by nature and practice, and her certain everlasting punishment if she died unrenewed, unpardoned, unwashed in the Saviour's blood; when the poor woman burst into tears, and began to cry for mercy with all the earnestness of which her dying frame was

capable, and entreated the Countess to visit her again. As their conversation had been overheard by some persons in a bakehouse adjoining, curiosity was excited, and, at the time appointed for the Countess's visit, other women assembled at the soldier's apartment, the numbers continually increasing, until there was quite a large congregation, all women. A blacksmith, however, one day entered, and would not retire. This man was notorious for his profligacy. Lady H. was at first surprised, but determined upon proceeding as though he were not present. The Lord met with him there, broke his heart, and brought him down; and he became a distinguished monument of divine grace. He lived 29 years after this, and died rejoicing in his salvation. In 1761 a chapel was opened at Brighton, which had been built by Lady H., she having sold nearly £700 worth of jewels towards the cost. This chapel was opened by Martin Madan, who was followed by Romaine, Berridge, Toplady, &c. The seed sown in Brighton, through Lady H.'s instrumentality, certainly produced, and still produces, good fruit. Romaine was one of the Countess's chaplains. "Notwithstanding the basest insinuations," says their biographer, "neither Romaine nor Whitefield was ever one shoe latchet the richer for any service done her ladyship. In 1759, the Countess, accompanied by Martin Madan, visited John Berridge at Everton. At seven o'clock in the morning after their arrival, Berridge preached in a field near the church, and Madan in the afternoon. "The power of God fell upon the assembled multitudes in a remarkable manner." At 11 o'clock, Mr. Hicks, vicar of Wrestlingworth, read prayers, and Mr. Venn preached; and in the evening Mr. Madan preached in the open air. On the following day, there were again services in the presence of increased multitudes; and on the third day no less than ten thousand people assembled, and whilst Berridge was preaching from, "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world," five persons sank down at once, almost as dead, and others cried out, with a bitter cry, "What must we do to be saved?"—In 1760, another great trial befel her ladyship. Earl Ferrers, eldest son of her uncle, committed murder, and was executed, dying impenitent. Indeed, no poor wretch ever died on the scaffold in a more hardened state. Only half an hour before he was conducted to the place of execution, he corrected some verses he had written in the Tower:

"In doubt I lived, in doubt I die,  
Yet stand prepared the vast abyss to try,  
And, undismay'd, expect eternity."

His death was as his life had ever been, unhallowed in the extreme. Lady H. visited him in the Tower, but saw in him nothing but the most appalling evidences of a lost soul. When he beheld the crowd assembled before the scaffold, he said, "They never saw a lord hanged, and perhaps will never see another." He petitioned the king that he might be executed on the spot where the Earl of Essex, his ancestor, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, suffered in 1601; but his petition not being attended to, he said he thought it hard that he must die at the place appointed for the

execution of common felons; but there was no respite. There he died.—When Dr. Doddridge was ordered to go to Lisbon, (See Doddridge,) Lady H. sent £100 towards his expenses, and gathered about £300 more from several of the nobility. In a letter which Lady H. wrote to Dr. D. in 1747, she says,

“I am nothing; Christ is all; I disclaim as well as disdain any righteousness but his. I not only rejoice that there is no wisdom for his people but that from above, but reject every pretension to any but what comes from himself. I want no holiness he does not give me; and I could not accept a heaven he did not prepare me for. I can wish for no liberty but what he likes for me, and I am satisfied with every misery he does not redeem me from; that in all things I may feel that without him I can do nothing. To sit at his feet and hearken to his sayings is an honor worthy of Gabriel, who is always in the presence of God; to behold the glory of such a Saviour, even the seraphs might veil their faces; such love and honor, I say, as this, ought to make us breathe his praises from pole to pole. Many are our enemies, and of these not only our own sins, but the spirit of that world in which dwells nothing but wretchedness; but while it is through his love that we are to conquer, let the patience of his saints be seen in us; let our prayers and labors be useful (instrumentally) in obtaining crowns of pure gold to be placed on the heads of our most cruel foes; that the infinite evil of the worst may serve only to raise our hearts to heaven for their infinite good. Did we enough take root downward, we should bear of this fruit upwards; 'tis humility must make us ascend by the fiery chariot; that Divine (whom my soul most delights in) shows me my lesson in these few words, ‘Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly.’”

In 1769 the Countess's constitution manifested increasing symptoms of weakness. Though every aid of medicine was tried, her usual health could not be restored.—In 1775, Toplady visited Lady H., and supplied her chapel at Bath several Sundays. He afterwards preached for her frequently at the Westminster chapel, and in her chapels in Brighton, Wales, &c. He was present at the “anniversary” of the college in 1776. Speaking of it in a letter, he says, “The people were supposed to amount to 3,000. No fewer than 1,300 horses were turned into one large field, besides what were stationed in the neighboring villages. Six or seven of us preached successively, to one of the most attentive and lively congregations I ever beheld.” Speaking of Lady H., in the same letter, he says, “She is the most precious saint of God I ever knew.”—During this time John Wesley and his immediate followers were urging on the people to “sinless perfection.” It appears that he had paid a visit to Scotland, but had not succeeded so well there as Whitefield, Madan, and others had done. Whitefield knew that Wesley's doctrines were less likely to succeed in Scotland than in England, and he told Wesley so. Besides, Lady H. was inviting one Calvinistic minister after another to preach for her, while John was being proportionately neglected. The nobility flocked round her ladyship, and John was not one of her chaplains. “For some years,” says the biographer, “it became evident to Mr. Wesley and his friends that he was daily declining in the estimation of Lady Hunting-

don, and consequently losing his influence." But his Connexion and views and Lady Huntingdon's were very different. In a letter to her ladyship he complains of the conduct of Madan, Haweis, Berridge, and Whitefield, who, it appears, could not unite with him, and said, "Romaine only has shown a truly sympathizing spirit, and acted the part of a brother." But what could he expect? He had cautioned Fletcher, of Madeley, against conversing with them, calling them the "genteel Methodists," &c., and signifying that they were no better than worldlings, unprofitable, &c. As to what he said about Romaine, that gentleman wrote to Lady H. and said, "Enclosed is poor Mr. John's letter. The contents of it, as far as I am concerned, surprised me, for no one has spoken more freely of what is now passing among the people than myself. \* \* \* A perfection out of Christ—call it grace, and say it is grace from him, yet with me it is all rank pride and damnable sin. \* \* \* I pity Mr. John from my heart. His societies are in great confusion. \* \* \* As the late alarming providence has not had its proper effect, and *perfection* is still the cry, God will certainly give them up to some more dreadful thing." And so he did, for he left them to publish the doctrine of justification by works. At the Conference in 1770, Mr. Wesley and his followers agreed to the propositions that "if a man is not faithful in the unrighteous mammon, God will not give him the true riches;" that, "with regard to working for life, every believer, till he comes to glory, works *for*, as well as *from* life;" that "nothing can be more false than that a man is to do nothing in order to justification;" that, "as to merit itself, we are rewarded *according* to our works, yea, *because* of our works; that is, as our works *deserve*;" &c. The controversy now commenced in earnest. On the first appearance of the above Minutes of Conference, Fletcher said that Wesley could not maintain his doctrines. Yet strange to say, he (this much-thought-of Fletcher) wrote a defence of them, and sent the manuscript to Wesley. In 1771, Lady H. invited the clergy of every denomination to meet the Wesleyan Conference at Bristol, and compel them to revoke their heresies. Much angry correspondence took place prior to the Conference; but the Conference was nevertheless held, and the following agreed upon: "We, the Rev. John Wesley and others assembled in Conference, do declare that we abhor the doctrine of justification by works as a most perilous and abominable doctrine." Nothing could be more contradictory than the two minutes, and yet, can it be believed? three days after the passing of the latter, which was signed by Wesley and nearly fifty others, Wesley caused Fletcher's vindication of the former minutes (1770) to be printed and circulated! "I find," said Lady H., "an old monk in France has declared these minutes to be the Pelagian heresy, and that the Church of Rome is nearer to the Church of England than the author of these minutes." Of course such inconsistency could not pass unnoticed; and it was found necessary for Lady H., through Mr. Shirley, to publish an account of the whole affair, including a letter written by Mr. Wesley to Lady H., in which he said, "Till Mr. Fletcher's printed

letters are answered, I must think everything spoken against these minutes is totally destructive of Christ's honor." Lady H. said she "could no way explain Wesley's letter, except by attacking his integrity, or suspecting that his judgment is impaired." The controversy lasted several years. Fletcher replied to Shirley, and Sir Richard Hill replied to Fletcher. Rowland Hill, Berridge, and Toplady, also took the field on one side, and Sellon and Thomas Olivers on the other; and I think from this time may be dated the distinction, "Calvinistic Methodists," as some still in Wales, and "Wesleyan Methodists." In England a "Methodist" now means an Arminian; but it was not so when the term was first used; for Berridge, De Courcy, Toplady, and others of Calvinistic sentiments, were all called Methodists. When certain students were expelled from the College at Oxford, because they favored the Methodists, Whitefield wrote a letter to the Vice-Chancellor, in which he says,

"A Methodist is one who professes the sound principles of the Christian religion, and, through grace, practises the duties thereof. It is an honor put upon Methodists, since those that pray extempore, sing hymns, go to church or meeting, and abound in other acts of devotion, are often denominated by that name."

Perhaps the ablest works during the whole controversy were those by Toplady, "More Work for John Wesley," "Historic Proof of the Calvinism of the Church of England," and "Sermon on Free-will and Merit." (See Toplady, Wesley.)—Lady H. had on one occasion an interview with George III. and the Queen. The King ever afterwards spoke of her in the highest terms, and would not suffer her or the Methodists to be spoken against, threatening to dismiss any one from his service who dared to interfere with them. The king told her he was no stranger to her proceedings, but he had often found it difficult to obtain an impartial account of her. He had, he said, heard so many odd stories of her that he was free to confess he was anxious to see if she were like other women; and he assured her ladyship that he had a very high opinion of her, and that he highly estimated her character, zeal, and abilities, which could not be consecrated to a more noble purpose. "I wish," said the King to one of the bishops who had complained about her, "there were a Lady Huntingdon in every diocese in the kingdom;" and he afterwards, probably at the instance of Lady H., wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury, complaining of the balls and festivities which he was in the habit of giving and attending.—Some of her chapels caused Lady H. a great deal of trouble, and the wonder is how she could bear up under such fatigues and anxieties. She left all to Dr. Haweis and his wife, to Lady Ann Erskine, and to John Lloyd, to dispose of as they pleased, having full confidence that they would invest them in trustees,—a step necessary because of the statute of mortmain. In 1786, Lady H. was invited to visit Brussels, and had arranged to go on a certain day. Circumstances, however, prevented her reaching London for several days beyond the time named, when it was discovered that the invitation was a plot laid by the Papists for her assassination. Had she left at the

time originally fixed, it would have been before the plot was discovered. In 1790, in consequence of the great increase of the Connexion, the Countess felt anxious to have some plan adopted for the carrying on thereof after her death; but her plan, being opposed by those on whose aid she had most calculated, was not carried out. The ministers profess to differ from the Wesleyans by holding the doctrinal articles of the Church of England in their Calvinistic sense; from the Baptists by the administration of baptism to infants, and that by sprinkling or pouring; from the Independents in admitting the lawfulness and, in many cases, the expediency of using a scriptural liturgy; from the Church of England herself in being free to employ whatever they deem valuable, and to refuse what appears to them objectionable in her services, while they are exempt from that corrupting influence to which she is exposed by her union with the State. Lady H., as I have elsewhere mentioned, always dealt with an unsparing hand to all who stood in need, to the full amount of her income. "I can do," she sometimes said, "but very little, and am often obliged to be a spectator of miseries which I pity, but cannot relieve." She once said the Lord had not given her anything, and on being corrected for the remark, which savored of base ingratitude, she said, "He has only *lent* it to me, and I am determined to repay him." She never forgot a circumstance that was related to her by the daughter of Bishop Burnet. The bishop was once taking a morning walk, when he heard a voice of joy and praise. Drawing nearer to the house whence the voice proceeded, he looked in at the window, and saw a poor woman in the most wretched state of poverty and want that can well be imagined. On a little stool before her, she had a piece of black bread and a mug of cold water. Her hands were raised toward heaven, and she was rapturously exclaiming, "What! all this, and Jesus Christ too?" "What! all this, and Jesus Christ too?" How blessed! This poor woman had literally nothing, and yet possessed all things!—The final season came. In Nov., 1790, Lady H. broke a blood vessel. "Her soul," says her biographer, "would have been overwhelmed within her, if she had not had a *free* Saviour and a *free* salvation to lay hold upon, as the gift of God to her as a sinful and polluted creature. Her death-bed peace was not that of a righteous or innocent person, but of a redeemed sinner,—of one who saw herself to be guilty, condemned, and vile beyond expression, but believed herself complete in Christ." "I confess," she said to a friend, "I have no hope but that which inspired the dying malefactor at the side of my Lord; and I must be saved in the same way, as freely, as fully, or not at all. And as I have always lived the poor unworthy pensioner of the infinite bounty of my Lord God and Saviour Jesus Christ, so I do hereby declare, that all my present peace and my future hope of glory, either in whole or in part, depends wholly, fully, and finally upon his alone merits, committing my soul into his arms unreservedly, as a subject to his sole mercy to all eternity."—A day or two before her last illness, Lady H. said, "The Lord hath been present with my spirit this morning in a remarkable manner. What

he means to convey to my mind I know not. It may be my approaching departure. My soul is filled with glory. I am as in the element of heaven itself." She would often exclaim, "I am encircled in the arms of love and mercy;" "I long to be at home." A little before she died, she said, "I shall go to my Father this night." And again, "Can he forget to be gracious? Is there an end of his lovingkindness?" "My work is done. I have nothing to do but to go to my Father." Her strength failed, and she was departing. The vital spark fled, June 17th, 1701, in the 84th year of her age. She died at her house in Spafields, London, next door to the chapel, and was interred in the family vault at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. \* \* \* I do not know that she ever wrote any hymns; but she compiled a selection, which was once or twice enlarged, for the use of her connexion. Her "collegians" have discarded her book, as well as her doctrines, though they stick tenaciously to her endowment.

HUPTON (JOB) was a minister at Claxton, Norfolk, for the space of 50 or 60 years, preaching when he was nearly 90, and has only died within these few years. He was a man of exemplary life, and much looked up to and respected in the ministry. He wrote extensively, both poetry and prose, in the "Gospel Magazine," 1803 to 1809. His usual signatures were "Ebenezer," "Eliakim," "J. H-n." One of his hymns is,

"Jesus, omnipotent to save."

INGHAM (BENJAMIN) was born June 11th, 1712, at Ossett, Yorkshire. He was educated for the Church of England; but, in 1732, a great change was wrought in his mind, and he joined the Methodists at Oxford, then about six or eight in number. In 1735 the society was broken up, and the Wesleys and Ingham went to Georgia, in America. On board the same ship were several Germans, who were missionaries from the United Brethren, (Moravians,) and Mr. I. became attached to them. He went and lived among the Indians for some time, as a missionary, when he learned their language, and subsequently published an Indian Grammar. He returned to England in 1736. In 1737 Count Zinzendorf arrived in England, for the purpose of effecting a union between the Moravian and English churches in Georgia, and Mr. I. subsequently went to Germany, that he might be made better acquainted with the Moravian people and their doctrines. On his return, he joined Whitefield, who had just returned from Georgia. While Whitefield and others of the Methodists were laboring in London, Ingham went to Yorkshire, where he proclaimed the glad tidings of the gospel. Additions of Church of England clergymen to the Methodists were going on rapidly, and their preaching, as I have elsewhere shown, collected multitudes together. In 1739 Mr. Ingham entered into close communion with the United Brethren; but Lady Huntingdon, Whitefield, the Wesleys, &c., would not unite with them. Some time afterwards, however, Mr. I., through the influence of Lady Huntingdon, who reasoned with him on the superstitions and absurdities of the Moravians, withdrew from that people, and established several societies

on the congregational plan. Mr. Allen (see Allen) and the Battys were amongst the more eminent of his preachers. He had several thousand followers, who had left the Church of England. Societies were formed in about sixty places.\* In 1759 Sandemanianism got amongst Ingham's people, which caused a division; and since that time those who remained, and their followers, have been called Inghamites. There are still several of their places existing. Mr. Ingham died in 1772. He wrote a work on the Faith and Hope of the Gospel, which has been erroneously ascribed to Romaine.

IRONS (JOSEPH) was born at Ware, in Hertfordshire, Nov. 5th, 1785. At an early period he was instructed by his father as a builder, and soon afterwards removed to London, being then about 18. He was, he says, surrounded with every temptation, but was led by the Lord to hear Mr. Alphonsus Gunn; "and while listening to that eloquent and truly faithful preacher of the gospel—a stranger to Christ, to myself, and the minister—the Lord the Spirit directed the arrow into my conscience, and brought me to a saving knowledge of divine truth;" (I quote his own words;) "before, a rebel; now, a repenting sinner! O that day, that hour, that preacher! I shall never entirely forget." Mr. I. gives no other particulars of the first work of grace on his soul. On the death of Mr. Gunn, Mr. I. joined the church under Mr. Griffith Jones, and he then "first felt a desire to open his mouth for God," (I now quote from his Memoir, published by Collingridge, London,) "and to tell to others what God had done for his soul. Having the love of God shed abroad in his heart, he desired instrumentally to convey it to poor sinners around him; but he felt the weight and importance of such a step; and, after pausing, and praying, and consulting his dear pastor on this momentous matter, he was led to the conclusion that God had a work for him to do." The first place at which he was requested to preach was a large room over a smith's shop at Dulwich. "Surely," says he, "no man ever felt more of the responsibility of his office than I did at that period. I said, 'Lord, who is sufficient for these things?' Little did I think at that time that in the course of years, after preaching in various places, that my roving feet should be directed to Camberwell—that I should, in the order of Divine Providence, in the fulness of time, be the settled pastor of a chapel not then erected, in the Grove, and within two miles of the place where I delivered my first sermon in that *humble upper room*. How wonderful are the ways of God! How mysterious are his leadings! It must be the right way according to the Divine plan, although to us often a rough path and a circuitous route." He went out under the sanction of the London

\* About 1755 a meeting of ministers and others was held in York-shire, at which Mr. Ingham and Lady Huntingdon were present. The ministers came to certain resolutions about justification and sanctification, with which John Wesley could not agree. Ingham would not acknowledge Wesley as his leader, and Wesley never would be reconciled to him afterwards.

Itinerant Society, and continued preaching in various villages until 1809, being actively engaged in business during the week, and walking from 10 to 20 miles on the Lord's Day. In 1810 he was removed to Ware, to assist his father in his business. During this and the following year he preached frequently at Watton and other places near Ware; and on Jan. 1st, 1812, went to the Independent Chapel at Hoddesdon, "on probation;" and in May was ordained pastor there. In a few months the chapel had to be enlarged, and "many sinners were called from darkness into God's marvellous light." Here he remained until the end of 1814, when it became manifest that "his work was done there;" and, in 1815, he removed to Sawston. In 1817 he visited Bath, Plymouth, and Devonport. While at Plymouth he sent in his resignation to the people at Sawston; but the cause of this is not stated in the Memoir. In Jan., 1818, he received an invitation to preach at Camden Chapel, Camberwell, and went. "The effect produced by the first sermon was marvellous, and the public excitement prodigious; so that, on the following Lord's Day, Camden Chapel was thronged to the doors." This visit led to the erecting of Grove Chapel, Camberwell, in which Mr. Irons remained as pastor until his death.—"For the last five or six years, Mr. I. gave ample proof of growing weakness, and of the great pain of body he was called to endure, which was far beyond the conception of any except those who daily visited him; but, however debilitated he might appear in public, every nerve was there strained for the service of God, the exalting of a precious Christ, entirely regardless of his own ease and comfort. Thus he continued to preach while he could stand; and when his limbs refused to support his frame, he sat to preach." His agonies sometimes almost deprived him of reason, yet his faculties remained until stupor took place. On being visited by a friend a few days before he died, he said, "All is right, my dear brother. I am happy, happy in Christ. I *feel* that underneath are the everlasting arms. Yes, all is well. Precious Jesus! How I love him; how I long to see him as he is!" \* \* \* "I desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. I know there is laid up for *me* a crown of righteousness, and feel fully assured, with Paul, for *me* to live is Christ, to die is gain. I long for my crown; I expect my reward; all, all of grace." Two or three days afterwards, seeing his wife shedding tears, he said, "Do not weep for me. I am waiting for that far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. He that has preserved me thus far will never leave you nor forsake you. Fear not; all is well. Christ is precious. I am a shock of corn fully ripe." After a pause, he said, "Home, blessed home! Come, Lord, come quickly." The next day his articulation was gone, and he fell into a stupor, which did not leave him until April 3rd, 1852, when his spirit departed. His biographer styles him "*the* gospel hero of the day," and no doubt many will agree with him; and even those who differ from them will be willing to make allowance for their belief, as Mr. I.'s people were certainly much attached to him. After his death a report prevailed that he had experienced doubts and fears when near his

end; but his biographer takes great pains to show that this was not the case, that he was *not* like David, Jeremiah, &c. "Our dear friend," says he, "was a stranger to doubts and fears concerning his safety for at least 40 years." But his very next words prove that Irons himself would have told a different tale had his expressions been faithfully recorded; and indeed the biographer contradicts himself. "It is true," he goes on to say, "*that darkness endured for a night, but joy came in the morning.*" Irons wrote a version of the Psalms, a work in favor of Infant Sprinkling, some Hymns, &c.

KELLY (THOMAS) was the son of Judge Kelly, of Ireland. From a very early age he is said to have had strong impressions of eternity, and to have borne the character of a religious young man. His father had intended him for the bar, but his own mind inclined for the pulpit. He was ordained for the Established Church about the year 1792, and commenced preaching in Dublin. He met with great opposition from his relations, not so much, perhaps, from his taking orders as from the doctrines he was led to preach,—justification by faith alone, and not by works. He often said that to have gone to the stake would have been less a trial to him than to have so set himself against those he dearly loved. Crowds of persons regularly gathered together to hear him. It was then something new to see so much real earnestness in so young a minister, and all the churches were closed against him on account of what was termed his "heretical doctrines." After a time he began to entertain scruples about some of the services of the Church, and was led on, step by step, until he seceded from her ranks, and became a dissenter, though he always maintained his belief of her principal doctrines. "His presence, his conversation, his learning," says a writer in the Dublin "Christian Examiner," from which I quote, "were all tending to improve his intercourse with others; for they felt that they were enjoying the society of one who was 'on his way to God.' In society he was learned without pedantry, and religious without asceticism. His attainments in many branches of learning were very considerable, and his accuracy as a scholar was well recognised. In the dead and oriental languages he was particularly versed. Music was with him not merely a recreation, but, like his other talents, consecrated to the glory of God. A volume of airs, which he composed for his hymns, contains several that are very popular, not intended indeed for 'effect,' but remarkable for much sweetness and simplicity." "Of his ministry it might be said, that his preaching was excellent and of constant variety, exhibiting mature thought, sound judgment, and eminent faithfulness." "During the 63 years of his ministry, it has been said of him that he did not seem ever to waste an hour; and then his language, his temper, his recreations, as well as his severer studies, were all regulated by the same rule, to 'do all to the glory of God.'" "Of all *humble* men, Mr. Kelly seemed to be amongst the most humble. He derived great comfort from knowing that the Israelites who stood farthest from the brazen serpent might

look at it with the same benefit as those who were near." During the famine in Ireland he supported many families at an immense cost, which, it would appear, brought upon him trials that attended him to his dying day. "It may be observed that though he did not fear death, yet, from human infirmity, he had a fear of dying, because he imagined that he should suffer great agony at that trying moment. This only led him so much the more to prayer. Prayerfulness marked him out to be one who had received the spirit of adoption. Indeed, he seemed at this time to live in an atmosphere of prayer. Latterly it might almost have been said of him that he never breathed but he prayed. The writer never saw one so *thoroughly* a praying Christian. Nor were his prayers disappointed, for his God and Saviour helped him onward. In his humble estimate of himself he would often use such expressions as these: 'Lord, help *thy poor creature*.' 'Thy *worm* looks for thy help.' 'Let him not dishonor thee by impatience.'" While preaching to his congregation in Dublin, in Oct., 1854, he had a slight paralytic stroke, from which time his weakness increased gradually, but not the less surely. Very little is recorded of his last moments, and less of the first work of grace in his soul, though I have no doubt much might have been written. On one occasion, when near his end, he addressed a friend, saying emphatically, "*My great High Priest supports me now*." Another time, when the verse was repeated for him, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not *want*," he said, "The *Lord* is my *everything*." His last articulate words were, "Not my will, but Thine be done." Seeing his approaching dissolution, a friend said to his daughters, who were by his bed, "He is dying," and suggested that they should kneel down and engage in prayer. This they did, though not knowing that their dear father was sensible. He, however, turned his face to the speaker, and when the great Shepherd was besought to support his dear servant through the valley of the shadow of death, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and in a few minutes breathed his last, so gently that not a sigh escaped him, nor was a muscle of his face moved. How many of the Lord's dear people have been thus favored, who, all their lifetime, through fear of the *agonies* of death, have, like this dear man, been subject to pangs and bodily bondage. Kelly died May 14th, 1855, aged 86. His hymns are well known.

KEN (THOMAS) was born at Berkhamstead, Herts, in July, 1637. He was sent to the Winchester College, and was afterwards elected to New College, Oxon, where he took up his degrees of B.A. 1661, M.A. 1664, Bachelor of Divinity 1678, and D.D. 1679. Some time after this he published his hymns, &c. In 1669 he was preferred to the dignity of Prebendary in the Cathedral Church of Winton, where he was taken notice of by King Charles II. In 1675 he travelled through Italy, and on his return said he had great reason to be thankful for his journey, since, if it were possible, he was more than ever confirmed of the purity of the Protestant religion. About 1679 or 1680 he was appointed chaplain to the Princess of Orange, and went to Holland, where

she was then residing. Here he compelled one of her favorites to fulfil a contract of marriage with a young lady of the princess's train, whom he had seduced by that contract. This zeal gave such offence to the prince (afterwards King William III.) that he threatened to turn him out of the service; upon which Ken begged the Princess to allow him to resign, and accordingly threw up his office, nor would he consent to return until entreated by the Prince. In 1684 he was appointed chaplain to the king (Charles II.) Upon the removal of the court to Winchester to pass the summer, Ken's house was fixed upon as the residence of the celebrated Nel Gwynne, Charles's mistress; but Ken positively refused her admittance, which, instead of offending that profligate monarch, he soon afterwards appointed him to the bishopric of Bath and Wells. In 1685 the king died, and James II. ascended the throne. Having been brought up a Papist, he endeavored to re-establish the Popish religion, which Ken opposed, and often preached against it. On one occasion, when the king was absent, Ken's enemies took the opportunity of accusing him to the king for his sermon; whereupon Ken remarked, that "if his majesty had not neglected his own duty of being present, his enemies would have missed this opportunity of accusing him." When the king ordered the famous declaration of indulgence to be read, Ken and six other bishops refused to comply, and were committed to the Tower to take their trial; but the jury acquitted them. The infamous Judge Jeffries lived at this time, under whom no less than 250 persons were executed. When James abdicated, and the Prince of Orange came over as William III., Ken vacated his see, as he would not swear allegiance to the new sovereign while his former master was living. Ken now removed to Long-leat, in Wiltshire, where he resided in comparative retirement the remainder of his days. He died March 19th, 1710. He was the author of the well-known Morning and Evening Hymns, and of the Doxology,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

KENT (JOHN) was born in the town of Bideford, Devonshire, December, 1766. His parents were amongst the poor of this world, yet "rich in faith." They had a numerous family, for whose support they labored hard; yet their chief concern, their earnest prayer was, that their souls might be fed with "that bread which endureth unto everlasting life," that so they might become manifestively those whom "God had chosen to salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit, and belief of the truth;" and they lived to bless God for gracious answers to these supplications, four of their children having been early called to know the Lord, amongst whom was John, the youngest, author of "Gospel Hymns." At the age of 14, he was apprenticed to his father, then a shipwright in the yard at Plymouth Dock (now Devonport). Not having had the advantages of education in early life, and having a thirst for knowledge, he employed the leisure hours of this period in making up for that deficiency, and in cultivating the poetic talent which he possessed. This

brought him into public notice, though it was not until 1803 that he published the first edition of his Hymn Book. The great mysteries of redemption through the infinite merits and atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ was a theme on which he delighted to dwell, which indeed many of his hymns abundantly prove. He possessed much energy of mind and firmness of principle, with peculiar keenness in detecting error, stripping it of the false and deceptive garb in which he found it, and showing it up in all its nakedness and deformity. As a companion, he was cheerful and interesting; his conversation evidenced much spirituality of mind. Salvation by grace alone was a subject on which he loved to dwell when in the bosom of his family; and as he spoke of the manifestation of that grace and mercy towards himself, his thoughts would seem too full for utterance, and tears often told the feelings of his soul. In singing the praises of redeeming love he felt much delight, often speaking of sweet foretastes of heaven enjoyed at such seasons. Before he had attained the age of 60 years he was afflicted with blindness. Though this was indeed a heavy stroke, yet it was borne by him with great patience, for he was made to feel that it was laid on him by a wise and tender Father. He was now obliged to lay aside his book and pen. Still his mind was vigorous and active, and many of his hymns were written after this, his little grandson having become his amanuensis. About this time he was severely tried by several family bereavements, yet the Lord mercifully sustained him, and seemed to be preparing him for his own removal. At the close of the year 1843, he was laid low by a disorder of a peculiarly painful and distressing nature, from which he had often suffered, but which now threatened speedy dissolution. For several days he had to endure the most intense agony. Now indeed the time was come when he was to prove the strength of that arm on which he had been leaning through his long pilgrimage; nor did it fail! He could say then, with one of old, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for *thou art with me*." The following are some of the expressions which fell from his lips during the last few days of his earthly existence: "My hopes are fixed on the Rock of Ages." The 27th Psalm having been read to him, he raised his trembling hand, and said, with much feeling, "I can put my hand upon the whole of that." "I am in the arms of everlasting love." "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ." That portion has cut me to the heart, while at the same time it has been my hope. If I am to stand by myself to give an account, I am lost, lost for ever; but it is the judgment-seat of Christ; and he is my Surety, and has paid all demands. I shall be tried there by a covenant of grace, not a covenant of works; blessed be God for his great salvation." "I bless God that the promises of the gospel met me in all my wants, wounds, and wretchedness." "I wish to die with 'God be merciful to me a sinner' upon my lips." The great enemy of souls was now permitted to make a last attack upon him, when he said to his son, "Satan has again thrust sore at me, but I shall triumph. He

would have me give up my hope, and believe the gospel to be a cunningly-devised fable; but Jesus was tempted; and knows how to succor them that are tempted. This I have experienced. He has been my defence." "It is indeed a consoling thought that most probably a few short hours will terminate my sufferings." "The war with Amalek will soon be over." His fightings and fears appeared to be past. He extended his hand, cold with the chill of death, and exclaimed, "I rejoice in hope; I am accepted—accepted!" He then, like the Patriarch Jacob, gathered up his feet in the bed, and fell asleep in Jesus, on the 15th of November, 1843, aged 77.

**KIRKHAM.**—The only hymn that I know of by Kirkham is,

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord."

It was taken from Rippon's Selection, and was most likely written by some friend of that name, expressly for Rippon's book. Alexander Fletcher, in 1822, calls it Keen's; but Rippon published in 1787, and is, therefore, far more likely to be correct.

**LANGFORD (JOHN)** was connected with the early Methodists. He had been in Dr. Gifford's Church, Eagle Street, London, and went to Blocksfields in 1765, where he remained about 12 years, and then went to Rose Lane, Ratcliff, for a few years. Thence he removed to a small place in Bunhill Row, but ultimately gave up preaching. He preached a sermon on the death of Whitefield, and died about 1790. The hymn commencing,

"Now begin the heavenly theme,"

has been universally ascribed to this author; but his hymn book is now before me, and that hymn is not distinguished as his, though, in the preface, he says he has marked those which were composed by himself. Indeed, as his book was not published until 1783, and as I find the hymn in Madan's Selection 14 years earlier, I think the point is settled. I believe that the hymn is Madan's.

**LANGLEY (JOHN HENRY)** was one of the early Calvinistic Methodist preachers. His hymns were dedicated to the Countess of Huntingdon, in 1776, and entitled, "Sacred Hymns for the Children of God, as they journey to their Rest above." He died Jan. 1st, 1792, aged 39.

**MADAN (MARTIN)** was born in 1726. He was the founder and first chaplain of the Lock Hospital, near Hyde Park Corner, and was celebrated for his writings and as a popular preacher in the chapels of Lady Huntingdon. He wrote some excellent letters to Dr. Priestley on the Trinity. Like many others, his conversion arose from circumstances apparently trivial. The preaching of the first Methodists had excited universal attention, and roused many from the torpor of indifference. Mr. Madan, being in company one evening with some of his gay companions at a coffee-house, was requested by them to go and hear Mr. Wesley, who, they were told, was to preach in the neighborhood, and then to return and exhibit his *manner* and *discourse* for their entertain-

ment. He went with that intention, and just as he entered the place, Mr. Wesley named as his text, "Prepare to meet thy God!" with a solemnity of accent which struck him, and which inspired a seriousness that increased as the minister proceeded. He returned to the coffee-room, and was asked by his acquaintances, "if he had taken off the old Methodist." To which he answered, "No, gentlemen, but he has taken me off." From that time he withdrew from their company altogether, and associated with those only whose faces appeared to be Zion-ward. He was a person of independent fortune. His brother was Bishop of Peterborough; but Madan never would accept of any emolument in the church. Owing to his religious sentiments, he had some difficulty in obtaining orders, but succeeded through Lady Huntingdon's influence. He was soon afterwards appointed chaplain to the Lock Hospital, London, and for some time used to preach from a desk in the parlour to the poor inmates. Mr. Romaine and Dr. Haweis frequently assisted. The hospital at last became a stated place of worship, and a church was built. Madan saw so much of the seduction of the female sex, and the ruin that followed, that he was induced to write a work called *Thelyphthora*, in favor of polygamy. From that time he lost his friends, and but little is heard of him. He died in 1790. I believe the hymns,

"Come, thou Almighty King;" (35)

"Now begin the heavenly theme;" (90)

"Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;" (461)

"Paschal Lamb, by God appointed;" (931)

"Lord, if thou thy grace impart;" (1058)

also the last two verses of,

"Lo! He comes, with clouds descending;" (493)

are Madan's, as I can find no trace of them in any selection earlier than his, 1760 and 1769; though he does not distinguish his own from others.\*

MASON (JOHN) was Rector of Water-Stratford, Bucks, for twenty years. His hymns are entitled, "Songs of Praise, with Penitential Cries to Almighty God." He was the father, that is, the earliest of hymn writers. Dr. Watts borrowed some of his lines from him. He died in 1694. That well-known verse is his:

"Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask."

MATLOCK (JOHN) lived in the 18th century. His hymns are entitled, "Hymns and Spiritual Songs, composed, collected, and published by the Rev. John Matlock, Minister of the Gospel. Sold at the Meeting House in Well Street, near Wellclose Square. Second edition, 1774." The 1st edition was in 1767. In the

\* The Nos. affixed refer to Gadsby's Selection. Hymn 35 was issued by Madan in 1764; 90 has been called Langford's; (see Langford; 461 Toplady's, but Madan published it six years earlier than Toplady; 931 Bakewell's; 1058 Charles Wesley's, but it did not appear in Wesley's Select Hymns until a year after it was published by Madan.

second part, printed in 1770, he is described as minister of Rose Lane Chapel, Ratcliff, (London.) I believe he wrote the hymn,

“What is this world to me?”

MEDLEY (SAMUEL) was born at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, on the 23rd of June, 1738, and was educated under his grandfather, Mr. Tonge, at Enfield. About the age of 14 he was apprenticed to an oilman in London; but this calling does not appear to have suited his active turn of mind, and he resolved to quit it as soon as possible. Accordingly, when the war broke out in 1755, amongst other offers held out as an inducement for young men to enter into the navy, there being one that apprentices might finish their time in the king's service, he resolved to leave his master, and turn sailor; so he entered as midshipman on board the Buckingham, 74-gun ship. His two brothers were already at sea. His father and grandfather did all in their power to divert him from his purpose, but without avail. At sea he strove to excel, and soon gained the esteem of the captain and officers, the former of whom, it seems, had also been educated under Mr. Tonge. From the Buckingham, Mr. Medley, with the captain and officers, was removed to the Intrepid, another 74-gun ship, on board of which he was made master's mate; and soon after sailed with a squadron under the command of Admiral Boscawen. Their destination was the Mediterranean, where they were stationed three years, off Gibraltar, Cadiz, &c. Here he had an opportunity of seeing much of the world and mankind; nor did he fail making such observations as were afterwards profitable to him through life, though at this time, it appears, he was in the zenith of his profaneness. How often, looking back to this period with contrition and gratitude, has he mentioned the awful lengths he was permitted to run, and how much he was under the power and dominion of his corruptions, being at the greatest possible distance from God, and utterly averse to every serious reflection that might occasionally intrude upon his mind! Possessing a considerable share of classical learning, great wit, a fine constitution, and an unbounded flow of spirits, he was at once the life of the giddy circle in which he daily associated, and was universally prized as a companion in mirth. This lively and volatile turn of mind, he many times said, was at this time his greatest snare, and led him into more evil than any other temptation. Thus flattered and caressed by his light and profligate companions, he gave full scope to his reigning propensities; acknowledging that he had neither the fear of God nor man before his eyes. But, though lost to every serious impression, he was not totally without some flashes of conviction, which, in spite of all his mirth and jollity, would sometimes cast a momentary damp upon his pleasure. As an instance of this, he one day, in the height of his profaneness, casting his eyes on a favorite dog belonging to the captain, that lay by his side, suddenly wished he was that dog, that he might have no soul to be saved. Though he had no religion himself, he evinced the most thorough contempt for the gross superstitions he beheld while in Spain. During his service

he was engaged in several actions, but the most important, and the last, was the battle fought off Cape Lagos, on the 18th Aug., 1759, under Admiral Boscawen. This was a hard-fought and obstinate engagement, and the slaughter of the enemy, owing to their custom at that time of crowding their ships with men, was particularly affecting. On board of many of the French ships they stoved in their barrels of flour, to absorb the blood that flowed on their decks, in order to prevent the sailors from slipping. The station which Mr. Medley occupied during this action was on the poop, where he had a table and chair to take the minutes. From this elevated situation he had not only an opportunity of observing every circumstance that happened on board the *Intrepid*, but could perceive the enemy drop as they were killed or wounded, the action was so close. Thus surrounded by death, and in the most imminent danger, he has often said he was so callous that he had neither fear nor care. The first thing that startled him was observing a shot shiver the mizenmast, while the captain, first lieutenant, and master, were conversing together, the former leaning with his arm against the mast. None of them, however, were materially hurt. A scene that affected him still more was that of a wounded marine, carried off the deck by his comrade, to go to the surgeon; but, while at the top of the ladder, a shot taking the man in the bowels who bore his wounded companion on his shoulders, they both instantly fell down into the hold together. Not long after this, the master, turning himself round, cried out, "Mr. Medley, you are wounded." On his looking down and seeing a quantity of blood, and the muscles of his leg torn, his spirits felt a damp for the first time. Being a wound of such a nature as required immediate assistance, owing to the loss of blood, great part of the calf of the leg being shot away, he rose from his seat and walked down to the surgeon. The action continued some time after, but ended with the utmost success on the side of the English. Poor Medley was now entirely incapacitated from attending to his duties, and was ordered to keep his bed. His wound grew daily worse, until at length the surgeon informed him there was every appearance of gangrene, and that he feared the only means of saving his life was amputation, which must be finally determined by the state of the wound next morning. This was sad news to him, and he at once began to think seriously. He called to his mind the education and advice he had had, and the prayers that had been offered up on his behalf by his father and grandfather. Considering his case as desperate, "it occurred to his mind," (I quote from his *Life*, as written by his son,) "that prayer to God must be his last resource;" and accordingly he prayed "very fervently for the restoration of his limb and the preservation of his life," for at that time he seemed not to be in much trouble about his soul. He also recollected having seen a Bible, which some one, perhaps his father, had put in his chest; and, though he had never opened it before, he ordered his servant to fetch it, and, like many others when sick, began to read it with avidity. The next morning, on the wound being examined, the surgeon, lifting up his hands, exclaimed that the change was little

less than a miracle. Pleased at this unexpected event, Medley did not fail to set it down as an answer to his prayers, and began to think that there was something real in religion after all. All this wore off, however, as his wound healed. The fleet being ordered home, Medley was permitted to leave the service until he was perfectly restored, and to return or not as he pleased; but, flushed with the thoughts of so signal a victory, he made up his mind he would not leave the service until he was made an admiral. He was now carried to the house of his grandfather, Mr. Tonge, who had then left Enfield and was residing in London. Here he was compelled, much against his will, being confined to his room for many months, to hear many a faithful admonition and many a solemn warning; and this became so irksome to him at last that he grew impatiently anxious to be released. His wound being nearly healed, he began to lay his plans for returning to the service; but God had laid *his* plans, and poor Medley's were soon brought to nought. Being anxious to know, one Lord's Day evening, if his grandfather were going out to worship, he inquired of the servant, who told him that Mr. Tonge was going to read a sermon to him. "Read a sermon to me!" exclaimed Medley; "he had better be anywhere else." However, he had sufficient prudence to maintain a respectable deportment in the presence of the old gentleman. The sermon read was one of Dr. Watts's, from Isa. xlii. 6, 7. Medley at first listened with his usual indifference, but when the sermon touched upon those parts about opening the blind eyes, &c., he listened with eagerness, for every sentence described his own case, and every word sank deep into his heart. Convinced of his awful state as a sinner before God, and the imminent danger he was in as such, with a heart broken under a sense of his guilt and impenitence, and the astonishing forbearance of God towards him, he fell down before the Lord, as soon as he was alone, and spread before him his mournful, dangerous case. He was now soon able to go out, and often went to hear Whitefield, Gifford, &c. It does not appear that he was kept long in bondage, but "soon received the comforts of the gospel, by a believing view of the fulness and sufficiency of the atonement of the Lord Jesus." His father just survived long enough to see his earnest petitions answered on behalf of his then only child, for both Medley's brothers had been lost at sea. Medley now gave up all thoughts of the navy, though he had been promised a lieutenant's commission. In Dec., 1760, he joined Dr. Gifford's church, in Eagle Street, London, and about the same time opened a school near the Seven Dials. In April, 1762, he married, and removed to King Street, Soho, where his school rapidly increased. In 1766, Dr. Gifford, having formed ideas of Medley's gifts for the ministry, questioned him on the subject, when he confessed it had been for some time on his mind, though he was greatly surprised at the interrogation, never having said a word upon the subject to any person whatever. He was soon afterwards heard by the church, and by them called to the work. His first labors were in the neighborhood of London; but in June, 1767, he accepted a call from the Baptist church at

Watford, Herts, where he remained until 1772, when he removed to Liverpool. Here his congregation increased so rapidly, that, in the following year, the chapel had to be enlarged, and in 1789 the new chapel in Byrom Street was erected. For a number of years he went annually to London, and preached in Whitefield's places, (the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court Road Chapel,) and had the pleasure of invariably finding that his labors were not only acceptable, but owned and blessed to many. The general scope of his ministry was "to humble the pride of man, exalt the grace of God in his salvation, and promote real holiness in heart and life." For some years Medley's health began to decline; but it was not until Oct., 1798, that he was attacked with the first symptoms of the disease which terminated his death. Being engaged as usual to pay his annual visit to London, he thought the journey might, as before, be beneficial to his health; but, on his arrival there, jaundice began to make its appearance, so that he was obliged for some time to give up preaching, and it was doubtful whether he would be able to return to Liverpool. This, however, he was sufficiently recovered to do, in January, 1799, and on the following Lord's Day preached twice. He was now again laid by until Easter Sunday, when he preached his last sermon, his text being Deut. viii. 2. His complaint increased until it terminated in a confirmed dropsy, and all hope of recovery was given up. During his illness, he mourned much on account of the loss of sensible comforts, and marked off the following passage in Mr. Dorney's works,—a book to which he was much attached: "Inward peace and rejoicing. Have been much bruised for certain days by weakness, guilt, and distraction, that have seized my heart. There they lie like a mountain of lead. When my thoughts would turn inward, I hear nothing but outcries of guilt and accusation possessing my heart. I can find no shelter at home. I am forced abroad for lodging, company, and food. My heart is grown hard, dark, and weak. It prevails against my former sense of the Divine presence, and while it is thus filled with the clamors of death and confusion, methinks I hear the Spirit of the Bridegroom say, 'Come, arise, this is not your rest. Launch forth into the ocean of free grace, and let not thy expectation hanker towards thyself. Though thy flesh fail, and thy heart fail, God is the strength of thy heart, and thy portion for ever.'" During this trial he sometimes would say, he feared he had only been instrumental in the salvation of others as a scaffold to the building, which, when completed, is taken down, as of no farther use. He was, it seems, in a very dark state of mind, and very unwilling to be torn from his friends. It was, he would say, "like tearing up an old tree by the roots. None knew how far they extended, or how firmly they grasped the earth, till they were likely to be torn up." This dejected frame, however, did not continue long. He was again led to view God "as faithful to his promise, unchangeable in his nature, and ever mindful of his word of truth, on which he had caused him to hope; and he would often say he found peculiar satisfaction in *waiting* for God." The invitation of the gospel, "Come unto me, all ye that labor,"

&c., often cheered him. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness;" "and blessed be God," he would say, "I *do* hunger and thirst after righteousness." He frequently looked back and spoke of his early experience, recalling with gratitude and pleasure the wonderful train of providences by which he had been led, and the more wonderful effects of divine grace on his heart, the comfort of which he was again beginning to taste; and he was also sometimes much revived by the conversation of his friends, forgetting all his pains the while. In his conversation he seldom omitted mentioning, with peculiar sweetness, the work of the Holy Spirit, and thankfully acknowledging his power in quickening and comforting his soul. As his bodily infirmities increased, the gloom and darkness under which he had labored were dispelled, and his confidence and comfort in God, as his covenant God in Christ Jesus, were strengthened; and all that he said or wrote proved that his hopes were full of immortality. On Monday, the 15th, one of his daughters coming into his room to inquire how he had rested, he said, "I have had as comfortable a night's rest as ever man had." But he was soon after seized with a shivering fit, which produced a great change in him. He also complained of a violent pain he felt in one of his feet, which he apprehended to be the gout. As the pain increased, it was soon discovered that his foot and leg were inflamed to a very great degree. The physician being immediately sent for, and observing his situation, soon announced to his disconsolate family and friends the near prospect of his dissolution. The inflammation proving, as was feared, the forerunner of a mortification, pain, disease, and extreme restlessness, were now experienced by him with increasing violence. During his illness he suffered greatly. Sometimes he would cry out with pain, "What shall I do?" and would then pray earnestly that he might be kept from murmuring. He often complained of the depravity of his nature, adding, "What a mercy it is that I am not left to myself!" and then cried out,

"Why was I made to hear thy voice?" &c.

Some of his friends, on one occasion, coming in, he said to them, "You see me now on my dying bed; and a sweet bed it is to me. What mercies am I now enjoying in it! Thanks be to God, I have now little or no pain. With respect to myself, I am full of comfort and consolation, and able yet to recollect God's precious word. The promises are like an army of soldiers; when I have done with one, another suitable portion presents itself. I never saw so much of my own unworthiness, or so much of the excellency, glory, and suitableness of Christ, as an all-sufficient Saviour. I would wish, had I strength, to speak of him till I die; particularly to my young friends, whom I always loved to address." He then said, "What a mercy it is, that I have been so freed from worldly cares, and that I have had so little to do with temporal concerns for so long a time. I have had such confidence in the connections that God has given me, that I could cheerfully resign everything into their hands but my soul. Truly goodness and mercy have followed me all

the days of my life, and now I am going to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. I have had more than heart could wish, even of outward blessings." "As to my sentiments," he continued, "I am no ways altered. The doctrines I have preached, I am fully persuaded are of the truth. They are now the support and consolation of my mind. That Jesus whom I have so long recommended to poor sinners, is my only comfort in my dying hours. His salvation is every way perfect and complete. Remember! I die no Arminian, Socinian, or Arian. I die a poor sinner, saved by sovereign, rich, and free mercy." "I am now a poor shattered bark, just about to gain the blissful harbor; and O how sweet will be the port after the storm!" "But a point or two more, and I shall be at my heavenly Father's house." After recovering from a fainting fit, he said, "I am thinking on the laws of gravitation. The nearer a body approaches to its centre, with the more force it is impelled; and the nearer I approach my dissolution, with the greater velocity I move towards it." A friend who stood by said, "Dear Sir, Christ is your centre." "Yes, yes;" he replied, "he is, he is." In another visit from this valuable friend, he said, "It is hard work to pull up an old tree by the roots. My dear family, my relation to the church of Christ, over which I have been so long time an unworthy pastor, and my numerous connections, are like so many strong roots in the earth." But some time after he added, "They are all got up, and this world is now nothing to me. I long to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." On being asked if he wanted anything, "Want!" he replied, "I want heaven and eternal glory!" At two o'clock in the morning of July 17th, his sufferings were intense and his struggles violent; and he cried out, "Help me, help me! One grain of creature mercy, Lord, *one grain!*" But in a little time the attack was over, and he calmly said, "I wait for the Lord; my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope," laying a peculiar emphasis on the last sentence. Pushing the bedclothes away, he exclaimed, "Take it away; take all the world away, all but Christ!" When he saw his children weeping around him, he said, "For shame! Why will you weep? Am I not in my own almighty Father's hands? and he will take care of your old father." Frequently his struggles were very violent, and he would then say, "Take courage, my soul! Why art thou cast down?" Once, when greatly agitated, he said, "It is hard work!" and he again cried out, "One grain of creature comfort, Lord, *one grain!*" Then lying more composed, he said, "Well this *is* a mercy!" His children now asked, "Do you know us, dear father?" With great earnestness he replied, "Know you! Yes, sure I do." He then took a most affectionate leave of them all, and of several friends who surrounded his dying bed. Being asked, "What shall we say for you to the absent part of the family?" mentioning their names, he replied, "Say, my dear love to them, and tell them I am going home in peace to my dear Jesus." About 6 o'clock in the evening, he said, "Dying is sweet work! sweet work! my heavenly Father! I am looking up to my dear Jesus, my

God, my portion, my all in all," and then with a dying voice continued, "Glory, glory! Home, home!" And in about half an hour afterwards he died, without a struggle or a groan, July 17th, 1799. \* \* \* Since his death, the chapel in Byrom Street, Liverpool, which is one of the largest in the kingdom, has had a variety of ministers, each succeeding one appearing to lessen the number of hearers, until there were not half as many people as pews. Some years ago, a few who had left Mr. Kent's chapel, joined the people at Byrom Street, and fixed upon Mr. Giles for their minister. On Mr. Giles leaving, Mr. M'Kenzie frequently supplied; but the chapel was so large that, though the gallery was entirely closed, the people seemed almost lost. The London and North Western Railway Company having to tunnel under a portion of the chapel, they were required to purchase the building, from the proceeds of which the new chapel in Shaw Street was erected, in which Mr. M'Kenzie had just commenced his labors when he was taken from the church by death.—Many of Medley's hymns were inserted in the Protestant Dissenters' Register and other old periodicals, but they were not published in a volume together until after his death. Medley was a faithful servant of God, though somewhat eccentric. His texts were often quaint. For instance, he would sometimes preach a sermon from a single word, such as "*but*," (1 Cor. vi. 11,) "*not*," (John xiv. 27,) but his sermons were never tiresome, though he often divided and subdivided into many heads. On one occasion, when a chapel at Rochdale was to be opened, Medley had to preach at night, and other ministers in the morning and afternoon. The subject in the morning was reconciliation, and in the afternoon the text was, "Compel them to come in." Poor Medley was very uncomfortable under both discourses, as he did not consider that the ministers were preaching in an acceptable way. So uncomfortable was he that he made up his mind he would not preach at night. He was prevailed upon, however, to forego this resolution. The singers had prepared a select piece, "*Faint, yet pursuing*," with music, (a practice much followed in the country towns in the North of England,) and Medley sat in the pulpit listening, until he could endure it no longer. He then turned to the singers and musicians, and exclaimed, "And what do you call that?" They were immediately silenced, and sat down. Medley then got up, and said, "I'll tell you what, friends; what with reconciling, and what with compelling, and what with pursuing, the devil has had a rare day of it!"

MONTGOMERY (JAMES) was born Nov. 4th, 1771, and resided at Sheffield. He was, I believe, a Moravian, but not a minister. He wrote many miscellaneous poetical pieces, and his prose works have been recently published. He died April 30th, 1854. The hymn,

"Jesus, we our cross have taken,"

has been ascribed to him; but it was written by a clergyman named Lyte, who lived in the south of England; for account of whom see Appendix.

**MOTE (EDWARD)** was born in Upper Thames Street, London, Jan. 21st, 1797, and, to use his own words, "re-born in Tottenham Court Chapel, under John Hyatt, in 1813. My parents having no fear of God, I went to a school where no Bible was allowed; so that I was totally ignorant of the word of life when I entered that place of worship; but though I knew not the letter of the law, the Holy Ghost brought the spiritual contents of it into my conscience that morning. For two years that dart was in my liver, till extracted by Calvary's blood, under a sermon by Mr. Bennett, of Birmingham, who was on a visit to London, one Good Friday morning, from 'The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all;' and from that auspicious hour to the present, precious blood has been the solace of my mind." His hymns were first published in 1836, and entitled, *Hymns of Praise*. The one commencing,

"My hope is built on nothing less,"

is one of them, though it has been called J. Rees's. Mr. M. is still (1855) living.

**NEEDHAM (JOHN)** resided at Bristol. He was chosen co-pastor at the chapel in the Pithay, Bristol, about 1746 or 1747, with a Mr. Bedham. In 1752 Mr. N. was violently cast out of his office, and went to Callowhill. His hymns were printed at Bristol, 1768. I have not met with any account of his death.

**NEWTON (JOHN)** was born in London, July 24th, 1725. He was an only son. His mother, to whom he was particularly attached, herself taught him English, and that in such a way that, added to his own natural talents, by the time he was four years old, he could read any common book with propriety. She died before he was seven years of age, and he was then left to run wild, as is the case with too many children. His father married again the following year, and Newton was afterwards sent to a boarding-school in Essex. His father was then at sea, a commander in the Mediterranean trade. When 11 years old, his father took him with him to sea. In 1742 he was placed, with very advantageous prospects, at Alicant, in Spain, but his unsettled behavior and impatience of restraint rendered that design abortive. He had very little concern about religion, but was often disturbed with convictions. "I was," he says, "fond of reading from a child; among other books, Bennet's 'Christian Oratory' often came in my way; and though I understood but little of it, the course of life therein recommended appeared very desirable, and I was inclined to attempt it. I began to pray, to read the Scriptures, and keep a sort of diary. I was presently religious in my own eyes; but, alas! this seeming goodness had no solid foundation, but passed away like a morning-cloud or the early dew. I was soon weary, gradually gave it up, and became worse than before. Instead of prayer, I learned to curse and blaspheme, and was exceedingly wicked when from under my parent's view. All this was before I was 12 years old. About that time I had a dangerous fall from a horse. I was thrown, I believe, within a few inches of a hedge-row newly cut down. I got no hurt; but could not avoid taking

notice of a gracious Providence in my deliverance; for, had I fallen upon the stakes, I had inevitably been killed. My conscience suggested to me the dreadful consequences if, in such a state, I had been summoned to appear before God. I presently broke off from my profane practices, and appeared quite altered. But it was not long before I declined again. These struggles between sin and conscience were often repeated; but the consequence was, that every relapse sank me into still greater depths of wickedness. I was once roused by the loss of an intimate companion. We had agreed to go on board a man-of-war (I think it was on a Sunday); but I providentially came too late. The boat was upset, and my companion and several others were drowned. I was invited to the funeral of my playfellow, and was exceedingly affected to think that by a delay of a few minutes, which had much displeased and angered me, till I saw the event, my life had been preserved. However, this likewise was soon forgotten. At another time, the perusal of the 'Family Instructor' put me upon a partial and transient reformation. In brief, though I cannot distinctly relate particulars, I think I took up and laid aside a religious profession three or four different times before I was 16 years of age; but all this while my heart was insincere. I often saw the necessity of religion as a means of escaping hell; but I loved sin, and was unwilling to forsake it. Instances of this, I can remember were frequent. In the midst of all my forms, I was so strangely blind and stupid that sometimes, when I have been determined upon things which I knew were sinful, and contrary to my duty, I could not go on quietly till I had first despatched my ordinary task of prayer, in which I have grudged every moment of my time; and when this was finished, my conscience was in some measure pacified, and I could rush into folly with little remorse. My last reform was the most remarkable, both for degree and continuance. Of this period, at least of some part of it, I may say in the apostle's words, 'After the strictest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee.' I did everything that might be expected from a person entirely ignorant of God's righteousness, and desirous to establish his own. I spent the greatest part of every day in reading the Scriptures, meditation, and prayer. I fasted often; I even abstained from all animal food for three months; I would hardly answer a question for fear of speaking an idle word. I seemed to bemoan my former miscarriages very earnestly, sometimes with tears. In short, I became an ascetic, and endeavored, so far as my situation would permit, to renounce society, that I might avoid temptation. I continued in this serious mood (I cannot give it a higher title) for more than two years without any considerable breaking off; but it was a poor religion. It left me, in many respects, under the power of sin; and, so far as it prevailed, only tended to make me gloomy, stupid, unsociable, and useless." In 1742 he met with a book in Holland which was the means of slowly poisoning his mind, and prepared the way for all that followed. A friend of his father's now proposed to send him for some years to Jamaica, and to take charge of his future fortune.

Everything was prepared for the voyage, but his father meantime sending him on some business into Kent, he called on his way to see some distant relations, and here his affections became so fixed on one of the daughters of his host, that, to use his own words, "it never abated or lost its influence a single moment in my heart from that hour. In degree, it actually equalled all that the writers of romance have imagined; in duration, it was unalterable. I soon lost all sense of religion, and became deaf to the remonstrances of conscience and prudence; but my regard for her was always the same; and I may perhaps venture to say, that none of the scenes of misery and wickedness I afterwards experienced ever banished her a single hour together from my waking thoughts, for the seven following years." He was now determined not to go to Jamaica, and therefore stayed three weeks instead of three days, when, of course, the ship had gone. In a little time he sailed to Venice, being exposed in the voyage to the ill example of common sailors, and he once more relaxed from the degree of prudence that he had observed for some time previously. One night he had a dream. He dreamed that it was his turn to be on watch, and while at his post a person came to him and gave him a ring, saying that so long as he preserved that ring he would be happy and useful, but if he lost it, he must expect nothing but trouble and misery. He accepted the terms willingly, not doubting his own power to preserve the ring. At length another person came up to him, and persuaded him to throw the ring into the sea, when immediately the mountains (the Alps) that he thought he beheld in the distance burst out in flames, and his tempter told him that all the mercy of God in reserve for him was comprised in that ring, and he had wilfully thrown it away, and that he must now go with him to the burning mountains. He trembled, and was in great agony, when suddenly a third person, or the same who had brought the ring, came and dived into the water for the ring, and brought it up; when the flames in the mountains suddenly ceased. He blamed his rashness for throwing it away, and asked him if he could be wiser if he had the ring again; but he refused to let him have it, saying, "You are not able to keep it, but I will preserve it for you, and, whenever it is needful, will produce it in your behalf." Upon this he awoke, in a state of mind not easily to be described; but the impression soon wore off, until he hardly thought of it for several years. Nothing remarkable occurred in the remaining part of the voyage. In December, 1743, he returned home, and soon repeated his visit to Kent, where he again imprudently protracted his stay, and, by so doing, almost provoked his father to disown him. Shortly afterwards he was impressed for the navy, just at the time that the French fleets were hovering about our coasts. In a few days he was sent on board the *Harwich* man-of-war, where he entered upon quite a new scene of life, and endured much hardship for about a month. His father procured for him a recommendation to the captain, who thereupon took him upon the quarter-deck as midshipman. Here he had an easy life, and might have gained respect, but his conduct

was very indifferent. His chief companion was a free-thinker, who seems to have completed the ruin of Newton's principles. His depraved heart was soon gained, and he entered into his plan with all his spirit. In December, 1744, the Harwich was bound to the East Indies. The captain gave Newton leave to go on shore for a day, but he took a horse and rode into Kent, where he remained considerably beyond his time. The captain excused him, but it lost him his favor. Owing to a violent storm, the ship had to put back into Plymouth. Newton was sent one day in a boat to see that none of the people deserted, when he betrayed his trust, and deserted himself. He expected to have seen his father, but was met by a party of soldiers, who took him back to Plymouth, guarded like a felon. He was kept two days in the guard house, then sent on board his ship, kept a while in irons, and then publicly stripped and whipped; after which he was degraded from his office, and all his former companions forbidden to show him the least kindness. He was now on a level with the lowest, and exposed to the insults of all. Thus he was as miserable as could well be imagined. His breast was filled with the most excruciating passions, bitter rage, and black despair. Every hour exposed him to some new insult and hardship, until he was tempted to throw himself into the sea; but the secret hand of God restrained him. Nothing distressed him so much as to find himself thus forcibly torn away from the object of his affections without the probability of ever seeing her again. "The Lord had now," he said, "to appearance, given me up to judicial hardness. I was capable of anything. I had not the least fear of God before my eyes, nor, so far as I remember, the least sensibility of conscience. I was possessed of so strong a spirit of delusion that I believed my own lie, and was firmly persuaded that after death I should cease to be. Yet the Lord preserved me! Some intervals of sober reflections would at times take place. When I have chosen death rather than life, a ray of hope would come in, though there was little probability for such a hope, that I should yet see better days; that I might again return to England, and have my wishes crowned, if I did not wilfully throw myself away. In a word, my love to Miss — was the only restraint I had left. Though I neither feared God nor regarded men, I could not bear that she should think meanly of me when I was dead." When the ship had been at Madeira some time, Newton was, by a remarkable providence, exchanged for another ship. This ship was bound to Sierra Leone, &c. The captain knew Newton's father, and received him kindly, promising him assistance; but he soon lost his favor, as he had done that of the captain of the Harwich. From this time, he says he was exceedingly vile; indeed, little, if any, short of that awful description in 2 Peter ii. 14; for he not only sinned with a high hand himself, but made it his study to seduce others to sin also. He made a song, in which he ridiculed the captain, and taught the ship's company to sing it. "But here," he says, "let me be silent; but let me not be silent from the praise of that grace which could pardon, that blood which could expiate such sins as

mine." Thus he went on for about six months, when the vessel was preparing to leave; but Newton determined upon remaining in Africa, and landed upon the island of Benancoes, with little more than the clothes upon his back. Here he engaged himself to a slave purchaser, but he was made bitterly to smart for his folly; for he was reduced through his vileness to such a depth of wretchedness that even the slaves thought themselves too good to speak to him. A black woman, who lived with his master as his wife, used him so cruelly that he had great difficulty in procuring even a draught of water, when burning with a fever; and, when recovering, was glad to receive morsels of food from some of the slaves, which they had saved from their own scanty pittance. His bed was a mat spread upon a board, and a log of wood was his pillow. When his master, who had been on a voyage, returned, Newton complained of the ill usage of the woman, but was not believed; and this made her worse than before. The next voyage his master took him with him, when they did pretty well for a time, until a brother trader charged him with theft, which, as he asserted, was almost the only thing with which he could not justly be charged. However, he was condemned without evidence, and from that time his master also treated him with great cruelty. Whenever his master went on shore, he was locked on deck, with a pint of rice for his day's allowance; and he was often exposed to the rain for twenty, thirty, and even forty hours, with nothing on but a cotton handkerchief for a cap, a cotton cloth, about two yards long, to supply the want of upper garments, a shirt, and a pair of trowsers. In about two months they returned. His haughty heart was now brought low. He lost all resolution and almost all reflection. Things continued with him thus for nearly a twelvemonth, when he received his master's consent to live with another trader. Here he was entrusted with almost everything, to the value of some thousands of pounds. He wrote several times to his father and also to Miss —; and at length a ship arrived at Sierra Leone which had received orders from his father to take him home. At first he hesitated about going, as he had become mixed with the natives, and was fast imbibing their superstitious and idolatrous principles. At length, however, the thought of Miss — decided the matter. He embarked, and the ship set sail. It was a trading voyage for gold, ivory, dyers' wood, and bees' wax. He had nothing to employ his thoughts, "excepting," he says, "that I sometimes amused myself with mathematics. Excepting this, my life, when awake, was a course of most horrid impiety and profaneness. I know not that I have ever since met so daring a blasphemer. Not content with common oaths and imprecations, I daily invented new ones; so that I was often seriously reprov'd by the captain, who was himself a very passionate man, and not at all circumspect in his expressions. From the relation I at times made him of my past adventures, and what he saw of my conduct, and especially towards the close of the voyage, when we met with many disasters, he would often tell me, that to his grief he had a Jonah on board, that a curse attended me wher-

ever I went, and that all the troubles he met with in the voyage were owing to his having taken me into the vessel. One night several of them sat down on deck, to see who could hold out longest in drinking Geneva and rum alternately. Newton's brain was soon fired, and he danced about like a madman, when his hat fell overboard. He aimed to get into the ship's boat, but his sight deceived him, and, as he could not swim, he must inevitably have been drowned had not some one caught hold of his clothes and pulled him back. But every providence was lost upon him. At times he was visited with sickness, and believed himself near to death; but he had not the least concern about the consequences. In a word, he seemed to have every mark of final impenitence and rejection; neither judgments nor mercies made the least impression upon him. At length, early in January, 1748, they left Annabona for England. The vessel, it seems, was not sea-worthy. One day Newton took up a book, Stanhope's "Thomas à Kempis," when a thought suddenly crossed his mind, "What if these things are true?" He could not bear the inference, and therefore hastily closed the book. But now the Lord's time was come, and the conviction he was so unwilling to receive was deeply impressed upon him by an awful dispensation. He went to bed, but was awakened from a sound sleep by the force of a violent sea which broke over the ship. So much of it rushed below as filled the cabin in which he lay, and a cry came from the deck that the ship was going down. "As soon as I could recover myself," he says, "I essayed to go upon deck; but was met upon the ladder by the captain, who desired me to bring a knife with me. While I returned for the knife, another person went up in my room, and was instantly washed overboard. We had no leisure to lament him; nor did we expect to survive him long; for we soon found the ship was filling with water very fast. The sea had torn away the upper timbers on one side, and made the ship a mere wreck in a few minutes. We had immediate recourse to the pumps, but the water increased against all our efforts; and notwithstanding all we could do, she was full, or very near it; and then with a common cargo she must have sunk, of course; but we had a great quantity of bees' wax and wood on board, which were specifically lighter than the water; and as it pleased God that we received this shock in the very crisis of the gale, towards morning we were enabled to employ some means for our safety, which succeeded beyond hope. In about an hour's time the day began to break, and the wind abated. We expended most of our clothes and bedding to stop the leaks, though the weather was exceedingly cold, especially to us who had so lately left a hot climate. Over these we nailed pieces of boards, and at last perceived the water abate. At the beginning of this hurry I was little affected. I pumped hard, and endeavored to animate myself and my companions. I told one of them, that in a few days this distress would serve us to talk of over a glass of wine; but he, being a less hardened sinner than myself, replied with tears, 'No; it is too late now.' About nine o'clock, being almost spent

with cold and labor, I went to speak with the captain, who was busied elsewhere; and just as I was returning from him, I said, almost without any meaning, 'If this will not do, the Lord have mercy on us!' This (though spoken with little reflection) was the first desire I had breathed for mercy for the space of many years. I was instantly struck with my own words, and as Jehu said once, 'What hast thou to do with peace?' so it directly occurred, What mercy can there be for me? I was obliged to return to the pump, and there I continued till noon, almost every passing wave breaking over my head; but we made ourselves fast with ropes, that we might not be washed away. Indeed, I expected that every time the vessel descended into the sea, she would rise no more; and though I dreaded death now, and my heart foreboded the worst, if the Scriptures, which I had long since opposed, were indeed true, yet still I was but half convinced, and remained for a space of time in a sullen frame, a mixture of despair and impatience. I thought if the Christian religion were true, I could not be forgiven; and was therefore expecting, and almost at times wishing, to know the worst of it. I continued at the pump from 3 o'clock in the morning till near noon, and then I could do no more. I went and lay down upon my bed, uncertain, and almost indifferent, whether I should rise again. In an hour's time I was called; and not being able to pump, I went to the helm, and steered the ship till midnight, excepting a short interval for refreshment. I had here leisure and convenient opportunity for reflection. I began to think of my former religious professions; the extraordinary turns in my life; the calls, warnings, and deliverances I had met with; the licentious course of my conversation, particularly my unparalleled effrontery in making the gospel history, which I could not then be sure was false, though I was not as yet assured it was true, the constant subject of profane ridicule. I thought, allowing the Scripture premises, there never was, nor could be, such a sinner as myself; and then, comparing the advantages I had broken through, I concluded at first that my sins were too great to be forgiven. Thus, as I have said, I waited with fear and impatience to receive my inevitable doom. Yet, though I had thoughts of this kind, they were exceedingly faint and disproportionate. It was not till long after, perhaps several years, when I had gained some clear views of the infinite righteousness and grace of Jesus Christ my Lord that I had a deep and strong apprehension of my state by nature and practice; and perhaps till then I could not have borne the sight. But to return. When I saw beyond all probability there was still hope of respite, and heard about six in the evening that the ship was freed from water, there arose a gleam of hope. I thought I saw the hand of God displayed in our favor. I began to pray. I now began to think of that Jesus whom I had so often derided. I recollected the particulars of his life and of his death—a death for sins not his own. And now I chiefly wanted *evidence*. The comfortless principles of *infidelity* were deeply riveted, and I rather wished than believed these things were real facts. \* \* \*

Upon the gospel scheme I saw at least a peradventure of hope, but on every other side I was surrounded by black, unfathomable despair. The wind was now moderate, but continued fair, and we were still drawing nearer to our port. We were awakened one morning by the joyful shouts of the watch upon deck proclaiming the sight of land. We were all soon raised at the sound, and were like men suddenly reprieved from death; but in a few hours our land proved to be nothing but clouds. However, we comforted ourselves that, though we could not see the land, yet we should do so soon, the wind continuing fair. But, alas! we were deprived of this hope likewise. That very day our fair wind subsided into a calm, and the next morning the gales sprang up from the south-east, directly against us, and continued so for more than a fortnight afterwards. Provisions now began to grow very short. The half of a salted cod was a day's subsistence for twelve persons; for all the provisions, except salted fish and some pulse, had been destroyed by the storm. We had plenty of fresh water,\* but not a drop of stronger liquor; no bread, hardly any clothes, and very cold weather. We had incessant labor with the pumps, to keep the ship above water. Much labor and little food wasted us fast, and one man died under the hardship. Yet our sufferings were light in comparison to our just fears. We could not afford this bare allowance much longer, but had a terrible prospect of being either starved to death or reduced to feed upon one another. Our expectations grew darker every day; and I had a further trouble peculiar to myself. I felt a heart-bitterness which was properly my own. No one on board but myself was impressed with any real sense of the hand of God in our danger or deliverance. The captain, whose temper was quite soured by distress, was hourly reproaching me, as I formerly observed, as the sole cause of the calamity; and was confident, that if I were thrown overboard, and not otherwise, they should be preserved from death. He did not intend to make the experiment; but the continual repetition of this in my ears gave me much uneasiness, especially as my conscience seconded his words. I thought it very probable that all that had befallen us was on my account. At length, when we were ready to give up all for lost, and despair was taking place in every countenance, I saw the wind come about to the very point we wished it, and to blow so gently as our few remaining sails could bear; and thus it continued, without any observable alteration or increase, though at an unsettled time of the year, till we once more were called up to see the land, and were convinced that it was land indeed. We saw the island Tory, and the next day anchored in Lough Swilly, in Ireland. This was the 8th of April, just four weeks after the damage we sustained from the sea. When we came into this port, our very last victuals were boiling in the pot; and before we had been there two hours, the wind, which seemed to have been provi-

\* They afterwards found that five butts, which they supposed contained water, were empty. Had they known this at the time, their fears would have been more appalling still.

dentially restrained till we were in a place of safety, began to blow with great violence; so that, if we had continued at sea that night in our shattered, enfeebled condition, we must, in all human appearance, have gone to the bottom. About this time I began to know that there is a God that hears and answers prayer. How many times has he appeared for me since this great deliverance! Yet, alas! how distrustful and ungrateful is my heart unto this hour! My companions in danger were either quite unaffected, or soon forgot it all; but it was not so with me; not that I was any wiser or better than they, but because the Lord was pleased to vouchsafe me peculiar mercy; otherwise I was the most unlikely person in the ship to receive an impression, having been often before quite stupid and hardened in the very face of great dangers, and having always till this time hardened my neck still more and more after every reproof. I can see no reason why the Lord singled me out for mercy but this, 'that so it seemed good to him;' unless it was to show, by one astonishing instance, that 'with him nothing is impossible.' \* \* \* In perusing the New Testament, I was struck with several passages, particularly that of the fig-tree, Luke xiii.; the case of St. Paul, 1 Tim. i.; but particularly the prodigal, Luke xv.; a case I thought had never been so nearly exemplified as by myself; and then the goodness of the father in receiving, nay, in *running to meet* such a son, and this intended only to illustrate the Lord's goodness to returning sinners. This gained upon me. I continued much in prayer. I saw that the Lord had interposed so far to save me; and I hoped he would do more. The outward circumstances helped in this place to make me still more serious and earnest in crying to Him who alone could relieve me; and sometimes I thought I could be content to die even for want of food, if I might but die a believer. Thus far I was answered, that before we arrived in Ireland I had a satisfactory evidence in my own mind of the truth of the gospel, as considered in itself, and its exact suitableness to answer all my needs. I was, in some degree, affected with a sense of my more enormous sins, but I was little aware of the innate evils of my heart. I had no apprehension of the spirituality and extent of the law of God." — Newton now became very religious, went regularly to church to prayers twice a day, and was particularly earnest in his private devotions. For six years he was not brought into the way of a gospel ministry, yet the Lord the Spirit taught him gradually the great truths of the Bible. He could no longer make a mock at sin, or jest with holy things, and no more questioned the veracity of God's word. While the ship was refitting at Lough Swilly, he went to Londonderry, and was treated with much kindness. When there, he was one day carrying a gun, when it went off, and burnt away the corner of his hat. He wrote to his father, who had given him up for lost, as the ship had not been heard of for 18 months, and received several affectionate letters from him, giving his consent to his union with Miss —; but he never saw him more, as his father was compelled to leave England for Hudson's Bay before Newton reached England, though only a few

hours before. Newton was now offered the command of a ship, but he deemed it best to learn to *obey* before he ventured to *command*, as he had heretofore been so reckless; and he therefore, having satisfied himself that Miss — would wait his return, engaged himself for another voyage, and went on board as mate. His religion soon again declined. He grew vain and trifling in his conversation; and though his heart smote him often, yet the enemy led him on until he seemed to have forgotten all the Lord's former mercies, and became almost as bad as ever, except profaneness. The Lord, however, brought him to his senses by a violent fever while in Africa. On recovering, he had charge of the long-boat; but one day when going out in it, the captain called him back, and sent another man in his place. The boat sank in the river, and the man was drowned. Newton was several times upset in the Indian canoes, and taken to the shore half dead. \* \* \* The voyage being completed, the ship returned home, and in 1750 he married the lady already referred to. The same year he was appointed commander of a ship, and sailed from Liverpool in August, having thirty persons under him. He established public worship on board, and officiated himself in reading. In November, 1751, he returned home, but sailed again in July, 1752. In this voyage he was wonderfully preserved amidst many dangers. Once his men agreed to mutiny, and take the ship from him. When the plot was nearly ripe, two of them were taken ill, and one of them died, which opened a way to the discovery of the plot. On several occasions, the slaves on board, for Newton was then a slave merchant, plotted insurrections, but were invariably detected, though sometimes only in "the very nick of time." At a place called Mana he got into the boat to go on shore to settle his accounts, when, for the first time, he became timid, and went on board again. He soon afterwards found that a plot had been laid against him, which might have affected his life, had he landed. In August, 1753, he again returned to Liverpool; but in six weeks started off again, taking with him a young man who had been one of his companions on board the Harwich, and into whom he had been the means of instilling the principles of infidelity. Newton hoped that, by taking him with him, he might now be the means of convincing him of the truths of Christianity. But he was in error. The young man grew worse and worse, until he was seized with a fever, and died in all the horrors of black despair. It does not appear that Mrs. N. accompanied Newton on these occasions; but he was invariably wretched when her letters to him miscarried. During this voyage he had another illness, which, apparently, nearly proved fatal. "I had not," he says, "that full assurance which is so desirable at a time when flesh and heart fail; but my hopes were greater than my fears. My trust, though weak in degree, was alone fixed upon the blood and righteousness of Jesus; and these words, 'He is able to save to the uttermost,' gave me great relief." In about ten days he began to amend, and returned home in August, 1754, and soon prepared for another voyage. Hitherto he had been engaged in the slave trade, and though he

had not then been led to see the *unlawfulness* of his calling, yet he often prayed that the Lord would open a door for him to some more *humane* employment. Two days before the time fixed for sailing, he was seized with a fit, and was obliged to give up the ship. He now remained in England, when he became acquainted with Mr. Whitefield, whose ministry was made exceedingly useful to him, and he was instructed in the way of the Lord more perfectly. His trials, he said, were light and few, but he often had to sigh out, "O wretched man!" though he could add with the apostle, "I thank God through Jesus Christ." The next year he was appointed tide surveyor at Liverpool.\* From this time, 1755, to 1764, he had several times preached and expounded at Liverpool. The first time that the ministry was impressed on his mind was when reflecting on Gal. i. 23, 24; and the first time he preached was in 1759, at Warwick, to some people who had separated from the chapel in which Mr. Ryland had preached, prior to his removal. It was not the smallness of the salary which prevented Newton's settling here, but he was wavering in his mind between Church and Dissent; and as he subsequently chose the former, he could not, of course, remain. He always spoke of the people in the most affectionate terms, and often said the very mention of Warwick made his heart leap for joy. It does not, however, appear that he was much pressed to remain amongst them, as "his talents as a minister were not then very popular;" and it is well known that a man may be thought a great preacher in the Establishment who would make a very poor dissenting minister. It was about this time that, being in Leeds, Newton was invited to preach for Mr. Edwards, in Whitechapel. He met a party at Mr. E.'s house to tea, and seems to have enjoyed himself much. After tea he was told there was a private room at his service prior to preaching. "O," said he, "I am prepared!" He went. His text was Ps. xvi. 8. For a few minutes he prattled away fluently, and then came to a dead stop. His "preparation" was gone. He became confused, and at last desired Mr. E. to ascend the pulpit and conclude. This Mr. E. did, by addressing the people on the indispensable necessity of the Spirit's influences. Such was Newton's abasement and shame, that for some time afterwards, when walking in the streets, if he saw two or three people talking together, he made sure his failure was

\* "When I think of my settlement here, and the manner of it, I see the appointment of Providence so good and gracious, and such a plain answer to my poor prayers, that I cannot but wonder and adore. My predecessor, Mr. C., had no intention of giving up his place, as reported; but the *report* put Mr. M. on an application to Mr. S., the member for the town, for the place; and the very day he received the promise in my favor, Mr. C. was found dead in his bed, though he was perfectly well the night before." In this office it was Newton's duty to inspect all ships which entered the port. One day he had to inspect a ship, but was delayed on shore beyond the time appointed. He afterwards put off in a boat to go to the ship, but the ship blew up just before he reached it. Had he gone at the time originally fixed, he must have perished.

the subject of their discourse. Having decided upon entering the Church, he had two curacies offered to him, but the Archbishop of York refused his ordination. In 1764 the curacy of Olney was proposed to him, and through the influence of Lady Huntingdon's friend, Lord Dartmouth, he was ordained by the Bishop of Lincoln. At Olney he wrote his hymns, in 1770, in connexion with Cowper, and called them "Olney Hymns." Here he continued nearly 16 years, and afterwards removed to St. Mary Woolnoth, London. In 1790 he had the honorary degree of D.D. conferred upon him by the University of New Jersey, America; but he declined accepting it, saying he had no wish for honors of that kind. The same year Mrs. N., his idol, as he always called her, was removed by death, and the world, he said, seemed to die with her. For some years after her death he used to vent his grief and affection in verses, on the anniversary of the day. These verses were published under the title of "Ebenczer." The following is a sample :

"Forget her! No; can four short years  
The deep impression wear away?  
She still before my mind appears,  
Abroad, at home, by night, by day.  
Oft as with those she loved I meet,  
Her looks, her voice, her words, recur;  
Or, if alone I walk the street,  
Still something leads my thoughts to her."

In 1806, when he had turned 80, his sight, his hearing, and his recollection, all fast going, his friends wished him to discontinue preaching. "What!" he exclaimed, "shall the old African blasphemer stop while he can speak?" His last sermon was preached in Oct., 1806, for the benefit of the sufferers at the battle of Trafalgar. When no longer able to preach, he sat in the pulpit to hear his curate, until laid by altogether. About a month before his death, he said to a friend who was sitting near him, "It is a great thing to die; and, when flesh and heart fail, to have God for the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever." When Mrs. Smith, his niece, came into the room, he said, "I have been meditating upon a subject, 'Come, and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.'" At another time he said, "More light, more love, more liberty. Hereafter I hope, when I shut my eyes on the things of time, I shall open them in a better world. What a thing it is to live under the shadow of the wings of the Almighty! I am going the way of all flesh." And when one replied, "The Lord is gracious," he answered, "If it were not so, how could I dare to stand before him?" He was confined to his room for about 11 months. "I am," he said, "like a person going a journey in a stage coach, who expects his arrival at his destination every hour, and keeps looking out of the window for it." At another time, "I am packed and sealed, waiting for the post." The Wednesday before he died, a friend asked him if his mind was comfortable. He replied, "I am satisfied with the Lord's will." Mr. N.

seemed sensible to his last hour, but expressed nothing remarkable after these words.\* He departed on the 21st, and was buried in the vault of his church the 31st of December, 1807, having left the following injunction, in a letter, for the direction of his executors: "I propose writing an epitaph for myself, if it may be put up, on a plain marble tablet, near the vestry-door, to the following purport:

**"JOHN NEWTON,**

Clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long laboured to destroy. He ministered near sixteen years as curate and vicar of Olney, in Bucks, and twenty-eight years as rector of these united parishes. On February 1st, 1750, he married Mary, daughter of the late George Catlett, of Chatham, Kent, whom he resigned to the Lord who gave her on December 16th, 1790."

[The above has been run on in one paragraph, to save room.]

**NORMAN.**—In Rippon's Baptist Register for 1793 is an account of a Samuel Norman, who was appointed minister of Bampton, Devon, in 1792, and also of a John Norman, who was assistant to Mr. Turner, of Abingdon, for some time, and who died at Plymouth, 1782; and in the same work for 1794, is an account of a George Norman, of Sutton, in Cambridgeshire; but I know not which of them wrote the hymn,

"Tis not as led by custom's voice."

**OLIVERS (THOMAS)** was born at Tregonan, in Montgomeryshire, in 1725. He wrote an account of his own life, from which it seems he was an awful swearer, and addicted to many gross sins, being, as he says, "one of the most profligate young men living." One night he met a multitude of people, and, on inquiry, found they had been to hear Whitefield. Two evenings afterwards, he also went to hear him, when the sermon was the means of stopping him in his awful course. He afterwards joined the Methodists, and was on one occasion put into the stocks, by order of the magistrates, for preaching. When Mr. Wesley and Mr. Whitefield separated, Mr. O. clave to the former, and wrote several works against election, &c. He died in 1799. He cautioned the Conference of 1772 against signing the minutes. The following will, perhaps, give the reader some idea of Olivers' feelings and sentiments. "I went last Wednesday morning," says he, "to a famous Antinomian church in the city, to hear one of the

\* A dear friend of Newton's was once blessed with a remarkable degree of *worldly* prosperity. Newton called upon him and expressed his anxiety about his *spiritual* welfare. His friend made no reply, but called down his partner in life, who came suffused in tears and unable to speak. Newton inquired the cause, when he was told she had just been sent for to one of their children, who was from home, and supposed to be in dying circumstances. Affectionately clasping her hands, "God be thanked," said Newton, "he has not forsaken you! I do not wish your child to suffer, but I am happy to find the Lord gives you this token of his favor."

Antinomian clergymen, (Toplady.) I expected to have seen very few people there; but though the church is large, it was quite full. What a shame is it, my brethren, that an Antinomian preacher should have so many people to hear him, when I, who preach the pure gospel, was forced but now to wait a considerable time for my congregation, and after waiting long, to begin to 18 or 20 people!" Olivers wrote the first two verses of,

"Lo! he comes, with clouds descending."

PAICE (HENRY) was pastor of the Baptist Church, at Waddesdon Hall, Bucks, in 1795. The hymn,

"Fix'd was the eternal state of man,"

is ascribed to him, but, though inserted in his Selection, he does not call it his own. I believe it is Tucker's, but have not been able to authenticate it.

PERRONET (EDWARD) lived at Canterbury. He was the son of Vincent Perronet, Vicar of Shoreham, Kent, for upwards of 50 years. Vincent died in 1785, aged 92; but I have no account of Edward's death. The hymn,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"

though ascribed to various persons, was undoubtedly written by him. Dr. Reed, of Hackney, called it Shrubsole's; but he was probably led into the error by the fact that Shrubsole composed the tune called Miles Lane, expressly for the hymn. Shrubsole was for many years organist of Spafelds Chapel, London. The hymn is in Edward Perronet's original book, entitled, "Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred," published in 1785, a copy of which I met with at Mr. Clarke's, the celebrated organist, at Canterbury. Indeed, I went to Canterbury purposely to see the book, having heard it was there, and I prevailed upon Mr. C. to present it to the British Museum Library. In that library, therefore, it may be seen. When Perronet died, he left Shrubsole a large sum of money. It is but right to say that the hymn appeared in the "Gospel Magazine," 1780, but without signature. Perronet, however, published it as his own, and no doubt it was.

PRIESTLEY (TIMOTHY) was the editor of the "Christian Magazine," published in 1790-2, in which appeared some hymns now in general use. He was first minister at Kippin, Yorkshire; then at Cannon Street, Manchester; and afterwards at Jewin Street, London. He was an Independent, not, perhaps, a very powerful minister, but, I firmly believe, a gracious one, though ill-judged of by some good men, who could not tolerate any out of their own immediate sphere. His writings, however, speak, though he is dead. I by no means say he was faultless; but who, indeed, can lay claim to this? He was brother to the Socinian, Dr. Joseph Priestley, and has often been mistaken for him. He died April 18th, 1814, in his 80th year.

RADFORD (JOSEPH) was born in the parish of Stepney, London, July 21st, 1752. He first preached at a meeting-house in Hermitage Street, Wapping, in 1785, but in a few months the premises were taken down, when he removed to Well Street, where

he was again disturbed, as these premises were taken down also. He died July 19th, 1802. The hymn,

"Self-righteous souls on works rely,"

is in the "Christian's Magazine," 1790, signed A. C. R.; but I find it in Joseph Radford's Selection a year earlier.

RIPPON (JOHN) was born at Tiverton, Devon, April 20th, 1751. A year after the death of Dr. Gill, which took place in Oct., 1771, Mr. Rippon was invited to supply the destitute church in Carter Lane, Tooley Street, London, for seven Lord's Days. In 1773 he was appointed their pastor. When the new London Bridge was erected, the church built a new chapel in New Park Street, which was opened in 1833. Mr. Rippon remained with this people until his death, having been their pastor for 63 years. Dr. Gill was their pastor for 54 years previously; so that, for the space of 117 years, that church had only two pastors. Mr. Spurgeon is now, 1860, the pastor. In 1790 Rippon commenced publishing a Baptist Register, giving accounts of all the Baptist churches and ministers in the kingdom. This was continued until 1802. Rippon was one of the most popular and talented preachers amongst the modern Calvinists in his day. He was educated as a minister at the Baptist Academy, Bristol. He died Dec. 17th, 1836, and was interred in Bunhill Fields, Dr. Cox, of Hackney, delivering an address upon the occasion in the chapel in Park Street. Rippon's Selection of hymns was first printed in 1787. I think the hymn,

"Here, Lord, my soul convicted stands,"

was his own, as I cannot find it in any book earlier than his Selection.

ROBINSON (ROBERT) was born at Swaffham, Norfolk, Jan 8th, 1735. In 1749 he was put apprentice to a hair-dresser in London. During his apprenticeship he devoted all his leisure time to reading and study. He also attended the ministry of Gill, Romaine, and Whitefield; and, I believe, joined and preached for the Methodists. He began to preach in 1758, at Mildenhall, and afterwards preached at Norwich. Here he became pastor of a small Independent church. In 1759 he received an invitation from a Baptist church at Cambridge, and preached his first sermon there July 8th, 1759, having been himself previously baptized by immersion. He was on trial two years, and became their stated pastor in 1761, but made it one condition that they should admit of open communion. His income at first was very small, having received only £3 12s. 5d. from his congregation for the first half year. A person thought he had conferred an extraordinary favor on him by obtruding on his acceptance an old suit of black clothes. Robinson was afterwards dining at his table, with the old clothes on, when the donor said, "Mr. Robinson, I never saw you look so much like a gentleman." "Sir," replied Robinson, "I cannot afford to look like a gentleman," and immediately emptied the butter-boat over the clothes, and took his leave. In 1769 a new chapel was built for him, his congregation having greatly increased. Soon after this, Mr. R. began to distinguish himself as an author, and wrote a work entitled, "A Plea for the Divinity of Christ." In 1781 he wrote "The History of Baptism."

"Come, thou Fount of every blessing,"

has been usually ascribed to him; but it has, I believe, lately been proved to be Lady Huntingdon's. In June, 1790, he went to Birmingham, first, on account of his health, and, secondly, to preach for Dr. Joseph Priestley, the Socinian. He was, it seems, in a very weak state both of body and mind, but still ventured to preach twice on the Sunday.

After preaching, it was manifest that Robinson was a dying man. His bodily strength was exhausted, and his faculties impaired. On the following Tuesday morning he was found dead in his bed, June 8th, 1790. Some have supposed that he committed suicide, but such was not the case.

ROMAINE (WILLIAM) having been often named in this work, I give a brief account of him. He was born at Hartlepool, Durham, Sept. 25th, 1714, the same year as Whitefield. His father was one of the French Protestants who fled to England when the edict of Nantes was revoked, at which time so many Protestants were inhumanly butchered in France by the ever blood-thirsty Papists. William was first educated at the grammar-school, at Houghton-le-Spring, and then sent to the University at Oxford. Here he paid so much attention to his studies that he greatly neglected his dress. Passing by the apartment of one of the masters one day, a visitant inquired, "What slovenly fellow is that, with his stockings about his heels?" "That slovenly fellow, as you call him," said the master, "is one of the greatest geniuses of the age, and is likely to be one of the greatest men in the kingdom." In October, 1736, he was appointed to a curacy in Devonshire, and from thence removed to Windlesham, in Surrey. From Windlesham he went to London, strongly fortified in notions of his own exalted abilities, which were in due time brought to nought. He had quite made up his mind to go to his father's native country, France; but when he went to secure his passage, a gentleman who knew his father saw him, and, recognising him from the similarity of his features to his father's, asked him if his name were not Romaine. On being answered in the affirmative, he told him the lectureship of St. Botolph, Billingsgate, was vacant, and, having some influence in the parish, he had no doubt he could procure it for him. Romaine consented to remain, providing he were not obliged to canvass in person. This was agreed to, and Romaine was elected to the lectureship in 1748. In 1749, he was chosen lecturer of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West. He became so popular, however, that the rector disputed the appointment, and the case was carried into the Court of King's Bench, which confirmed Romaine in the evening lectureship, but said 7 o'clock was a convenient hour for the lecture. The churchwardens thereupon refused to open the doors before that time, so that the people were kept waiting in the streets, and Romaine often had to lecture by the light of a candle, which he held in his own hand. After a time, however, this was altered, and Romaine retained the lectureship to his death. Some time afterwards he preached at Westminster Chapel, but was driven out by the dean and chapter. In 1750 he was appointed morning preacher at St. George's, Hanover Square, London; but from this place he was dismissed under the *complaint* of crowding the church and collecting so many poor together; upon which a nobleman remarked that what was allowed in a theatre could not be tolerated in a church. In 1764 he was chosen to the rectory of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, but, from opposition, was kept out of the pulpit until 1766, when he was regularly installed by a decree of the Lord Chancellor. On being installed, a large sum of money was found due to him, but he said he would not receive it, as he had not worked for it, and thereupon ordered it to be given to the poor prisoners in Newgate. Until this appointment, he had no regular employment in the *morning*, but preached in various places. He was invited to take a church in America, the living of which was £600 per year, and his dear friend Whitefield urged him to accede, telling him, as he was persecuted in one city he should flee to another;

but though his church income was only £18 per year, he positively refused to leave London, unless he could see the Lord's hand in it. "Besides," said he, "what does it signify where I am,—a poor dumb dog, the vilest, the basest of all the servants of my Lord? If you could see what is passing for any one hour in my heart, you would think nothing of me, but only admire and extol the riches of Jesus's love." His election to St. Anne's is said to have been mainly owing to the exertions of a publican. Mr. R., upon being informed of this circumstance, went to thank him for his kindness. "Indeed, Sir," replied the publican, "I am more indebted to you than you to me, for you have made my wife, who was one of the worst, the best woman in the world." In 1764 Romaine published his "Life of Faith;" in 1771 the "Walk of Faith;" and subsequently the "Triumph of Faith." Romaine was sometimes plagued with a hasty temper, but he invariably subsequently apologised when he had been rude. He once treated a dissenting minister somewhat unbecomingly, and the next day called upon him and begged his pardon. A person one day took to him a petition, which Romaine returned to him without reading it, and was showing him the door, when the petitioner said, "Your Master, Sir, would have treated me with greater tenderness." Romaine instantly took back the paper, read it, and granted what was solicited. In company with another minister, he was once staying at the house of a friend, when it was desired that one of them should engage in prayer, and it was thereupon arranged that R.'s friend should do so that evening and R. the next. The Lord saw it good to shut the mouth of his friend, so that he had to suddenly stop in the middle of his prayer. Romaine seemed to feel no sympathy for his friend, but was truly indignant and puffed up. The next evening he was taught something of his own weakness; for, though he eagerly read and as eagerly went on his knees to pray, he became almost instantly so confused that he had to rise, and was then glad of the sympathy of his despised brother. Romaine was truly a benevolent man, and one who ever rejoiced greatly, not only in the salvation but also in even the reformation of sinners.\* He was once walking in the street with a gentleman, when he overheard a man solemnly calling upon Jehovah to damn him for ever to the bottomless pit. Romaine stopped, took half-a-crown out of his pocket, and said, "My friend, I will give you this, if you will repeat that oath again." The man started, and said, "What, Sir, do you think I will damn my soul for half-a-crown?" Romaine mildly replied, "As you did it just now for nothing, I could not suppose you would refuse to do it for a reward." The poor creature, struck, as Romaine meant he should be, replied, "God bless and reward you, Sir, whoever you are. I believe you have saved my soul. I hope I shall never swear again as long as I live." On another occasion he heard a man call upon God to damn his soul, for Christ's sake. Romaine, putting his hand upon the man's shoulder, said, "My friend, God has done many things for Christ's

\* Mr. Cennick was once preaching at Exeter on the efficacy of the blood of Christ, when a butcher exclaimed, "If you love blood, you shall soon have enough of it;" and rising, ran to procure some to throw upon him. A Mr. Sanders who was standing by, seeing the butcher approaching with nearly a pailful of blood, calmly went to meet him, and, probably for a joke, as he was then a stranger to divine things, suddenly caught hold of the pail, and poured the blood all over the butcher. This drew the attention of the mob from Cennick to the butcher, and Sanders had some difficulty in making his escape. He was some time afterwards awakened to a sense of sin under a sermon by Romaine.

sake, and he may do that too." The man was struck with awe. The reproof went to his heart, and it was the means of turning him to the Lord. Perhaps no man, since the days of the apostles, lived a more upright life than Romaine did; yet he did not escape inveterate opposition and foul calumny. A meeting of clergymen was on one occasion held, when the worthies assembled passed a resolution, that "Mr. Romaine's preaching was calculated to do harm," though their own eyes must have given the lie to their vote. A clergyman, of not very good repute, once followed him, and called him an Antinomian. Romaine merely replied he was sorry to be called an Antinomian, and especially by *him*. He was on one occasion invited to preach a charity sermon, when he found that he had been locked in the pew in which he sat during the prayers, so that he could not get out, and the rector impertinently ascended the pulpit. The people rose in a mass to depart, but Romaine begged of them to remain for the sake of the charity. Speaking once of good John Berridge, he said, "Poor dear old man! Thou art gone to thy rest. I shall be happy to sit down at thy feet in the kingdom." A lady who once heard Mr. Romaine, expressed herself mightily pleased with his discourse, and told him afterwards that she thought she could comply with his doctrine, and give up everything but *one*. "And what is that, Madam?" "Cards, Sir." "You think you could not be happy without them?" "No, Sir, I know I could not." "Then, Madam, they are your god, and they must save you." This pointed and just reply is said to have issued in her conversion. Romaine was once at tea at a lady's house, when his hostess asked him to have a rubber at whist, to which he seemed to accede. On the cards being produced, he said, "Let us ask the blessing of God!" "Ask the blessing of God!" exclaimed the lady, "I never heard of such a thing at cards." "Then," said Romaine, "how can you engage in that or anything else on which you cannot ask the Lord's blessing?" I need hardly say the cards were soon put by. For the last 50 years of his life, Romaine regularly rose at 5, breakfasted at 6, dined at 1, supped at 8, and retired at 9. He took little or no wine, and lived on the plainest food. Romaine's last illness attacked him June 6th, 1795. He had more than once said, "Who can tell (I cannot) how great the love was which provided a Saviour for such a rebel? What patience, how infinite! to spare me through childhood, through youth, through manhood, when every day, and everything in the day, were calling aloud for vengeance. I might have been many years ago in hell, and most justly; and now I adore the long-suffering of God which kept me out of it. He had purposes of love toward me, which he made known in his own time and way. It was sovereign love which brought me to know myself, and to know Jesus. His own Holy Spirit began and carried on the work." A little before his death he was asked how he was; when he replied, "As well as I can be out of heaven." And at another time, "As well as I possibly can be whilst in this vile body, which plagues and torments me." "How good is God to me! what entertainments and comforts does he give me! O what a prospect of glory and immortality is before me! He is my God, through life, through death, and to eternity!" On a friend remarking how weak he was becoming, he said, "It is all mercy, all mercy!" "I have been in deep waters, but have enjoyed much support." "I should have nothing of this languor if I had no sin; but God be thanked for hope in death, yea, for *life* in death." On the 23rd of July, he said, "It is now nearly sixty years since God opened my mouth to publish the everlasting suf-

iciency and eternal glory of the salvation of Christ Jesus; and it has now pleased him to shut my mouth, that my heart might feel and experience what my mouth has so often spoken." "I have lived to experience all I have spoken, and all I have written, and I bless God for it." "I have the peace of God in my conscience, and the love of God in my heart; and that, you know, is sound experience." "I knew before the doctrines I preached to be *truths*, but now I experience them to be *blessings*." Thanking another friend for a visit, he said he had come to see a saved sinner. This, he had often affirmed, should be his dying boast, and that he desired to die with the language of the publican in his mouth, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" On the Thursday before his death, his wife said to him, "I hope, my dear, you now find God your support, and his promises of life in Christ Jesus your comfort." He replied, "Yes; now that my heart, and my flesh, and my strength fail, my God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." He then addressed her with the most tender expressions of affection, thanking her for all the unwearied attention and care she had showed to him, from the first day of their union until now; adding, "Come near, my love, that I may bless you. The Lord be with you, a covenant God for ever, to save and bless you." On the Saturday he was evidently fast sinking. A friend said to him, "I hope, Sir, you now find the salvation of Jesus inestimably precious to you." He replied with feeble voice, "Yes, yes, yes; he is precious to my soul." "More precious than rubies," said his friend. Romaine caught the word, and completed the Scripture: "Yes, 'and all that can be desired is not comparable to him.'" Whilst his lips could move, or his tongue articulate, he was employed in ejaculations of prayer and praise. The last words he was heard distinctly to utter were, "Holy, holy, holy, blessed Jesus! to thee be endless praise!" When his breath failed, and he could speak no more, his lips continued to move, his hands were clasped and lifted up to God, and about 1 o'clock on the morning of Lord's Day, July 26th, 1795, the conflict ended, and he fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle or a groan. He died at a friend's house on Balham Hill, and was buried in a vault under the church of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, London. The funeral was attended by the city marshals and their men on horseback, fifty coaches, the beades and children of the parish school, and an immense concourse of people.

ROTHE (GODFREY).—This person was a Moravian minister at Bertholdsdorf and Herrnhut, in Germany. The hymn,

"Now I have found the ground wherein,"

was written by him in German, and translated by C. Wesley. It has been called Toplady's, but this is an error. (See Toplady; C. Wesley.)

ROZZELL.—I have no account of this person. His hymns were, I believe, written expressly for W. W. Horne's Selection.

RYLAND (JOHN) was born at Warwick, Jan. 29th, 1753, in the parsonage house belonging to the rector. When some of the people complained that the rector had let the house to an Anabaptist, (John's father,) the rector replied, "What would you have me do? I have brought him as near to the church as I can, but I cannot force him into it." In 1759 Ryland's father removed to Northampton. His father's name was also John, so that the one was called John Ryland, Senior, and the subject of this memoir John Ryland, Junior. Some of his hymns were inserted in the old magazines, always signed,

"J. R., Jun." He was a pupil with his father at Northampton, who kept an academy, and was also pastor of the Baptist church there. Before he was five years of age, it is said he was able to read the 23rd Psalm in Hebrew, and that by the time he was nine years old, he was so well versed in Greek that he could go through the whole New Testament in that language. At 13 he "became deeply impressed," and was baptized by his father in 1767. In 1770 he preached his first sermon, and some years afterwards assisted his father in the pastoral office, until, in 1786, his father removed to London, when he (John, Jun.) took his place at Northampton. He was one of the founders of the Baptist Missionary Society, and, in 1815, on the death of Andrew Fuller, was appointed his successor as one of the secretaries. He received the title of D.D. in 1792, from the university of Rhode Island, America. In 1793 he removed to Bristol, to fill the office of President of the Baptist Academy there, vacant by the death of Mr. Caleb Evans. He died May 25th, 1825.

SHEPHERD (THOMAS) was a Nonconformist, and, during the persecutions by the Church of England, fled to America, where he formed a church and died. His hymns were published in 1692, about the same time as Burkitt's "Help to Christian Families." (See Burkitt. See also appendix—Mason.)

STEELE (ANNE) was born in 1716. She was the eldest daughter of Mr. William Steele, Baptist minister, Broughton, Hampshire, and was a member of her father's church for 46 years. It is to be deeply regretted that no memoir of her, except one prefixed to the third volume of her poems, published after her death, is in existence; and this is hardly worth reading. Her hymns, however, contain the breathings of a living soul, and have been the means of cheering many a drooping heart, drawing out many a sympathetic tear, inspiring many a rapturous song, and calling forth many a prevailing prayer.\* Even in early life she was exceedingly fond of poetry, but was ever very unwilling for her productions to be submitted to the public eye; and when at last she gave consent, she would not have her own name attached to the volumes, but published them under the signature of Theodosia, and appropriated the profit to charitable uses. As her life was, for the most part, a life of retirement, it furnishes but few incidents worth recording; but it is described as one of "unaffected humility, warm benevolence, sincere friendship, and genuine devotion." She had a capacious mind enclosed in a very weak and languid body; and the death of her father, to whom she was attached by the strongest ties of affection and gratitude, gave such a shock to her tender frame that she never recovered it, though she survived him some years. She had consented to give her hand in marriage to a young man named Elscourt, and the day of the marriage was fixed; but her intended, while bathing in a river on the day preceding it, incautiously went out of his depth, and was drowned. For some years before her death, Miss S. was confined to her chamber, and long looked with sweet resignation for her dissolution; and when at last the happy moment arrived, she was full of peace and joy. Though her body was racked with pain, she uttered not a murmuring word. She took the most affectionate leave of her weeping friends

\* I must say, if any one hymn ever softened my heart, and caused my tears to flow,—was ever blessed to me, more than another, it was this, when I was in Egypt in 1847:

"My God, my Father! blissful name!"

around her, and then, with these triumphant words upon her lips, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," closed her eyes, and fell asleep in Jesus. She died in Nov., 1778. During her life she published two volumes of hymns and poems, and a third volume was published after her death. The following lines are inscribed upon her tombstone :

"Silent the lyre, and dumb the tuneful tongue  
That sang on earth her great Redeemer's praise;  
But now in heaven she tunes a nobler song,  
In more exalted, more harmonious lays."

**STENNETT (SAMUEL)** was born at Exeter in or about 1727. He was the younger son of Dr. Joseph Stennett, who was many years pastor of the Baptist church at Exeter. Samuel is said to have been called by grace to a saving knowledge of the truth in early life. He was baptized by his father when very young, and became a member of the church in Little Wild Street, London, to which place his father had removed in 1737. He received the degree of D.D. from the King's College, Aberdeen. He had an opportunity of entering the Church of England under high patronage, but declined from principle. He took a large share in the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, those laws so unjust towards Dissenters. In 1758 he was appointed pastor of the church in Little Wild Street, as his father's successor, having for some time before been his assistant. The death of his wife greatly afflicted him, and seemed to deaden him to the world. He appeared to have no farther desire to live in it. Just before he was confined to his bed, he prayed earnestly in his family, "that God might give him an easy passage out of life;" and God granted him that which he requested. Some vinegar and other ingredients being given him as a gargle for his throat, he said, with great emotion, "And in *his* thirst they gave him vinegar to drink. O when I reflect upon the sufferings of Christ, I am ready to say, What have I been thinking of all my life? What *he* did and suffered are *now* my only support." And referring to the Socinian tenets, he said, "What should I do now if I had only such opinions to support me?" His speech was taken away some hours before his departure. He died Aug. 24th, 1795.

**STEVENS (JOHN)** was born at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, June 8th, 1770. During his early years he resided with his grandfather, but subsequently went to his father's, and learnt his business of a shoemaker. His father and family were all church people, and John, of course, attended church with them. When about 16, he went to London, with a view of improving himself in his business; and there, it is believed, commenced his connection with dissenters. Referring to this period, and writing on the 8th of June, 1832, Mr. S. says, "This day I have been 56 years in this sinful world. I have been the subject of serious thoughts and desires more than 40 years." In a little time after his arrival in London, he attended the ministry of Mr. Richard Burnham, Grafton Street, Soho, and was subsequently baptized by him. Not long afterwards, and when only 19, he "received the full sanction of the church, and was sent forth to preach the gospel as the Lord in his providence might open a door for him." Nevertheless, from some cause or other, Mr. Burnham never would suffer him to preach in his pulpit. In about three years, Stevens returned to his native village, and there and in the neighborhood regularly preached. Dr. Haweis made proposals to procure his admission into the University; but Stevens would not consent, as his principles as a Baptist were fixed. In 1797 he accepted a call to settle

over a people at Oundle. There he continued for two years, and then removed to St. Neot's. Here he remained about five years, and during the time wrote the first part of his work against Fuller, entitled, "Help for the True Disciples of Immanuel," a work good as far as it goes into the subject of particular redemption,—so good indeed that no Fullerite can ever answer it,—yet by no means to be compared with one upon the same subject by the late William Rush-ton, of Liverpool. In 1805, Mr. S. removed to Boston, and remained there until 1811, when he accepted a call from the church in Grafton Street, London, Mr. Burnham being then deceased, to become their pastor. No less than 80 members, being nearly half the whole number, withdrew on Mr. S.'s settling amongst them; but, nevertheless, in little more than two years the place was found to be too small, and the people removed to York Street, St. James's. In Dec., 1822, the church was broken up, the causes of which it would be uncharitable to mention, and many members left; but the next month it was re-formed. In 1824 a new chapel was erected in Meard's Court, at a cost of £4000; and in this Mr. S. continued to his death, there being at the time of that event, 400 members. In 1823 Mr. S. published a work in favor of the doctrine of *purchased* blessings and the sinner's legal *right* to them. He was also an unflinching advocate of the Pre-Existerian theory, which tenet he seems to have held partly, if not principally, because he could not see how the human nature of Christ could be holy unless it were in existence before Adam fell; just as the Pagans of old could not worship a god which they could not see, and just as the Papists now-a-days believe that the Virgin Mary must have been immaculate, or Christ would have been contaminated with sin. A memoir of Mr. Stevens, consisting, with letters, &c., of nearly 400 octavo pages, was published soon after his death; but I know not who was the author. This is, however, certain, that Mr. S.'s best admirers may well be ashamed of it; for, if judgment must be pronounced upon Mr. S. according to the account therein given of him, his character could not stand very high amongst God-fearing people. The biographer has laboured more to prove that Mr. S. was a man of "distinguished, peculiar, and extraordinary ability" and "powerful and extraordinary talents,"—so powerful, indeed, and "singular and promising," that even Richard Burnham was "jealous" of him; that "the native strength of his superior mind manifested itself in the originality of his thoughts;" nay, that his mind was so "singularly endowed with capabilities of thought and penetration," that he was led by it "more fully to discover the sovereignty, &c., of a Triune Jehovah;" that "his powers of amplification were singularly great;" that "he rose with his theme to a lofty eloquence and sublimity of thought;" that he was, in a word, "a host in himself;" than that he was a helpless dependent upon the Holy Spirit,—a poor sinner saved by grace. Indeed, if we did not know to the contrary, one could hardly believe that he was a sinner at all, and certainly did not need more than half a Saviour, since he possessed a "great and holy mind," and had "a latent principle of holy tendency in his heart from his youth." No rightly-taught man need blush at being called an "Antinomian" by such a biographer, even though, through God's mercy, he could fearlessly offer to compare notes with a life so "strictly moral," "of such unyielding integrity, uncompromising faithfulness, undissembled godliness, and untiring devotedness and consecration to the cause of Jesus Christ," as Mr. S.'s was. All who knew Mr. S. will, however, agree with the biographer that he was

an unflinching advocate for the doctrines of grace, exceedingly powerful in argument, and that "few polemical writers employed the strength of logical argument with greater skill and success." "I let them spin the cord," he was wont humorously to remark of some of his opponents, 'with which I will presently tie their fingers.' In the year 1809 Mr. Stevens published a work entitled, "Doctrinal Antinomianism Refuted, and the Old Law established in a New Relation." This work was written against my dear father. Mr. S. maintained that even the saints in glory, in their perfect state as united to Christ, have nothing more than what the Law contains; to which my father replied that, if that were the case, it was impossible for the Gospel to produce or contain any one thing which is not found in the Law; that when Christ commissioned his disciples to go and preach the Gospel, he ought rather to have sent them to preach the Law; and that when the Apostle exhorted the church to let their conversation be as becomes the Gospel, he should have said as becomes the Law; for "what message more glorious can either men or angels ever deliver than that which contains all evangelical spirituality, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth?" The former said he saw no reason why the Gospel should be introduced as a law, in opposition to that commonly called the Moral Law; and the latter contended that it, the Moral Law, is not to a believer a *perfect* law, while the Gospel contains the glory, not only of the Moral Law, but of all the laws which God ever promulgated from his throne; that though the Law is in itself holy, and just, and good, and glorious, yet that it has no glory, compared with the glory of the Gospel, which excelleth." (2 Cor. ii. 7—11.) Mr. S. called my father "Mr. Antinomos;" to which my father replied that he was quite willing, as to uprightness of conduct and integrity in all his dealings, to compare notes even with Mr. Stevens; and said if that man must be called an Antinomian who maintains that *that* Law is the believer's rule which is highest in authority and most excellent, which not only contains *all* God's laws, but excels all other laws in glory, he was quite willing to bear the reproach; "and though," said he, "Mr. S. has dipped his pen in nitre, I have no wish to be found walking by *that* rule; and if he is satisfied with the remarks he has made, I do not envy him his happiness. \* \* \* Precious Jesus! May my soul be truly humbled in the dust before thee,—a ruined sinner, justified freely by thy grace! a vile monster, complete in thee! In the riches of thy grace, visit me with a few more of thy heart-melting love kisses. Kiss me out of self more and more into thee!" Mr. S.'s last sermon was preached Sept. 19th, 1847. On the following Saturday, being very unwell, a friend called to see him, to whom he said, "I have no clothes of my own to appear in before God, but the garment of his righteousness, and have nothing to plead but the blood of his heart. I could wish the Lord would either give me strength for my work, or take me home to see his face in glory." Little more is recorded of his last sayings; but his end is described as being "prayerful, calm, and peaceful," "not a word of distrust or doubt escaping him." He died Oct. 6th, 1847.

STOCKER (JOHN).—I have no account of this person, except that his hymns were all inserted in the "Gospel Magazine" for 1776, &c. That one is his, commencing,

"Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song."

SWAIN (JOSEPH) was born in Birmingham in 1761. His parents died when he was very young. At an early age he was apprenticed to

an engraver. On removing to London, he became acquainted with a number of gay youths, who were extremely fond of plays and dancing, and, being naturally of a cheerful disposition, his company was much sought after. At this time he composed some songs and plays. But he was not allowed to proceed beyond the prescribed line. One day it was suggested to his mind that he was on the road to eternal death. He therefore purchased a Bible. His convictions of sin increased, and his conscience became greatly alarmed with apprehensions of eternal ruin. In his Diary of April 2nd, 1782, he describes the state of his mind: "I was followed, for about six months, with dreadful ideas of eternal torments, fearing lest by fire or sickness I might be removed into the endless fire of hell. Still I found that I loved my sins, and was not able to give them up, though I feared the punishment due to them." After a time, and after many legal workings, and various attempts to make his own peace with God, he felt his heart gradually melted. Many scriptures were brought to his mind, wherein he not only saw himself as a sinner, but Christ as a Saviour, yea, as *his* Saviour. "Yea," he says, "I saw and believed that he died for me, and that I should soon be with him in glory. O how did my enraptured soul rejoice, at that time, in this great salvation! So great was the peace and satisfaction of my mind that I thought I could bear to be confined in the darkest dungeon, provided I might feel there what I *then* felt of the presence of God in my soul. But ah! the heavenly vision was not of long continuance, as I soon found by experience. The heavenly scene was snatched away, leaving but the remembrance of it, except that in my heart I felt an *aching void* that Christ only could fill." He now began to write some hymns. As he was singing one of them, a person who overheard him asked him whose it was, and when he found it was his own, he invited him to go to chapel with him; but it is impossible to describe the surprise and delight he experienced on hearing from the pulpit the very things which he had himself gone through, for this was the first gospel sermon he had ever heard. He said, "I am sure what the preacher said is true, for he has described my feelings better than I can myself." He afterwards went to hear Rippon, and was baptized by him in May, 1783. After hearing a sermon preached by John Berridge, he said to his wife, "My dear, I do think I shall die with joy." Some time afterwards he was called by the church to the work of the ministry, and in June, 1791, went to preach for a people who met in East Street, Walworth, London, and who, without being formed into a church, had gone on for 11 years, having had no stated minister over them. In Dec., a church was formed, and Swain was made the pastor. When the church was first formed, there were only 27 members, but the number soon increased to 200. The chapel was enlarged three times. But Swain's labors soon terminated, as he died April 14th, 1796. Swain wrote, in a letter to a friend, an account of his experience, from which I extract the following:

"Dear Brother in Christ,—Though I see not your face,  
Your name is engraved on my heart;  
And oft with delight I contemplate the place  
Where soon we shall meet not to part.

"But O to that grace which has saved us from hell,  
What debtors we have been and are.  
We must be content, if the whole we would tell,  
To wait till we both arrive there.

- " Yet though I am conscious the height of God's love,  
And depths of his wisdom and grace,  
Will never be known till we sing them above,  
I cannot but aim at his praise.
- " Though high is the theme, and the ransom'd in heaven  
To reach it exert all their skill;  
For one to be silent whose sins are forgiven  
Is surely more difficult still.
- " Look back, then, my soul, and by mercy constrain'd,  
Declare what thy Saviour has done,  
When first over Satan and sin he obtain'd  
That conquest which proved thee his own.
- " A slave to the passions which fetter mankind,  
And mark them as servants of sin,  
And yet to self-righteousness strongly inclined,  
My heart was both proud and unclean.
- " But thoughts of eternity oft would intrude,  
And conscience on judgment would muse;  
How must I of God with abhorrence be view'd,  
While thus all his gifts I abuse!
- " Till secret alarms in the season of sleep  
Disturb'd and prevented my rest,  
By pointing my fears to the bottomless deep,  
My envy to seats of the blest.
- " 'Twas then with reluctance I purchased the book  
Where God's righteous will is reveal'd,  
Intending but seldom within it to look,  
My eyes to its worth being seal'd.
- " But while I was seeking on his holy day—  
Behold the long-suffering of God!—  
Unhallowed delight in perusing a play,  
The Bible my purpose withstood.
- " This pierced through my soul like a two-edged sword,  
And laid my heart open to view;  
I felt both the truth and the power of the word;  
My sins were intended, I knew.
- " I trembled to think of his all-seeing eyes,  
Which watched me through all my career;  
And thought on the day when the dead must arise;  
With horror akin to despair.
- " That word which bold infidels dare to dispute,  
Which God did in mercy inspire,  
I found like an axe which is laid to the root,  
To cut down a tree for the fire.
- " The precepts demanding obedience I read,  
Overwhelm'd with confusion and shame;  
The threat'nings like thunder roll'd over my head,  
And darted like lightnings their flame.

"But neither the danger of hell I was in,  
Nor dread of displeasure divine,  
Could turn from the love or the practice of sin  
A heart so rebellious as mine."

TATE (NAHUM) was born in Dublin, 1652, and died in 1715. With Brady he compiled a New Version of Psalms for the Church of England. (See Brady.)

TOPLADY (AUGUSTUS MONTAGU) was born at Farnham, Surrey, Nov. 4th, 1740. Toplady lived in a day when Arminianism first vigorously reared its head in the Protestant Church, when the Arminians broached the heresies that "every believer, till he comes to glory, works *for* as well as *from* life," that "nothing can be more false than that a man is to do nothing in order to justification," that election is a "horrible decree," &c.; and Toplady vigorously combated those doctrines. About that time the Calvinistic and Arminian (or Wesleyan) Methodists were divided. When Huntington was raised up, he found that, in the Calvinistic churches, all who professed the doctrines of grace were reputed to be Christians, especially if they could talk largely of election, predestination, &c.; and he was "set," as God's mouth, to draw the line between *possession* and a mere *profession*,—to separate the chaff from the wheat. The ministry of each was peculiarly adapted to the times in which he lived; and this has been the case with the Lord's more highly-favored ministers in all ages. I might instance the great Reformers, Calvin, Luther, Zwingli, Waldo, Wicliffe, &c. Each did the work appointed for him, and each was as indispensable in his day as the harrow is after the plough. (See Lady Huntingdon, Whitefield, &c.)—But I am rambling from my memoir. Toplady's father was a major, and died at the siege of Carthagea soon after Toplady was born. Toplady received his early education at the Westminster School, and thence went with his mother to Ireland. When about the age of 16, it pleased God in his providence to direct his steps into a barn, at a place called Codymain, where a layman was preaching. The word was fixed on his conscience. Reflecting upon the circumstance a few years afterwards, he says, "February 29th, 1768, at night, after my return from Exeter, my desires were strongly drawn out, and drawn up to God. I could, indeed, say that I groaned with the groans of love, joy, and peace; but so it was, even with comfortable groans that cannot be uttered. That sweet text, 'Ye, who were sometimes afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ,' (Eph. xi. 13,) was particularly delightful and refreshing to my soul; and the more so as it reminded me of the days and months that are past, even the day of my sensible espousals to the Bridegroom of the elect. It was from that passage that Mr. Morris preached on the memorable evening of my effectual call by the grace of God, under the ministry of that dear messenger; and under that sermon I was, I trust, brought nigh by the blood of Christ, in August, 1768. Strange that I, who had so long sat under the means of grace in England, should be brought nigh unto God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name! Surely it was the Lord's doing, and is marvellous! The excellency of such power must be of God, and cannot be of man. The regenerating Spirit breathes not only on whom, but likewise when, where, and as he listeth."—In June, 1762, Toplady "received the imposition of hands," and subscribed to the Articles, &c., of the Church of England five times. He "did not believe them," he said, "because he subscribed to them, but he subscribed to them be-

cause he believed them." He considered them, indeed, as almost, if not quite, immaculate. In one of his works he remarks, that if the apostles had lived in that day, he believed they would all have been members of the Church of England! So great is the infatuation with which even good men may be left to be carried away. Shortly after he entered the ministry, he was inducted into the living of Blagdon, Somersetshire, but subsequently resigned it, as he learnt that it had been *purchased* for him. He first possessed the living of New Ottery, which he exchanged in 1708 for that of Broad Hembury, near Honiton, Devonshire, which he held until his death. Through the lenity exercised towards his parishioners, the whole living did not amount to £80 a-year. Though Toplady was so staunch an advocate for the Church of England, he was nevertheless courteous and kind to all who differed from him in opinion, so long, as he said to Dr. Priestley, as they were *transparent* "Give me," said he, "the person whom I can hold up as I can a piece of crystal, and see through him. I revere and admire real probity wherever I see it; but artifice, duplicity, and disguise I cannot away with." Dr. Gill, the Baptist, he highly esteemed, as he did also many other Dissenters. With John Wesley he was uncommonly severe, not because he had in great measure swerved from the Establishment, and set up as a "head" on his own account, but because he said disingenuousness, disguise, dishonesty, marked many of his goings. Many things were, however, I believe, attributed to Mr. W., of which he knew no more than did Toplady himself, his followers being mainly to blame. But all these things are as well passed by. "But let it not be supposed," he says, "that I bear them (Wesley and his supporters) the least degree of personal hatred. God forbid! I have not so learned Christ. The very men who have my opposition have my prayers also. I dare address the great Shepherd, and say,

‘Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock  
I would disdain to feed?’

But I likewise wish to add,

‘Hast thou a foe, before whose face  
I fear thy cause to plead?’”

A more sincere and honest man than Toplady was has not, perhaps, existed for 18 centuries. He had the courage of a lion, but his frame was brittle as glass. Excessive study, united with the damp air of Devonshire, was the means of greatly impairing his health, laying the foundation of a consumption, which terminated in his death. He endeavored to change his living for one in a drier part of the island, but could not succeed. His medical advisers, however, recommended him to remove to London, which he did in 1775, when he became more intimately connected with the Countess of Huntingdon and the Calvinistic Methodists. (For some particulars see the account of Lady H. in a previous part of this little book. See also Whitefield and John Wesley, farther on.) His friends engaged for him, for Sunday and Wednesday evenings, the French Calvinist Reform Church in Orange Street. His first sermon there was preached on Lord's Day, April 11th, 1776. Three months afterwards he published his selection of hymns, a copy of which, after much effort, I have procured for the British Museum. There are plenty of copies of a later edition, but it is spurious. In this collection are some hymns of his own, some of Charles Wesley's,

some extracted from the "Gospel Magazine," and some from other quarters. As with all other collections published about that period, such as Madan's, Wesley's, Aldridge's, Coughlan's, Lady Huntingdon's, &c., the names of the authors were not attached to the respective hymns. This is to be regretted, as, had it been otherwise, it would have saved a great deal of contention. On publishing his works, *after his death*, Mr. Row inserted many hymns, and called them Toplady's, which were *not* his, but which were Charles Wesley's, &c. Taking advantage of this circumstance, many persons, who are ignorant of the facts, have charged Toplady with theft, &c.; whereas Toplady had no more idea that such hymns would be ascribed to him than that one of his hymns, ("Rock of Ages,") inserted in the Wesleyan Selection, would be ascribed to Wesley. Many of Toplady's own hymns were inserted in the "Gospel Magazine" for 1771 and following years, generally signed "Minimus," but sometimes "Concionator." His well-known hymn, "Rock of Ages," was inserted in that magazine for 1776, at the end of a series of Questions and Answers, and is entitled, "A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World," and signed, "A. T." Of that magazine he was editor from December, 1775, to June, 1776. Mr. Row also published a "Course of Prayer, with Hymns by Toplady;" and in this little volume, as also in "Devotional Exercises," &c., he inserted several other hymns, not only by Charles Wesley, but also by Hart, Watts, Beddome, &c., and called them Toplady's; but Toplady cannot be held responsible for that which was done more than a quarter of a century after his death. Mr. Row, in his Life of Toplady, says Toplady published a few original poetic pieces, in a 12mo. volume, in Dublin, in 1759; and a gentleman in America, named Creamer, who belongs to what is called, "The American Wesleyan Episcopalian Church," and who published an account of the authors of some of the hymns in the American Wesleyan Selection, after having endeavored to stain Toplady's character for having stolen some of Charles Wesley's hymns, says that *most probably* they were inserted by Toplady as his own in the volume alluded to, printed in Dublin. But such an insinuation, in the total absence of proof, betrays a lack of that charity that thinketh no evil, which is especially unbecoming in an advocate for perfection in the flesh. Suffice it to say, that I do not believe one word of it, and I challenge Mr. Creamer for the proof. In all the volumes that I have waded through, I have not found a single instance in which Toplady has claimed any hymn which was not his own. The whole blame lies at Mr. Row's door, for he had no right or authority to insert such hymns in Toplady's works. Some of them were published by C. Wesley before Toplady was born, or within a year of his birth; and Toplady, of course, knew this; and, therefore, to have called them his own would have been certain to have called down the exposure and censure of John Wesley, who sought every opportunity of injuring Toplady's character. But such was not the case. Amongst such hymns I may mention the following:

- "Thrice comfortable hope;" (70)
- "'Tis finish'd! The Messiah dies;" (97)
- "Let the world their virtue boast;" (98)
- "Christ, whose glory fills the skies." (726)

It is true that Toplady *altered* some of them, but they were originally written by Charles Wesley. So again the following have been called Toplady's:

- "Rejoice, ye saints in every state;" (82)
- "Hail, mighty Jesus! how divine;" (194)

"Prepare me, gracious God;" (471)

"Astonish'd and distress'd," (733)

But 82 is Wallin's; the first three verses of 194 are Wallin's, the last two Toplady's; 471 is Elliott's, altered; 733 is Beddome's, altered. I have felt it due to Toplady's reputation to insert these facts, and I can only say that their correctness may be relied upon. As I have mentioned several hymns, usually ascribed to Toplady, which are *not* his, so now I shall refer to some which I believe *are* his, though not hitherto published in his name:

"The Gospel brings tidings;" (52)

"How happy are we;" (68)

"From whence this fear and unbelief?" (227)

"Though justly of wrongs we complain;" (250)

"Jesus, at thy command;" (294)

"Thy purchased people, gracious Lamb;" (348)

Toplady united, in a very high degree, those various excellences which make a captivating preacher. Dignified and serious, yet singularly pleasing in his appearance, having a melodious voice and a graceful action, with a keen eye, an ardent spirit, and a peculiar talent for fluent and felicitous expression, he could readily chain the attention of any audience. Nor did he fail to impress the hearts of many, whose tears were often seen to flow along with his own. Yet, after all, it was not the manner, but the matter, which formed the grand charm of his pulpit oratory. On Feb. 4th, 1776, Toplady was preaching a chanrity serma, to St. Sepulchre's, near Newgate, when he took for his text, Matt. xii. 36. Several persons of rank being present, Toplady took occasion to refer to a paragraph in the newspaper respecting a noble lord running his horse on a Sunday against Sir John Ladd; when his lordship beat his opponent by "jostling" his horse into a ditch. Toplady then cautioned his lordship to beware, lest he should be "jostled" into hell; upon which some of the congregation tittered; whereupon Toplady exclaimed, "It is no laughing matter, Gentlemen, to be jostled into hell!" Toplady's health in early years began rapidly to decline, so that no hope was entertained of his recovery. On April 19th, 1778, on attempting to speak, his hoarseness became so extreme, that he was obliged to descend from the pulpit after naming the text. After the above day, he preached only four times, and each time was looked upon as his last. When it was generally believed that he was dead, or so near death as to be past the power of speaking or writing, John Wesley and some of his followers propagated the awful falsehood that he had receded from his former principles, and had expressed a desire to protest against them in the presence of Mr. Wesley. When the report reached his ears, dying as he was, he insisted upon being conveyed to Orange Street, that he might, from his pulpit, contradict the statement. He was informed that it would be dangerous to make the attempt, and that probably he might die in the execution of it; to which he replied, "A good man [Whitefield] once said he would rather wear out than rust out; and I would rather die in the harness than in the stall." On Sunday, June 14th, 1778, he was, therefore, taken from Knightsbridge to the chapel, and, after a sermon by his assistant, Dr. Illingworth, he, to the amazement of the people ascended the pulpit, and delivered a short but affecting exhortation from 2 Pet. i. 13, 14, in which he mentioned the peace, joy, and consolation, of which he participated, and his desirable expectation that in a few days he must resign his mortal part to corruption, and then see the King

in his glory. He concluded by giving his unqualified contradiction to the report that I have mentioned, and, referring his hearers to his writings, said, "Every one of which I do hereby, as a dying man, ratify and declare to be expressive of my real religious principles." "I was awakened in the month of August, 1755, but not, as has been falsely reported, under Mr. John Wesley, or any preacher connected with him. Though awakened in 1755, I was not led into a full and clear view of all the doctrines of grace till the year 1758, when, through the great goodness of God, my Arminian prejudices received an effectual shock, in reading Dr. Manton's Sermon on the 17th of St. John. I shall remember the years 1755 and 1758 with gratitude and joy, in the heaven of heavens, to all eternity."—I shall here introduce a few extracts from a narrative published a short time after his death. Some of his observations were, by a few persons who were present, committed to writing at the time. He frequently disclaimed, with abhorrence, the least dependence on his own righteousness as any cause of his justification before God, and said that he rejoiced only in the free, complete, and everlasting salvation of God's elect by Jesus Christ, through the sanctification of the Holy Spirit. A remarkable jealousy was apparent in his whole conduct, for fear of receiving any part of that honor which is due to Christ alone. He desired to be nothing, that Jesus might be all and in all. His feelings were so very tender upon this subject, that a friend once undesignedly put him in an agony, by remarking the great loss which the church of Christ would sustain by his death, at this particular juncture. The utmost distress was immediately visible in his countenance, and he exclaimed to this purpose: "What! by *my* death? No! by *my* death? No! Jesus Christ is able, and will, by proper instruments, defend his own truths. And with regard to what little I have been enabled to do in this way, not to me, not to me, but to his own name, and to that only; be the glory." "A short time before his death," says a friend, "at his request, I felt his pulse; and he desired to know what I thought of it. I told him, that his heart and arteries evidently beat weaker and weaker. He replied immediately, with the sweetest smile upon his countenance, 'Why, that is a good sign, that my death is fast approaching; and, blessed be God, I can add, that my heart beats every day stronger and stronger for glory.' A few days preceding his dissolution, I found him sitting up in his arm-chair, and scarce able to move or speak. I addressed him very softly, and asked him if his consolations continued to abound as they had hitherto done. He quickly replied, 'O my dear Sir, it is impossible to describe how good God is to me. Since I have been sitting in this chair this afternoon, (glory be to his name!) I have enjoyed such a season, such sweet communion with God, and such delightful manifestations of his presence with, and love to my soul, that it is impossible for words, or any language, to express them. I have had peace and joy unutterable; and I fear not that God's consolations and support will continue.' But he immediately recollected himself, and added, 'What have I said? God may, to be sure, as a Sovereign, hide his face and his smiles from me. However, I believe he will not; and if he should, yet still will I trust in him. I know I am safe and secure; for his love and his covenant are everlasting.' \* \* \* 'I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God to such an unworthy wretch are so abundant, that he leaves me nothing to pray for but a continuance of them. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul. My prayers are all converted into praise. Nevertheless, I

do not forget that I am still in the body, and liable to all those distressing fears which are incident to human nature when under temptation and without any sensible divine support. But so long as the presence of God continues with me in the degree I now enjoy it, I cannot but think that such a desponding frame is impossible.' 'Those great and glorious truths which the Lord, in rich mercy, has given me to believe, and which he has enabled me (though very feebly) to stand forth in the defence of, are not (as those who believe not, or oppose them say) dry doctrines, or mere speculative points. No. But, being brought into practical and heart-felt experience, they are the very joy and support of my soul; and the consolations flowing from them carry me far above the things of time and sense.' Soon afterwards he added, 'So far as I know my own heart, I have no desire but to be entirely passive; to live, to die, to be, to do, to suffer, whatever is God's blessed will concerning me; being perfectly satisfied that, as he ever has done, so he ever will do that which is best concerning me; and that he deals out in number, weight, and measure, whatever will conduce most to his own glory and to the good of his people.' 'Welcome, ten thousand times welcome, the whole will of God. I am enabled to be more than resigned. I am thankful for his every dispensation, knowing that they are all ordered in faithfulness and love.' 'God forbid that I should be so vile an apostate as to recant my former principles! And yet that apostate I should soon be if I were left to myself.' 'I wish to live and die with the sword of the Spirit in my hand, and, as one expresses it, never put off my armour until I put on my shroud.' He frequently called himself the happiest man in the world. 'O,' said he, 'how this soul of mine longs to be gone! Like a bird imprisoned in a cage, it longs to take its flight. O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away to the realms of bliss, and be at rest for ever!' 'Sickness is no affliction; pain no curse; death itself no dissolution.' Being asked by a friend if he always enjoyed such manifestations, he answered, 'I cannot say there are no intermissions; for if there were not, my consolations would be more and greater than I could possibly bear; but, when they abate, they leave such an abiding sense of God's goodness, and of the certainty of my being fixed upon the eternal Rock, Christ Jesus, that my soul is still filled with peace and joy. Within the hour of his death, he said, 'It will not be long before God takes me; for no mortal man can live (bursting, while he said it, into tears of joy) after the glories which God has manifested to my soul.'" On Tuesday, Aug. 11th, 1778, his spirit departed. He was interred in Tottenham Court Chapel. His body had not been long in the earth before Mr. Wesley publicly asserted that he died blaspheming, and in the horrors of despair, and that none of his friends were permitted to see him; and one of the Wesleyan preachers, named Rhodes, asserted that his (Toplady's) case was like the awful one of Francis Spira, and added that "the dreadful manner in which he died had caused a woman who attended him to join the Wesleyan Society." Sir Richard Hill wrote two letters in the "General Advertiser" to Mr. Wesley, calling upon him either to retract the statements or deny having made them. I deeply regret that my limits will not allow me to publish them here, as they were written with ability and to the purpose. A declaration was signed by thirteen persons, who had from time to time been with Mr. Toplady in his last hours, expressing their readiness to testify upon oath, if required, the falsity of Mr. Wesley's statements. Among the names I find that of the woman whom Mr. Rhodes said had joined the Wesleyan Society, and also those of

Dr. Andrew Gifford and John Ryland, Sen., and Thomas Evans and Thomas Hough, Mr. Toplady's medical attendants. Well, indeed, might Toplady say of any one who could so act, "Tenderness has no good effect upon him and his pretended family of love. I shall never attempt to hew such millstones with a feather. They must be pressed close like nettles, and then they cannot sting."

TUCKER (WILLIAM) was born at Chard, Somerset, March 27th, 1731. His parents were members of the Church of England, and honest and upright. William was no stranger, even while young, to convictions of sin; but, beginning in legal fear and ending in a false peace, they were merely transient, passing away like the morning cloud or the early dew in the East. He served an apprenticeship at Chard, and then removed to London. Here he went to hear the great apostle of England, George Whitefield, and the word was fastened on his soul. To use his own words, "I heard and felt it too." Some time afterwards he returned to Chard, and there settled for life. He grew daily more and more acquainted with the plague of his heart, the spirituality of God's law, and the unsearchable riches of his grace. In 1764, he commenced business as a cutler and ironmonger, which he continued for 37 years. For some time after he returned to Chard, he was a Pædobaptist; but being led to examine the Scriptures, he was constrained to become a Baptist, was baptized in 1765, and immediately joined the Baptist Church at Chard, of which he remained a member for 48 years. Though he was looked up to as "an ornament of the church," he ever exclaimed, "By the grace of God I am what I am." He was often the subject of misgivings respecting his state before God; but even in the midst of these he seems to have been so much supported that he sometimes said he was "not anxious to live nor afraid to die." The poor had a share in his bounty, and he was ever ready to heal a breach in the church. The evening before his death, he was unusually cheerful, and retired to rest soon after 9 o'clock. The next morning, Feb. 2nd, 1814, he told his servant he felt ill all over, and that he should soon be gone. He then reclined his head on his pillow, and in a few minutes, without a struggle or sigh, breathed his last, in the 83rd year of his age. It does not appear that Tucker ever stood up to preach,\* as he was not blessed with the gift of utterance; but this was amply made up for by his pen. His works, "Predestination Calmly Considered," and "Arminianism Dissected," were his master-pieces in favor of Calvinism. He also wrote a variety of pieces in the Gospel and Baptist Magazines against Pre-Existerianism. His hymns,

"O love, beyond conception great;"

"Expand, my soul, arise and sing;"

"Fix'd was the eternal state of man;"

were originally inserted in the "Gospel Magazine," for 1772, &c. The best hymn which, to my mind, Tucker wrote has usually appeared without signature; but I found it in the "Gospel Magazine" with Tucker's signature. I refer to

"Amidst ten thousand anxious cares."

TURNER (DANIEL) was born at Blackwater Park, near St. Alban's, March 1st, 1710. In early life he was a member of the Baptist church at Hemel Hempstead. He received a good classical education, though

\* In the first edition of this work, I stated that Tucker was a clergyman of the Church of England; but this was an error. There was a clergyman at Chard of the same name; but he was not the writer of the hymns.

his father was a farmer. In 1738, he kept a boarding-school at Hemel Hempstead. What his success as a schoolmaster was is not known; but in 1740, he removed to Reading, and became pastor of the Baptist church there. In 1748 he left Reading, and went to Abingdon, where he remained to his death. He published a work in favor of open communion, along with Mr. Ryland, Sen., and Mr. Robert Robinson, to which Abraham Booth replied, in his "Pædobaptism Examined." He wrote a few hymns in 1794, which were printed for private circulation only. One of these is,

"Jesus, full of all compassion."

He died Sept. 5th, 1798.

UPTON (JAMES) was born at Tunbridge Wells, Sept. 15th, 1760. We was upwards of 48 years pastor of the Baptist church, Church Street, Blackfriars Road, London. In 1776, he removed to Waltham Abbey, Essex, and two years afterwards he was baptized and joined Mr. Davis's church, being then only 18. On Feb. 20th, 1785, he preached his first sermon from a pulpit, at Waltham Abbey, from 1 Cor. xv. 10. In June, 1786, he was ordained pastor over the people at Church Street, then called Green Walk. He was greatly esteemed in the circle with which he was connected. In 1799 he wrote several excellent letters to a friend who had embraced Socinian views. He died Sept. 22nd, 1834. The hymn,

"Christ has blessings to impart,"

was issued in its present form by him in 1814; but a hymn very much like it was in Lady Huntingdon's Collection, 1780.

WALLIN (BENJAMIN) was born in London in 1711. He was the son of Mr. Edward Wallin, Baptist Minister, of Maze Pond, London. Though trained up in the way he should go, under the eye and ministry of his excellent father, "yet," he says, "under his judicious and affectionate instructions, both as a parent and a minister, I continued a long time a melancholy instance of the insufficiency of the best of means without a special blessing; but, I trust, before his removal, it pleased God, who is rich in mercy, to open the eyes of my understanding, and to change what was before only the form to the power of godliness." Wallin was educated under Mr. John Needham, of Hitchin, and Dr. Stennett. Having no thought of the ministry, he entered into business, and several attempts were made to induce him to preach before he consented. "When," he said, in answer to the third application from the church at Maze Pond, "I consider the design of such a call to be employed more or less in preaching the gospel, the very thought strikes me with terror. It is a work of an awful nature." On July 6th, 1740, he consented to speak before the church, and in Oct., 1741, he accepted the office of pastor. Here he remained upwards of 40 years, and died Feb. 19th, 1782.

WATTS (ISAAC) was born at Southampton, July 17th, 1674. He was the eldest son, there being four sons and five daughters, of Mr. Isaac Watts, the master of a very flourishing boarding-school in that town, which was in such reputation that gentlemen's sons were sent to it from America and the West Indies. His parents, being conscientious Nonconformists, had suffered much from the persecuting measures of Charles II, his father having been imprisoned more than once because he would not attend the church. During his imprisonment, his wife sometimes sat near the prison-door, suckling her son Isaac. When about 7 years old, Isaac was desired by his mother to

write her some lines, as was the custom with the other boys after the school hours were over, for which she used to reward them with a farthing. Isaac obeyed, and wrote the following :

"I write not for a farthing, but to try  
How I your farthing writers can outvie."

The precise time when effectual grace laid hold of his heart, I have not been able to learn. Dr. Jennings says, "Through the power of divine grace, he was not only preserved from criminal follies, but had a deep sense of religion on his heart betimes." Some gentlemen at Southampton offered to defray the expenses of his education at one of the Universities, but he declined it, saying he was determined to take his lot amongst the Dissenters. Accordingly, in the year 1690, he was sent to London, for academical education under Mr. Thomas Rowe, and in 1693, in his 19th year, he joined in communion with the church under the pastoral care of his tutor. While at this academy, he wrote two volumes of Latin dissertations, and two English dissertations. One of the latter was on the subject of justification through the imputed righteousness of Christ; in which he says, "The devil has used many artifices to subvert us, among which this is a principal one, namely, filling men's minds with wrong opinions concerning it, by representing it as an unholy doctrine; and this is the common prejudice against justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ received by faith alone, that it gives liberty to men to live loosely and sinfully, as though there was no room for good works in our religion, if they be not brought into our justification. But constant experience shows that this is a mistake; for they who embrace this doctrine are for good works as much as any, and dare not oppose the authority of that Spirit who, by the apostle James, pronounces that faith which is without good works to be dead. What we contend for is the right place, use, and end of good works in the matters of religion, that they may not be substituted in the stead of Christ, and the glory of our salvation be attributed to ourselves, against which the Scriptures so often caution us." After he had finished his academical studies, being 20 years of age, he returned to his parents, where he remained two years. He was then invited by Sir John Hartopp to reside in his family, at Stoke Newington, near London, as tutor to his son, where he remained five years. He preached his first sermon on his birthday, 1698, and was the same year chosen assistant to Dr. Chauncey, pastor of the church then meeting in Mark Lane, London. In January, 1701-2, he received a call from the church to succeed Dr. Chauncey in the pastoral office, which he accepted the very day King William died, March 8th, 1701-2. Shortly afterwards, however, he was seized with an alarming illness, which rendered it necessary for the church to provide an assistant for him. As his health improved, he renewed his ministrations, but, in 1712, a violent fever so shook his constitution and nerves that debility attended him to his dying day. The distressing state into which he was reduced roused in his friends a tender sympathy. Sir T. Abney took him into his house, at Abney Park, Stoke Newington, and supplied him with every comfort he could need or friendship could suggest. Sir Thomas died in 1722, but the same benevolent spirit actuated Lady Abney, who survived Watts above a year. He was once favored with a visit, at Lady Abney's, from the Countess of Huntingdon, when he thus addressed her: "Madam, your ladyship is come to see me on a very remarkable day." "Why is this day," said she, "so remarkable?" "This day

30 years," replied the doctor, "I came hither, to the house of my good friend, Sir Thomas Abney, intending to spend but one single week under his friendly roof; and I have extended my visit to exactly 30 years." Lady Abney, who was present, immediately addressed the doctor: "Sir, what you term a long 30 years' visit, I consider as the shortest visit my family ever received." During the whole of Watts's sickness, the church insisted upon his receiving his salary, notwithstanding that he protested against it, as having no title to it, seeing that he never preached. How different was that to the conduct of some people, according to whose treatment, as a dear man, now in glory, once said, "God's ministers ought to be either angels or asses; for if they were the former, when they had done preaching they could fly to their better country; and if the latter, the people could give them a kick, and turn them into the lane!" During Watts's residence at his father's, after he left the academy, as already mentioned, he composed the greater part of his hymns. These were not published until 1707. He sold the copyright to a bookseller for £10 only. A second edition was printed in 1709, corrected and much enlarged. His psalms were not printed till 1719. In 1728, the Universities both of Aberdeen and Edinburgh conferred upon him the degree of D.D. I have mentioned that, through a fever in 1712, Watts's nerves were greatly shaken. Many strange stories are told respecting his nervousness and imagination, which, if true, would imply that he was really, at times, out of his mind; such as, for instance, his imagining that, though he was really only five feet high, he was too big to enter the pulpit or go through a doorway. Dr. Gibbons, however, positively denies these stories, from his own personal knowledge. Watts's life was a life of study, and, consequently, very few interesting circumstances are connected with it. He was once in the coffee-room of an hotel, when he overheard one person ask another, "Is that the great Dr. Watts?" Upon which Dr. Watts turned suddenly round and repeated the following from his Lyric Poems:

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or mete the ocean with my span,  
I must be measured by my soul;  
The mind's the standard of the man."

The following is recorded upon such unquestionable authority that its authenticity cannot reasonably be doubted. A person in Southampton, who was a stone-mason, and who had purchased an old building for the materials, previous to his pulling it down came to Mr. Watts, under some uneasiness, in consequence of a dream, viz., that a large stone in the centre of an arch fell upon him, and killed him. Upon asking Mr. Watts his opinion, he answered him to this effect: "I am not for paying any great regard to dreams, nor yet for utterly slighting them. If there is such a stone in the building as you saw in your dream (which he told him there really was), my advice to you is, that you take great care, in taking down the building, to keep far enough off from it." The mason resolved that he would; but in an unfortunate moment he forgot his dream, went too near this stone, and it actually fell upon him, and crushed him to death. Watts was several years distressed with continual wakefulness, so that sometimes even opiates lost their effect upon him. Very little is said of his last days. About half an hour before he died, Whitefield called upon him, and, asking him how he was, he replied, "Here I am, one of Christ's waiting servants." Some medicine was just then

brought in, and Whitefield helped him up until he took it; upon which Dr. W. apologised for the trouble he gave him: "Why, surely, my dear brother," said Whitefield, "I am not too good to wait upon one of Christ's waiting servants!"\* Watts often expressed that he had not the shadow of a doubt as to his future happiness, and said, "I bless God I can lie down with comfort, not being solicitous whether I awake in this world or another." Again, "I should be glad to read more, yet not in order to be confirmed more in the truth of the Christian religion, or in the truth of its promises, for I believe them enough to venture an eternity on them." When he was almost worn out and broken down by his infirmities, he observed in conversation with a friend, that he remembered an aged minister used to say, that the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises of the gospel for their support, as the common and unlearned; "and so," said he, "I find it." He told a friend, in answer to his inquiry if he felt any pain, that he did not, and said it was "a great mercy;" and he gave the like answer when asked about his soul, and said he experienced the comfort of those words, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." He expired the next day, Nov. 25th, 1748, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. Whitefield said of him, that for years together he might be said rather to gasp than to live.

WESLEY (CHARLES), and also his brother John, were born at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, of which parish their father, Samuel Wesley, was rector. Charles was born Dec. 18th, 1708, old style, that is, Dec. 29th. When about eight years of age, he was sent to the Westminster School, and in 1726 was elected a student of Christ Church, Oxford. Charles admits that he spent the first two years at Oxford negligent of religion; and when his brother John had spoken to him to be more serious, he would reply, "*What! would you have me to be a saint all at once!*" About 1731, Charles went with his brother and Mr. Ingham to Georgia, but, after laboring there about a year, suffering much from dysentery, he was obliged to return. He was not, as yet, acquainted with the power of religion, having been satisfied with using forms of prayer, &c. By reading the Life of Halliburton, "Charles was greatly stirred up to pray for the great blessing, and obtained salvation of the Lord;" whereupon he composed the hymn,

"O for a thousand tongues to sing."

When leaving America the second time, in 1736, the ship was not seaworthy, and they had to put into Boston for repairs. He was there delayed a month, and then put out again; but again the ship was found unsafe. A storm arose, and Charles was, as he says, very uncomfortable. "I strove vehemently to pray," says he, "but in vain. I persisted in striving, yet still without effect. I prayed for power to pray, continually repeating the name of Jesus, till I felt the virtue of it at last. I felt the comfort of hope, and such joy in finding that I *could* hope, as the world can neither give nor take away. I had that conviction of the power of God present with me, overruling my fear and raising me above what I am by nature, as surpassed all rational evidence, and gave me a taste of the divine goodness." The captain was scarcely ever sober, and left the ship to the mate. They arrived safely at Deal, however, on Dec. 3rd. In 1739

\* Dr. Gibbons, in his Life of Watts, says this is not true. As others say it is true, I must leave it.

Charles commenced his itinerant labors, and, "for the space of 10 years," says a *Wesleyan* biographer, "we must admit that his ministry was like a flame of fire." He laid his skeletons of sermons aside, and endeavored to preach with the unction and power of the Holy Ghost. Hundreds of sinners were converted to God; and some, who afterwards became ministers, including Thomas Maxfield, were called under his sermons in the open air. He often warned the people not to think they had new hearts merely because they had felt the deceitfulness of the old, nor to think they would ever be above the necessity of praying. A stroller once told him he would, for five shillings, show him how to make money. Charles said he had no need of money; but, giving the man sixpence, said, "as you possess the art of transmutation, you can, of course, easily make it into half a guinea." In common with the other Methodists, Charles was in perils oft. At Sheffield the mob completely pulled down the Society House in which he intended preaching, and an officer seized him, and pointed his sword to his breast; but, as Charles was undismayed, the officer somewhat lowered his tone. He was, however, hit with several stones thrown at him by the mob. One man once went up to him with a French sickle, to cut him down, but could not raise his arm. Charles saw him making great effort to do so, and exclaimed with a strong voice, "In the name of the Lord Jesus, keep back!" The man was struck with awe, and retired. At a place near Leeds, the mob once broke all the doors and windows of the house in which Charles was. They were indicted for a riot; but the leaders of the mob got up a cross suit, declaring that the Methodists had commenced the riot. It will show the spirit of the age, and give some idea of what the Methodists had to endure, when I mention the fact that the grand jury threw out their bill, and found a "true bill" against them. They were, however, acquitted on the trial. Charles was once preaching in the woods in America when he suddenly changed his position, and a shot at the same instant whizzed past him, and struck the tree he had just left. He at that time lived in a miserable hut, and had barely the necessaries, certainly not the comforts, of life, often sleeping on the floor, and valuing boards, when he could get them, as a luxury. I have already said so much about Charles Wesley, in conjunction with the other Methodists, that I must not enlarge here. In many of the acts of his brother John, Charles could not concur; and when John used Whitefield in the way that he did, depriving him even of his own place of worship at Bristol, Charles clave to Whitefield, like Jonathan to David. Indeed, Philip, in his "Life and Times of Whitefield," says, "Charles, in 1752, consulted Whitefield on a delicate subject—separation from John. It embarrassed Whitefield. He knew not what to say. Something, however, rendered it necessary for him to say that he thought John still jealous of him and his proceedings. But, lest this should injure John with Charles, he said also, 'The connection between you and your brother has been so close, and your attachment to him so necessary to keep up his interest, that I would not willingly, for the world, do or say anything that might separate such friends.' Wesley was somewhat jealous of Whitefield at this time. A new tabernacle was spoken of, and for a long time the nobility had smiled on Whitefield. Wesley felt this. He could have taken their smiles more coolly than Whitefield, but he could not sustain their neglect philosophically. It was, however, the contrast, not the loss that mortified him." So much for Philip. At the time of the eruption between John Wesley and Lady Huntingdon, Charles ex-

pressed himself very much grieved, and said that he should not fail to "speak to his brother roundly upon the subject." Somewhere about the year 1780, Charles gave up itinerating with his brother. Whenever Lady Huntingdon went to Clifton or Bath, Charles usually accompanied her. It is remarkable that the last 30 years of Charles's life have been inserted in about half a dozen pages by most of the Wesleyan biographers. All these things go to prove that Charles was hardly considered one of them. Up to 1749, all the hymns published by the Wesleys were published in their *joint* names, John and Charles; but at the end of that year, being about the time that Charles began to have a little insight into his brother's plans, Charles published in *his own name* only. Indeed, it is clear that he could not submit to his brother's mutilations, for nearly all the hymns were composed by Charles. Mr. Creamer, whom I have referred to in my memoir of Toplady, says, "Nearly every one of Watts's Hymns in the Wesleyan Hymn Book has been subject to just such a correction and revision as Mr. Milner" (who had called them hyper-Calvinistic) "had sagacity enough to see they required; and that, too, by no less a personage than the same who revised, and expurgated and re-revised the productions of Charles Wesley;" that is, by John Wesley. Is not this saying that Charles's, like Watts's, were too Calvinistic for John? The first hymn book which the Wesleys published was issued in 1738, entitled, "Psalms and Hymns." It was a small book; but in 1739, one of 2 vols. was published, "Hymns and Sacred Poems, by Messrs. John and Charles Wesley." The hymns were, however, as I have just said, nearly all by Charles. John was merely the amputator, or mutilator, or, as Mr. Creamer would say, the "reviser." In this, and other of the earlier productions of Charles Wesley, many hymns appear which have been ascribed to various persons; and I confess I was both surprised and delighted when, in these old books, I first caught sight of the originals. For some of these, I refer my readers to page 126, and now merely add the following:

"Hark! the herald angels sing;"  
 "Head of the church triumphant;"  
 "Christ the Lord is risen to-day;"  
 "Let earth and heaven combine;"  
 "Blow ye the trumpet, blow;"

and also hymns 127, 161, 229, 248, 249, 303, 390, 391, 408, Gadsby's Selection. In 1779, John published the first edition of the Wesleyan Selection. It contained 560 hymns. The Conference added a Supplement some years ago; so that the book now contains 769 hymns, 625 of which were composed by Charles, and only five by John; 24 are translations from the German (principally Moravian); one from the Spanish; and one from the French. That Charles was a good and gracious man, no one who has ever felt his own sinfulness and helplessness and the overwhelming power of redeeming love, and who reads Charles's hymns, can well doubt, unless he be prepared at the same time to say that he was one of the greatest hypocrites that ever lived; with which assertion I cannot for one moment sympathise. In my opinion, he was one of the sweetest hymn writers that ever existed. There may not be in his hymns that height of doctrine which is portrayed by Kent, Watts, &c., nor that depth of experience which shines so transcendently in Hart; but there is a *life*, and a *breathing out* of that life, in most of them which is not by any means approached by Watts, and which is certainly not surpassed by even

Hart. A short time before he died, he called his wife to him, and requested her to write the following lines as he dictated them :

“ In age and feebleness extreme,  
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?  
Jesus ! my only hope thou art,  
Strength of my failing flesh and heart.  
Oh ! could I catch a smile from thee,  
And drop into eternity.”

He said no fiend was permitted to approach him, and added, “ I have a good hope.” On being asked if he wanted anything, he replied, “ Nothing but Christ.” Some one said to him, “ The valley is a hard one to pass ;” to which he replied, “ Not with Christ.” Referring to a person who had been a bitter enemy, he prayed for her : “ I beseech thee, by thy dying and bloody sweat, that she may never feel the pangs of eternal death !” His last words were, “ Lord—my heart—my God !” He drew his breath gently, and his spirit departed, March 29th, 1788. He was interred in the churchyard of St. Marylebone, London, near his own residence in Chesterfield Street. His brother John had much wished that he should be interred in his chapel yard, where he himself hoped to be laid ; but Charles would never consent.

WESLEY (JOHN) was born at Epworth, June 28th, 1703. I have already said so much of him in various parts of this work that little remains to be added. He was at one time a strenuous propagator of the doctrine that man may become so perfect in the flesh as not to sin in thought, word, or deed. This, however, he attributed to the special grace of God, calling it perfect sanctification, or the second blessing, justification being the first. He learned this doctrine from the Moravians, and chiefly from one of that body named Bohler, with whom and five and twenty other Moravians he and his brother Charles sailed to America, in 1735, in the same ship with General Oglethorpe. Soon after his return from America, in 1738, John visited Count Zinzendorf, where he drank more deeply into the Moravian doctrine ; but in 1740, he separated himself from the Moravians, on the ground of difference on some fundamental points of doctrine. The “ Gospel Magazine” says, he revived the Pelagian heresy, that “ if man is not faithful in the unrighteous mammon, God will not give him the trueriches ;” that “ nothing can be more false than that a man is to do nothing in order to justification ;” that “ as to merit, we are rewarded *according to our works, yea, because of our works*, that is, as our works *deserve* ;” that as “ whoever repents is to do works meet for repentance, it must be in order to find favor ; or what does he do them for ?” that “ a believer not only works *from* life, but *for* life,” &c. And certainly, as far as *labor* went, John *worked* hard, as, indeed, holding such tenets, he was bound to do ; for, as a good man, well known to many of my readers, sometimes said, “ If a man really believes he *can* do these things, and yet does not do them, he deserves to be punished for his neglect.” Wesley was, therefore, really in earnest. His acts of benevolence were to the utmost extent of his means, and his self-denial unbounded, nor less so his diligence in his religious duties and exercises. In 1776, he received a letter from the Government, stating that they had reason to believe he had some plate in his possession, on which he had not paid the duty. To this Mr. W. replied, “ I have two silver teaspoons in London and two at Bristol. This is all the plate I have, and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread.” With

the exception of Whitefield, no man in modern times labored more abundantly in religious matters than John Wesley did, rising every morning at 4 o'clock. His little work on *Early Rising* ought to be read by all classes. At a Conference of his ministers, held Dec. 8th, 1762, he is reported to have said, he "defied God to find a fault in some of his perfect followers, for God could not find sin in them. And that he himself loved God with all his heart, and served him with all his strength." Again: "Believers have no thought of anything but of God alone, to whom their whole souls flow in one even stream, and in whom they are swallowed up. In former times, when an evil thought came in, they looked up, and it vanished away; but now it does not come in at all." Again: "Believers are freed from evil thoughts, so that they cannot enter into them, no, not for one instant. They are even freed from the sins of *infirmities*." In the first edition of his sermon on justification he is reported to have said, "There is no necessity for the righteousness of Christ, and to talk of it is the very quintessence of Antinomianism, yea, Antinomianism without a mask. It is unscriptural, unfit for any man to wear. It is fanciful. Believers have no such righteousness imputed to them. The belief of it leads to licentiousness." He is also reported to have said, "To talk of being clothed in the imputed righteousness of Christ is as foolish as a black man to be esteemed fair, because he had on a woman's garment. The Scriptures nowhere affirm the imputation of Adam's sin to his posterity, or the righteousness of Christ to those that believe;" "Neither the imputation of Adam's sin or of Christ's righteousness have any footing either in reason or religion;" "He who is a child of God to day may be a child of the devil to-morrow." In his advice to the people concerning their dress, he desired them "not to wear anything of a glaring colour, or gay; to be careful how it is made, and how put on, so they may increase their reward and brighten their crowns in heaven." He is also reported to have said that one "Margaret Rood had lived two years and three weeks without offending God in thought, word, or deed; and that he himself had lived for one month as sinless as an angel." And again: "Christ knocks at the door of every human heart, and when he has done knocking, the day of grace is clean gone." In his sermon on Phil. iii. 12, he is reported to have said, "Christians are now *perfect*, so as not to commit sin, and to be freed from *all evil thoughts* and evil tempers." "Our blessed Lord had no evil or sinful thoughts, neither have real Christians; for every one that is perfect is as his Master. Therefore, if he was free from evil or sinful thoughts, so are they likewise. In other words, no man is a real Christian, consequently not a believer, who has one sinful thought; for while evil thoughts remain, I am not born again." \* \* \* "A Methodist is one whose heart love has purified from envy, malice, wrath, and every unkind temper. It has cleansed him from pride. All that is in his soul is holiness to the Lord. There is not a motion in his heart but is according to his will. Every thought that arises points to him, and is in obedience to the law of Christ. He is free from wanderings in prayer. In times past he had wandering thoughts darted, which yet fled away like smoke; but now that smoke does not rise at all." (See *Gospel Magazine*.) That there are some among the Wesleyan body who still believe that sinless perfection in the flesh is to be attained by the creature, is indeed true, though *all* of that class with whom I have ever conversed on the subject have confessed that *they* have not yet attained to it; but that there are very many amongst them who, feeling and lament-

ing their daily, nay, their hourly shortcomings, would shudder at the thought of their salvation depending upon their works, or of their damnation being the *consequence* of their *not* working, (for some Wesleyans make a distinction here,) is, I am persuaded, no less true, and I am confident that there are hundreds amongst that highly influential body who do not know that their founder ever entertained such views. I make these remarks, not against Mr. Wesley as a man, but to expose the errors which he, in the earlier part of his life, held. Maunder, who cannot be accused of being very liberal in his sentiments, says, "In Wesley's countenance, mildness and gravity were pleasingly blended, and in old age he appeared extremely venerable; in manners, he was social, polite, and conversible; in the pulpit, he was fluent, clear, and argumentative. The approach of old age did not in the least abate his zeal and diligence; and his religious services, setting aside his literary and controversial labors, were almost beyond calculation." The "Protestant Dissenters' Register," 1801, says, "That which appeared in Mr. J. Wesley the most censurable part of his conduct was his very unfair statement of the arguments of his Calvinistic adversaries, which, in a man of his acuteness of intellect, will hardly admit the plea of unintentional mistake." To show how he could turn even the Scriptures, I may state that in his Exposition of the passage, "As many as were ordained to eternal life believed," he reverses it, and says, "As many as believed were ordained to eternal life."—John was educated at Charterhouse School, and thence went to Lincoln College, Oxford, where, in time, he obtained a fellowship. He received his full share of abuse and ill treatment as a Methodist preacher with his brother Charles, Cennick, Whitefield, and others, but he never shrank from his post. In Staffordshire he was once nearly murdered, and probably would have been, had not one of the colliers dragged him through the canal. At a place called Bedminster, near Bristol, he baptized some of his followers by immersion. (*See Ivimey's History of the Baptists.*) When John was about six years of age, his father's house caught fire. Immediate alarm was given, and all the family, except John, escaped, some of them, as Mrs. Wesley expressed it, wading through the fire. When the boy was missed, old Mr. Wesley rushed into the house, but found the stairs nearly consumed, so that he could not ascend; and he thereupon, in utter despair, fell upon his knees, and commended the soul of his child to God. John had, however, been in the meantime awakened by the noise or light, and had climbed upon a chest near the window, where he was seen from the yard. There was no time to procure a ladder; but one man was raised upon the shoulders of another, and thus the boy was rescued, the roof at the same instant falling in. When the child was carried round to his parents, his father exclaimed, "Come, neighbors, let us kneel down, and give thanks to God. He has given me all my eight children. Let the house go. I am rich enough!"—Mr. W. was once travelling in a stage-coach, when one of his companions was an intelligent officer. W. was much pleased with his conversation, except that the officer often took the name of God in vain. When they stopped to change horses, W. called him on one side, and after telling him how much he had enjoyed his company, said he had one favor to ask. "What is that?" asked the officer. "If I should so far forget myself, as we journey onward," replied W., "as to swear, that you will kindly check me." The reproof succeeded to admiration.—Mr. W. was once stopped by a highwayman, who demanded his money. W. gave it to him, but, as he was going away, he

called him back, and said, "The time may come when you may regret the course of life you are now pursuing. Remember, 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" Many years afterwards a man waited upon him after preaching, and told him he was that highwayman. "That verse," said he, "was the means of a total change in my life and habits."—The "Arminian Magazine" was commenced by Mr. Wesley, and edited by him so long as he was able to attend to it. For twelve years Thomas Olivers superintended it for him; but W. then dismissed him, saying, "The errors are insufferable. I have borne them for twelve years, but can bear them no longer. I must try whether these things cannot be altered for the short residue of my life."—In 1753, John was not expected to live, and he then wrote his own epitaph: "Here lies the body of John Wesley, a brand, not once only, plucked out of the fire. He died of a consumption, in the 51st year of his age, leaving, after his debts were paid, not £10 behind him, praying, "God be merciful to me, an unprofitable servant!" He recovered, however, and lived many years after this. When his last hour was approaching, he suffered much from fever, which at times affected his judgment; but during the intervals he said, "How necessary it is for every one to be on the right foundation!

"I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me!"

He afterwards inquired what text he had preached from a little before at Hampstead; and on being told it was, 2 Cor. viii. 9, he said, "That is the foundation, the only foundation. There is no other." A person asked him if he might write for him, if he had anything to say; when he replied, "Nothing, but that God is with us." He then sang,

"I'll praise my Maker with my breath."

A little afterwards he said, "Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen, and let my corpse be carried into the chapel;" and he then begged those around his bed to pray and praise. During their prayers, he frequently responded, "Amen!" He then took hold of their hands, and said, "Farewell; farewell!" Shortly afterwards he said again, "The best of all is, God is with us." On his lips being wetted, he said, "We thank thee, O Lord, for these and all thy mercies. Bless the Church and King, and grant us truth and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for ever and ever." At another time he said, "The clouds drop fatness;" "He causeth his servants to lie down in peace;" "The Lord is with us." Throughout the night, though he often attempted to speak, he could only utter, "I'll praise! I'll praise!" The next morning a friend prayed with him. He articulated, "Farewell!" and then, without a lingering groan, his spirit took its flight, March 2nd, 1701. He was buried in his own chapel-yard, in the City Road, London.

WHITEFIELD (GEORGE) usually called WHITEFIELD, was born at the Bell Inn, Gloucester, which his father kept, Dec. 5th, old style, (now 16th,) 1714. It appears that he had early convictions of sin, but, as he himself acknowledged, with shame and self-condemnation, he was "so brutish as to hate instruction, and used purposely to shun all opportunities of receiving it," and that he spent much money in plays, cards, and romances, which were his heart's delight. Between the ages of 12 and 15, he made great progress at the public school of St. Mary de Crypt, Gloucester. Sometimes he acted a part

with his fellow scholars in certain dramatic performances, prepared for them by their master, which no doubt gave rise to the report that he had been a public performer. At 15 he left the school, and went to assist his mother at the inn. When 18, he was sent to the University at Oxford, where he was again, perhaps more than ever, exposed to the society of the ungodly; but having now a deep sense of the fear of God, he was enabled to resist all their solicitations. A few young gentlemen at the University had formed themselves into a society for mutual improvement and edification, and were soon distinguished, by their habits and character, from the rest. The original members of this society were Mr. Morgan, Mr. Kirkham, Mr. John Wesley, and his brother Charles. From the regularity of their pursuits, or the strictness of their lives, the name of **METHODISTS** was applied to them. Their number was soon increased by the addition of several others. Whitefield had not resided long in Oxford before he heard of these young men, and of the reproaches that were cast upon them for Christ's sake. From what he had heard of them, he loved them in his heart, and determined to seize the first favorable opportunity of obtaining their acquaintance; and an incident at length occurred which enabled him to do so. A pauper had attempted suicide, and Whitefield sent a poor woman to request Charles Wesley to visit this forlorn being, and administer to her spiritual instruction. He charged the messenger not to say who sent her; but she chose to disobey him, and Mr. Charles, who had often seen him walking alone, and had heard something of him, invited him to breakfast on the following morning. An introduction to the select society of these despised students soon followed; and Whitefield now, like them, "began to live by rule, and to pick up the very fragments of time, that not a moment of it might be lost." The number of the little society now amounted to fifteen. Rules were drawn up to guide them in self-examination, prayer, and meditation, by which they hoped to obtain the love of God. In the work of benevolence, Mr. Morgan took the lead. His race was short; and, probably, his death was at least hastened by the austerities which he practised on himself, as well as by his laborious and self-denying diligence in relieving the miserable. He taught his associates to visit and relieve the prisoners in the castle at Oxford, and the sick and distressed every where. In these kind acts, they sought and obtained the approbation of their superiors; and a number of persons in the city, who, satisfied with the goodness of their motives and the usefulness of their labors, at least in this department, assisted them with money to enable them to relieve the wretched. Mr. Whitefield, on uniting himself with these exemplary men, not only readily submitted to their rules, but, owing to the most acute mental distress, arising from his deep convictions of sin and his imperfect knowledge of a Saviour, he exceeded them all in his bodily austerities. "Harassed by inward corruptions," (says Mr. Wilks, his successor at Tottenham Court Road Chapel,) "he was resolved, by fasting and other bodily austerities, entirely to mortify them all, that he might be the better qualified to serve God without distraction. But, alas! this experiment nearly cost him his life, and left him as remote from the object of his wishes as at first." He carried his fasting and abstinence to such an extreme, that his body was so emaciated and feeble that he could hardly walk up stairs. In his own account, Whitefield says, "Whenever I knelt down, I felt great pressure both in soul and body, and have often prayed under the weight of them till the sweat

came through me. Whole days and weeks have I spent in lying prostrate on the ground in silent or vocal prayer. About the end of the seventh week, after having undergone innumerable buffetings of Satan, and many months' inexpressible trials by night and by day under the spirit of bondage, God was pleased at length to remove the heavy load, to enable me to lay hold on his dear Son by a living faith, and by giving me the Spirit of adoption, to seal me, as I humbly hope, even to the day of everlasting redemption. But O with what joy, joy unspeakable, even joy that was full of and big with glory, was my soul filled when the weight of sin went off, and an abiding sense of the pardoning love of God, and a full assurance of faith, broke in upon my disconsolate soul! At first my joys were like a spring tide, and, as it were, overflowed the banks. Go where I would I could not avoid the singing of psalms almost aloud." His knowledge of salvation by the righteousness of Christ was prior to that time extremely superficial, but he soon received considerable assistance upon this and some other truths of the gospel, by reading an old author and by conversing with Charles Wesley, and others of the Society. He always designated Charles his spiritual father. When about 21, his exemplary conduct attracted the notice of Bishop Benson, as mentioned in my account of Lady Huntingdon, who not only encouraged him in his work, but gave him money and "ordained" him. He preached his first sermon in his native city. Before preaching it, he sent it to a friend for his opinion. His friend preached it to his own congregation, and then returned it to Whitefield with a guinea. After his first sermon, complaint was made to the bishop that Whitefield had driven 15 of his hearers mad by his discourse; to which the bishop replied, he "wished the madness might continue till the next Sunday." From this time his preaching became incessant. His first sermon in London was preached in Bishopsgate church, in August, 1736. The churches everywhere were sometimes so crowded, "that people hung upon the rails, while others climbed up the leads, altogether making the place so hot, that the steam would fall from the pillars like drops of rain. Thousands went away from the largest churches, unable to get in, and constables often had to be placed at the doors to prevent accidents from over pressure." Sometimes he was almost dead with heat and fatigue. Thrice a day he was lifted upon his horse, unable to mount otherwise; then rode and preached, and afterwards threw himself upon two or three chairs to rest. Having a very young appearance, the people were surprised, and seemed to sneer, as he went up to the pulpit; but they had not heard him long, when their contempt was turned into respect, and their jeers into grave attention, and even at this early date in his career hundreds were awakened who had been going on, seemingly bent on sealing their own destruction sure. In January, 1738, despite the entreaties of his friends, he went to America. He was induced to take this step by the return of Charles Wesley, seeking for more laborers amongst the Indians. America at that time, be it remembered, was one of the British colonies, its independence not being declared until 1793. John Wesley advised Whitefield not to go, and said he had asked counsel of God; but it appeared he had only drawn lots, and Whitefield was not disposed to trust to such "counsel" as that. The ship in which Whitefield sailed was filled with soldiers, whose whole time, at first, was taken up with swearing, card-playing, &c.; but, by the blessing of God, before they had been long out, the ship was turned into a Bethel. Writing in the cabin, he says, "Blessed be God, we

now talk of little else but God and Christ. As the ship touched at Gibraltar, Whitefield landed, and was invited by the governor and military officers to their tables. He preached often, and was heard by all. Strange and unusual was the scene, both with respect to the place and the people. The adjacent promontories, and the largeness of the rock of Gibraltar, helped him to enlarge in his ideas of Him, who "in his strength setteth fast the mountains, and is girded about with power." On leaving Gibraltar, a fever broke out in the ship, and Whitefield was unremitting in his attentions to the sick, until he was himself attacked; but, through God's mercy, all recovered except one, and he had boasted that he would be wicked until two years of his death, and then reform. An idea having been suggested by Charles Wesley that an orphan house should be established in Georgia, Whitefield, on his arrival in America, followed it up, and never rested until he saw its fulfilment. Some writers say that it was Whitefield's own suggestion, and not Charles Wesley's. His labors were much blessed while in Georgia, some seed having been already sown by the Wesleys and Mr. Ingham. In Sept. of the same year, Whitefield embarked to return to England. It was a very trying passage, both water and provisions being short. "The only thing comfortable was, that, in the midst of these trials, deep impressions were made on some that were on board." Once the captain cried out, "Lord, break this hard heart of mine." At length the ship reached Limerick harbour. The bishop invited W. to preach in the cathedral, which he did; whence he proceeded to Dublin, Manchester, and various parts of England, preaching at each place, and then made his way to London.\* \* \* \* As his congregations increased, so opposition grew and increased also. Complaints of his preaching were even laid before the King, George II., and he said the best way to silence him would be to make him a bishop. Nearly every church door was closed against him, which was a source of great grief to him, as he still considered himself a strict churchman; but, in these prohibitions, Satan outwitted himself; for Whitefield, having few or no churches in which he could preach, decided to commence preach-

\* On one occasion, when at Rotherham, a Mr. Thorpe, with three other persons, laid wagers as to which could mimic W. the best. It was arranged that each should open the Bible, and hold forth from the first text that should present itself to his eye. Accordingly three in their turn mounted the table, and profanely entertained their wicked companions. When they had exhausted their stock, it devolved on Mr. Thorpe to close the scene. Much elated, and confident of success, he exclaimed, as he ascended the table, "I shall beat you all!" When the Bible was handed to him, by the guidance of an unerring Providence it opened at that striking passage, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." No sooner had he uttered the words than his mind was affected in a very extraordinary manner. The sharpest pangs of conviction seized him, and the holy Law of God denounced tremendous vengeance upon his soul. In a moment he was favored by the blessed Spirit with a clear view of the subject, and he frequently afterwards declared, "If ever I preached in my life, by the assistance of the Spirit of God, it was at that time." The impression that the subject made upon his mind had such an effect upon his manner, that his address, instead of entertaining the company, first spread a visible depression, and afterwards a deep gloom upon every countenance. The result was his conversion to God, his separation from his former companions, and his entrance into the Christian ministry. He became pastor of the church at Masborough, in Yorkshire, where he continued usefully to labor for 13 years, till his death in 1776.

ing in the open air. "I thought," says he, "it might be doing the service of my Lord, who had a mountain for his pulpit, and the heavens for his sounding board; and who, when his gospel was refused by the Jews, sent his servants into the highways and hedges." He began amongst the colliers in the neighborhood of Bristol, having about 100 for his first audience; but in a very little while the congregations increased to nearly twenty thousand; and with what gladness and eagerness these outcasts, who had never been in a church in their lives, received the word, is above description. "Having," as he writes, "no righteousness of their own to renounce, they were glad to hear of Jesus, who was a friend to publicans, and came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." The first discovery of their being affected was, to see the white gutters made by their tears, which plentifully fell down their black cheeks, as they came out of their coal-pits. Hundreds and hundreds of them were soon brought under deep convictions, which in many (as the event proved) happily ended in a sound and thorough conversion. The change was visible to all, though numbers chose to impute it to any thing rather than to the finger of God. "As the scene was quite new," I now quote Whitefield's own words, and I had just begun to be an extempore preacher, it often occasioned many inward conflicts. Sometimes, when twenty thousand people were before me, I had not, in my own apprehension, a word to say either to God or them. But I was never totally deserted, and was frequently (for to deny it would be lying against God) so assisted, that I knew by happy experience what our Lord meant by saying, 'Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.' The open firmament above me, the prospect of the adjacent fields, with the sight of thousands and thousands, some in coaches, some on horseback, and some in the trees, &c., at all times affected and drenched in tears together, to which, sometimes, was added the solemnity of the approaching evening, was almost too much for, and quite overcame me." Finding his preaching in the fields was attended with so remarkable a blessing, he ventured on Lord's Day, April 29th, 1739, into Moorfields, London, which was then the resort of the basest classes of society. Public notice having been given, he found an incredible number of people assembled. Many had told him that he would not come out of that place alive; but instead of the people hurting him, they behaved with as much quietness as if they had been in a building. The same evening he went to Kennington Common, where he had again thousands for his congregation, and afterwards preached often there, at Blackheath, and in Moorfields, making occasional visits to Gloucester, Bristol, &c. &c. Everywhere the word seemed to sink deeper and deeper, and singing and praying were heard instead of cursing and swearing, at least 40,000, and even 50,000 people, as W. himself asserted, being sometimes assembled. The singing, it has been said, could be heard for more than two miles. He had frequently collections for his orphan-house, and sometimes no less than £20 was given in copper alone, besides vast sums in gold and silver. \* \* \* \* In August, 1739, he again went to America, carrying with him upwards of £1,000, with which he laid the foundation of the orphan-house in Georgia. Before leaving, he wrote to John Wesley, and, after some difficulty, prevailed upon him to follow his example in field preaching. In various parts of America, Whitefield continued his field preaching, having sometimes 10,000 people to hear him, often in the woods. He travelled through New York, the Jerseys, Maryland, Virginia, the Ca-

rolinas, &c., preaching in each place. On arriving at Savannah, in Georgia, he visited the spot of ground on which he intended to have the orphan-house built, and named it Bethesda. During this visit to America, Whitefield heard of a drinking club that had a negro boy attending them, who used to mimic people for their diversion. The gentlemen bade him mimic Mr. Whitefield, which he was very unwilling to do; but as they insisted upon it, he stood up and said, "I speak the truth in Christ; I lie not. Unless you repent, you will all be damned!" This unexpected speech broke up the club, and it never met afterwards. W. also visited the gracious Jonathan Edwards, of whom my readers have doubtless heard. He also formed an acquaintance with the celebrated Dr. Franklin, but had no reason to believe that any saving change was ever wrought in him. Franklin once invited Whitefield to lodge with him, when W. said, "If the invitation be for Christ's sake, I will cheerfully accept it;" to which F. replied, "It is not for Christ's sake, but for your sake." Dr. F. related the following anecdote respecting himself. "I happened," said he, "to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish,—gold and all. At this sermon there was one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home. Towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbor who stood near him to lend him some money for the purpose." It must, indeed, have been an extraordinary sermon which could draw money out of Franklin's pockets, for he was the king of dollar-worshippers. In March, 1741, W. returned to England, when he commenced preaching in Moorfields on *week days*. For many years it had been the custom, in the holiday seasons, to erect booths in Moorfields for mountebanks, puppet-shows, &c. On Whit-Monday, 1742, Whitefield, at six o'clock in the morning, went to Moorfields, and preached to a large congregation. At noon he went again, his text being, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," when, to use his own words, he "could not help smiling to see thousands, when a merry-andrew was trumpeting to them, deserting him to a man, and flocking to hear me." But this, together with a complaint that they had taken £20 or £30 less that day than usual, so enraged the owners of the booths that in the evening, when Mr. W. again went to preach, they hired a mob to upset him; but, instead of that, they quarrelled amongst themselves, and many of them joined Mr. W. A merry-andrew, however, got on a man's shoulders, and lashed Mr. W. with a whip. A recruiting serjeant was also sent amongst the people, with a drum, &c.; but Mr. W. calmly desired them to make way for the king's officer, which was done. - Mr. W. continued for about three hours, and then went to the Tabernacle, and was followed by thousands. He afterwards received at least a thousand notes from persons under convictions. Some he married, who had lived together without marriage. One man had exchanged his wife for another, and given fourteen shillings in exchange. Numbers who seemed, as it were, to have been bred up for Tyburn, were, at that time, plucked as firebrands out of the burning. \* \* \* But about this time, or a little

before, a painful change took place. Mr. John Wesley had preached a sermon, entitled, "Free Grace," in which he called election the "horrible decree." Whitefield prevailed upon him not to publish this sermon; but when Whitefield went to America, Wesley *did* publish it, stating, in the preface, that "nothing but the *strongest conviction*, not only that what is here advanced is the truth as it is in Jesus, but also that he was *indispensably obliged* to declare this truth to all the world," could have induced him to publish, &c. In reply to this, Whitefield said, "Give me leave to take a little notice of what you term an *indispensable obligation* to make your sermon public to all the world. The case, you know, stands thus: When you were at Bristol you *drew a lot* [respecting this sermon,] and the answer was, '*Preach and print.*' I have often questioned, as I do now, whether, in so doing, you did not *tempt the Lord*. Besides, I never heard that you inquired of God whether or not election was a gospel doctrine." Thus, Wesley's *strong conviction* arose, not from the inward voice of God, but from the mere drawing of a lot—a practice to which he was greatly addicted. Whitefield then goes on to answer the sermon, which he does in a scriptural manner; but of course this cannot be entered upon here. Suffice it to say, that a breach ensued. God's free grace and man's free will could not walk together. Wesley had disguised his errors for a time, but they were now too transparent to be mistaken. Whitefield was joined by Cennick, Humphreys, Charles Wesley, &c., but was deserted by thousands who had professed to be his friends; so that on one occasion, on Kennington Common, he had not more than 100 persons to hear him. All his work, he said, had to be begun again. But one day he was exceedingly refreshed while reading Beza's Life of Calvin, wherein are these words: "Calvin is turned out of Geneva, but, behold, a new church arises." So far did Wesley carry his animosity, for it would be idle to give it any milder term, that he positively refused to allow Whitefield to preach in the Foundry at Bristol, though Whitefield had established it, and, unwittingly enough, placed Wesley over it. But I must not dwell upon this. If one door were closed, others were opened, and Whitefield was soon followed by as many thousands as before. Mr. Erskine invited him to Scotland, and thither he went several times, preaching in many places, and returning home through Wales.\* He also twice visited Ireland. At Dublin, on one occasion, he was nearly stoned to death by a Popish mob. With great difficulty he was carried into a house, and his bleeding wounds washed; but, on his recovering, the lady of the house desired him to depart, as she feared the mob would pull the house down. A carpenter lent him his wig and coat, in which to disguise himself; but he had no sooner put them on than he cast them off, saying he was ashamed of not trusting his Master. Two friends now brought a coach, into which W. stepped, and drove along several streets lined with Papists, uttering the most horrid oaths and imprecations. On reaching his lodgings, he said, "I leave my persecutors to the mercy of Him who of *persecutors* has often made *preachers*. I pray God I may be thus avenged on them." A surgeon having dressed his wounds,

\* On one occasion, while in Edinburgh, a gentleman returning from one of his sermons was met by an eminent minister whom he usually heard, and who expressed great surprise that he should go to hear such a man. The gentleman replied, "Sir, when I hear you, I am planting trees all the time; but, during the whole of Mr. Whitefield's sermon, I never found time to plant one." A similar instance is related of a shipbuilder, who usually could "build a ship from stem to stern during the sermon, but, under Mr. Whitefield, could not lay a single plank."

he went into the preaching-room, and, after a few words of exhortation, joined in a hymn of praise. At Plymouth he was in the utmost danger of being assassinated, four gentlemen having laid the plan. One of these invited him to sup with him at a tavern, but Mr. W. declined, but said he should be glad to see the gentleman at his lodgings. He accordingly went and supped; but he was observed frequently to look around him, and to be very absent. At last he took his leave, and returned to his companions in the tavern. On being asked by them what he had done, he answered, he had been used so civilly, that he had not the heart to touch him. Upon which another of the company, a lieutenant of a man-of-war, laid a wager of ten guineas that he would do his business for him. His companions, however, had the precaution to take away his sword. It was now about midnight, and Whitefield, having that day preached to a large congregation, and visited the French prisoners, was gone to bed, when the landlady came and told him that a well-dressed gentleman desired to speak with him. Whitefield, imagining it was some one under conviction, desired him to be brought up. He came, and sat down by the bed-side, congratulated him on the success of his ministry, and expressed much concern at being detained from hearing him. Soon after, he broke out into the most abusive language, and, in a cruel and cowardly manner, beat W. in his bed. The landlady and her daughter, hearing the noise, rushed into the room, and seized upon him; but he soon disengaged himself from them, and repeated his blows on Mr. W., who, being apprehensive that he intended to shoot or stab him, underwent all the surprise of a sudden and violent death. Afterwards a second came into the house, and cried out from the bottom of the stairs, "Take courage, I am ready to help you." But, by the repeated cry of "Murder!" the alarm was now so great, that they both made off. "The next morning," says Whitefield, "I was to expound at a private house, and then set out for Bideford. Some urged me to stay and prosecute, but, being better employed, I went on my intended journey, was greatly blessed in preaching the everlasting gospel, and, upon my return, was well paid for what I had suffered, curiosity having led perhaps two thousand more than ordinary to see and hear a man that had like to have been murdered in his bed. And I trust, in the five weeks that I waited for the convoy, hundreds were awakened and turned unto the Lord. Could the fields between Plymouth and the Dock [now called Devonport] speak, they could tell what blessed seasons were enjoyed there." A remarkable effect of his preaching here is recorded by himself. There was a ferry over to Plymouth, and the ferrymen were now so much attached to him that they would take nothing of the multitudes that crossed to hear him preach, saying, "God forbid that we should sell the word of God!" In 1744, W. again sailed for America, where he thought of staying the remainder of his days; but, finding a heavy debt on his orphan-house, and himself being in a feeble state of health, he embarked, in March, 1748, for the Bermudas, and in the following July again reached England. Before he left, he was at one time so unwell, and so "wonderfully comforted within," that he thought he was dying; and he heard his friends say, "He is gone!" "But God," he says, "was pleased to order it otherwise. I gradually recovered; and soon after, a poor negro woman would see me. She came, sat down upon the ground, and looked earnestly in my face, and then said, in broken language, 'Massa, you just go to heaven's gate, but Jesus Christ said, Get you down, get you down; you must not come here yet; but go first, and call some more poor negroes.' I prayed to the Lord if I were to live,

this might be the event." He was offered at one place £800 per year, to preach to them only six months in the year; but he declined the offer. On his arrival in England, the celebrated Countess of Huntingdon sent for him, stating that several of the nobility desired to hear him. She subsequently appointed him her chaplain, and he opened several of her chapels. (See my account of Lady Huntingdon for the particulars.\*) In 1751 he again went to America, returning to England the following year. In 1754 he again went to America, taking with him twenty-two destitute children for his orphan-house, and returned in the following year. He this time sailed by the way of Lisbon, where he remained about three weeks, and subsequently published an account of his visit, and of the abominations he beheld, in a little tract entitled, "Whitefield at Lisbon." In 1753, the Tabernacle, as it now stands (having previously been only a temporary shed) in Moorfields, was opened, and in 1756 he erected the chapel in Tottenham Court Road. A neighboring doctor called it Whitefield's soul-trap; and Whitefield at the opening prayed that it might be found a soul-trap indeed to many wandering creatures. In 1760 a new play was got up entitled the *Minor*, in which Whitefield was held up to contempt; but the only result was, larger and still larger congregations. Even the great comedian, Foote, could only muster an audience of ten persons to witness it the second night. In 1762, being greatly debilitated by incessant labor, and having previously thrown up a large quantity of blood, he went to Holland for his health, where he was made instrumental "to the calling in of many souls." In 1763, he went the sixth time to America, returned to England in 1765, and again, for the seventh and last time, went to America in 1769, where he died, about 18 hours after preaching. As he was choked with asthma, he was unable to speak much in his last hours. Before he went out to preach his last sermon, a friend said to him, "You are more fit to go to bed than to preach." To which Whitefield

\* Soon after Lady H.'s connexion with Whitefield, the then Prince of Wales once inquired where Lady H. was, that she so seldom went to Court; when one of the ladies replied with a sneer, "O! I suppose praying with her beggars!" The prince shook his head, and said, "Lady Charlotte, when I am dying, I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of her mantle, to carry me up with her to heaven." Some ladies once complained to Lady H. that Whitefield had declared Jesus Christ was so willing to receive sinners that he even received the devil's castaways. On Lady H. mentioning the circumstance to Whitefield, which she did in presence of the said ladies, he said he well remembered saying so. "That poor miserable looking woman," he continued, "who has just gone away, told me she was accidentally passing the door of the chapel, when she turned in, and one of the first things she heard me say was that Jesus Christ would even receive the devil's castaways. 'O, Sir,' she said, 'I have been on the town for many years, and am so worn out in the devil's service that I may indeed be called one of his castaways. Do you think, Sir, that Jesus Christ would receive me?'" What an answer was this to the mock-modesty of the ladies! I may add that the poor woman became a true penitent and a Christian indeed. A peer once said to Lady H.'s son, "I wish you would speak to Lady H. She has just erected a preaching-place close to my residence." "Most gladly, my Lord," replied her son, who unhappily was not a believer, though he revered his aged mother, "but you must tell me what plea to urge, for my mother really believes the Bible." My reader must excuse my thus mixing up various persons, such as Lady H., Whitefield, Toplady, Romaine, &c., for they were really so interwoven in their lives that it is difficult to separate them now. In recording the various incidents, I look more to interest than regularity.

answered, "True, Sir;" but, turning aside, he clasped his hands together, and, looking up, said, "Lord Jesus, I am weary *in* thy work, but not *of* thy work. If I have not yet finished my course, let me go and speak for thee once more in the fields, seal thy truth, and come home and die." He then rode 15 miles to Exeter, and preached in the fields to a great multitude, from 2 Cor. iii. 5. He was evidently then in a dying state. He remained for several minutes unable to speak, and then said, "I will wait for the gracious assistance of God, for he will, I am certain, assist me once more to speak in his name." He afterwards exclaimed, "My body fails; my spirit expands! How willingly would I live for ever, to preach Christ; but I die to be with him!" He dined, and then rode to Newbury Port. Here he supped, and retired to bed early. He slept till 2 o'clock in the morning, and then awoke his friend. He seemed to pant for breath, and said, "My asthma is coming on again." His friend said to him, "I wish you would not preach so often;" to which he replied, "I would rather wear out than rust out." He then sat up in bed, and prayed that God would be pleased to bless his preaching where he had been, and also bless his preaching that day, that more souls might be brought to Christ; and then he laid himself down to sleep again. This was near 3 o'clock. At a quarter past 4 he awoke, and said, "My asthma, my asthma is coming on. I wish I had not given out to preach at Haverill, on Monday; I don't think I shall be able; but I shall see what to-day will bring forth. If I am no better to-morrow, I will take two or three days' ride!" He then desired his friend to warm him a little gruel. Being asked how he felt himself, he answered, "I am almost suffocated. I can scarcely breathe, my asthma quite chokes me." He got out of bed, and went to the open window for air. This was exactly at 5 o'clock. Soon afterwards, he turned himself, and said, "I am dying." He ran to the other window, panting for breath; but could get no relief. A doctor was sent for, but his eyes became fixed, his under lip drawing inward every time he drew breath. When the doctor came in, he felt his pulse, and then said, "He is a dead man." Mr. P. said, "I do not believe it. You must do something, doctor!" He said, "I cannot. He is now near his last breath." And indeed so it was; for he fetched but one gasp, stretched out his feet, and breathed no more. This was exactly at 6 o'clock in the morning, Sept. 30th, 1770. \* \* \* His preaching was perpetual, he having preached upwards of 18,000 sermons. For more than ten days together, he sometimes preached thrice a day. A physician once prescribed for him, when he was unwell, a perpetual blister; but, said W., "I have found perpetual preaching to be a better remedy. When this grand catholicon fails, it is over with me." And so indeed it was, for he preached to the last. Throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom, America, &c., his voice was over and over again heard; and certainly no man's labors, of whom we have any account left, were so abundantly blessed from the time of Luther. His voice was one of the most wonderful ever given to man, for he could, as it were, accommodate it either to the softest melody or the most appalling thunder, so as to draw by the sweet notes of the Gospel, or awaken by the terrors of the Law. The ears of his congregations were nailed to the doorposts, as though an irresistible charm were upon them. Tears flowed in abundance, and sobs of joy were oftentimes audible. No doubt, as I have said in my account of Lady Huntingdon, there was much wildfire mixed with this, for where is there a fire without smoke? Yet, beyond all doubt, thousands were really brought to a saving knowledge of themselves and of Christ. Before, all was death, alike

in the pulpit and the pew; now all seemed life, in the fields and the pews, if not in the pulpit. I would not give a pin for a sermon which does not get into the people's hearts; and I am sure if it find its way there—into the inner man, the outer man will give signs of emotion. There will be either the downcast penitent look, the heaving shoulder or the falling tear. I remember having somewhere read of a certain theatrical performer, who was asked by a clergyman how it was that people would fall asleep under a sermon who would be greatly affected by a play; to which the performer replied, "The reason is, you speak truth as if it were falsehood, as if you were ashamed of it; while we speak falsehood as if it were truth." There may, of course, be the passionate weeping, or the heaving, nay, even the agonising body, where there is no life; but there cannot be much life where there is no motion. Under Whitefield's sermons there was both life and motion. It is true that in his *printed* sermons, though sometimes pathetic, at others sublime, we can see nothing which should have caused such outbursts of feeling in his audiences; but it was his thrilling eloquence, and the power which accompanied the word as spoken, suited as it often was to circumstances passing at the moment before their eyes, which aroused their attention, and seemed unmistakably to say, "Thou art the man!" The celebrated Hervey once said in a letter to Whitefield, "Your journals and sermons, and especially that sweet sermon on, 'What think ye of Christ?' were a means of bringing me to the knowledge of the truth." During the time that Whitefield preached in Long Acre, a person named Crane went to Drury Lane Theatre; but, finding it full, he passed into the next street to Covent Garden Theatre. This he found full also; therefore went on until he came to Long Acre, close by the two theatres. Here he turned in to hear Whitefield, and the Lord met with him there. This person was afterwards steward of the orphan-house in Georgia. ("I am found of them that sought me not.") But hundreds of similar cases might be recorded. The extent of Whitefield's usefulness will never be known here. The collections that he was enabled to make for any cause he took in hand were astonishing. He took over to America about £14,000 for his orphan asylum, and collected upwards of £1,500 for the Protestants in Prussia, who had suffered so much from the cruelty of the Russians. In the "Christian Magazine" for 1761, I find the following: "February 13th, 1761, the collections made this day at Mr. Whitefield's Tabernacle, and the Chapel in Tottenham Court, for the sufferers by the late terrible fire at Boston, and the plundered Protestants in the New March at Brandenburg, amounted to upwards of £550." Whitefield once visited his friend Kinsman, at Plymouth. On the Monday morning, he said to Kinsman, "Come, let us go to some of the poor and afflicted of your flock." They went, and W. administered not only spiritual but temporal consolation, the latter indeed so bountifully that K., knowing that his means were very limited, give him a gentle hint that he had been too liberal. To this W. rather smartly replied, "It is not enough, young man, to pray and put on a serious countenance. True religion is this, to visit the fatherless, &c. My stock, it is true, is nearly exhausted; but God, whose servant I am, will, I doubt not, soon send me a supply. In the evening, while they were at prayer in the family, a stranger came, and, on being introduced to W., said, "You are on a journey, and travelling is expensive. Will you do me the honor of accepting this?" putting five guineas into his hand. Mr. W. heartily thanked him, and then returned to the family with the money in his hand. "There young man," said he to Kinsman, "God has soon repaid me.

Let this be a lesson to you." Whitefield ever had low views of himself, not in words merely, but absolutely. "Fifty-four years old last Tuesday," he once wrote to a friend. "God be merciful to me a sinner! a sinner! a sinner! 'Less than the least' must be my motto still." Speaking of Whitefield, John Newton says, "I bless God that I have lived in his time. Many were the winter mornings I have got up at 4, to attend his Tabernacle discourses at 5; and I have seen Moorfields as full of lanterns at these times as I suppose the Haymarket is full of flambeaux on an opera night. As a preacher, if any man were to ask me who was the second man I ever had heard, I should be at some loss; but, in regard to the first, Whitefield so far exceeded every other man of my time, that I should be at none. He was the original of popular preaching, and all our popular ministers are only his copies." And Toplady says, "I deem myself happy in having an opportunity of publicly avowing the inexpressible esteem in which I held this wonderful man, and the affectionate veneration which I must ever retain for the memory of one, whose acquaintance and ministry were attended with the most important spiritual benefit to me, and to tens of thousands besides. It will not be saying too much, if I term him The Apostle of the English Empire, in point of zeal for God, a long course of indefatigable and incessant labors, unparalleled disinterestedness, and astonishingly extensive usefulness. England has had the honor of producing the greatest men, in almost every walk of useful knowledge. At the head of these are, Milton the prince of poets; Newton, the prince of philosophers; Whitefield, the prince of preachers." To this Romaine adds his testimony: "Whitefield's preaching is over. Now he is praising. We have none left to succeed him; none with his gifts; none anything like him in usefulness." \* \* \* I met some time ago with an old copy of Whitefield's *Experience, &c.*, written by himself. I exceedingly regret that I cannot insert it here, as it is remarkably interesting. I have, however, published it in a cheap form, price 4d.\* All the accounts of his life that I have been able to meet with have passed this by nearly altogether, and sadly mutilated what they have inserted. But it is too valuable to be lost, though it will not suit our modern religionists.

WILLIAMS (WILLIAM) was born, in 1717, at Cefnycoed, in the parish of Llanfair-ar-y-bryn, Carmarthenshire. He was well educated, as he was intended for the medical profession. "His religious feelings," says his biographer, "were at first painful. His convictions of sin were deep and alarming; but his subsequent joy proportionably high." In 1740 he was ordained a deacon by the Bishop of St. David's, and had the curacies, for three years, of Llanwrtyd and Llanddewi Aber-gwesin. Whitefield, with whom, and the other Methodists, including the Countess of Huntingdon, he became intimate, encouraged him to become an itinerant preacher, and the bishop consequently would not give him "full orders." He did not suffer so much as some of the Methodists did; but he was more than once in danger of losing his life. His labors were perpetual and were greatly blessed. He is said

\* It was, as near as I can calculate from the dates, during the last visit of Whitefield to America, that John Marrant, the trumpeter, an interesting account of whose life is published in a little tract, as written by himself, was stopped in his profane career, just as he was raising his horn to give a blast and disturb the congregation. No sooner had Whitefield read his text, "Prepare to meet thy God!" than he was struck to the ground, and lay speechless for some time. (See a Narrative of the Life of John Marrant, price 3d., published by me.)

to have travelled on an average 2,230 miles in a year for 43 years; and travelling, it must be remembered, was not then so easy as it is now. There were no railroads, and but few stage-coaches. His final illness was caused by study, while writing a work entitled, "A View of the Kingdom of Christ." In his last moments his speech failed him; but he is said to have been in that happy state of mind as to cause those present to exclaim, "May we die the death of the righteous, and may our latter end be like his." He died Jan. 11th, 1791, at Pantycelyn, and was buried in the churchyard at Llanfair-ar-y-bryn. Williams was justly called the Welsh poet. His hymns are now much used in Wales. The first book he published was called "Hallelujah." In 1762, his book of hymns, called "A Sea of Glass," was issued. He afterwards published other little books. He also wrote several prose works, and, in 1772, a small hymn book, "Gloria in Excelsis," (Glory in the Highest,) which was intended for Whitefield's orphan-house in America. In this book is the following very appropriate hymn:

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness."

In 1759 he wrote a little book, called, "Hosanna to the Son of David." His hymns,

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah;"

"Jesus, lead me by thy power;"

are well known. The former is said to have been translated by Mr. Middleton, and first published in 1793; but this cannot be, as I found it in Madan's book, dated 1776. Beyond doubt, however, it is Williams's. Mr. Morgan, vicar of Syston, Leicestershire, from whose account of Williams I have extracted much of the above, says that a Mr. Harries is about to publish all Williams's hymns. I should much like to see them. In Evans's "Sketch of all Religions," Williams is said to have belonged to the Jumpers, a sect which sprang up in 1760; but this is not true.

WINGROVE (JOHN) was born somewhere near Chichester, but for many years resided at Steyning, in Sussex, and was governor of the poor-house there. He used to preach generally in his own house, and occasionally in the villages around. He was connected with Lady Huntingdon and the early Methodists. When I reflect upon the amazing blessing that attended the labors of the early Methodists, I am lost in amazement; and so, I am sure, will my readers say, when they have read the preceding pages. How many of our best hymns were composed by those dear saints of the Most High! Wingrove's remains lie in Steyning churchyard, the spot being marked with a head and a foot stone. The inscription is nearly obliterated; but a friend residing at Cowfield has had it deciphered for me, as far as possible. From this it appears that Wingrove died in 1793, aged 73. The following lines are on the stone.

"The vile, the lost, he calls to him: Ye trembling sinners, hear;  
The righteous in their own esteem Have no acceptance here.

"If sin and guilt afford a plea, And may obtain a place;  
Then sure the Lord will welcome me, And I shall see his face."

I have had a copy of Wingrove's hymn book, but as it had no title, I cannot give the date. I believe, however, the first edition was printed at Bath, 1785. He wrote a tract called "Wingrove's Opinion, or a Few Lines to a Brother Soldier." It is dated Steyning, Sussex, March 9, 1792. The "Opinion" appears to be of certain doctrines held by some ministers.

**ZINZENDORF** (NICHOLAS LOUIS) was born at Dresden, May 26, 1700. He was Count and Lord of Zinzendorf and Pottendorf. On the completion of his minority, he entered on the work of the ministry. He was the restorer of the Moravian Church, and travelled over many parts of the globe as a missionary. His hymn,

“Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,”

was translated by one of the Wesleys; but the Wesleyan biographers cannot agree which. If John had any hand in it, he must have much changed in after life. Zinzendorf died in 1760.

## APPENDIX.

The preceding work is intended more especially as a companion to Gadsby's Selection of Hymns. I have not, therefore, attempted to give the Lives of many authors whose names do not appear in that book. There are still some hymns therein to which I have not been able to fix the names of the authors; and I should be glad of the assistance of any one who can aid me in procuring those names. The hymns are 69, 86, 206, 407, 482, 483, 937, 942, 963, 965, 970, 981, 989, 1008, 1118.

Of the following I have some doubt, though I believe the names attached to them in the hymn book are correct: 35, 52, 90, 204, 214, 216, 224, 228, 239, 242, 243, 250, 294, 329, 348, 425, 426, 430, 461, 931, 938, 948, 1009, 1058, 1129.

In ferreting out the author's names, and for other purposes connected with this little work, I have had to carefully examine upwards of 2,000 volumes of books, of all sizes and ages, and have ransacked nearly all the public libraries in London, &c., besides spending days and weeks at old bookstalls, booksellers' shops, and private houses. I have also to acknowledge the kind assistance of many persons in various parts of the kingdom, especially of Mr. D. Sedgwick, bookseller, 81, Sun Street, Bishopsgate, London, who for many years has devoted his attention to Hymnology. Mr. S. has recently published a catalogue of upwards of 1500 Psalm and Hymn Books, a copy of which he will forward to any applicant, on receiving a penny postage stamp.

I now supply some omissions and make a few emendations.

**BERRIDGE** (JOHN) first published a hymn book in 1760, mostly a collection from various authors; but these he destroyed wherever he could meet with them. His *Zion's Songs* were published in 1785. They were not all strictly original, as some were made up from Allen and Batty, Cennick, Erskine, &c.

**BRADBERRY** (DAVID).—After page 35 was printed off, I ascertained that this minister was born at Reeth, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, Nov. 12, 1735. He attributed his first serious impressions to the Divine blessing under Whitefield. He commenced his ministerial career at Alnwick, in Northumberland, in 1762. In 1767 he removed to Ramsgate. After residing there about 18 years he removed to Manchester, where he remained 10 years, and then went to Kennington. Here he took a lease of the Assembly Rooms, and fitted them up as a place of worship. His health, however, soon rapidly declined. When near his end, a friend asked him if he were comfortable; to which he replied, “Yes; I am very near heaven. I am prepared to meet my God, through Christ.” He died Jan. 13, 1803, and was interred in Bunhill Fields. He was author of some poems and a few hymns.

**BURGESS (DANIEL)** was born at Staines, Middlesex, about 1645. He was educated at Winchester School, and then removed to the University at Oxford. In 1667 he went to Ireland, but returned to England in 1674, and settled at Marlborough, Wilts. Here he was committed to prison for preaching as a Nonconformist, and had neither a bed nor a stool in his cell, until his friends got a bed in at the window. He was let out on bail, and then went to London, where he continued to preach as a Dissenter, in a building in Brydges Street, Covent Garden. He always aimed, he said, to be profitable rather than fashionable; for "that's the best key that fits the lock, though merely an iron one." He suffered much from the unkindness of friends, but never, he said, expressed his opinion of any but one, and that was "Jesus Christ; all to the praise and glory of new-covenant, never-failing grace. All friends have not been found faithless, nor all enemies useless. All my troubles have not been comfortless, nor all my crooked sermons useless. Some grapes have been gathered from both those sorts of thorns, and the compost wherewith the tree has been so much soiled has only made it the more fruitful." Several bigotted Church biographers have called him a buffoon and other hard names; but it is certain, though he may have been eccentric, he deserved no such character. His end was peaceful, and he died "resting on new-covenant grace." He was buried at St. Clement Danes, London, Jan. 31st, 1712-13. His hymns were not published in a volume until 1714, though many of them were in use before. (See Burkitt.) He was once preaching a "Funeral Sermon" for a lady, who, during much of her life, had been greatly depressed with doubts and fears, when he quoted the following lines from an ancient author:—

"I thirst for thirstiness, I weep for tears;  
Well pleased I am to be displeased thus.  
The only thing I fear is want of fear;  
Suspecting I am not suspicious.  
I cannot choose but live, because I die;  
And when I am not dead, how glad am I!  
Yet when I am thus glad, for sense of pain,  
And careful lest that I should careless be,  
Then do I grieve for being glad again,  
And fear lest carefulness take care from me.  
Amidst these restless thoughts, this rest I find,  
For those who rest not here, there's rest behind!"

**ELLIOTT (R.)** first published his hymns, 105 in number, in 1761. From his second edition, 1776, he omitted some of them.

**ERSKINE (RALPH.)**—The poem on Smoking Tobacco, at the end of Erskine's Gospel Sonnets, was composed by one Jeff Bartlett, in 1710.

**FRANCIS (BENJAMIN.)**—On page 60, I refer to a Memoir of Mr. Francis, by his son-in-law, Mr. Flint. Through the kindness of Mr. Francis's son, Mr. S. E. Francis, now residing at Nailsworth, a copy of that Memoir now lies before me. The little work is entitled, "The Presence of Christ, the Source of Eternal Bliss. A Funeral Discourse, occasioned by the Death of Mr. Benjamin Francis. By John Ryland, D.D. To which is added, a Sketch of Mr. Francis's Life, & ., by his Son [in-Law] Thomas Flint." It appears that when Mr. Francis went to the academy at Bristol, he did not know sufficient of the English language (Mr. F. being a Welshman) to be able even to ask a blessing in it on his food; but as he applied himself diligently to his studies, he soon became an English scholar. He repeatedly visited his native country, and preached, in Welsh, with great acceptance. On

Sept. 22nd, 1799, after preaching twice at Shortwood and at the lecture at Hampton, he began to complain of some alarming symptoms, which induced him to call in medical aid. His illness, however, gradually increased, until his spirit departed. Early in Nov., a friend asking what were the feelings of his mind, he said, "It is not a season when the copious showers of holy joy enrich my heart, but I assuredly feel the gentle droppings of gracious consolation. O!" he exclaimed, "I am assured that I am Christ's." \* \* \* "If I am not the Lord's, I know not whose I am." "I have no fear of my Saviour, but the greatest fear of myself. If I could mention nothing of former experiences, I can, I *can*, at this moment go to Jesus, as a poor sinner, longing for salvation, in his own sovereign way." On Dec. 12th, he appeared to be struck for death. "Come," he said to his family, as we must part, we had better now take our mutual farewell, and then you shall withdraw, that I may languish softly into life." On the 14th, he sank rapidly. A friend whispered to him, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." "No, no!" said Mr. F.; "for thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." After this, he took but little notice of anything that was said. His dissolution was unusually lingering and painful, yet not a sigh heaved his bosom, nor did one convulsion agitate his body. The same evening he fell asleep in Jesus. On page 60, I stated that a new chapel was built for him at Minchin Hampton, where he remained until his death. This is an error. Minchin Hampton is about three miles from Shortwood, (formerly called Horsley,) and the chapel was erected, in the first instance, for Lord's Day evening services. Mr. F. continued to preach there on alternate Lord's Day evenings until his last illness; but Shortwood, *alias* Horsley, was his home. I have endeavored to persuade Mr. F.'s son to deposit his copy of the Memoir in the Library of the British Museum, and regret that I have not succeeded.

**HAWES (THOMAS.)**—The number of his hymns was 256. (See last edition, 1808.)

**LYTE (HENRY FRANCIS)** was born at Kelso, June 1st, 1793. When 9 years of age, he was sent to a school at Protoro, in Ireland, and in 1812 entered Trinity College, Dublin. On leaving the college, he thought of going into the medical profession, but was ordained in 1815, and had a curacy near Wexford. In 1817 he went to Marazion, where he remained two years, removing, in 1819, to the neighborhood of Lymington. In 1823 he took the perpetual curacy of Lower Brixham, Devon, which he held until his death. It does not appear that his health was ever very firm. In 1844 he went to Naples, but soon removed to Rome, on account of the climate of Naples. In 1846 he returned to England, but left again the following year for Italy. He was not able, however, to proceed farther south than Nice. Here he died, Nov. 20th, 1847, and was buried in the English cemetery there. He wrote a metrical version of the Psalms, in 1836. On page 98 I refer to the hymn,

"Jesus, we our cross have taken,"

as being ascribed to Montgomery. Beyond doubt, however, it was written by Lyte. The original is in the singular number, and appears in a volume published by Lyte in 1833, entitled, "Poems, Chiefly Religious." As given in some selections, however, it has been much curtailed. A memoir was published of him in 1850. (Rivington, London.) Mr. L. had a high gift for poetry, and some of his compositions are truly beautiful. What can surpass the following?

- "Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!
- "Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;  
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free;  
Come—not to sojourn—but abide, with me!
- "Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,  
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!
- "I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is Death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

MASON (JOHN).—On page 91, I state that the title of John Mason's book is, "Songs of Praise." This is not quite correct. It is, "Spiritual Songs; or Songs of Praise, with Penitential Cries, to Almighty God. Together with the Song of Songs." I sent a copy of this book to the Library of the British Museum. It will be found in the Catalogue under "Songs," (3434 d.) Nothing, I think, can be more stupid than the way many of the books are catalogued in that invaluable national library. I have often had to look for hours before I could find books which I had myself sent. Mason's name does not appear in the title-page as the author. Mr. Sedgwick, whom I mentioned a page or two back, says that the first part of the book, that is the Songs, is by Mason, and most of the second part, the "Cries," by Shepherd." If so, the verse,

"Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,"

is not Mason's, but Shepherd's. In the same book occurs the following verse:

"That miracles are ceased, Some confidently tell;  
But I do know it is not so, While I am out of hell."

The first edition of Mason's Songs was published in 1683, and the Penitential Cries in 1692.

MAXWELL (JAMES) was one of the early Methodist preachers. On page 113, I have said that the hymn,

"Here, Lord, my soul convicted stands,"

was, I thought, Rippon's; but I find it is Maxwell's, being published by him in 1759. Maxwell published several little books of hymns. His brother Methodists called him the Scotch poet.

NEWTON (JOHN).—The hymn,

"Precious Bible!" What a treasure!"

as given in several selections, is greatly altered from the original, as, indeed, are a large number of others, for every compiler seems to have emended or mangled according to his own taste. I cannot say who altered the above; but it was certainly not my father, though he has been charged therewith.

RIPPON (JOHN) printed a few hymns, "Divine Aspirations," which were probably his own; but I have not seen a copy. (See Maxwell.)

SEAGRAVE (ROBERT) was one of the early Methodist preachers. He published a Selection of hymns in 1741, and, two years afterwards, a new edition, to which he prefixed 26 original hymns and seven years

afterwards a fourth edition, with 20 additional originals. Besides his hymns, he published several tracts in defence of the doctrines and articles of the Church of England. For many years he was the stated preacher at Lorimer's Hall. He, however, forsook the Establishment, and joined the early Methodists. He was born at Twyford, Leicestershire, Nov. 22nd, 1693, entered Clare Hall when about 17, and took the degree of M.A. 1718.

TURNER (SAMUEL) was for many years minister of the Gospel at Sunderland. He died May 10th, 1854, aged 76. After his death, a little book of hymns was published, said to be his own. Amongst them are, 1104 and 1131; but I believe the former to be by Bennett.

In pages 90, 91, I have expressed my belief that the hymn,

“Now begin the heavenly theme,”

is by Madan, having been published in his *Selection* in 1769. I learn, however, that it appeared as early as 1756, in a *Selection* by J. Edwards, of Leeds.

Mr. Sedgwick says he has no doubt that hymn 199 is the Countess of Huntingdon's.

Mr. Sedgwick also says that hymn 938 is likewise Lady Huntingdon's.

Hymn 321 has been ascertained by Mr. Sedgwick to be, beyond doubt, by Mr. George Keith, Dr. Rippon's son-in-law, and publisher of many of Dr. Gill's works.

Hymn 471, Mr. S. says, was written by the Hon. Walter Shirley. I still believe it is Toplady's.

Hymn 348 is Toplady's, though marked (?). It appears, with other verses, in the “*Gospel Magazine*” for 1798, signed “W. R.,” i.e., Walter Row. But in that periodical for 1796, 7, 8, there are other hymns signed “W. R.,” which were unquestionably by Toplady. Mr. Row was a personal friend of Toplady's, and published his works after T.'s death. He was entrusted by T.'s executors with a quantity of T.'s MSS.; and it seems he took the liberty of pirating some of his hymns, and omitting them from T.'s works. This was adding another sin to that of ascribing to T. some of Charles Wesley's hymns, as mentioned herein, page 126.

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NOTE.—In the preceding work I have endeavoured to be impartial, not sparing a Toplady any more than a Wesley, where I think they erred. The work has now reached its 4th Edition. Had I written only smooth things, it would probably ere this have reached its 10th.

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Mr. Sedgwick has published a series of hymns, by the following authors, with biographies: Luther (Martin), 1524; Crossman (Sml.), 1664; Mason (John), 1683; Shepherd (Thos.), 1692; Ken (Thos.), 1697; Taylor (Clare), 1742; Seagrave (Robert), 1748; Grigg (Joseph), 1756; Olivers (Thomas), 1757; Williams (William), 1759; Toplady (A. M.), 1759; Steele (Anne), 1760; Ryland (John), 1773; Stocker (John), 1776; Kempenfelt (Rich.), 1777; Grant (James), 1784; Swain (Joseph), 1792; Hupton (Job), 1804.

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