



AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF THE
REV. HARRY GREY, B. A.

EX LIBRIS

B. R. Johnson Barker

Ref.

No.

Publication of this little book was paid for by the son of the subject, another Rev Harry Gray who scandalised Cape Town society by conducting an 'affair' with, and subsequently marrying, as his third wife, (1880) his coloured 'servant', Martha Solomons. Grey subsequently became (by inheritance) the 8th Earl of Stamford. They had two daughters. After his death, his widow, the dowager Countess of Stamford, married Pieter Pieterse 'a Wellington coloured man;' according to LG Green.

THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF THE
REV. HARRY GREY, B.A.

WITH
A SHORT ACCOUNT OF HIS LAST ILLNESS
AND DEATH,

AND
AN INTRODUCTION

BY
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INTRODUCTION.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, at the Wolverhampton Church Congress, 1887, spoke the following remarkable words : " We stand in another way upon a very important part of the history of the Church. I hope I shall not be thought fanciful if I try to put it into words. It is almost too difficult for me to put into words. But it is this insufficiency of the work of the Church up to this moment in one important matter—the most important and final matter of all. The work of about 40 years in the Church was a great Evangelical work which brought the souls of individuals into close relation to their Christ and their God. For 40 years at least that went on, that seeming to be the main end of the Christian religion—to make the soul draw nearer to God. For another 40 years, perhaps, speaking roughly, there dominated us another great idea—that of making the individual feel his position in the Church. We have been making Churchmen these 40 years continually more intelligent and more practical Churchmen, and now there is a next step. That is not the end of religion. To make the soul draw still closer to God is indeed religion ; to make men feel their places in the Church is indeed religion ; but it is to gather in one fold all the children who are scattered abroad that the Church exists ;—and the work of the next 40 years is to make the Church feel her position with regard to society, to all society, exactly as the individual soul has been made to feel its position with regard to its Christ and its Church. * * * * *

* * * * * And now, if the soul to Christ, man to his Church, and the Church to the world, are plainly the line upon which God's Spirit is leading us, there is one central good to us, and that is that men of the Church should

know their Christ to be a present power." These are the thoughtful expressions of a superior mind. They suggest very serious reflection and some important questions. What is the extent of the signification of "the Church" as used by the Archbishop? In what sections of the Universal Church was the Evangelical Revival of the first "40 years" mainly carried on? What influences brought on the deadness in the Church which prevailed before those 40 years? Which sections of the Church came to know, during the second 40 years, their true position in the Universal Church? I believe that too great importance has been attached to the work which the Archbishop ascribes to the second 40 years; and that the true blessedness of the Church, and the Church's blessing to the world, in the coming 40 years and more, will depend on the increase in the number of souls that are brought individually "*closer to God*"; and that every soul brought closer to God is a member of the Universal Church of God; and that it is of little moment what "position in the Church" a man holds, unless his soul is under the experience of God's Spirit working in him and with him. The Church of England, in England, and in England's Colonies, has been doing a great work for society within this present century, because so many of her members have been partakers of the benefit of the Revival, either commenced or carried on through the instrumentality of Whitefield, Wesley, Wilberforce and others, who lived before the first "40 years" of the Archbishop's address.

The subject of this autobiography was a most attached clergyman of the English Church, who worked most earnestly within the 40 years of the Evangelical drawing of the individual soul nearer to God. His own soul was "brought near"; and he was the means of bringing others near. And now, may this interesting record of a good man's life and work help many followers of the Saviour in their conflict with evil, and in their endeavours to promote the Kingdom of God. We should ever pray that the memory of deceased Christians may be blessed to the living. The writer of this Introduction has been closely connected with both the Evangelical and the

"High Church" Revivals. He has tried to take the good of each, and to combine all in a Moderate Churchmanship. In the Cape Colony he has clung to the closest possible union with the Church of England, and in so doing has experienced the trials of controversy. He has felt that the "joy and peace of believing" are imperilled in the strife of tongues and pens. In this state of mind he has found the renewal of older and better feelings in the perusal of the autobiography. What he has thus enjoyed he would recommend to others: and he is thankful for the permission to re-print and publish what was by the Author intended for private circulation only.

Colonial readers especially will be interested in the brief review of the work, which appeared in the 4th number of the *Church News*.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. HARRY GREY.

Published for Private Circulation by Wertheim, Macintosh and Hunt, London.

WE are permitted by the Right Honourable and Reverend the Earl of Stamford to notice the autobiography of his revered father, a clergyman of high culture and deep piety. We believe it will shortly be re-edited by Canon Baker, and published for circulation at the Cape, with the expectation of the fulfilment of that for which the author prayed, according to the words of the preface: "And lastly, that God would bless this record of His loving kindness to the good of souls, and to some *special benefit*. This last-mentioned speciality I committed to His infinite wisdom to arrange and settle." On turning over the pages of this most interesting work we found the visiting-card of the late Rev. T. W. Swift, the beloved and lamented Rector of Wynberg, in which parish Stamford Villa is situated. Mr. Swift was very much pleased with the autobiography of a man who must have been remarkably like himself in humility, gentleness, zeal, fidelity and love. The clergyman who, had he lived some years longer, would have been Earl Grey, and was a descendant of the royal and gentle, beautiful and religious Lady Jane Grey, was both bold and meek, learned and talented, yet most remarkable for his simplicity of life. A perusal of the book reminds one of the "*Practical View of Christianity*," by the noble Wilberforce, the advocate of the slave, the eloquent speaker and forcible writer. It was commenced on January 11th and concluded on February 23rd, 1857.

The work contains notices of many eminent persons. In most cases their names are in initials only, excepting where there could be no objection on the part of families concerned.

In early life the writer had several wonderful escapes, which he attributed to a special Providence, and which made him offer his life to the service of his God. His school and college days were marked by religious experience. During his ministerial life he had numerous convictions of God's dealings both with the evil and the good, the hardened and the penitent.

The opinion of the late Rev. T. W. Swift will commend the small volume to many. We sincerely hope it will be blessed to the souls of numerous readers. It is interesting as well as serious, practical, though full of deep reflection. The position of the writer in the highest ranks of society, and his work among the lower classes, gave him the best means of becoming acquainted with the social and religious life of the English people at a very important period of their history. We most heartily commend the coming re-print to the notice of every one of our readers.

Let it be understood that the author was not only a believer, but one who lived according to his faith. His actions proved his piety. He recommended nothing that he would not follow. He showed his earnestness by great pecuniary sacrifices, and by hard work even in times of great bodily weakness. He says "God has wrought for me by deprivations; He has wrought by privileges. He has humbled me; He has proved me; He has strengthened me; He has comforted me."

JAS. BAKER.

Kalk Bay Rectory, Dec. 29, 1887.

PREFACE.

HAVING, at the earnest request of my beloved son, committed to writing some of the incidents of my life, for the purpose of magnifying the Grace of God, I now present it to him as a Wedding Present—a token of my love. I commenced it on Jan. 11th and concluded it on Feb. 23rd, 1857. Thus it appears, that it was a work carried on in detached portions through a period of six weeks, as God gave me ability. It was preceded by prayer; and each of these detached portions was sanctified by a similar preface of prayer. The subject of each prayer was, that the Lord would bring things to my remembrance, and reveal to me what I had to write. And, further, that He would bless this record to the deepening of my own self-abasement, and to the enlargement of my heart in love and gratitude. And, lastly, that He would bless this record of His loving-kindness to the good of souls, and to some *special benefit*. This last mentioned speciality, I committed to His Infinite wisdom to arrange and settle.

I have only to add, that I thank God, that amidst many disabilities, I have been enabled to fulfil my dear son's request. And, specially, I thank my God, that the desire of my soul for the deepening of self-abasement, and the raising of my spirit in adoration, love, and gratitude, has been sensibly and sweetly fulfilled during the process of this holy exercise.

H. G.

April 28th, 1857.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

HARRY GREY.

*H. G.'s Reminiscences of the Long-Suffering, the Wisdom,
and the Love of a Redeeming God, as manifested
towards him.*

I HAVE often watched my gardener turning up the ground after a long drought. A slight shower during the night has given hopes for the relief of the thirsty soil. But no ; it was only the surface that was moistened—all below was dry and dusty. No moisture had penetrated to the roots. I take this as an apt illustration of my own condition before regenerating Grace had penetrated effectually, and reached the interior of my faculties and senses. Several drops would at times fall upon the surface, but they were absorbed, and nothing durable or effectual remained. Still they were emanations of Deity. I might, perhaps, rank them under the head of restraining grace ; a kind of preparatory work, imposing a check upon what was evil, though very distinct from that crucifixion of the flesh, and that new creation of the soul, which marks the abiding and inextinguishable operation of the Holy Ghost. Conscience is in itself a precious gift from above. It is the "light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." And in my own case, I look back with gratitude at the many aids and opportunities given to conscience, in the way of checks, restraints, and attractions. These were the drops which

preceded the continued and effectual shower; and though they left my soul dry and barren, yet they answered the purpose of manifesting the goodness and compassion of God. They clogged the wheels of sin, though they did not neutralize the love of it: they tended to brighten my view of its penal consequences. And though they did not bind me to my Lord by the cords of love, or even present Him to my view as an object of love, yet they attracted me to Heaven as a scene of glory and of happiness.

As an instance of this divine plan concerning me, I have a vivid remembrance of my nurse, Betty Mellon, teaching me to repeat Ps. iv. 8, every night after I had laid down in bed; a custom which I have very frequently observed, even to the present time. It is hallowed to me by sweet recollections of early habits, suggested to me by a pious nurse. What a lesson is here to be learnt on influence and responsibilities! Here is the influence of a nurse spreading over the space of about seventy years. Is there not a graduated scale of responsibilities? Nurses having Gal. vi. 8 before them, bear an important position in that scale; and all who are connected with them, would do well to keep them up to that position.

It was about the same time, when I was a child in the nursery, that I had a dream of Heaven; the outlines of which are even now presented to my memory in vivid colours. The light, the glory, the holiness, the happiness of the whole scene, filled me with a calmness of delight which impressed me with a certain truthfulness of the visionary representation, which was sweetly attractive. Some years later I had another dream, similar in some of its features, but diverse in others. I thought that my mortal state was ended, and soul and body had quitted their mortal sphere, but were separated from one another; the one being in a state of security, but not satisfied in its widowed condition, and ever seeking and longing for a reunion; when that was effected the joy was perfect. The effect which this vision had upon my mind, was both solemnizing and attractive. It brought eternity before me, and the scene was gilded with future blessedness.

Before I had quitted the nursery, I received an admonitory check, which is to be placed in the catalogue of those checks and restraints imposed by the wise hand of a compassionate God, who willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn and live. I was only in petticoats at the time, when my sister and I were playing together on the lobby at the top of the staircase in King's Buildings. A pretty little box had been given to each of us, which we had in our hands at the time. She asked me to shew her my box, which was the prettiest of the two. She soon afterwards returned to me, not my own, but her box. It was the effort of covetousness to commit a fraud by deception. I immediately discovered the fraud, and in a violent rage, flung the box down stairs. The exertion, prompted by rage, threw me off my balance, and I rolled, like a ball, down a whole flight of stairs. The consequence was a broken rib. How true it is that "by pride cometh contention." It was the indignation felt by an attempt to deceive me, that blew up this flame. But the check was salutary. I never forgot it; and to this day I hold it in grateful remembrance, for the fear of death was powerful and operative at the time; and the sparing mercy of a wise and correcting God is the uppermost feeling while I write these lines.

I was sent very early (before I was six years old) to the school of the Rev.—, in—street. My temperament was timid and nervous, and my misery at exchanging the parental roof, and the society of my three sweet sisters, for the rough and selfish habits of a school, was almost more than I could bear. My recollection of it even now, at the distance of sixty-seven years, is remarkably vivid. But it comes to me now tempered and sweetened by a view of the multifarious arrangements of the Covenant of Grace, which assigned to me a very sensitive temperament, to answer important purposes in my after life. It is not in vain that we are told (Ps. cxxxix. 14), that "we are wonderfully made," not only in the marvellous structure of our bodies, but in the speciality of our individual temperaments, adapting us for the particular sphere which we are destined to

fill. The bilious, or the nervous, or the sanguineous temperaments, have a wonderful adaptation as qualifications for special lines of duty, in subservience to the will of that mighty, and wise, and gracious Lord, who is "Head over all things to the Church." (Eph. i.) At W——'s school I remained between five and seven years, subjected to those violent gusts of his irascible temper, which carried him beyond all the bounds of propriety and self respect. It was an humbling picture of human nature to see a man who could at times melt into tears when his pupils rose into estimation, and could at other times warn them against sin with an emphasis which made every heart to tingle, yet sink at times to the very level of a tiger's ferocity. Yet it pleased God to carry out His own preparatory plan concerning me through W——'s instrumentality. His warnings against the sins of boyhood were dealt out with such an arresting emphasis, and terrific force, and with such a condemnatory expression of countenance, as made the wheels of sin drag on heavily, and rendered it for a time, at least, fearful and odious. If restraining grace acts at one time as a check, it operates at another time with an attractive influence; and in this latter way, I recognize its attraction in the wise method adopted by W—— in the school studies preparatory to Easter. During the whole of Lent the usual course was suspended, and religious topics, connected with the season, were substituted. This variety, and the cessation for a while of the severer studies, doubtless had their effect; and though the religious topics did not exhibit a clear elucidation of Gospel principles, yet did these exercises, combined as they were with outward circumstances, possess an attractiveness which even to this day conveys to my mind a grateful pleasure in the retrospect. Thus it is true, that while Divine Grace, in its *abiding* and *effective* influence, rides triumphant over every intervening obstacle, it is equally true that the checks and attractions of *restraining* Grace, though varying as to individuals in their ultimate issue, yet vindicate God's justice, magnify His love and compassion, exhibit His wisdom, and lay the creature low as one who has come short of the glory

of God. When I left W——'s school, in 1796, he wrote to me a kind and affectionate letter, which I preserve with a feeling of gratitude and esteem. He was, indeed, a strange compound of the tiger and the dove. It is needless to speculate what he might have been had he known the Saviour; but we may look inward and upward, and say with mingled feelings of adoration, humiliation, and hope, What am I *with* Christ? What ought I to be *having* Christ? and What *shall* I be in the full fruition of Him?

It was about this time, when my father was living at Dee Side, that I saw a vast concourse of people attending a funeral in St. John's Churchyard. On inquiring from one of the servants what it was, I found that it was Mr. Oliver's funeral, and I learnt that he was a clergyman in high estimation for his distinguished usefulness and his eminent piety. The connection thus presented to me between these qualities and respect paid to them in death, impressed me favourably as to the value of true religion, and the blessedness of its possessors. I also formed in my mind a certain distinction between a faithful and an unfaithful minister. The principles of the gospel and the practice flowing from them, were rarely exhibited by the — clergy at this period; and this was the first occasion when the distinction I have spoken of was set before me in a tangible form. I accordingly set it down in the catalogue of the attractions of restraining Grace.

Mr. Oliver had been a man of gay and popular manners, the ornament of the C—— ball-room, the delight of those who, like himself, were living far from God. With the period and circumstances of his conversion I am unacquainted, but the transition was marked and decided. His dress, his expenditure, his associations, his interests, his principles, all testified to the total transformation. He preached Christ, he lived Christ, he drew many souls to Christ. The popularity he had lost in the ball-room was transferred to the beds of the sick, the haunts of the sinner and the destitute, and to the crowded congregations who hung upon his lips. I have heard it said, that as he rode down the streets of —, plainly dressed and mounted on

a little scrambling pony, the multitude of hats which were taken off to greet him as he passed on, arrested the attention of every one. So true it is, "Them that honour Me I will honour." Amongst the published correspondence of John Newton, there is one letter addressed to this gentleman, headed by the initial O.

It was in 1796 that I went to Eton, where I boarded in the house of Mrs. Ragueneau. This was a great emancipation from the tyranny and oppression of W——'s rule. But Eton was a fac-simile of the world. There, sin was seen in all its forms and dimensions. It reigned triumphant and unchecked. My mind revolted from the high darings of presumptuous transgression. A certain fear of the wrath of God, and the consequences of that wrath, held me in check. I shrunk from the utterance of bold blasphemy as from a pestilence. Nevertheless, I remember with horror one occasion, and one only, when being violently irritated by —, I imprecated the curse of God upon him in the most awful terms. I was shocked and somewhat terrified at such an utterance; but I have no remembrance either of godly sorrow or a cry for mercy. It was rather the feeling of vexation that I had so endangered my soul. The rite of confirmation, which took place at Eton, was rather accepted by me as a proper ceremony, and perhaps in the light of a propitiatory sacrifice, than as a solemn surrender, and a believing acceptance of Christ. But another occasion was far more impressive. My uncle had invited me to Hall Grove, and the Archdeacon took me there in his carriage. He was a man of some vital and enlightened piety, disfigured, indeed, by inadequate views of human corruption and imperfect conformity to Christ. He would occasionally give utterance to words which shocked and surprised me. Yet had he a certain bias which was heavenly, and I plainly perceived it, and recognised a something in him which distinguished his predilections from those of my other relatives. When we had travelled a little way together, he addressed me in words so pointed, so affectionate, and so decidedly religious, such as I had never heard from any mouth before. He appeared in earnest. I gave an undivided and willing

attention to all that he said. His words, his earnestness, seemed to harmonize with his clerical character; and the affection and the interest for me, which accompanied his words, had a greater effect upon me than anything which had ever been addressed to me on any former occasion. He died not long afterwards. The intelligence of his death greatly affected me, and to this moment I have a vivid recollection how I walked about Ragueneau's garden, alone, at ten o'clock at night, weeping and pondering on the rare and valuable counsel which he had given me.

During my residence at Elton, there was, in the same house with me, a lovely boy, between twelve and fourteen, John Alleyne, the eldest son of Sir John Alleyne, who lived on his estate in the West Indies. He had a beautiful countenance, in which sweetness and intelligence were the ornaments of a face of perfect beauty. While we were at school together, he was taken ill with a fatal disease. I remember being much drawn to him, and visiting him at times as he lay in bed, in a room detached from the rest of the house. All that I remember of my interviews with him, is the soothing sweetness, the sympathy, the impressions of death and eternity, which I felt in the sick chamber. Mrs. M——, of Winchester, who is related to the family, affirms, and says it is well known to all the family, that I was the instrument of this dear boy's conversion. If this be the case, all that I can say is, that Omnipotent Grace can work by the most inadequate means. Of one thing I have a distinct remembrance. A short time before his sweet spirit ascended to the prepared abode, he fixed his expressive black eyes upwards to the corner of his room, and at the same time gently waving his hand towards the vision of angels, said, with a calm and gentle voice, "Go on, go on; I'll follow you." It was not one of the vagaries of delirium, but the same permitted antepast of Heaven which cheered the passage of my dear boy Reginald, and lighted up the valley for him. The account will be found in the brief memorial which I drew up.

My record seems to be an alternation of those attractions and checks of restraining Grace, which were the outgoings

of the forbearance and compassion of a long-suffering God towards an obdurate and ungrateful heart. Even now I can fancy myself on the very brink of destruction. When travelling by the mail, back to C——shire, on the descent of a hill, the horses became quite ungovernable; the coachman's control was gone. Cortes, a schoolfellow, was sitting on the box: "Jump off," said the coachman, "and save your life; I must stay where I am." Cortes sprang off instantly, and escaped without a broken limb. On the side of the road there was a tremendous and perpendicular precipice. On the edge of it grew some thistles, which hung over the abyss; and the coach-wheel was now running on the roots of these thistles. At this crisis a sparing God had compassion on me. The guard sprang on the top of the coach, flung himself on the back of one of the wheel-horses, and like lightning was at the bridle of the leaders; the horses were diverted from their course, and my soul was reserved for Grace and Glory. The Divine purposes interpose check upon check. Full well do I remember one day when I was sitting in my room at Eton, a big boy, Smith, staggered in with a pistol in each hand. He was far gone in intoxication. He advanced to me, pointed the muzzle of one pistol at my heart, drew it on full cock, and placed his finger on the trigger. "Don't be alarmed," said he, "this pistol I have fired off; it's the other pistol that is loaded." I moved not an inch; I could only wait the issue. After keeping the pistol for some time in that position, he removed it; he was overcome with liquor, and sunk on the ground and fell asleep. I then quietly and cautiously took each pistol out of his hand, examined them, and found that the one which he had pointed at my heart was primed and loaded with powder and ball. The other, which he had not directed towards me, had been recently fired off. Surely, there was but an inch between me and death. But the Lord's hand withheld the human hand by an irresistible grasp, because there were purposes of mercy for me to be developed in due time. But before that development, the obduracy of my heart, and the checks and attractions of restraining grace, must be drawn on in extended parallel lines.

It was in the year 1800, that I quitted Eton. The intention of going is often announced to the head-master by the Latin verses on Tuesday morning. The subject which had been fixed by the master is, on such an occasion, changed by the boy; and the thesis and the verses announce his farewell to Eton.' In a few days afterwards he pays a formal visit to the head-master and the tutor, who receive him on the footing of a gentleman; beg him to be seated, inquire into his future plans, express their wishes for his success; and, if he be in a station of rank and opulence, beg to have his portrait, which is accordingly sent, at the cost of fifty guineas. He then rises to take his leave, having previously filled his right hand with a fee, varying from ten to twenty guineas. His hand is cordially grasped with its contents, and the exchange of bows as an acknowledgment of equality, terminates the visit. The present of a book is afterwards sent to the boy. In my case a quarto edition of Longinus was sent me by Dr. Heath, and Lucretius, of the same size, by the Rev. Thomas Briggs. The gentleman-boy is no longer amenable to the hours, the studies, the discipline of the school. The hat is no more doffed as a token of required allegiance to the head-master. And I perfectly remember, that when I afterwards saw Dr. Heath pass in his carriage, and acknowledged him from the impulse of educational courtesy, he immediately returned it as a gratuitous favour on my part. My clear remembrance of these particulars is not irrelevant to the record of my history. I had been anticipating, with intense interest, this period of my life. The hope of its arrival was closely allied with two features of my character, features mighty in their influence, but wholly misdirected. One of them, indeed, was destined to extinction: the other was to be remodelled and made subservient to higher ends.

It was about this period of my life that I began to grope blindly after inward peace. I had a vague and undefined persuasion, that the attainment of it was man's ultimate end. That I had not possession of it was a matter of daily experience. There was no man to say to me: "This is the way." So, knowing nothing of the Spirit's teaching, or of

those sweet treasures of the Bible, which speak of peace, I looked around on earth for that which is of heavenly origin. The time of my emancipation from Eton would surely fill the void in my aching heart. The farewell verses, the day of my last visit to the master and the tutor, would usher in a kind of jubilee to my soul. Then would the phantom of peace be grasped as a reality. To this expectation was super-added the impulsive spirit of independence. These combined feelings operated powerfully to gild the farewell day with a lurid gleam of delusive light. The day came; it was a beautiful summer's day in June. I was on the tiptoe of expectation. But where was the phantom? Was it suddenly invested with substance? It was a phantom still; it eluded my grasp. And to this day I could point out the place where I stood near Ragueneau's house, disappointed and marvelling, what was peace, and where to be found. The spirit of independence did not meet the case. I found it inadequate to fill the aching void. Little did I then think that its origin was spurious and earthly, and that in subsequent years I should renounce it. Little did I think that peace, as I then believed it, was to be remodelled, set on a Divine basis, drawn from a contrary source, and be wholly different in its acting and enjoyments.

On leaving Eton, my dear father, who was ever watchful over my interests and improvement, selected a private tutor for me, to fill up the gap in scholastic studies between school and college. He was most solicitous to make the best selection for me, whether it was for a school, for a private tutor, or for college. He was not aware, till I left W——'s, how badly treated I was by the ebullitions of temper, and from the want of proper food. When I left that school, I made him acquainted with it. The selection, however, of a private tutor, was not mistaken. It was the Rev. John —, a Cambridge man. He was an excellent mathematician, and a good classical scholar; a man of a strong and clear understanding, good temper, and highly respectable in his outward demeanour. His theology seemed to be of that cold and formal cast, of which Sherlock may be quoted as a type. We were, in number,

four pupils, besides two little boys. He did not trouble himself about the salvation of our souls, which he probably thought were in no hazard. On one occasion only he recommended us a religious book for Sundays, "Jortin's Sermons." So dry and cold was Jortin, that he was soon laid aside by us, and whenever we referred to the volume, we called it Jortin's jest book. Formal religion carries about with it its own condemnation, and is often despised by those who do not essentially differ from it. Such was the case with us. The matter, above all others, during my abode at —'s, which told upon my after life, was the pungent sense of sin which overwhelmed me one day, without any apparent cause, when I was walking alone in a wood near the house. One of those temporary convictions of sin flashed across my mind, which, like the morning dew, glistens and passes away. It was very similar in its temporary pungency, and its rapid absorption, to what I had felt some years before on my first partaking of the Lord's Supper. On that occasion, when I came to the confession that "the remembrance of my sins was grievous to me, and the burden of them intolerable," I wept to excess. In each case, like the morning mist upon the mountains, it passed away. At every turn of these reminiscences, the long suffering of God, leading on to the full manifestations of His covenant love, fill me with admiration, and exhibit to me afresh my own vileness and ingratitude. It is, indeed, "good to commune with our past hours, and ask them what report they bore to Heaven."

In April, 1802, I went up to Oxford for matriculation, and was enrolled as a member of Brazenose College. I had a great desire to have belonged to Merton. I shrunk from the temptations of Brazenose, where I had several acquaintances, old Etonians. I wanted to have crept on, with as few obstructions as possible, amidst the limited society of Merton. But my father knew the advantages which would lie before me at Brazenose College. I bowed assent, though I could not enter into his preferences. I thought that safety was better than worldly emoluments,

for I felt my weakness, and shrunk from appearing in the fore-front of the battle. I drew my sketch of Oxford in anticipation from what I had seen and felt at Eton. Having matriculated at Oxford, I returned to ——'s, till my intended period of residence there, at Michaelmas, should arrive. In the meantime my beloved father died. I shall never forget the agony of grief which his death occasioned me. It was unmitigated by the balm of the gospel. Yet it wrought some profitable musings in my soul, of the emptiness of the things that are earthly, and the realities of death and eternity. And the deep gloom of the scene, where the bright beams of the gospel were excluded, were contrasted, in subsequent years, with the cheering hope which irradiated my soul on the death of my sweet sister, Harriet, and shone around me with a still brighter light when I deposited in adjoining graves the remains of my precious Emma and Reginald. There was something in my dear father which was quite fascinating. Of noble, aristocratical bearing, he was the very essence of courtesy and affability. His open countenance was an index to his mind. It told you of generosity, intelligence, refinement, and integrity. His spirits were buoyant, and he was the charm of society. He was as remote from parsimony as he was from selfish expenditure. His excellent sense kept him within the bounds of propriety, and, combined as it was, with other qualities, awarded him the meed of public estimation. His domestic circle was his delight, for his warm attachments flowed out to a wife whom he tenderly loved, and to children whom he fondly cherished. My future plans and prospects in life, were to him the subject of the most tender solicitude; and I have heard my mother say, that the effort to adjust them in the best possible way, cost him many a sleepless night. To win the affections of his children lay near his heart; and I shall never forget his gentle and loving expostulation, accompanied with abundant tears, to calm the fears of my sister Emma, at his unexpected presence one day in the garden. My sister thought, perhaps, that he would disapprove of those boyish sports which she entered into, even with more zest than

myself. Emma was a girl of high spirits, independence of character, and impatient of control. Her energies gave a great stimulus to mine, and told beneficially upon my future life, being transferred under a modified form to my ministerial labours. With great strength of mind she had much tenacity of opinion, and was more disposed to rule than to obey. This brought her at times into collision with my dear father, and would rouse his corruptions. But it was a flash of lightning, that startled for a moment, but as suddenly disappeared. He suffered greatly at times from the gout, and knowing the tendencies of that painful malady to disturb the temper, he would often shun temptation by seclusion in his study. Towards the latter part of his life, there seemed a true ray from Heaven sent to light up his path to safety, though not to comfort. It was not in vain, I think, that piety in his family had been hereditary. For often we would find him in the middle of the day, rising from his knees in prayer; and his thoughtfulness at this period of his life, corresponded with these expressions of his conscious necessity. He lived in days of scanty privilege. The voice of religion was silent as the grave. The sphere in which he was born encompassed him with snares. Being the darling son of his mother, who had the entire control of the Dunham property, he had every want supplied, and nothing that money could procure was withheld from him.

I have said that my sister's energies told beneficially upon my after life. Matters apparently insulated, or even trifling, are links in the chain of Providence, connected with the grand concerns of eternity. So it was in this instance, and to this connected chain I also refer the following circumstance:—

My father was intimately acquainted with an opulent banker, Sir ———. He thought it might be an opening for me, and had many conversations with Sir ——— on the subject. There was, I think, a willingness on the part of the latter to give me a footing in his establishment. But the ultimate decision was, that the sphere in which my father was born and educated, and the habits super-induced

by such a station, had descended to me, and might probably render the privations of a life of business in London, irksome and uncongenial to me. They judged wisely. But there was a Mighty Counsellor, invisible and unknown, who knew that I was "a vessel of mercy, prepared afore to glory," and a designed instrument to bring other souls to glory, who thus controlled my father and my father's friend. It was a turning point in my history. It is one of the abundant proofs that Jesus is "Head over all things to the Church." (Eph. i.) We have need to treasure up all such reminiscences. Faith is weak, and at times reels to and fro like a ship in a storm. But grateful retrospects mark all the prints of the Divine footsteps, and help faith to right itself again.

I am now approaching the commencement of my University career at Michaelmas. It is often said, that this career stamps the character of the after life. This, with certain qualifications, might be predicted of me; but I think the real germ of the Divine life had begun to sprout simultaneously with the commencement of a college life. It is difficult, in many cases, to determine the boundary line between the darkness of night and the first breaking of daylight. Yet are light and darkness unequivocal contraries. The regenerate and the unregenerate state are entirely opposed in their character. There are certain shootings of light across the dark abyss, which mark the new birth of the soul. The Almighty fiat, "Let there be light, and there was light," was contemporaneous with the full splendour of *Creation's daylight*. But the fiat is reversed in the birth of the *new creature*. The limbs are feeble and inefficient, the faculties are slowly developed, the vision is defective in power and discrimination, the hearing is similarly defective; yet there is life, and that life the harbinger of progress and the forerunner of maturity. Long before I discontinued my attendance at balls, my relish for them had entirely altered, but my vision of the point of duty was defective. I thought society had a demand upon me, and that social intercourse was a duty, a part of the duty to our neighbour. From these undoubted

premises I drew a false conclusion, and attended the weekly winter ball at C——, from no compulsion, but that of a defective vision. A little additional light was let in on one of these occasions. I was standing with a friend looking at the dancers, but not as I was wont to do, joining in the amusement, for which I had now lost the relish. A pious young woman from Flintshire passed down the dance; the urgency of her friends brought her into that false position, and made her an unwilling but a passive victim. Her countenance expressed patient submission. "Look," said my friend, assuming a stern voice unusual to him; "Look," he said, "there she goes, praying all the way!" Often has the Spirit of God instructed me by those who were not themselves under the Spirit's teaching. So it was on this occasion. The stern remark sunk deeply. Deeply did I ponder. What! Are prayer and attendance at a ball-room incompatible? It was a voice from Heaven. If Miss —— and myself had communicated each to the other the inward motions of the Spirit to our souls, it would have appeared how much the blessed Spirit had to do with the interior of her soul and mine. Though she had entered the ball-room by compulsion and I willingly, the bias was the same, the distastes were similar, but a sense of duty, either real or mistaken, brought us by different routes to a point which was directly contrary to her bias and to mine. But to return to Oxford: I can hardly view it in any other light than as a time of imprisonment. I saw no religion—I heard of no religion. All was the world in its grossest forms; drunkenness, blasphemy, sensuality, seemed like the plague, spreading death around. There were no heresies, as now-a-days, to ape the form of religion, for Satan triumphed and needed not the counterfeit form of an angel. Whether with juniors or seniors, the malady seemed universal; only in the latter, caution, and a certain refinement of language, threw around the grossest ideas a more specious covering. There was a cheerful, pleasant, merry man, from Lancashire, John Parker. He was the very idol of the social circle. No cloud seemed ever to obscure the atmosphere in which he lived. He was easy, unaffected,

gentlemanlike, with a temper unruffled, like a summer sea, when not a breeze puts even an aspen leaf in motion. I remember one day being in his company: he was known throughout the college by the name of "Happy Parker." Boswell, who was one of the party, looked at him, with an expression of calm significance: "Be *happy* Parker as long as you *can*." Boswell said no more, but it was enough for me: it was the hand of the Spirit stripping bare deceptive vanities, and extending my prospects through time into eternity. It was well for me that I had, in my early youth, depressing and somewhat mistaken views of my inferiority. These views my dear sister Mary sought, in later years, to exchange for sober views. However, they did, in their original form, make up a part of the Divine plan to keep me low, and at college they acted as a safeguard. In addition to this I had, from my childhood, a certain natural abstemiousness of character, closely allied to pride, and its twin sister—independence. This motley compound, with the ingredient of fear added to it, made me despise the being a victim of appetite, and led me to decline the tempting luxuries of the table at Dunham. It operated also in many little ways of resistance to self-indulgence. It may seem trifling with my subject to record the perseverance with which, in spite of a chilly habit and a slow circulation, I would, when a boy, attend the service in the large, cold church at St. John's, in C——, through the winter, without a great coat. But there are the lesser links, as well as the larger links, in the chain of Providence, which conduct the heir of a Heavenly inheritance to the destined possession. These little things are auxiliaries to a habit, and when Grace grafts that habit on a new stock, the previous habit derives an importance from the acquisition of a principle, which is a leading feature in the character of Christ's followers. (See St. Matt. xvi. 24.) At Oxford I had no select, no congenial society; indeed, I was hardly prepared for the elevations of Christian society. I heard of no such thing at Oxford. It seemed to be the Divine plan, to cast me upon my own resources, under the Spirit's management; and though my condition, at the time, was that of leanness,

yet it led me to effort. Having no human arm to lean upon, I trusted not in man. Occasional warnings from Heaven tended to keep me awake.

I was fond of firing with pistols at a mark. One day when I was engaged in this sport, I fired point blank at a stile. Instantly a whiz passed my ear, and a shattering was heard in the branches of a tree behind me. The bullet had struck a piece of iron, and, instead of penetrating, rebounded. I looked at the boughs stripped of their bark, and saw the hand of God in His sparing mercy. Another escape impressed me still more. I was cantering, in company with Sir James Stronge, in a careless manner, with my feet out of the stirrups. Our horses quickened their pace, I lost my balance and fell on the ground. When in that posture, I perceived something, I knew not what, pass rapidly close to my temple. I was partially stunned by the fall. A thought flashed across my mind that I had passed into another world, without repentance. It was a moment of horror. When I recovered my senses, I learnt from Sir James Stronge how narrowly I had escaped death; for when my horse, which was a vicious one, perceived me on the ground, he struck at me violently with his hind foot, and this explained to me the rapid and mysterious movement within an inch of my forehead. And what was far more important than that explanation, it opened to me afresh, the sparing mercies of a compassionate God. As soon as I reached my rooms at college, I humbled myself before my God, and praised Him with an intensity of feeling which had never entered into my prayers before. My accustomed form of prayer could not satisfy the demands of such an emergency as this.

I have said that I had no congenial friends at Oxford to help on the glimmering light which was given to me. One exception only was there to this insulated portion of my pilgrimage, and that occurred only on one occasion. Robert Newton was older than myself. I observed him, as distinguished from the surrounding mass, by a decorum and sobriety of conduct which commended itself to my esteem. He possessed talents and industry, and there was a certain

simplicity about him, and cheerfulness without laxity. I know not why, in the dearth of congenial friends, I did not cultivate his acquaintance. His manners, though by no means vulgar or offensive, were not such as I had been accustomed to in the higher grade of polished society. This, added to my natural reserve, and some difference as to our standing in the University, might have constituted that motley compound of feeling which deprived me of a privilege which, in Brazenose College, I ought to have appreciated and sought out diligently. A higher tone of godliness finds a magnetic attraction in the features of the children of God, which breaks through many an intervening obstacle. One evening, however, towards the dusk, I found him alone in the cloisters, and with the same impulse as led Nicodemus to approach the Saviour, I ventured to approach him. We walked and talked for some time: we found a point of harmony and a mutual attraction. It was the first and last conference on religious topics which I ever had at college. I cannot recall the particulars of it; it did not, perhaps, go very deep, but it left a soothing sweetness on my mind, and an impression that the atmosphere of religion was the only one fit for the soul to breathe. He afterwards gave me two duodecimo volumes of "Walton's Lives," which I still possess and estimate. After he left college I never saw his face again. He was ordained to a curacy in Stockport, and I was told he laboured faithfully, and died in the prime of life. I am assured that we shall meet again, when faith is exchanged for sight, and toil for enjoyment.

Robert Newton was, in his early youth, one of those amiable characters who always inspire me with a kind of prophetic hope that their moral amiability will one day, by the descent of the Holy Ghost, be changed into that new creation which is so distinct and separate from mere moral excellence. Of all the cases of true conversion which I have either noticed or enquired into, by far the greatest number have been transferred from the scale of moral amiability to the high grade of the life of God. The fact has often struck me, but the attempt to explain it would be

an unholy venture into a region not yet explored. It was during my college course that Law's "Serious Call" fell into my hands. Dr. Johnson has stamped this book with his authoritative commendation: "Law's 'Serious Call' is the finest piece of hortatory theology that perhaps ever was written." To me, who had no one to recommend religious books, and who lived in a day of cold theology, this book was invaluable. In two material points I received help from Law. First, As to the character of vital religion pervading the affections and tincturing all the habits: and, secondly, The pleasantness of such a life. In the first point, Law kept me up to my proper tone, when everything around me tended to lower it: and in the second point, his unanswerable arguments helped to strip religion of that sadness with which my severe conflicts with sin had invested it. I did not find in Law anything of the sweet attractions of a Saviour's love. But he was sent to me on a mission from Heaven to help on the longings of my soul for an entire surrender, and to persuade me, what I was not willing before to admit, that holiness and happiness were convertible terms, and advanced progressively in parallel lines.

Many years before, even as far back as 1795, my father had put into my hands, "Parley, the Porter," and "Tom White, the Postilion;" two of the cheap Repository Tracts. It was the first time that religion had ever been presented to me in an attractive garb. I was so much struck with the marked character of these tracts, so different to any idea I had ever formed before of religion, that, contrary to my usual reserve, I gave vent to my feelings in a way that I am sure filled my dear father's heart with joyful anticipations.

It was, I think, a few months before I commenced my residence at Oxford, that the mind of my sister Mary had been very much drawn to investigate the subject of religion. Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity" had excited quite a sensation through the kingdom. Mary read it carefully, and abridged it, and allowed me to copy her abridgement. But the constitution of my mind has always been such as

to render it a difficulty to me to accept, from another's mind, what had cost no pains or effort to my own. I, consequently, derived nothing from this analysis of Wilberforce. My sister, however, was not one to be discouraged by a slow learner. She had a tenderness, a patience, a wisdom in dealing with such an one. So did she act towards me.* When she perceived in me a repugnance to accept a doctrine, she paused. She resumed the subject at a more favourable season. She shunned the conflict of controversy. She won her way by patience. Salvation entered her system by one avenue; it entered mine by another. Her intellect and my heart were these different avenues. I had long been groping blindly after reality in religion. I knew that my own was unreal and shadowy. I had a suspicion that my relations and friends around me needed a something; I knew not what. I was, as it were, putting forth a feeler. I wanted peace; I wanted power; I wanted a lever. I was told that Harriet was doing the strangest things. Not contented with reading her Bible on Sundays, she would read it every day in the week. She preferred visiting the cottagers to visits in the houses of opulence. She renounced balls, theatres, cards. Her tastes seemed quite altered. Now I am aware that in the present day some of these habits are drawn within the circumference of mere formal religion, but in my early days this was not the case. There was no such thing as conventional religion. The line of demarcation between formality and vitality was clearly defined. The principles and the supporters of each were clearly antagonistic. There was no compromise, no apparent neutrality. Formal religion bore a hostile standard, and was ready armed for the combat. This attitude tested the faith of the child of God, and bid him put on his armour. It had this effect on H———. I watched the effect and traced it to its heavenly origin. "Here," thought I, "is reality; here is the secret of peace; here is power. Here is the Saviour the centre of a system, and his influence reaching all the circumference of Harriet's

* See Brief Sketch of my Sister.

interests, tastes, enjoyments and occupations. This is the very thing that I have been groping after. Give me this, and I am satisfied."

It was not long after that Bishop Cleaver, who was principal of Brazenose, talked to me in his own private room. "What are your plans in life?" he enquired. I answered, "I had some idea of taking Orders." He then gave me the following advice, which, at the time, sunk deeply into my mind. "Take your Greek Testament," he said, "read it carefully through, but don't take up a Commentator. When you have read it through once, read it through a second time, but *don't take up a Commentator*. When you have read it a second time, read it a third time, but *don't take up a Commentator*; but keep a paper book by you, and enter in it any difficulties that may occur, and by the time you have read your Greek Testament a third time, you will find one difficulty vanish after another, in a way that you could not have anticipated when you first entered on this plan." This advice I followed punctually and perseveringly on Sundays and Saints' days, in compliance with the Bishop's suggestions. This was an era in my life. It laid a foundation for that Biblical knowledge which afterwards expanded progressively, and gave the tinge to all my personal and ministerial habits. I had all along been under a dispensation of Providence, which in religious matters had cast me almost entirely upon my own resources. And this counsel of Bishop Cleaver remarkably harmonized with that dispensation, and likewise fell in with a certain independence of mind which I imbibed by nature, which was fostered by education, and which I have been unlearning by slow degrees under the Divine tuition. At the time, however, when the counsel was given to discard the help of commentaries, it met my weak point, and was, therefore, accepted. I have no remembrance that the kind bishop said a word about prayer, or the need of the Spirit's teaching. Such was the commencement of a habit of testing Scripture by Scripture; which preserved me from party bias and from human confidence; which led me step by step into the whole circumference of revealed truth;

which hallowed my pastoral functions ; which bore me up under bitter persecutions, and blunted the edge of many a keen trial. It has also tended, mightily, to the confirmation of that internal evidence to the inspiration of the sacred Scriptures, which has so much to do with a progressive appreciation of them, and a growing relish of their sweetness. I might here remark, that the internal evidence to inspiration is twofold. The one is a positive fact ; the other is an experience grounded on that fact. In the one case, the purity of the precepts, the sublimity of the doctrines, the accuracy of the prophecies,* the testimony of miracles, the integrity of the writers, make up an internal evidence as to the *fact* of inspiration. But in the other case, there is a response between one writer and another ; a coincidence of interpretation, a harmony of views, which attract the *attention* in the first instance, and which, in the use of prayerful investigation, quite startle and delight the humble inquirer. He peruses the same truth, briefly stated, perhaps, by one inspired writer, expanded by another, and interpreted by a third, which fills him with delight, fixes that truth in his soul, where it is digested and converted into permanent nourishment. His mind's eye runs over the distance of periods which separated some of these holy penmen, and the varieties of their educational habits. And these reflections, superadded to the sweet experience of the power of holy truth, pervading his affections and transforming his habits, bring out an evidence, internal in its highest sense ; an evidence real, tangible, and progressively influential.

But to return to the period at Oxford—My purpose, or rather my reflections, as to entering the ministry, had taken great hold of me as time rolled on. I examined the requisite oaths and subscriptions. I had many heart-searchings as to the question in the ordination office : “ Do you trust you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office.” I was not conscious of that glowing zeal for precious souls and for the glory of the Redeemer which the

* I ought not, perhaps, to include miracles and prophecies in the catalogue of *internal* evidences.

question seemed to involve. But I was sure that no lucrative motives, nor yet the love of ease, were the ingredients of my motive. I know not how it was that my connections and my worldly prospects were hidden from my eyes amidst these reflections; and yet my uncle Stamford was the patron of livings, and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Portland, was Lord Chancellor. These connections might have thrown dust into my eyes, had not the Lord, for His own gracious purposes, spread a veil over my eyes to hide from me my worldly prospects, and opened them wide to read the all-absorbing question: "Dost thou trust that thou art inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon thee this Holy Office?" I read it, I pondered, I prayed. And now came the answer. Mightily did that answer tell upon my future history. One cold day I walked into the shop of Hanwell and Parker, and went straight to the fire. Over the fire-place was a shelf filled with small books. As I warmed my hands my eye glanced over the books; some were lettered, and amongst them my eye was attracted by "Burnet's Pastoral Care." I knew nothing of the merits of the book; but amidst my dearth of acquaintance with books of such a character, I immediately purchased it and put it into my pocket. The coldness of the day, the shelf over the fire-place, and the lettering of this particular book, of which I have since met with many copies, but none of them lettered, all these apparent trifles are proofs of the ease with which a God of Providence works out his designs. In this very book I found a full reply to the question, an entire solution of the difficulty which had stared me in the face, and given rise to the most harassing perplexities. "Good and gracious is the Lord, therefore He will teach sinners in the way. The meek will He guide in judgment, the meek will He teach His way." My deference to the Divine Will and teaching brought me under the shadow of this promise. Was I indeed meek? Was there not rather much of tenacity of opinion, much of independence in action? Yet did the Lord discern the features of character which His own hand had formed; saw in me the resemblance, faint as it was; and guided and taught me in

the way I should go. My mind was entirely set at ease on this question ; but another serious perplexity arose. I had a difficulty of speech, and a certain nervous affection, which would at times suspend utterance. I feared that it would entirely preclude me from the public duties of the ministry. This obstacle tried me exceedingly ; for by this time I had set my face stedfastly towards the holy duties of an evangelist. What was to be done ? I set myself vigorously to throw down the intervening barrier. I was reading Akenside, "On the Pleasures of Imagination." The poet, in alluding to a case somewhat similar to my own, says—

"Or read aloud resounding Homer's strains,
Or wield the thunder of Demosthenes."

It was like a message from Heaven, saying, "O thou great mountain, before Zerubbabel thou shalt be a plain." Being in Cheshire at the time, during the long vacation, I looked around for some solitude on the sea coast, where I might, without interruption, carry out my resolute purpose. I found such a seclusion at Prestaltyn, on the Denbighshire coast. It was a wild and poor village, with no shop and no accommodation of any kind, except lodgings in a farm-house detached from the village, and near the sand. A single gentleman, with whom I had no communication, occupied two apartments ; and two were allotted to me. The coast, which was very flat, was exactly suited to my purpose. It was a hard and extensive sand, which, at low water, allowed me a range of many miles, far from the hearing, and almost remote from the sight of a human being. This was the spot, and this was the crisis, decisive of the great question, whether I was to be "allowed to be put in trust" with the ministration of the Gospel, or whether the Lord had willed it otherwise, concerning me. My energies, my interests, my prayers, centred in this absorbing question. Far and near did I traverse those sands, carrying out, literally and incessantly, the hint supplied me by Akenside: "Homer's strains and the thunder of Demosthenes" were ever in my mouth. I remembered, also, what history has recorded of the difficulty of utterance to which Demosthenes was subject ; and how he practised his speech by walking uphill with pebbles

in his mouth. Here, too, the situation of my lodging was highly favourable to my plans. On one side of the house was a high and steep hill. Up and down this hill I walked incessantly to effect the object which Demosthenes aimed at, but to attain an ultimate end, with its eternal results, such as Demosthenes never dreamed of. Amidst the alternations of glowing hope and the keen fear of disappointment, I thus passed several weeks of solitude; solitude enlivened by earnest prayer and unceasing effort, in connection with the highest object which had ever been presented to my view. The Lord's plan failed not of effect. I left Prestaltyn cured of my natural infirmity, my spirit relieved from its perplexity, my path cleared from its obstacles, and my conscience quieted as to my future prospects.

Following the usual course at Oxford, I took my degree. A fellowship then became vacant. It was one of those close fellowships tied up, at that time, to Founder's kin; Sir P. Pole's fellowship. It so happened that I was the only man in the college who could prove Founder's kin. My only disqualification was the inheritance left to me by my father. If my father had lived who can tell how my future plans in life might have been altered, by a prolonged residence in College on my fellowship, and my subsequent appointment to a college living? But there were souls to be saved; and there I was to pass through an ordeal of purifying afflictions. And who can disannul the Divine appointments? Therefore was I disqualified for Pole's fellowship. I was, at this time, an exhibitioner of Brazenose College, with a salary, as such, of £100 a year, and £10 a year in books. It was tenable for three years. When I had held it one year. I ascertained that a man of the name of Hodges, of the same college, was very anxious to step into a vacant Exhibition. He was in poor circumstances, and an industrious and sober-minded man. Being myself in easy circumstances, I judged it not right to occupy a post which might relieve a poor and deserving man from difficulties. I accordingly wrote to Mr. Hodges, expressing my fixed purpose to resign my Exhibition, and wishing him all good success in his application for it; telling him why I resigned it, and why I gave him the

earliest notice of my intention. He thanked me in the warmest terms. I began at this time to be thoroughly sick of a college life ; and having a just cause for resigning my Exhibition, I now looked forward to the termination of my connection with the University. The interposition of Providence concerning Hodges seemed to concur with the dictates of my own conscience in affording me an escape from associations with which I had no sympathy. My interests and feelings were now connecting themselves progressively with the high and holy office towards which I was advancing. The obstacles which had intervened had yielded to the power of the Divine fiat. The providential deliverances from impending dangers, the Bishop's valuable counsel, even the disgust felt at the daring ungodliness of my fellow collegians—all these things were made to contribute their quota of that ripening process which my Lord had designed for me. It was very soon afterwards that Dean C—— died, and my uncle L—— was appointed to succeed him as rector of ——. This opened a way for me to the curacy. James C——, who had been his father's curate, was my intimate friend. I knew he was a laborious and diligent pastor, and I ardently desired to avail myself of his experience in the daily labours of the ministry. Having this object in view, I enquired about lodgings in the parish ; none were to be had. But C—— invited me to pass a fortnight at his mother's house, an invitation which I accepted with exceeding delight. My previous scantiness of privileges enhanced the value of each opportunity. I had not been exposed to that temptation "of the full soul loathing the honey-comb." I had never seen such a being as a clergyman delighting in his work. All that I had seen of the clerical life was ease and pleasure, and the irksomeness of necessary and uncongenial duty. Now, at ———, I was instructed by the force of contrast. It is a mode of instruction in which the Lord has had many transactions with me. C—— was a marked contrast to every specimen I had seen of a clergyman's life. There was an unmistakeable zest which he had for his work. The energies of his mind were thrown into it ; it was his

absorbing object, his supreme delight. It engrossed his thoughts and was the leading topic of his conversation. And all this zest and these energies were crowned with patience and persevering diligence. He took me to the cottages, where I saw at once that his kindness and familiar cheerfulness insured him a ready welcome. He showed me a large memorandum-book, which he left for my use, in which he had registered the names of all the cottagers, with their respective characters. My visit to him was a rare privilege, vouchsafed, at that important crisis, previous and preparatory to my entrance on the ministry. It gave an impulse and a direction to my subsequent labours in the vineyard, and it smoothed my entrance to that particular portion of it on which I was so soon to enter. Besides these advantages to me, it presented the life of a faithful pastor in a most attractive form. Holiness and happiness seemed inseparable. My friend had abundance of humour, and the greatest effervescence of animal spirits; and I did not discern at the time, what I afterwards saw very clearly, that the exuberance of his spirits had not the sanction of Scripture warrant. It was too closely allied to that "jesting which is not convenient." This discernment was withheld from me for an important purpose. It was graciously designed that nothing should curtail the advantage of this crisis. God is Love when He gives: God is Love when He withholds. His modes of operation may vary, but His purpose is uniform.

On Trinity Sunday, 1807, I was ordained at E —, by the Bishop of ——. It was a sweet solemn season. The service was refreshing. I now entered upon my professional engagements, amidst an agricultural population. The Sunday-school at — in the morning, the two services in the church, one or two farmers occasionally to dinner between the services; and a ride of three miles after the services to attend the Sunday-school at O —, through bad lanes and an overflowing brook in the winter—such was the regular routine of my Sabbath occupations. Pleasant indeed I found them, and the yoke was easy and the burden light; not indeed to the body, but to the spirit, whom the Lord

had condescended to make His habitation. There were in the parish some desperately hardened sinners. Some few really loved the service of the Lord. The names of Matty Lowe and Peggy Steventon are sweet in my remembrance; simple-minded, affectionate old women, who loved a word of exhortation, whether in their cottages or in the sanctuary. Their very countenance bespoke inward peace. How different to the fiendish aspect of old Jenny Lovatt! You read in her countenance a powerful, but uneducated mind, with an expression which almost made you start back with horror. It was not agitated by furious passions, but rigid in calm, determined depravity. Two daughters lived with her, immersed in wickedness, and the wages of their iniquity supported the mother and daughters. I had at times visited this habitation of devils, but when I found the health of the wretched mother sinking, I paid her daily visits. Who could tell whether she might be a brand plucked from the burning? I pressed upon her the Majesty of God, the purity of His law, the value of the soul and eternity. I sought to move her by the silver tones of the Gospel, by the love of Christ in dying for sinners, and by His readiness to hear the sinner's cry for mercy. I read to her, I prayed with her. She tolerated it. She preserved for awhile her dissembled acquiescence—but the power of truth was at last too much for her. The internal rancour burst out like a volcano. The waves of bitterness lashed furiously. With an expression of diabolical hatred, she roared out, “You are always bothering me about these things.”—I paused in silent reflection and in inward prayer. The Spirit told me that pearls must no longer be cast before swine. She was given up to a seared conscience;—my course must now be altered. And though her soul seemed lost, yet possibly other souls might be saved. “Well,” I said, with a collected mind and an unhesitating voice, “I will never again speak to you of these things: I will never see your face again till we meet before the judgment seat of God. I shall then have to witness against you, that I warned you, that I entreated you, but all in vain. And now I wipe off the dust of my feet against you.” Which I literally did, in compliance with the Divine

command. "I have only one word more to say to you,— As long as you live you shall never want anything, and you may send to me for anything. But you will never see my face again in this world." Her end was terrific. Sally Brock, who lived at the next door, under the same roof, gave me this account of Lovatt's end: "She cursed her own body and damned her pains; and at last she looked upwards, clenched her fists, damned her.....God, and immediately expired!"

During my connection with the parish of — I met with nothing but civility from all, kindness from many, acceptance with not a few. As to opposition, no such discordant note was raised. I was weak in faith, averse to anything like collision. "God led me not through the way of the land of the Philistines . . . for God said 'Lest peradventure he repent when he sees war, and return to Egypt.' " My time at — was preparatory for the conflict at —. I was placed, as it were, in one of the lower classes of the school of Christ, to fit me for the severer exercises of the upper school. It was in the retirement of — that I learnt the A B C of parochial visiting, became habituated to Sunday-schools, and gained some increased acquaintance, limited and inadequate as it was, with my Bible. I never felt the retirement at — hang heavy upon my hands; study and pastoral visits diversified my occupations. My visits of civility in the neighbourhood were neither frequent, nor, for the most part, congenial. Sir A———, Sir C———, and Sir J———, presented to me varied interests, as to intelligence, good humour, and relationship. But as to the ruling bias of the inner man, there was no responding echo between their spirits and mine. With the family at Hodnet Hall I was on a very intimate footing. Here was society for me, under a somewhat different modification to what I have mentioned above. Wit, brilliancy, literary taste, fluency of speech, were concentrated in this family. Courtesy, ease, and unaffected manners, gave a zest to the other rich ingredients. Richard Heber, member for Oxford University, was at the head of the family. He was considered to be a first-rate man, as to conversational

powers. His library was acknowledged to be the best private collection, next to Lord Spencer's. As to Reginald, he was the very charm of every social circle, whether at home or elsewhere. A strong mind, embellished with exquisite taste, brilliant imagination, and ornamented with every variety of acquired literature. From these stores his extraordinary memory was ever drawing forth jewels, which sparkled in every direction. With all this he had a noble, expansive heart, which you saw in his countenance; a temper which I never saw disturbed; and an amiability, which attracted towards him every variety of age, education, or character. Mrs. Heber, the widowed mother, and Mrs. Elizabeth Heber, her sister-in-law, were characters in perfect keeping with this extraordinary family. Mary was the only daughter, and was in nowise inferior to her mother and aunt. Reginald Heber, at the time of which I am writing, was settled as the pastor of the extensive parish of Hodnet. In the early part of his incumbency he travelled for improvement in Russia. On his return home he applied himself to the work of the ministry. One day when I was dining at Hodnet, in winter, Reginald and I, after the ladies had quitted the dining-room, drew our chairs to the fire for a *tete-a-tete*. He immediately commenced: "Harry, I know that you have been well occupied as a clergyman at ——. You have been quietly and usefully gaining acquaintance with all the pastoral duties.* Now," he added, drawing his chair close to me, "you must teach me my duties." This

* "I have another spur, of a much more agreeable kind, in the clergyman of the next parish, a nephew of Lord S——; and though a young man, one of the best parish priests I ever knew. He was intimate with T—— at college, and I then thought highly of him, but his character has displayed itself very much during this last year. With greater learning and talent than —, whom I mentioned to you, he puts me in mind of him. I am sure I may derive great advantage from such an example as — within two miles; and I think I too may be of some little use to him in keeping him from low spirits and a too great love of retirement, and diffidence of his own abilities—faults to which some of his friends think him inclined, but of which I have not seen much in his character."—*Extract of a Letter from Reginald Heber, late Bishop of Calcutta.* (Editor's Note.)

unexpected position, in which I was so suddenly placed, as tutor to a pupil who had borne away all the honours of the University, quite overwhelmed me; and the more so, as I had only been plodding on in a jog-trot way, as a mere novice in the school of Christ. However, I think I answered him as well as I could. I know that it was about this time that two things occurred to my mind, which I thought facilitated my pastoral duties. One had reference to my teaching in the Sunday-school, and the other to my pastoral visits on the week day. Having a large class in the Sunday-school, of different ages and attainments, but all able to read, I had a difficulty in keeping one half quiet while I was occupied in the instruction of the other half. So I took some chapters in Genesis, and broke them into separate questions, numbering each question, and making it correspond with a similar number which I attached to each child in the half-class. By this means I kept in full occupation each child in the class. The half of the class which was standing up was subjected to my particular notice and examination, and the other half had each of them their separate chapter to read and their appropriate answer to be given to the question, which was drawn from one particular passage in that chapter. Each half-class was alternately subjected to this process, and so order and occupation were easily secured.

My plan, as to weekly visits, arose from a view of a parish about six miles in length, consisting of detached cottages and distant hamlets, and the perplexity which I felt as to apportioning my labours. So I divided my parish into imaginary districts, assigning to each its arbitrary designation. To each of these districts I consigned a certain quota of cottages; and unless any urgent cases required me to deviate from my plan, I confined my day's visiting to one district. By this arrangement each day's visiting had a limited and definite object; an orderly progress was secured, a mass of urgent claims was reduced to a number which I could easily grapple with, and the scruples of conscience for neglected duties were quieted. Such plans as these I might possibly have communicated to Reginald, in reply to

his inquiries. But I have a more distinct remembrance of his humility and my surprise, than of any definite answers which I returned. What I gained from my intimacy with the Hebers, was rather the improving of my taste and the keeping up my mind to its proper tone, than any advantages connected either with my personal or official duties. But there was another family, four miles distant from —, with which my associations were of a far more elevated character. Sir Richard Hill and his brother Brian lived together at the baronet's romantic seat at Hawkstone. Their unity of faith, their similarity of tastes, and their relationship, bound them together by a lovely bond. To pass a day at Hawkstone was to me a rare delight. Sir Richard's kindness was like that of a father to a son. To help on the spiritual longings of my soul, he sometimes gave me books: "De Courcy's Sermons," "A Present from your Neighbour," written by himself, "The Good Old Way," by G. Burder. At another time he would combine profit with pleasure, and invite me to meet Basil Woodd, on a fine summer day. We dined in the conservatory and drank tea in Neptune's temple. The surrounding scenery sweetly harmonized with the heavenly tone of conversation which circulated round the dinner and the tea table. Basil Woodd's happy countenance was a visible comment on "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Between the two meals we strolled about *ad libitum*, amidst the varied and romantic scenery with which Hawkstone abounds. Sir Richard had fixed up, at points of special interest, choice pieces of sacred poetry, some original, some selected, which helped to form a holy alliance between earth and Heaven. I had been in several houses of rank and opulence on former occasions, but never before this time had I seen the attractions of time sanctified by the elevations of eternity. These opportunities at Hawkstone were a kind of visible rhetoric to me. Little things sometimes strike us, when they are connected with a system. I was one day sitting next to Sir Richard at his dinner table. He wanted a particular vegetable which was on the side table. He turned gently round to the footman

who was standing behind him, and laying his hand on the servant's arm, said "John, do you see that cauliflower? I wish you would bring it to me." There was a something in the voice, and in the touch, so expressive of kind affability, and so entirely in accordance with the general cast of his character, that quite charmed me. I well remember seeing a number of infirm, invalided old men (there were two hundred of them), whom Sir Richard kept on daily wages, merely to sweep up the leaves. The daily pay of two shillings, and the very light and easy work, and the purposed selection of old men, were intelligible comments on the sympathy and benevolence of their employer. Dear Sir Richard died during my residence at —. Not very long before his decease, he spoke to me sweetly and humbly on his own fallen condition as a sinner. The humility of one who had been so useful in his day, left a deep impression on my youthful mind. It was the testimony of an aged pilgrim who desired to be a witness for Jesus in the presence of a young and inexperienced believer. After Sir Richard's death, his brother Brian resided in a small and pleasant house, within the precincts of the park. I was on pleasant and familiar terms with him, and accounted every interview with him as a rare privilege. He possessed talent, refinement, and literary acquirements, and was the most inartificial, unpretending man I ever knew. The Scripture was his treasury, and he was very jealous of its being superseded by any human writing. It was by very slow degrees that I was brought to give it its due pre-eminence. I can picture to myself, at this moment, Brian Hill's cheerful sitting-room, looking out into the park.—"Mr. Brian, what is your opinion of such and such a book?" "Why, my friend, there may be many things in it true and useful, but it is not infallible. The Bible, the Bible only, can be implicitly trusted." Such a hint, coming from one who evidently knew his Bible, and whose daily walk was a comment upon it, was not lost upon me. He would *often* repeat such a sentiment in answer to my enquiries. At the moment, I sometimes felt a measure of disappointment; but the good man's preference made an abiding impression,

and I gathered sweetness from it, both during his lifetime and for years afterwards. I was dining with him one day, when, after dinner, we drew our chairs to the fire.—“Mr. Brian, this is a beautiful rug. Where did you meet with it?” “I made it myself.” “Made it yourself? I am quite surprised.” “Why,” said he, “you know that all these kinds of things are made at my school; and how could I be a judge of the children’s work if I did not first learn to do it myself?” The explanation was not lost upon me. I learnt a lesson of self-denying love, while I pondered upon the employment of a man of talent, refinement, and varied information, sitting down with his needles and worsted.

Not far distant from Hawkstone there was a wild district, remote from any church, Prees Heath, inhabited by a semi-barbarous population; no man cared for their souls. Brian Hill, when a young man, was left by his father with an income slender in proportion to his educational habits. He had £300 a year. Out of this small provision he laid by £30 per annum, with a patient self-denial, till it amounted to a sufficient sum to build and establish a school. When this preliminary step was attained, his next point was to secure the consent of the parents to send their children. But the answer unanimously returned to him was, that they did not want learning; their children knew how to dig potatoes, and that was all that they wanted. Now, dear Brian’s motto was, “Patient continuance in well doing.” He trusted in God. By dint of entreaty he persuaded one family to avail themselves of an advantage which had cost him so many years of self-denying love to provide for the wretched cottagers. The children were well taught and cared for. The snow-ball rolled and became a mountain, which covered Prees Heath, and converted the desert into a scene of fertility. To a school, where the usual branches of a plain education were taught, was added an industrial school, where various articles of useful clothing were made, and other manufactures in common use. These were deposited for sale, or for rewards for the children, in a room built for the purpose. I was present at one of the

anniversaries, when the children were examined and the prizes awarded. Mr. Brian's sweet little lawn was crowded with the higher ranks of visitors, and with the classes of the children to be examined, who were clothed with the manufactures of the school. On the outside of the sunk fence was a dense mass of the cottagers, whose faces beamed with interest at the scene which was passing before them. This was one of those attractions by which the Lord drew me. I saw before my eyes the results of faithful continuance in well doing. I was filled with delight; and the unobtrusive demeanour of dear Brian on this occasion, added to the charm. When the regulations of the day were to be carried into effect, or requisite attentions were to be shown to the visitors, he was in quiet, but efficient circulation everywhere; but when his activities were not needed, he shunned public notice. There is a holy contagion in such characters, which penetrates to one's inmost feelings. The Spirit's operations are diffusive, and raise up a testimony for the Lord, which, like a light to a traveller in a dark night, is mightily helpful to the Christian pilgrim. At the due season such helps were given to aid my inexperience.

One winter my beloved mother and sisters joined me at —. My sisters were very helpful to me by their example, and by the assistance they rendered in the Sunday-school. But it was about this time that I came unexpectedly into contact with one of the brightest instances of faith and self-surrender which I ever witnessed.

I was on my way to visit Mr. Cotes, at Woodcote. My plan of travelling was to sleep at Ivetsey Bank. It was a large inn, on the London road, kept by a young married man, of the name of Edwards. I was much struck with the peculiar order and decorum which pervaded the whole concern, both in and out of doors. I was not aware of the secret spring of all, till on going to bed my servant informed me that there were family prayers every evening in the house, and that he had been present. On my return, I again slept at the house, conducted the family worship, and was delighted with the sight of a large room, the walls of which were lined with the various dependents of the

innkeeper. It happened to be Lord Bradford's rent day. The agent presided at a large dinner-table, crowded with the tenants. He chose this occasion for venting his spleen against the godly habits of Edwards, whose determination it was, after the example of Joshua, to serve the Lord, with his house. He sent for Edwards into the dining-room, and in an angry and authoritative manner, required him, on the peril of being turned out from the inn and from the farm, to give up his habit of family worship. He added, that he would give him a fortnight to consider of it. Edwards replied, with a calm and unruffled air, "Sir, you need not give me a fortnight to consider whether I am to give up the service of my God or to give up my house." "Well, then," said the agent, "you shall turn out from the house and from the farm." Edwards at this time had a wife and a growing family of six children, all dependent on the proceeds of the house and farm. I shall never forget the calm, undisturbed expression of Edwards' countenance, as he related to me the whole transaction. I shall never forget the impression produced on my mind at this exalted instance of the sustaining power of Divine Grace in upholding faith, and causing the child of God to cleave to the path of elevated duty, amidst the most appalling discouragements. These are the persons that are the salt of the earth, and are the antidotes to the corrupting influence of the world. They speak to the heart with a power which continues its vibrations through many a successive year. I know not but that it might have been to me the Divine appointment, preparatory to those sacrifices which, at a subsequent period, I was called to make. God's plan on this occasion was similar, as to its issue, with His dealings in the case of faithful Abraham. He brought him to the point of absolute surrender, and having exercised his faith, spared him the sacrifice. I happened to be acquainted with a brother of Lord Bradford's, who lived in the neighbourhood. I told him the whole affair, that he might plead Edwards' cause with his lordship. On inquiring the issue I learnt that the iniquity of the agent was over-ruled, and Edwards was continued in his tenancy. It is a precious declaration, that

Jesus is "Head over all things to the Church." It is a sweet refreshment to the soul, when we can place the Divine declaration and the Providential fulfilment side by side.

It was in the year 1809, that my uncle —, the proprietor of — Hall estate, died. Mr. — had always resided with his bachelor brother, a residence which he continued after he had added the rectory of — to the vicarage of —. It now became necessary for him to take up his abode at the rectory; and shortly after he made up his mind to resign the vicarage in my favour. It was Sir J. —'s turn to nominate to the vicarage; and he was at this time on very intimate terms with my cousin —. Being rather a capricious man, and unwilling to have his cousin — residing near him, he declined to nominate, and gave up the privilege to my uncle, who offered the living to me. I had, at this time, the option of the curacy at Broughton Astley, in Leicestershire, and the curacy of The Hon. and Rev. G. P —, at Wigan. The third option was the vicarage of —. Broughton Astley was in the centre of the excellent Leicestershire clergy, whose society and example I coveted with longing desires. Wigan presented to me a fine field of labour, in conjunction with my valuable friend Pigot, who had been devoting himself with untiring zeal and devotedness, amidst that large manufacturing population. I took a week for prayer and consideration. At the end of this period, after reflecting on the peculiar temptations to which the — neighbourhood, with its rank and opulence, and my numerous connections, would expose me, I wrote a letter, declining the offer of the vicarage. The option between the two curacies I reserved for further consideration. I remember that my decision was so unhesitating, and my avoidance of temptation so preponderating, that to avoid any mischance as to my letter, I put it myself into the post office, six miles distant. What became of the letter I never knew; whether it reached its destination, or whether — judged it desirable to supersede my decision by a contrary one of his own, I never knew. But this I know, that I was nominated to —, and that I viewed the superseding of my own option, and the substitution of a

contrary one, as so entirely of God, that I did not venture any effort to reverse it. Nay, I was so impressed that the finger of God was in it, that I felt, at the time, and have felt ever since, averse to trace the instrumentalities to their human source.

It was either at the time that these three offers were under consideration, or immediately before it, that my preference was very strong for a continuance of my ministry at ——. The weakness of my faith, my reluctance to come into collision with the opposing principles and habits of the world, and my love of retirement, all concurred to bind me to Stoke. Mr. —, who was now in residence, cordially consented to retain me as curate, though he could no longer offer me an asylum under his roof. To procure a residence, though ever so humble, either in the parish or out of it, was necessary to the accomplishment of my wishes; and to attain my object I was prepared to make every effort and any sacrifice. To a farmer who had purchased a house for £1,000, I offered £200 for his bargain. In every treaty, whether for a lodging or for a house, and with all readiness on my part to come to an accommodation, every effort was frustrated and every opening closed. It was God who shut every door, and if He shuts who can open? He had reserved some other thing for me. His purposes were to usher in a series of mercies; but I was to be smitten to the very ground while in the enjoyment of them; I was to be blessed and prospered exceedingly, but I was to be, withal, humbled, purified, instructed.

—, not —, was to be the scene of these varied dispensations. The purposes of God run their course. Intervening obstacles disappeared before the Lord's progress. My letter, declining the vicarage, my efforts to remain at —, all were like chaff before the whirlwind. My cousin's intimacy with Sir John — was perpetuated till my nomination to the vicarage was effected. Then a quarrel between them ensued, and their friendly communications ceased, not to be resumed. With such retrospects as these, may I not confidently say, "My times are in Thy hand."

In the summer, or autumn, of 1809, I preached my first

sermon in ——. The occasion was the jubilee, the fiftieth anniversary of George III.'s reign. But from some cause or other the commencement of my actual ministry was postponed for a week or two. It was, I think, in that interim that difficulties arose in my mind as to the act of uniformity; and I know that I did not take the accustomed oaths till my mind was satisfied. It seemed as if perplexity and prayers were to be the precursors of my ministrations at ——. I then commenced my actual ministry in that place. My initiatory sermon was from 1 Cor., iv., 1.: "Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God." I told my hearers that I had a message to deliver, and was bound to deliver it faithfully; and I entreated them to consider the message and receive it kindly. I was fully aware that my pulpit statements must be entirely at variance with those of my predecessors; and I judged that this initiatory topic would awaken attention in my hearers, from the candour of my avowal, and would bind my conscience to faithfulness.

My kind and amiable uncle expressed a regret that I had pledged myself to a particular line of duty. He would have been better pleased if my religion had been like a nose of wax, fitted and shaped to the humours of my congregation. He was a most affectionate man, and in the course of my ministry at — he would often exercise the most loving persuasiveness to divert me from my purpose; and it was no ordinary trial to me to hold on my way, and to "obey God rather than man."

On surveying the scene of my future labours, I found everything in a state of disorganization. The first thing to be done, was to rid myself of my predecessor's curate; which I could only do by taking the whole burden on my own shoulders. I had not a moment's hesitation as to this alternative. The next thing was to exhibit, in a succession of sermons, the peculiar features of the Gospel dispensation, commencing with the fall and consequent corruption and condemnation of the human race, proceeding to the atonement, and the justification and the regeneration of the soul. I judged it important to preach on each of the Ten

Commandments, in order to exhibit the spirituality and extent of the law, as a stepping-stone to a due appreciation of the rich provision of the Go-pel. This series of sermons I interspersed with expositions of the Lord's Prayer, the Parables, and other miscellaneous subjects. I am quite sure that there was much feebleness in these ministrations, and defectiveness as to doctrine; but I am equally sure that there was essential Truth, which imparted to my statements a savour of life; and thus it was that these inadequate services came under the sheltering wing of that infallible promise: "My word shall not return unto me void, but shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." I very soon found that the congregation doubled and trebled in numbers. At the outset the feeling of some was, "What does this babbler say?" And I remember an opulent grocer, a methodist, pointed to me with his little finger, and seeing my very youthful appearance, scornfully asked, "What have they sent Grey's lad here for?" But old Mr. Toft loved the Truth, and his scornful inquiry was very soon exchanged for "Ma'am, I say he's an angel; he's an angel, ma'am." It was a marvellous thing to look down from the pulpit and read the minds of the congregation. There was the Lydia, whose heart the Lord was opening to "attend to the things which were spoken." There was the Ahab who said, in the unmistakeable expression of his countenance, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" Alongside of him, perhaps, sat, with an imperturbable countenance, the Gallio, who "cared for none of these things." And then came the Agrippa: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." I could read plainly the language of the self-satisfied formalist: "All these things have I kept from my youth up, what lack I yet?" The candid enquirer was not absent: "What saith my Lord to his servant?" Amongst these vast varieties was to be seen a lovely-looking, young girl, on whose countenance was stamped intelligent thoughtfulness, integrity, and a retiring and inartificial modesty. The only expression of her countenance at the commencement of these novel ministrations was, "Are these things so?" But this question resolved

itself into an utterance, visible in her countenance: "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." (Jer. xv. 16.)

This sweet convert was Fanny —. By a chain of Providences, connected with her father's death, she was brought to — from Carnarvon, at the very same time that I was led by another, and a different series of events, to the same point of contact. At a subsequent period her brother, with whom she had lived, returned to Carnarvonshire; but in the interim the Divine plan for dear Fanny's conversion was carried into effect; and a helpmate was formed for me, who was at once a fellow-partaker of the grace of life, a counsellor in difficulties, and who lightened by her sympathy, afflictions of no ordinary degree. It is a sweet and profitable exercise of recollection, to bring together afflictive dispensations, and the preparatory process of infinite wisdom to meet those dispensations. Thus we gain a valuable comment on, "As thy day so shall thy strength be."

It was in the interim between my leaving — and the commencement of my arduous career at —, that my sisters and mother, were living at Hinkley. There they became acquainted with that choice constellation of clerical excellence, which at that time shone with such peculiar brilliance in Leicestershire. Robinson, Vaughan, Hollifear, and others, were lights of no ordinary lustre. This holy atmosphere braced up the new-born energies of my beloved sisters. As I now had leisure from my professional engagements, they invited me to come to Hinkley and share their privileges. I heard much of the elevated piety and the active devotedness of those good men; and though I did not become personally acquainted with them, except Mr. Kempthorne, yet their principles, their interests, their daily walk, were delineated so accurately and so attractively by my sisters, that I seemed to lose nothing of the advantages of a personal acquaintance.

Mr. Babington, a layman and an M.P., was presented to my view through the same medium. I was charmed with the beauty and influence of his parental character and his

general consistency as a Christian. My mind naturally reverted to the clergy and the laity, and the beauty of the picture was enhanced by the contrast of light and shade. There was at Hinkley a Baptist minister, Mr. Freestone, with whom, through my sisters, I formed an acquaintance. Humble, meek, devotional, he had nothing sectarian or proselytizing in his composition. To live near Christ himself, and to bring souls into close contact with Him, was his meat and drink. He was obliged to eke out a very scanty income by the hire of pianofortes. One sitting-room was all that could be afforded for study, kitchen, parlour, for himself and his wife; but holy light, and love, and contentment, gleamed in his countenance. His times for prayer and meditation were sacred seasons, not to be interrupted; and his pocket-handkerchief drawn over his face, was an indication that the world was excluded, and that no one was to venture to break the bounds; so the customary business of the house proceeded while he was gone up to the mount. I was deeply impressed by what I saw and heard of this holy man; such characters speak volumes. And while the recollection we have of ordinary Christians passes away like a vapour, the image of the higher grades of Christianity leaves upon our memory a stamp that is never obliterated.

From Hinkley I went with my sisters to pay a visit to Mrs. —, the opulent widow of a London banker. She had been brought, through the crushing blow of the sudden death of her husband, to turn to the Lord, who had thus smitten that He might heal her. She was, at the time that I saw her, in the prime of life, and living at Claybrook, in Leicestershire. She possessed a strong and talented mind, which was now pervaded by Divine light and the elevating principles of the gospel. The natural energies of her character were now unreservedly consecrated to the Saviour's service. Her time, her money, her influence, were thrown into the sanctuary. Order and regularity pervaded her household. The contrast between this and other opulent houses struck me exceedingly; and yet there was nothing forced or strained, all was easy and cheerful.

In her house I became acquainted with Mr. Kempthorne, the curate of the parish; a lovely type of a devoted pastor, a mind of superior intelligence brought under a special training of the Holy Spirit and adapted for usefulness, whether in the cottage or the drawing-room. Here again I received instruction by the force of contrast; and I could not but place in juxtaposition the low predilections for dogs and horses and guns, which characterized the—clergy, with the self subjugation, the holy demeanour, the well furnished mind, the enlightened piety, and the active devotedness of Mr. Kempthorne.

How precious is the truth, that Jesus is "Head over all things to the Church." What I have recorded is an illustration of it. Here was a preparatory process, arranged in the counsels of Heaven, to help my entrance on the arduous ministry at ——. I resume the thread of my history:—

I had a great work before me: "The preparation of the heart is from the Lord." Sunday schools there were, the boys under the care of three inefficient drones. No regularity, no control; a skeleton without life. I never shall forget my first entrance to the school: a fine, clever, little lad, taking advantage of a high bench just above the entrance, and with a long stick drubbing the head and shoulders of every boy as he entered. The old men, the drones, were contented to receive their salary at the least possible expenditure of effort. I saw that nothing here could be mended; a new superstructure must be raised. I looked around the parish and found John Burgess, a young, energetic man, of good conduct, decided character, and teaching talents. I sent him to Cheshire, to the normal school, and he fully answered my expectations. He came back a finished master. Every Sunday I took a class myself, and the best and most efficient boy in the class was that self-same John Walker, whom I found, heretofore, brandishing his stick with such daring and uncontrolled energy. Under new regulations and new superintendence, the waves of the scholastic sea subsided, and progress was made in useful instruction.

The girls' school had fallen under the superintendence of a busy, bustling, pharisaical formalist, who had brought the tippets, and ribbons, and dresses, and bonnets of the girls into the most perfect order and subjection. She was an aunt of ——. She loved "a little brief authority." I assumed my own as vicar, and conceded the rest to her. I wrote a prayer for the opening of the school. She was satisfied with that part of it which related to the children, but revolted at the idea of praying for the teachers, which, as she said, was humiliating. However, I could not see that teachers were beyond the limits of intercessory prayer, so the prayer, in its original form, was made every Sunday the preface to the teaching. In order to neutralize the acid of Pharisaism, I infused an element of Scriptural truth, by adding the assistance of the Misses B—— to the superintendence of Mrs. E——. These two sisters loved and valued the gospel, sought to promote it, and cordially sympathized with all, who, like myself, were striving to uphold it.

The singing in the church very soon attracted my attention. It was execrable. A wheelwright, with a vile fiddle, taught on the week days about a dozen lads to scream, at the pitch of their ill-conditioned voices, on a Sunday. Something must be done. I gained the ears of Mr. — the organist. He was a kind man, and an excellent musician, but seemed to have thought that the singing, however discordant with the tones of his organ, was no concern of his; sometimes, when the discord was worse than usual, he would relieve himself, by putting out the organ to its full power, and so drowning the voices.

I was desirous of effecting my purpose with the least possible offence, which I thought might be done by teaching some girls to sing a first, and the boys to sing a second. This plan I thought would avoid any collision with Sam Burgess, who had been accustomed to teach the boys. Mrs. E—— readily fell into my plan, and heartily concurred in my wish to improve the psalmody. She had much energy in her composition, and a good ear for music; and her love for pre-eminence was made subsidiary to the plan before me. So she taught the girls on the week-day, efficiently

and perseveringly selecting the best voices for the purpose. I persuaded Mr. S—— and Fanny —— to remain after the service on Sundays, to give their help to teach the girls to sing, and I attended myself to keep the matter a-going by the influence of my own example. All things at first went on smoothly, till Sam Burgess's jealousy was roused, and he took his fiddle, his boys, and himself, away. This was an easy way of getting rid of a sore encumbrance.

In a few Sundays our young female singers were competent to take their office in the church. Their voices and singing improved progressively, till the effect produced filled all the hearers with delight. As to Sam Burgess, I gained his esteem, I conciliated his affection. The power of the gospel was mighty in him, a new and heavenly bias supplanted the root of bitterness; and, being obliged to expel the old, immoral clerk, I was rejoiced to place in his room a godly, efficient, and very attached clerk, Sam Burgess.

But to return to the psalmody. Simultaneously with the efforts to improve the singing, I drew Mr. S——'s attention to the character of the tunes, which I saw at once required a thorough remodelling. He at once adopted my suggestions; and evening after evening I might be seen at his house, selecting and examining an entire new selection of tunes. We aimed at simplicity and harmony. Wherever we could meet with a tune suitable to our purpose we transferred it to our collection; and nothing was adopted which had not the stamp of our joint approbation.

But I had at the same time another difficulty to grapple with, another demand upon my attention. On an accurate investigation of "Tate and Brady," which had been in constant use in the church, I discovered such numerous instances of heterodox doctrine, that I applied myself to the arduous task of compiling a new selection, wishing to bring the Liturgy, the psalmody, and the sermon, into complete accordance. To allow one part of the service to be at variance with the rest appeared to me a dangerous experiment. To read over a vast variety of hymn books; and not only so, but to search out sacred poetry from

“Young’s Night Thoughts,” from the “Christian Observer,” from “Merrick,” etc., to take occasionally one stanza from one author, and another from another, and at times to reduce such poetry as Young’s or Merrick’s to stanzas adapted to psalmody; all this may have been done much more efficiently than I, with my youth, and inexperience, and varied labour, did it. But I am quite sure that abundance of effort, and time, and trouble, and thought, must be brought to bear on such an undertaking before it arrives at completion. Yet there is an omnipotence in Divine Grace which far outruns the deductions of reason, and carries on a feeble instrument beyond its calculations. And that feeble instrument reaches the ultimatum of his wishes with this text in his right hand—“Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.”

There was one thing still wanting to bring my plan as to the psalmody to its accomplishment. At the first commencement of my — ministrations, I was struck with the vapid appearance of that part of the service which constitutes the psalmody. Everything here bore the evidence of blight. The tunes, the voices, the errors of “Tate and Brady,” all found a responsive echo in the listless appearance of the congregation during the psalmody; all in a sitting posture—some lounging, some gossiping with their neighbours, scarcely more than two or three with Psalm books in their hands; no voices raised in the praises of God; all was torpid; everything had a deathlike appearance.

Having now in preparation some appliances to change the aspect of things, having a new selection of psalmody in hymns and tunes in readiness, I wanted to rouse my congregation from their sitting posture. There occurred about that time some public dinner, at which, as vicar, I was present. Next to me sat the principal tradesman of the town who, in addition to his draper’s shop, kept a bank. He had a standing and an influence in the place, only inferior to — and — who, as attorneys and agents to the leading gentry in —, were like petty princes. I at once saw that my position at the dinner table next to

Mr. — was an opportunity not to be lost. I told him how the sitting posture at church during the psalmody shocked my feelings; and contrasted this sitting posture, while the praises of God were sung, with the erect posture, which every attendant at a theatre unhesitatingly assumed when the National Anthem was sung in praises of the sovereign. He was electrified, his loyalty, his clear mind, his regular attendance at church, all concurred to produce an instantaneous and most happy effect. He immediately turned to his neighbour and quoted "The Vicar's" words, enforcing them with the freshness of his own impression. The sensation passed onwards and across the table, and I clenched the nail by giving notice that I myself should stand up at that part of the service, however needing rest, and hoped that all the congregation would follow my example. How can I describe the joy and gratitude of my soul when on the giving out of the hymn I saw the whole congregation responding to my movement, and rising erect, as one man, each with a hymn book in his hand. Here was a reward for all my toil,—and the reading-desk, the singing gallery, and the pulpit, all in sweet coincidence, and all proclaiming that man was a sinner and Christ was a Saviour. The very tunes were responsive. The people of the Lord rejoiced, and the enemy was as still as a stone. The next stronghold of Satan to be assaulted was the riots in the streets, and the crowded public-houses on Sunday evenings. My first application was to the two petty princes of —, — and —. They weighed my plans, concurred in my suggestions, and helped me by their counsel. My next application was to Mr. J—, of — who lived with his elder brother the bachelor. He was a magistrate, a shrewd man, of unruffled temper, active habits, and though of a mean and contracted mind, and no vitality as to religion, yet always was ready to concur in any useful plan which had the countenance of men of influence and authority. His sanction of my plan was, on due consideration, unhesitatingly given. I now made my preparations. Printed notices were pasted up to announce the tolling of the Church bell at five minutes before nine

every Sunday evening; and the purpose of the constables and churchwardens, accompanied by myself, to visit every public-house and to see that the order of quitting the public-houses was carried into effect when the bell ceased at nine o'clock.

In addition to and previous to the commencement of this plan, I paid a personal visit alone to all and each of the fifteen publicans, assuring them that the object was to promote the wishes of the inhabitants for order and regularity, and expressing a charitable persuasion that I should have their concurrence and countenance in carrying these proposed regulations into effect. I was received by these publicans with deference and courtesy, and I never received the slightest hindrance on their part. On one occasion only did I meet with any difficulty. The tap-room at the *Angel Inn* was a very large one. On entering it at the usual time on one Sunday evening I found the room entirely lined with idle Sabbath-breakers. There appeared to be a preconcerted plan not to quit their seats.

I felt persuaded that such a plan originated in a presiding influence; and on casting my eyes round the room I traced it to M—— and S——, two young men, principal tradesmen in the place. I saw by the very expression of their countenances, especially in M——'s, that the rest of the party were spell-bound by these two young men. I advanced a step or two, briefly stated that my sole object was to promote order and regularity, and then fixing my eyes on ——, "And you, Mr. ——, I am sure will second my endeavours." By thus detaching him from his party and claiming him as my coadjutor I gained my point. M—— and S—— immediately rose up; the rest by a simultaneous movement did the same; and every individual vanished. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

The Lord was very gracious in favouring these efforts. The people of God saw it and rejoiced; and I was assured that those very streets which before the adoption of this plan, were such scenes of riot and disorder that no modest female could venture out on Sunday after sunset, became so quiet, that to quote the expression of my informers,

“ You might have heard a pin drop.” But of all my labours this was the most painful. The transition from the religious exercises of the Lord’s day to the Pandemonium of fifteen public-houses was inexpressibly painful. The body and the spirit were ready to sink under it. But God has in reserve for his people, while tracking the path of duty, certain reliefs of unexpected refreshments which lighten the burden when it presses too heavily. One Sunday evening, when I had finished my round and was bending my steps homewards, I leaned my back for awhile, in a state of exhaustion, against some iron rails before a house. Immediately the evening hymn at family-prayers struck up. The inmates of the house loved the Lord. I never shall forget the soothing sweetness which spread over my soul on this sudden transition from the Bacchanalian noise of the public-house to the heavenly strains of holy praise. I felt a revival both in soul and body.

It was a year after my appointment to —, that I found the pressure of work too much for me, and looked round for assistance. An engagement was accordingly entered into with the Rev. James Mitchell, whose services at Shaftesbury were just terminated. I had heard of his devoted labours at Heswall, near Parkgate, on the Cheshire coast; and longed to associate myself with such a man. The Rev. James Mitchell was the son of a man of extensive property in Huntingdonshire and in Longford County in Ireland. His mother was a sister of Lord Molesworth. But my dear friend, James Mitchell (for such he became eventually) counted all earthly distinctions but dross in comparison of Christ. He was educated at Cambridge. His intimate friend there was Lord —: a man of the same elegant taste and accomplishments with himself, and similar in his infidel principles. Ingenuous in his disposition and inquisitive in his mind, he was led by a divine impulse to compare the writings of his favourite infidel philosophers with the writings of inspiration. He rose up from the comparison a confirmed believer in Jesus. The conversion of his heart was simultaneous with the light which beamed on his understanding. “ If it be true,”

he said, "that Jesus is the Son of God, and that He died to save sinners, then I must henceforth devote my soul and body to His service." And so he did. From the time he commenced his ministry at Heswall, continued it at Shaftesbury, and transferred it afterwards to —, the emphatic motto, "He loved me and gave Himself for me," might be seen written on his forehead. He was to me what David was to Jonathan. I loved him as my own soul. Fervent in spirit, indefatigable in labour, transparent as glass, honest in purpose, he won my heart without an effort to win it. He lived in an atmosphere of prayer. Often have I gone to him with some sad intelligence of the outbreak of corruption in some parishioner, or some perplexed case for our consultation; he would rise up, take me by the hand, and with a heavenly smile which seemed to say, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" "Now my dear man," he would say, "let us pray together." I left his room feeling that the burden was deposited with the Lord.

I loved him more than any man. And no man was dearer to him than I was. I loved him too for his reproofs: they were a precious balm to me. The administration of them was most seasonable in the day of my early attachment to my beloved Fanny. Two cases of sickness had been neglected by me through the sin of that entanglement. He saw it, he reproved me. I awoke from my infatuation; "and blessed God for the faithful wounds of a friend." (Prov. xxvii.) Having established M—— in my curacy in 1810, I could now avail myself of an invitation to visit Mr. and Mrs. C—— at Leeds. And my sister Mary, who had been passing through much affliction, gladly availed herself of the offer to accompany me to the residence of our valued cousins. Limited as our religious privileges had been, we eagerly embraced the opportunity of visiting such a spot as Leeds; where piety in its highest elevations was concentrated. There we associated with the excellent of the earth. Mr. Hey, the Fawcetts, the Dixons, the Neads, were all living testimonies to the power and sweetness of holy truth. There we saw the uncompromising character of true religion. We saw it in its beauty, its just proportions,

its elevating tendency, its antagonism to the world, its attractive loveliness, its satisfying comforts. My views of non-conformity to the world were at this time vague and undefined. A spirit more weaned from the world than mine was, would have been the inlet of more light to the judgment. But feeble love narrows the entrance, which widens in proportion to the diffusion of the Divine life in the affections. My visit to Leeds was one of the most important epochs in my history. The subject of conformity was thoroughly and ably canvassed by those holy laymen mentioned above. Objections were answered, difficulties solved, arguments had all the weight which enlightened intelligence, mature experience, and calm consideration could impart to them. And they came from men who were not recluse monastics, but thoroughly conversant with their several professional engagements, and whose secular activities ran in parallel lines with the holiest aspirations of consistent piety. I returned to —, carrying with me the new lessons I had learnt. They told upon my ministry, they told upon my subsequent history. I needed such a preparation for what was to follow. Special tokens of Divine favour, mixed up and compounded with cutting and overwhelming afflictions, such were the dispensations which trod upon the heels of my sweet visit to Leeds. The record of my history lies in a nut-shell. (Eccles. vii. 14, comprises it.)

There was a singular man of French extraction residing in —. His name was Rogier—a good man, a dancing-master. In his early days he had been a Figurante at the opera. Curiosity led him one day to go and hear Whitfield preach. It was the Spirit's call to lead him to Christ. He was a weak man in secular matters, and so improvident, that I was at length obliged to raise an annual subscription, a little scanty income sufficient for himself and his wife, and dole it out to him by periodical payments. He was, however, wise and understanding in Scripture truth and experience, and remarkably apt in illustrating Scripture truths by Old Testament history. His political vagaries wearied me, but the readiness of his Biblical quotations instructed and comforted me.

When he touched upon the Bible he always rose above his accustomed level. On such occasions there was a discernment which strangely contrasted with his defective judgment on ordinary occasions. It was, I think, a little before my visit to Leeds that I was under depressing suspicions of my unfaithfulness as a Christian minister; and in the fulness of my heart I vented them to Rogier. "I am pained," I said, "to find that everyone speaks well of me. It was not so with the Apostles, there must be something wrong." Rogier eyed me with an expression of affectionate and intelligent discernment. "Wait a little," he said, and added, in a homely phrase, "The devil will soon begin to rattle his chains." He spoke wisely, and to *me* comfortably; and, as the event proved, *truly*. My visit to Leeds had been blessed of God to raise the tone of my religious feeling, and to impart to me clearer distinctions as to worldly conformity. Before this period I had unwillingly shared in the vapid amusement of the card-table. I wished to know my flock, and conciliate their attachment. Their tea parties had neither music nor rational conversation to relieve the weary hours. The only resource was cards. I loathed the amusement; but in my blindness accounted it as a sacrifice to social duty.

But now a clearer light was thrown upon my path. At — Park, and at Sir P——'s I declined to join the card-table. In — I abstained from it. My popularity sank many degrees. My abstinence was a tacit condemnation of worldly predilections. My pulpit ministrations urged non-conformity to the world; and my new habits being in harmony with those ministrations, created a fretting sore in the hearts of my hearers. I never was invited to — Park again, notwithstanding my former familiarity and connection with the family... A — Hall never welcomed me afterwards as an inmate. Sir R —, with whom I had once been intimate, would fain have passed me by without notice. A storm was looming in the distance.

But God in mercy raised up one whose entire sympathy and identity of principles lightened every burden. For a year

previous to my marriage I had been praying for Divine guidance. My mind was under great conflict on the question of the marriage state. The Apostle's arguments in favour and against it drew me contrary ways. The dangers of a single life, and the hazards and entanglements of the married man, created a great perplexity in my mind. But perplexities are the appointed stimulants to prayer, and prayer is the precursor of deliverance. The result was, a helpmate, whose firmness of mind, integrity of character, enlightened piety, and unvarying conjugal attachment, were all brought to bear upon the diversified troubles, which Divine love had appointed for my purification . . . No sooner had we pledged ourselves to each other, than we were directed of God to enter into a mutual covenant, solemnized by prayer, and attested by our signatures. Our early engagement was on future occasions sweetened and sanctified by Scripture and united prayer. The habit continued through succeeding years. Inflictions of keen disease and bodily disabilities would often interpose to interrupt the habit. But to these pardonable interruptions there were superadded those suggestions of unbelief which prompted excuses for guilty omission, and were visited by the withdrawal of Divine consolation. How sweet it is, and how easy to walk with God, when the Spirit upholds and guides the footsteps; but how heavily do we drag on when we withdraw our arm, and account it a weariness to lean on our Beloved. There is nothing like affliction as an expositor of Scripture truth,—it draws up the hidden treasures to the surface, presents them to the view, and shows to us their practical value. The carnal mind will ever take the position of an opponent to God. Its enmity may appear for awhile to slumber, like the coiled serpent; but the sleeping serpent, and the serpent on the spring, are identified in their tendencies and disposition. Opposition at — was secretly hatching mischief before my visit to Leeds. But it was subsequent to it that the thunder rolled, and the lightning played. The regulations about the public-houses, which had converted the streets on Sunday evening from riot and disorder to order and decency, were compared

to the domiciliary visits in Paris before the Revolution. The magistrate's sanction was withdrawn, and a prohibition issued by him in its stead. Riot and disorder resumed their sway; Satan triumphed; the Lord's people mourned. Even J—— himself saw and lamented his mistake, and in process of time called upon me, with an earnest request that I would take up the reins which he had forced me to slacken, and resume my former Sunday evening visits to the public houses. But the time was past. My health was prostrated by labour and anxiety; and I could not walk from my house to the town, a distance only of half-a-mile.

There was a tradesman in the town who, with his sister, kept the only bookseller's shop in the place. They were despisers of the truth. Enmity and worldly vanity were the features of her character,—enmity, drunkenness, and swearing characterized the brother.

Whit-Monday was the club-day, when the Friendly Societies came to Church to hear a sermon. I was quite taken by surprise by the daring interference of L—— R—— on this occasion. The usual Psalmody was superseded by him, and he roared out the National Anthem, with its objectionable stanzas,—“Confound their politics, Frustrate their knavish tricks,”—and drew in his fellow bacchanalians to the same awful desecration of the House of God.

The following Whit-Monday, when I was absent on account of my health, my curate, very properly, anticipating a return of this desecration, peremptorily forbade it.

On my return home I, without the slightest hesitation, commended what he had done. This commendation was never forgiven. L—— R——'s party rallied round him, talked big about the duty of loyalty, and under this thin disguise concealed a rankling enmity ready to effervesce on the next occasion. It was not long afterwards that the occasion did occur. But it was ushered in by an event more thrilling than any that ever came under my notice since the day of poor Jenny Lovatt. L—— R—— was taken ill: now, thought I, this may be a brand to be plucked from the burning.

My visits were regular and unintermitting, the conscience was seared, the heart hard as the mill-stone. I remember one day returning from my visit to the sick chamber, deeply depressed by the solemn gloom where not a ray of hope seemed to enter. Rogier met me: he knew my anxious engagement, deeply estimating the value of a soul, he earnestly asked me, "How is poor L—— R——?" I could only shake my head in the expressive bitterness of silence. He read my answer in my looks, the tear rolled down his face, "Ah," he said, "nothing but an arrow of conviction dipped in the blood of Jesus will ever reach *that* heart."

Every such arrow was turned aside from that heart. There was no relenting from first to last, and like Jenny Lovatt, under the instigation of the devil, he actually died with blasphemy on his lips. Then came the funeral, his situation as an old inhabitant, and a principal tradesman, added to his convivial habits, gathered together many attendants. M—— and myself were both desired to attend. As he had not visited L—— R—— in his last illness, I asked my dear friend if he had any objection to take the service? "No," he said, "but you must allow me to alter those strong expressions which are only compatible with a Christian hope." I at once foresaw the storm which was gathering; and finding that M—— was aware of L—— R——'s character I replied, without a moment's hesitation, "if that be the case I will conduct the service myself," which I accordingly did with the intended and necessary alterations. I say intended, for I had previously reflected on the course to be taken. I considered that according to the original constitution of the Church such a character would not have been admitted to Christian burial. Even in Bishop ——'s episcopate I had received an admirable printed circular of questions concerning such offenders. To this circular I replied; and heard no more of it. The consequence of my reflections was that I considered this hardened sinner virtually excommunicated, and adhered to the spirit of the Church of England.

I afterwards talked the matter over with a very wise and enlightened brother clergyman, Mr. W——, of ——, near

J. P. He entirely approved of the course I had taken, adding that he knew that Bishops had sanctioned such a step, an assertion which very lately I have found confirmed.

On these grounds, and on similar considerations, I adopted the same course in the parallel cases of Jenny Lovatt and L—— R——. In the latter case the gathering storm descended quickly; L—— R's sister sent an angry letter to the Bishop. He wrote me an imperious letter, requiring me to make an apology to Miss L—— R——. But at the date of this letter he was no longer Bishop of ——, but of ——. I marked the hand of God in thus ordering times and seasons. I could never have apologised for a conscientious duty painfully performed. And a gracious God so ordered it, that Bishop —— had no right to vent his spleen against an act not done in his episcopate; neither had Bishop —— the power of exercising an authority in a diocese over which he no longer presided. Thus was I spared the necessity of coming into collision with an episcopal mandate; and a liberty was accorded to me, by God Himself, of taking no notice of the Bishop's letter,—a letter issuing a mandate quite gratuitous.

When a war-note against Evangelical truth is sounded in a parish there is no want of those who flock to the standard of an acknowledged chieftain.

Such a chieftain was ——. His powerful mind, his position, his possessing a large landed property, and his being the representative of a very old family, added to great energy of character, all gave an edge to his enmity against vital Christianity. His talented son, ——, threw in an occasional shaft of bitterness; and Miss M—— treated me with cool contempt. My dear wife's relations joined in the outcry. Every weapon that persecution could yield was eagerly resorted to. Reproaches by word and pen, complaints to the Bishop which fell to the ground, vestry meetings assuming a control over my pulpit, to which they had no possible pretension, accusations made, refuted and repeated again, all verified the Scriptural declaration, "A man's foes shall be those of his own

household." But trouble is the seed-time to prayer. And I lived to see Miss — hailing me as a Christian brother, and building up those truths which once she desired to pull down. When Satan rages God is working. Sweetly did my soul harmonize with the sorrows and persecutions of Jeremiah. And as I have already said, troubles are precious expositors of Scripture truths. I found the Apostle's words in 1 Cor. iii., exactly descriptive of my state,—“made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men.”

I laid my conscience and my conduct alongside of the apostle's testimony, “being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it;” and I found my testimony coincided with St. Paul's, and my inward spirit vibrated with a responsive echo to his words, 2 Cor. xii. 15, the more abundantly “I love you, the less I be loved.”

All my favorite plans to raise the tone of piety in my parish were the objects of attack. The Selection of Psalms which in the palmy days of my popularity had been commenced and passed through several editions were now resisted as an innovation. Mr. — took the lead in opposing the very thing which he had before commended. I offered to take the sense of the parish, whether the selection should be retained or discontinued.

The opposers did not venture to accept such a risk; they preferred the war-cry to any conditions. The — identified himself with all their feelings, and when he interfered, I bowed to authority. But amidst the effervescence of all this enmity I had tokens of the Divine approbation. Some of these tokens were awfully discriminating. Others sweetly encouraging. I have often seen Zech. ii. 8 verified, “Whoso toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye.” I marked it that none of the champions of the opposition to God's truths were let to get unpunished. Mr. —'s wife was taken suddenly ill and died. He was sorely harassed himself by the misconduct of a brother-in-law, through whom he lost a considerable sum of money. Once, if not twice, the heir of the — estate was cut off in infancy, and expectations disappointed.

———'s prosperous circumstances tottered down to the very edge of bankruptcy. His son, who had taken an active part with his father in the opposition, changed suddenly from a waterdrinker to a regular frequenter of low public houses, and died young.

W—— T—— was stricken to the ground by the loss of his only child, now grown up to womanhood.

Poor Miss L—— R—— was taken one evening by a sudden and fatal illness, and died in a paroxysm of terror the same night.

Poor B——, of whom I shall speak by and by, fluttered awhile on the wings of popularity, then sickened, became a drunkard, and the object of contempt, and died.

If it is said on the one hand "love covereth transgression," it is stated likewise, Prov. xxi. 12, "The righteous wisely considereth the house of the wicked." In both these ways my troubles were turned into blessings and matters of instruction to my soul.

When a message of comfort is to be conveyed to the child of God ready to sink in deep waters, God can take any messenger and send him on the errand.

I remember one day I could not see that I was bearing the cross for Christ's sake. Surely, I thought, it must be through some folly, some rashness, that I have brought myself into these difficulties. Satan was spreading a veil before my eyes. Mr —— came in at the very moment: "It is not," he said, "the matter of the public houses, it is not the business of Whit-Monday; it is not any of those things; but it is the doctrines you preach, that have brought you into these difficulties.

This remark was to me a message from heaven. Satan's artifice was neutralized; and my mind was reassured. "Unto Thee, O Lord, do we give thanks, unto Thee do we give thanks, for that Thy name is *near* Thy wondrous works declare."—P'salm lxxv. It was continually urged upon me by my relations, that I was taking too much upon myself in supposing that I was wiser than my predecessors. "Why did I not preach as they did? You are not fit to be a reformer," they said. Things often

repeated are apt to stagger one, even contrary to one's settled convictions. "Why do you venture to preach things on which good men differ?" said the same persons to me.

Soon after this I had a visit from that learned, intelligent, and truly enlighiened prebendary of the Chester cathedral, Mr. ——. I told him of the staggering questions with which I had been assailed. He heard me with deep attention, and replied in his solemn emphathic manner, "They ought rather to ask you, why it has pleased God to reveal these things to you."

There was a Shropshire gentleman of property, who had many connections in ——. He was an observant man, of an independent mind. "Ah!" said he, "there is the young B——, he ll preach like an angel on Sunday, and then on Monday I see him hopping and skipping away at the Assize Ball as merry as any of us. But look at Harry Grey and James M——. I hate their principles. But I will do them the justice to say that they are consistent men." It is said, in Psalm lxviii: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels." And so it is, that when God has a message of comfort to send to His people, He is never in want of a mode of conveyance. Mr. G—— B——, and Richard G——, are all made, whether consciously or unconsciously, the mediums of communication. Amidst all obstacles Jesus is still "Head over all things in the church."

It is a sweet truth that has often buoyed me up above the water, that God hath set prosperity over against adversity. (Eccles. vii. 14.) And verily a compassionate God did not leave me without precious tokens of His presiding power and most loving approbation. Many seals had I to my feeble and defective ministry at——. Before my marriage I occupied a small house near the green in the upper town. Near my house there was a detached cottage occupied by Susan Piers. Susan was an industrious, sensible, uneducated woman, advanced in life. Her cow, her potato-ground, her pig, were the gods she worshipped. The Sabbath-day was to her like other days. And, I

remember on one occasion, how her industry and her contempt of that holy day combined to the building a complete pigstye in the course of that sacred day.

I commenced my visits to her, which she received courteously and kindly. I was hardly aware, during my early ministry at —, what an important passport I possessed in my alliance to a peer. I very soon invited Susan to attend my family worship. The portion of Scripture, one day, was the preaching of repentance by John the Baptist. On this I made such remarks as occurred to me. It was the Spirit's call to Susan. Through grace, she obeyed the call, life was infused into the dry bones, she became a new creature in Christ, and the life blood of the new creature circulated healthfully through her hopes, her affections, her habits. Her marked character became the vehicle of the heavenly bias. The care of the soul kept earthly cares in their proper place. Love to Christ superseded the love of the world.

The Scripture became her delightful food. And I never shall forget the joy and astonishment with which the opening of John xiv. filled her hungry soul.

We need not wonder that one who for sixty years had been under the rule of Satan would not be quietly dismissed, when her declared preference was for the rule of Jesus. Susan experienced this, and groaned at times under the tempter's power. I went to her one morning; her heart was full; "Satan has been grabbing at me," she said, "but I cried to Jesus, and was helped."

In 1828, when my prostrated health and shattered nerves had terminated my residence at —, my sister being in —, paid a visit to Susan, and has left this record of Susan's message to me:

"You may tell your brother that though he is out of *sight* he is not out of *mind*, and that I pray constantly for him and his family. You may tell him that I like his letters very much, but that I should like his company better. If he and his family were to come within a mile of me I would *scrattle* to see him. You may tell him that I thank him for what he sent to me, and that it was *very*

acceptable. I desired Miss Fairclough to thank him for me as *prattily* as she could, for I did not know how to send him any message myself that was expressed *tenderly*, respectfully, and *lovingly* enough, so I desired Miss Fairclough to say it as *prattily* as she could. You know that I must love him, for he was the person that showed me the way of salvation; and, if we never meet again in this world, I hope we shall meet in glory."

There was a woman of blemished character in the lower walk of life, Mary Winstanley; she was taken ill of a decline. I visited her, and continued my visits with regularity. According to my usual habit, my first object was to awaken, then to exhibit Christ, and then to build up. It pleased God to open her eyes, to reveal a Saviour, and to put her in possession of life and salvation. I was made sensibly to feel that the work was God's. I felt, when I entered her door, that I was an empty vessel. Each time I was utterly demolished as to my own sufficiency. The period of my attendance upon her was one of prostration in the very dust of my own inadequacy. Bare duty brought me into the sick chamber. No elevations drawn from eternity, no holy glow springing from a view of the cost paid to ransom precious souls, but faith without enjoyment; and duty amidst the chilling disabilities of utter helplessness urged on my footsteps, day after day, with a peremptory command which I dared not contravene. Oh, the wisdom and goodness of God. He kept me very low. He made me a blessing. Never did I witness a more manifest transition from death to life. Her tears of penitence flowed abundantly, and sweetly were they mingled with faith and holy love. Her astonishment to find that the Saviour had thrown open the door of mercy for such a sinner as she to enter, was only equalled by her gratitude and joy when Divine love drew her safe within the entrance. When she could no longer give utterance to her feelings to me as the instrument, she kept my hand in hers; her eyes rivetted upon me spoke volumes of the results of my instrumentality; and she died, having a prayer which I had written for her, in her bosom.

The epitome of my history at —— would be this,—bitter trials, vast mercies. It was permitted to me to number up between forty and fifty souls brought to salvation through God's favour resting on a feeble instrumentality.

Joseph and Mary Slack were weavers in the Cross Town. A sermon I preached on the Fourth Commandment was the Spirit's call to Joseph. I forget the subject of the sermon which effectually awakened Mary from her torpor. Mrs. D——, the wife of the postmaster, had been my aunt's servant. She was happily delivered from the false foundation of decency, formality, and carnal confidence, and brought to the solid resting place of gospel consolation. She died in peace.

There was a ladies' school in ——, kept by Mrs. Wyott, and her daughters. There was a mighty spread of salvation amongst them. The eldest daughter, and I think the youngest, who died after I left ——, were brought to the faith of Christ. There was a lovely girl in that school, Miss Craven, who was soon to be caught up into Paradise. But in the day of youth and health she gave a cordial welcome to the Saviour. She found Him through the ministration of the Word; and so greatly did she value the channel, that after every sermon she used to retire to her bedroom to secure the blessing. Miss Crosby, the governess in the school, was also brought into the Shepherd's fold.

Mrs. Morland was in the middle rank of life; she had for many years been lady's maid to my mother; she had a superior mind. I was very fond of calling upon her. One day, when I was in her house, she looked at me with a very feeling expression of countenance; "I little thought," she said, "when I was dancing you on my knees, when you were a baby, that you would be the means of saving my soul." I had no steadier friend than Mrs. Morland. A folio Bible, now in my possession, contains a prayer written by her, and used in the family on my behalf. The Bible was given to her by my father, and bequeathed by her to me.

I gladly record the name of John Coups. This drunkard, this pugilist, this bad husband and father, was awakened

by a sermon. This awakening was a gracious preparation for sickness and death. His conscience became exquisitely tender ; his renunciation of self entire ; his faith in Christ firm and operative ; considerate and affectionate towards his wife ; loving to his children ; meek and patient in illness ; peaceful and resting on Jesus in the prospect of death. Here was Grace in one of its highest triumphs.

I remember Mr. Potter, a surgeon who lived in the market-place ; his wife was taken alarmingly ill. On one of my visits to her, Mr. H——, the Socinian surgeon, was in the house. I immediately gave place to him ; having ascertained that her pulse was up at 130°. I waited in the room below ; it was 10 o'clock at night. Mr. H—— came down, looked significantly at me, and said to Mr. Potter, "It is necessary that she should be kept very quiet." I knew that it was no time to trifle. The woman saw death before her, and knew that she had no footing for her soul to rest upon. I asked Potter if he would allow me to see her. With his entire consent I approached her sick bed. She eyed me with an intensity of feeling, "Is there any hope for my soul?" The responsibility of my position at that time, and the crisis of her state, impelled me to secret, silent prayer. Having thus cast myself upon God, I opened my Bible on Luke xv. I replied, "God Himself shall answer you." I touched upon each of the three successive parables. I said, "You see that each of these parables tells us that there is hope in Christ for every penitent sinner." The perturbation of her countenance was calmed, she turned round on her pillow and fell into a quiet sleep. Mr. H—— called the next morning, expecting to find her not alive. To his surprise her pulse was considerably reduced, and she was in a fair way of recovery. I have an indistinct remembrance of seeing her again, but whether I left —— soon afterwards, or whether she left the place, I am not able to say ; as I made many subsequent inquiries after her, but could never glean any particulars.

When I was residing at —— I became acquainted with Mr. ——, the curate of R——. He was a kind, good-tempered man, and used to compose cheerful moral songs,

in the hope that they would take the place of the nauseous trash which is usually sung in public-houses. He appeared to me to be unacquainted with the main object of a minister, as a herald of salvation. I aimed at raising the tone of his religion to the evangelical level. Many years afterwards, having met him somewhere, I think at Charmouth, he expressed how much indebted he was to me as an instrument of his appreciating the gospel of salvation. I should never have expected such a result. But we should ever remember, that Divine Omnipotence can work with feeble tools.

It was always my pleasure to recognise the Divine image in the features of His children. To have one Saviour, one hope, one ruling aim and object, appeared to me more binding than the concurrence of any mere outward ecclesiastical denomination. In this respect I was greatly favoured at —, and the recognition of this bond was a sweet and soothing balm amidst the jarring elements around me. Methodists and Independents would come to my church, and I loved to see them mingling indiscriminately around the Lord's table. I was peculiarly in my element one day when I publicly baptized a pious Quaker, and had for witnesses on the occasion a Churchman, an Independent, a Methodist, all concurring in one Lord, one faith, one hope. Amidst the storm of opposition which broke over me, I was often strengthened by letters from an unknown correspondent, cheering me onwards. By a mere accident I discovered that the writer was an Independent. When my health was sacrificed to the cause of Christ, the Methodists, in their chapel, implored a blessing upon me, and prayed for my recovery. On one occasion it was reported to them that my tone of feeling towards them was changed from love to bitterness. Some of the members proposed that the children of the Methodist school should immediately discontinue their accustomed attendance at my church. No, said others, let us first ascertain from Mr. Grey himself whether the report be true. The proposal was acceded to. Two of their society called on me,—received from me an unequivocal assurance

that my Christian love towards them had undergone no change whatever. They thanked me; we parted in harmony; and the children continued their attendance at my church as usual. Illustrations of Eccles. vii. 14 meet me at every turn of my history.

When the wife of the leading member of the Methodists' chapel was ill, and confined to her bed, she accepted my visits with unhesitating confidence. I must here digress for a moment to speak a word to the memory of that good, meek, and humble man, her husband, Peter Dean.

Not far from his house there lived a poor and afflicted woman, in the middle rank of life, whose intellect, partially disordered, was continually raising difficulties in the way of earning her livelihood. Peter Dean stood between her and positive destitution. The distortions of a disordered mind roused her enmity against her noble benefactor. She would throw in his face the money or the food which he offered. But "many waters cannot quench love," and "charity beareth all things." Peter Dean still persevered in his self-denying sympathies, and in the dusk of evening would thrust shillings under her door, which were accepted and used when she knew not the hand from whence the benefactions came.

When the Bible Society was pressing on through a multitude of opposing prejudices, Henry Dobbs and I found it to be a pleasant and privileged office to aid its progress. God favored us beyond our expectations, and a Bible Society, of which my uncle Stamford became President, was fairly set upon its legs. As T——E——'s clear perception rose above the prejudices which employed the pens of some able men, I earnestly solicited him to lend the influence of his talent and station to aid the Society in its early struggles. This he declined, and gave us no help when we most needed it. But when it had gained the countenance of peers and baronets, and opulent landed proprietors, and raised its head at a public meeting, triumphant in the grace of God, he then, at that meeting, delivered an excellent speech in its behalf. His conduct in this matter taught me a lesson, and enabled me to draw a distinction between energy of character and self-denying faith.

Many were the conversations I had with him at his sweet Rectory house at —; and many were the hopes I entertained respecting him. I marked the progress of his mind. He reached a certain point, he appeared to approach the very boundary line where the world ends and the dwelling-place of the saints begins. His quick perception saw beyond the line,—the cross to be taken up, and the frown of the world near the cross,—he retreated, and saved himself the stigma. Here again I learnt a lesson. So it is that a gracious God gives line upon line, precept upon precept, “What Thou givest them they gather. Thou openest Thine hand, they are filled with good.” I have often thought that there is a crisis in a person’s life which tells upon the condition of their future history. An opening is made, a light gleams from above. If the willing feet enter the opening all is well, mercy after mercy follows in successive links. But if the opening is shunned, a blight is the consequence. The steps may totter on and reach Heaven at last, or the end of the journey may be the abyss of darkness. But in either case the halting and hesitating footsteps read a solemn lesson to the observer; and he gathers instruction as he takes up his cross and passes on. There was a good, and meek, and humble man, James Turner; he was the minister of the Independent chapel in —. He was a devoted friend of the Bible Society. When our County Society was sufficiently matured to venture upon a preliminary meeting for the arrangement of details, Mr. Turner walked over to Northwich to the meeting. When the business was concluded and I was driving homewards in my gig, I overtook Mr. Turner, who was on foot. “Oh, Mr. Turner,” I said, “do let me take you home.” Mr. Turner stepped into my gig. At the turning to the right, two miles from —, where the road to — and — part at an angle, Mr. Turner desired me to stop and said he should walk the remainder of the way. I entreated him to sit still and let me drive him to his door. He persisted in leaving me, and added, “I know that you are maintaining the interests of the Gospel at a great personal sacrifice, and I cannot consent to add to your difficulties by allowing you to be

seen driving a dissenting minister in your gig to ——.” “But,” he added, “let me say one word more. If you want any help as to the Society, and you think I can do you any good, send for me. But if you think it will be better to keep me in the background, take no notice of me whatever.” With this he immediately quitted my gig, and left me in admiration at this exalted instance of love, humility, and sympathy. Yes, James Turner and Harry Grey will meet in heaven, forgetting the line of separation between churchman and dissenter, and rejoicing together in the church above, where every voice will be attuned to sing the praises of Him who hath redeemed us to God by His own precious blood.

On Dec. 12th, 1818, my sweet sister received her summons to join the spirits of the just made perfect. I attended her funeral on the 15th, a day of painful interest. On the following day, the snow being deep on the ground, I returned to my duties at ——. Being obliged to walk half the whole distance of twenty-four miles, leading my horse, I found it a fatiguing journey to the body.

But what shall I say of the condition of my soul throughout that journey? It was a pouring-out of the spirit, a nearness to God in the holiest exercises, which carried me out of myself, turning every shade of sorrow and sadness into the bright and cheering beams of light and love. That long and difficult walk through the snow was lighted up to an extraordinary degree by the most joyous and uninterrupted communion with my God. I never experienced anything equal to it either before or afterwards. It was preparatory to a long night of sorrow. It was like the angel’s mission to Elijah, “Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee; and I did eat, and went in the strength of that meat many days and many nights.” When I reached home that evening I had a severe fit. For a year previously I had suffered by a periodical attack every Sunday morning, occasioned by general fatigue and agitation, and specially by the keen hostile eye of my poor friend ——, who looked directly upon me when I was in the pulpit and stood up and marked

every word, and sent me a letter of censure on the Monday. The funeral at E—— and the walk home brought matters to a crisis, and introduced a most important epoch in my history. My public ministrations were now well closed at the early age of twenty-nine. My dear wife's firmness and sympathy were admirable. Her sympathy did not limit the efficiency of that valuable help which I so much needed: neither did her energies wound the sensitiveness of my painfully acute feelings. With broken health and shattered nerves I dragged on my way. But underneath were the everlasting arms. Around me were my foes watching every occasion to wrench out of my hands the Gospel message with which I was allowed of God to be put in trust. "I was set for the defence of the gospel," so I was sustained through each sermon, and had a fit when I reached the vestry. The promise remained inviolate "As thy day so shall thy strength be." When no human help was near to aid my public ministrations, the accustomed sermon was still delivered at the appointed time, and I was enabled to withhold my pulpit from unenlightened pastors. Let us trust God to the uttermost; for He is faithful that promised. The path of duty is a safe path for the ransomed of the Lord. The roaring lion may approach it, but not to devour. A confiding spirit and an obedient spirit will carry us through many difficulties. But they are not the native productions of the human heart; they are exotics.

The Lord in due time raised up ministerial help for me; and again I accepted an invitation to the Cox's, at Leeds. The preaching of the gospel and the society of God's dear people was a sweet balm to my spirits. And the superior medical skill and Christian sympathy of that pre-eminently good man, old Mr. Hey, afforded a temporary relief to my stricken body. It contrasted strangely with that flippant carelessness with which the Socinian surgeon at —— had treated my serious ailments. My malady, however, which soon ran on to epileptic seizures, was too deeply rooted in my system to yield to temporary and occasional reliefs. So leaving, as I thought, my flock in the hands of a faithful and efficient pastor, I travelled by short and easy stages to Torquay.

I have often pictured to myself the voyager coming from a distant land, leaving the tempestuous ocean behind him, and casting anchor in the sweet retreat of Torbay. But how can I describe my own feelings on leaving behind me the ——— conflicts, and finding a shelter in the bosom of my most affectionate family at Torquay. Those lively sympathies which had all along been flowing out in their epistolary communications, were now poured out from the eyes, the tongues, the expressive countenances of my loving mother and my precious sisters, as fresh details of mingled trials and mercies were elicited in personal intercourse. The mutual confidence, the congeniality of holy principle, sweetened by the bond of the nearest relationship, exceeded all my expectations.

It was on Nov. 26th, 1813, that I slept at Exeter. The sensations that then filled me on approaching so near to those who were so very dear to me, and the hope of seeing them eye to eye and face to face on the following day, made my very heart to tingle. Even at this great interval of time there is an association of ideas which binds me to Exeter with an unfading sweetness. The following day I arrived at Torquay, drove to the inn there, and ordered tea. My acquaintanceship with grief had been so intimate, so persuasive, so uninterrupted, that the sudden introduction to love, congeniality, and confiding affection seemed too much for me.

I was, perhaps, on the brink of prostration when my sister E—— came over from W—— to ——, and urged my immediate resignation of the vicarage. And when she saw that the interests of my flock forbade me to resign them into the hands of an unfaithful shepherd, she then pressed me to retire for awhile to the bosom of my family at Torquay. There I went under the guidance of "Him who is Head over all things to the Church," and there I found repose from anxieties, and an atmosphere of love, which singularly contrasted with the blackness of the tempests which had been so long howling around me. My two precious sisters were lovely patterns of every thing that was good and excellent; and it was evident that another wheel of providence concerning me was now in the course of rotation.

The fight of faith had passed by. And now the peaceful cultivation of my own vineyard was the plan before me. The rich acquaintance of my sisters with Scripture truth, brought forth much sweet converse and many profitable elucidations in domestic intercourse, in the social circle, and in the daily family ordinance. The life within, and union with Christ, were subjects which they had thoroughly investigated and experimentally tested. From conversations on these subjects I derived progressive advantages. They were well practised in comparing Scripture with Scripture. All this told upon my subsequent experience. And if the inward life and union with Christ have, at the present advanced period of my existence, any comforting influence, I look back with gratitude at the fifteen months passed at Torquay, when those blessed truths were pressed upon my notice, and exhibited daily before my eyes, in the rich fruits of consistent godliness.

But so deeply seated is the corruption of the human heart, that a God of wisdom and love finds it needful to empty his redeemed ones from vessel to vessel, lest they should settle upon their lees.

So long as I resided at —, B——'s conduct seemed everything I could wish. Very soon afterwards the tone of his religion seemed, from his letters, to be suffering a decay. This decay advanced step by step, till at last his rule of life was altered. The maxims of the world, of which at one time he expressed abhorrence, were now adopted as his compass to steer by. I watched his downward course with feelings of acute sorrow. The world had thrown its net over him; and he was deeply entangled in its meshes. The hospitalities of the Hall, embellished with talent and educational refinement, were poor equivalents for ministerial faithfulness. But they were equivalents which satisfied the real and hidden bias of his unregenerate soul. Deeply did I mourn over his condition. He had been the early friend of my childhood, the pleasant associate of my youth, and subsequently my fellow-labourer in the vineyard; and, as I thought, a fellow-partaker of the grace of life. "They went out from us, because they were not of us. For if they had been

of us, they would have continued with us." When I perceived his sad condition, I wrote him a letter, full of love and affectionate remonstrance. This letter he carried to my bitterest foes at the Hall, and he endorsed it with the cruel comment: "See how jealous Harry Grey is of me." He now became manifestly, as he must always have been secretly, part and parcel of the world. He preached the truth; he lived after the course of the world. Many, *almost* Christians, did the same. His example was fearfully contagious. The Lord's enemies triumphed, and applauded the man who neutralized the doctrines of his Sunday sermon by sanctioning their maxims and their habits on the six days of the week.

I now watched for a fair occasion to dissolve my connection with him; and the Lord stepped in to help me. He wrote to me, proposing to enter at Cambridge, retaining his curacy and appointing a deputy (a very unfit man in all respects) to occupy his post during term time. I declined this proposal; assigning as my reason, the detriment to the parish. He wrote again, saying, that in case of my persisting in refusal, he should leave me on a day which he specified; giving me a regular notice, subject only to that one condition. By return of post, I accepted his resignation; specifying the day which he had himself fixed. The enemies of the gospel immediately took the alarm, pressed him to violate his engagement, and wrote to the bishop to sanction this violation; which he accordingly did. I had no doubt as to my path of duty, seeing how fearfully the interests of my flock were compromised by this contrariety between his practice and the doctrines of the gospel. But the matter was too serious to commit the decision to my own judgment. I was, at this time, living at Clifton. My dear friend, Sangar, rector of St. Werberg's, Bristol, called together a clerical council to consider the subject. They were unanimous in their opinion, that I should stand my ground and bind B—to his engagement. I accordingly consulted a proctor in Doctors' Commons. His judgment was, that my ground was tenable, but advised me to take the best ecclesiastical opinion; which was accordingly done

by his application to Dr. ——. Dr. —— unhesitatingly confirmed the proctor's opinion. I was now sorely pressed by B——'s party, headed by Mr. ——. The bishop also threw in the whole weight of his authority on their side. My reply to the party was, that I had felt my ground and should keep it. To the bishop my answer was, that Mr. B—— was going on the specified day. Again I applied to the proctor to reassure me by another application to Dr. ——. His reply was given in my favour, in the same tone of confidence as before. He added, that as soon as he had dispatched the Queen's business, I should have his written opinion. The written opinion came, saying, that having had more leisure to consider the case, he found that I could not stand my ground, and recommended me to come to as good a compromise with the party as I could. But the crisis was past. The bold front I had assumed, supported by legal opinion, defeated the machinations of the enemy. God's cause triumphed, and the means by which the Lord brought out His purpose, was by drawing a veil over the eyes of the first ecclesiastical lawyer in the kingdom. There the veil was kept, till B—— was removed, and was succeeded by that good, consistent, and decided Christian, Mr. Ruse, who drew up again the strings which his predecessor had let down, and brought once more into sweet harmony, the principles and practice of the glorious gospel. This apostacy of B——'s was one of the greatest trials that ever befell me. But there were two distinct and marked blessings, which flowed into my soul through this channel. One was, such a manifestation of the absolute and irresistible supremacy of the Divine government in the maintenance of God's own cause, and in the seasonable help to His own people in supporting that cause, as has been a mighty confirmation of my faith from that day to the present.

Another blessing was a fresh identification of my sufferings with those of the Redeemer; and consequently an additional force given to the promise, "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him." In many points I had previously been identified with my blessed Lord in bodily

sufferings for the truth's sake, in revilings, in the "mistaking of my words," in having "laid to my charge things that I knew not," in persecutions, etc. But it remained for me that I should be conformed to His sufferings in another point, and by B —'s instrumentality, I was brought into contact with this additional mark of dignified and privileged conformity. And when I could say, "Mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me," I did indeed feel an arrow pierce my heart,—but it was dipped in the love of God,—and my bleeding heart rejoiced in this new assimilation to the wounded sensibilities of my loving Saviour. Such is the aliment which faith feeds upon: and when we pray to the Lord, "Feed Thy people," we may confidently leave with Him the selection of the proper food. When, from the necessities of my health, I discontinued my residence at —, in 1813, I never resumed it till the winter of 1817. Many urgent entreaties had been made for my return. My feelings of attachment to my people vibrated with a responsive echo to these entreaties. My medical friend at Clifton strongly dissuaded my return, and prophesied the result. That result was accurate in one point of view: but in the counsels of God there was treasured up another result. There were souls to be saved. A confirmation occurred at — during that period. Ruse and I divided the candidates. Two amongst my number specially dwell upon my recollection. Esther Maddock, who lived opposite to me, was one of the number, became a subject of Divine Grace at that period, was soon afterwards taken with a dangerous illness, and was cheered and supported through it by the truths which she had previously embraced. With one little girl, the daughter of Toft, the carpenter, I had taken special pains. Three times on the day previous to the confirmation I had her at my house, with the hope that she would be qualified to receive the ticket. On the very morning of confirmation I exerted myself again on her behalf, as a last hope. The hope was frustrated, and I was constrained to refuse her the ticket. On the following morning she joined the crowd of successful candidates; Ruse and I received the

tickets and turned her back. The church was now filled—the Bishop, Ruse, and I in the vestry. The candidates and the clergy were in their respective places. The service was on the point of commencement. Peter — enters the vestry abruptly, “My Lord, here is a little girl who says that neither the vicar nor the curate will give her a ticket.” “Oh, send her to me,” was the answer. Peter — introduced his little protégée into the vestry. The bishop put two, or perhaps three, questions, in unintelligible language, to which the little girl, who understood not one of them, dropped a curtsey and replied, “Yes, Sir.” “O that will do, that will do,” said the bishop, “go and take your place at the communion rails.” Other clergy near the vestry door witnessed this transaction. Neither Ruse nor I said a word—we left the matter with God. He cared for it. The little girl immediately after entered Mrs. Wyatt’s service, and very soon Miss Wyatt wrote me word that the instructions given by me, which seemed to fall upon the rock, were brought to Toft’s remembrance, and took deep root, under the influence of the Holy Ghost. The Saviour was the joy and salvation of this child, and she became a missionary to her fellow servants in Mrs. Wyatt’s house. The seed had been sown by me amidst the disabilities of shattered nerves and broken health, and man frowned upon the work. My body was prostrated by the effort and the frown. But God’s smile was more than an equivalent. The bishop’s charge at Macclesfield in which, by his eye and his expressions, he singled out Ruse and me, and held us up as beacons to his clergy, finished the course of my labours, my sufferings, and residence at —. I would have given the world to have dissolved my connection altogether with the vicarage. Efforts to resign in favour of one of three of my own nomination were made and refused. God, and God alone, preserved me from resigning in favour of an ungodly pastor. My health and nerves were for many years put in abeyance by adhering to this evident duty. Where is Christianity without self-denying surrender? The path of duty may be at times a rugged path, but I am sure it is the only path of safety.

During this six months' final residence at — a young man called upon me one day ; he seemed very glad to see me, we had some pleasant conversation together. He shewed evident marks of a regenerate condition. Having known him well in former days, I expressed my sincere delight at the solemn interest he now felt in the great concern of his soul, adding, " Why, John ! how did all this happen ? " " Do you remember, sir," said he, " visiting my mother when she lived at — Lodge ? Well, sir, you read to her Eph. ii., and made many remarks upon it. I heard it all, as I was sitting at the other end of the room, and God made it a great blessing to my soul." Thus it was that a gracious God threw in some sweet ingredients in the bitter cup which I had to drink during this six months' final residence at —. In April, 1818, I returned to Clifton worn out, still retaining my living for the gospel's sake. For a long space of time, even till the period of my resigning the vicarage in 1824, the enmity against the truth was carried on with unabated vigour. Letter after letter was I obliged to write in answer to my persecutors, when my shattered nerves scarce allowed me to hold the pen. Every thing furnished an occasion for harassing me ; the psalmody, my curate, my non-residence, etc., all were turned into weapons against me. Ruse fled from the storm of opposition. Marden, who succeeded him, an able and a good man as he was, sank under the power of the enemy. His mind and body became a perfect wreck. At this time I was in lodgings at Clifton, with my family. I prayed and pondered what was to be done. I remembered that my Lord and Saviour, anticipating the persecutions which His Apostles would meet with, sent them out, not singly, but two and two. I at once saw the will of God in the matter. Ruse had acted singly and Marden had acted singly, and the enemy had triumphed. But where there are two, one would help his fellow. Burdens and discouragements would be lightened by participation. The one would cheer on the other. I opened all these inward impressions to my beloved Fanny. It was a singular comfort to me that while her affectionate sympathies beat in

the strictest unison with each and all my trials, yet she never for a moment flinched from any cross which zeal for Jesus laid upon me. Where duty interposed she never said, "Spare thyself." I cannot adequately panegyrisé this lovely trait in her character. The tenderest sensibilities as a wife, and the most unflinching zeal for God, met in the same focus. This combination, as I accounted it a great blessing, so I found it a great encouragement to follow out the dictates of my conscience. Being thus strengthened, and having fully laid before her my motives and impressions, I asked her consent that I should keep two curates, at £100 each. I told her that with a growing family and a limited income, I should not on any ordinary occasion have felt justified in sacrificing my clerical income; but this was an extraordinary one, and where my Lord's interests constituted my sole motive, I felt assured that I could leave the result with Him. Now Fanny was not one to concede any point which her judgment, or her conscience, disapproved; and in expenditure she was very self-denying: this made her immediate and unhesitating concurrence in this sacrifice the more striking. The repose of mind which we felt after this decision assured us that God was with us, and that God might be trusted. And this was proved by the result. The very next morning I received a letter from London, from my uncle H—— L——, and another from Torquay, from my dear mother. Each letter contained £100. Neither of my affectionate donors knew anything of my intended sacrifice. But the Lord knew it, and by His loving bounty paid me again in this double measure. "The silver and the gold are *mine*," saith the Lord. How sweet is the harmony between the promise and the providence! I know not that the Lord's sovereignty, as "Head of the body, the church," and "Head over all things to the church," was ever brought home to my experience, with such a vivid reality, as in this case and in the one concerning Dr. ——.

The balancing of blessings with trials, of joys with sorrows, is a characteristic of the Divine government. Lodging as I did at one time the very next door to the

family of the Godleys, I found in them an efficiency in counsel, a tenderness of sympathy, which helped me in many a crisis with the bishop and my relations at —. The struggles which their brother had maintained against the evil doings at the cathedral, concurred with their keen glances into the principles of unregenerate men, to aid me in the struggle which I was bound to maintain. Their fine minds were adorned by the beauties of holiness, and helped me on in the love and service of Jesus. Many other most valuable Christian friends were raised up as a balance to the still existing pressure of my connection with —. My difficulties also respecting my curates, received an alleviation in the appointment of Robert Gell and George White, men faithful in their ministrations and devoted in their lives; but soon to be separated by the summons of George White to the world of kindred spirits. Most heartily did my dear brethren at Bristol and Clifton sympathize with me, and aid by their valuable counsel. Privileges were now poured in upon me, especially in Mr. Biddulph's ministry. Lady — and her daughters were to me like mother and sisters. In E—— P—— I found a fac-simile of my own precious sister Mary, in strength and refinement of mind, in elevation of piety, in glowing zeal, in affectionate sympathy. My acquaintanceship with several members of the Moravian chapel was a high privilege. The simplicity of their habits charmed me. Mrs. Swertner's praises, amidst great suffering, declared to me the all sufficiency of a covenant God. Mrs. Maude's countenance was peaceful animation. As to dear Ramftler I used to call him my Barnabas. A few weeks before his death I called on him: his countenance looked flushed and feverish. "Where have you been?" I enquired. The answer was "I have just returned from a little missionary tour." I knew that he was a sinking man; and knowing how little such a burning light could be spared from a dark world, I looked at him, with emotion, and said, "My dear brother, when you leave home it should be for relaxation, not for labour." He looked at me with a responsive tenderness, illuminated by a smile, "*Eternity will be long enough to rest in.*" So long

as my return to —— was a matter of doubtful hope and expectation, I declined hampering my plans by a settled residence, and moved about from lodging to lodging—sometimes at Clifton, sometimes in the country. How true it is that “the bounds of our habitation are appointed.” What a stimulus to watch opportunities! During my residence at farmer Harding’s, in Westbury parish, I bore the Lord’s message to Mrs. Harding, and subsequently to her daughter Ellen. It was through the medium of family worship. Through the same medium a young woman from the Blaiza Castle Lodge was brought to the faith and died in the faith. The same may be affirmed of a young woman, nurse to my children, who died in our house. Grace Pym and Sarah Richards also were “my crown and rejoicing.” Mary Gresty also, the nurse, a very consistent disciple, who afterwards married a draper at Merthyr Tydvil.—I will not proceed in these details.

The cessation of active duty is an exercise of faith. The outward necessities of activity give place to the voluntary impulses of duty. The removal of these outward obligations exposes us to that struggle which is hardly maintained when *simple duty* is the only spring in motion. But a passive state is often subjected to other difficulties besides what I have mentioned. It has its peculiar snares. And in my case these snares advanced by a stealthy course; and assumed such a garb of holiness as quite to deceive me. So strangely were they mingled with holy zeal and desire after progress, that even now I can scarcely determine between Satanic influence and the suggestions of the Holy Ghost. It was through the Godleys that I became acquainted with Margaret and Adamina B——. The period of my acquaintance with them was one when my nervous ailments and many trials rendered easy social intercourse absolutely medicinal to me. Their elegant manners, energetic piety, and warm cordiality, drew me within the unsuspected vortex of an intellectual world.

My little tract “Christ in the mansion,” etc., is a brief sketch of the life and death of Adamina. I need say nothing more as to attendance upon her, except that it was one of

the most privileged portions of my existence. When this scene was passed I went with my family to Linton, on dear Emma's account. There my mother and sister met us from Torquay, and the Clarkes from Mitcheldever. Then it was that I was edified and comforted by my interviews with Grace Jones. But my dear wife, and self, and John were well-nigh overwhelmed in the breakers, as we approached the shore. Our small boat, weighted with the luggage, made the danger greater. One breaker dashed over us and half filled us with water. Two others succeeded. The boatmen were paralyzed as to any effort to save us. Mary, who was in the garden of our lodging, screamed out, and said we were lost. The villagers on the shore anxiously waited the result. One of them, knowing that we were parents, and had children in the place, burst into tears and ran away. But the Lord was nigh to save. My dear wife, at a critical moment, bid the men to take up their oars and pull for their lives. They did so. The second breaker, which would have swamped us, fell at our stern. My recent attendance at the bed of sickness calmed my mind. But when John broke out into bitter cries, in the apprehension of immediate death, my fears for his future condition quite overpowered me. Our family prayers in the evening bore witness to the solemnities of the day. And with hearts big with praise we consecrated ourselves afresh to His service, whose mighty arm had rescued us from the waters.

It was a little before this visit to Linton that, for the first time, I was introduced to Miss B——'s chamber. Intimate as I had been with Margaret and Adamina, my efforts to obtain admission to Henrietta had always failed. But I never lost sight of my object. And at last God placed the object within my reach. Her invalid state, and her aversion to society, excluded her from every one who would wish her well. I felt my responsibility on entering her sick chamber; and I felt persuaded that the privilege of entrance, denied to others, and conceded to me, was of God. Miss B——'s state was that of a cold and heartless acknowledgment of Divine Truth. Her excellent sisters trembled at the prospect of her dropping into the

grave in this unprepared condition. But God turned those fears into joy. The spirit entered into the dry bones, and they lived. It is a gracious arrangement of the Lord that he who watereth shall himself be watered. It often happened to me at Clifton that openings of usefulness were made for me, which, from various causes, were closed against other clergymen. And limited as my sphere was, I accounted it a privilege to enter at such openings. There was a sweet young married woman, Mrs. Bird, whom I visited in her last illness. When it was very near its close I read to her Psalm cxxxviii. last verse. She had long loved the truth, and sweet was that truth to her soul, both in health and sickness. But this verse was accepted by her as I presented it,—lighted up her passage to eternity, and was heard to linger upon her lips as she was on the threshold. As for me it has, from that moment to the present, been a text most precious, and continually recurring to my remembrance, exemplifying that sure promise quoted above from Prov. xi. 25.

For some years subsequent to my six months' residence at — in 1817, I continued hovering about the lodgings in Clifton and the neighbourhood; ever encouraging the hope that my health might, in time, be sufficiently revived to admit of my resuming my duties at —. Dr. Baynton at that time stood at the very head of the list of medical practitioners at Clifton. He was accounted skilful in the cure of epilepsy, and had entirely succeeded with W. Grey's wife. His application of the same remedies to my case failed. I then asked him whether he thought that at some future period I might be equal to return to —. He unhesitatingly replied that there was not the least *chance* of it. I might be equal to the ordinary duties of my family, but as to undertaking stated ministerial duty, it was entirely out of the question. The calm, clear decision, which accompanied this answer, from a man of his experience, prostrated my anticipations, and gave a direction to my future plans. I accordingly settled in No. 16, Lower Crescent, Clifton. Baynton's answer was a message from Heaven. Mr. and Mrs. — occupied No. 18. Here

was a work to be done. Mr. ——— was taken ill. I made continual calls of inquiry, hoping that Mrs. ——'s reluctance to admit me to the sick chamber would at last give way before courtesy and perseverance. The Lord opened a way, and I entered. I found him built up on externals. His good temper and his deference to ecclesiastical formalities, constituted his righteousness, and made up the atonement which was needed for those peccadilloes in which he was involved by the love of wine and occasional fits of intemperance. I saw at once, that nothing short of a new foundation and a corresponding change of superstructure, would meet the case, and I proceeded accordingly. Mrs. —— watched the process with the keenest observation, and carefully readjusted the old stones of the building as I rejected them. My plan was simple. Man a sinner—Christ a Saviour; the Holy Ghost the source of light and life to the soul. It was not a time for strong meat, the food must be plain. I saw it would never do to be weaving Penelope's web in the sick chamber. Every argument which I used to awaken the conscience, and to exhibit the absolute need of a Saviour, was met by Mrs. ——, who was ever and anon propping up the sick man's conscience by telling of his strict adherence to the church and his abhorrence of dissent. Being a rigid formalist, and daughter of an Archdeacon, whose creed I well knew, and possessing a clear and decided mind, she laid down a plan for my theology, and urged me to the adoption of it in my pastoral visits. Having stated my views in their simplicity, and exonerated myself from the charge of dabbling with mysterious doctrines, I told her plainly that she was at liberty to decline my visits to her husband; but if I was to continue them, I must follow the dictates of my conscience unfettered. She shrunk from the responsibility of future opposition; for it was evident that Mr. —— now valued my visits. Those visits were continued without hindrance, and the soul was saved. As years rolled on I received a very kind letter from Mrs. —— . The whole tone of feeling altered; and when she died she left me a copy, which I still possess, of Thomas à Kempis, with a legacy of twenty

pounds, as expressive of her obligation. Thus Christ triumphed, and won to Himself the souls of Mr. and Mrs. ——. Such were the results of Baynton's opinion, and the crushing of my hopes of resuming my work at ——, and the consequent appointment of my abode near Mr. and Mrs. ——. Brevity, in such reminiscences as these, is with me a matter of necessity; nevertheless, the statements are accurate, though in many instances devoid of explanatory details.

At the time when we were living at Clifton, Miss Stronach was governess to our children. Being bred and born in the Kirk of Scotland, she was not wholly satisfied with the constitution of the Church of England, though she conformed to our habits while she retained the situation in our family. Towards the time when she was about to leave us, she entertained a wish to join the Moravian Church. I conversed with her fully on the subject; stating to her, as far as my acquaintance with the brethren enabled me, the reasons for and against. The result was, her determination to join that body. The next step was to introduce her to my valued friends, Mr. Ramftler and Mrs. Griffin. To the former I said, "My good brother, I am going to throw a very choice plant into your garden." He talked to her as a wise and affectionate counsellor. We then proceeded to Mrs. Griffin, who was at the head of the female department. We had a sweet and confiding meeting on the subject, which I concluded with prayer, and rejoiced in thus binding together the representatives of the Moravian Church, the Kirk of Scotland, and the Church of England, in the unity of the faith and the bond of love. She was the first missionary that went from the Bristol Moravian settlement. Greatly was she blessed amongst the negroes in the West Indies, and greatly beloved by them.

My residence at Richmond Villa is sweetened by the recollection of a visit paid to us there by ——. As she took my arm to go down to dinner, my thoughts ran back to the scornful look which, in former years, she used to cast at me when I entered the sitting-room: The hand slowly stretched out while she kept her seat, not accounting me

worthy of common courtesy ; the cold apathetic, "How d'y'e do?" all in harmony with the contemptuous expression of the countenance. But now, the warm affectionate greeting, the countenance beaming with love, the tone of the voice, and every movement, shewing that "old things were passed away and all things were become new." "I am delighted to see you, — ; we understand each other now." The glance at what was past, and the acknowledgment of the present bond of union, met with a tender response in her new-born soul. A few words sufficed. The language of the eye and the hand filled up the sentence. And I found an additional proof that God is a God who opens His ears to intercessory prayer. On another occasion, my beloved and venerated mother paid me a visit at Richmond Villa. She desired me to show her the stable and coach-house, and room, which I had built. She examined the whole with a kind interest, and enquired the cost. "This," she said, "must be my present to you." I positively declined acceptance, knowing that her means were scarcely equal to her position, and that she had many demands upon her purse. She stopped, turned round, looked me full in the face, with exquisite tenderness, "Harry," she said, "it is but a little matter that you should receive from me the value of *this building* ; I owe you more than this—the *salvation of my soul* !"

The time now drew nigh, when my connection with the vicarage of — was to be snapped asunder. The bishop refused to continue my license of non-residence. My friends concurred in opinion, that passive submission was now as much my duty as resolute resistance had been on a former occasion. I was persuaded that their judgment was sanctioned in the courts of Heaven. My responsibilities to —, which had been protracted through many years of persecution and suffering, amidst the disabilities of epileptic ailments, were now fulfilled. The tie with — was dissolved ; but the wrench was overpowering. The abundant blessing upon my labours, the good hand of my God, which had led me to —, the smiles of His approbation, the love of all the Lord's people in that place, whether churchmen

or dissenters, the health and spirits which I brought there, and laid down there . . . ; all rose up to my view, when I took the pen to sign the document of resignation. H—— D—— prepared the document; spoke sweetly to me on the occasion, and was a Barnabas, a son of consolation, sent to cheer me. He would not accept a sixpence for his legal advice and help. It would seem as if God would sweeten the bitterness of this crisis by many little indications of His gracious favour. In arranging the pecuniary details of the vicarage with Mr. ——, there were some intricate calculations which required assistance. I applied to Morgan, a stranger, a clever accountant in Bristol. He gave me the desired help gratuitously. My uncle paid half the sum which I was required to pay for dilapidations. And in the midst of it all, a letter arrives from Miss C—— with the sweet intelligence that I had been the favoured instrument of life to her soul when at —— . Again I received a practical comment on Eccles. ix. 14.

Fauntleroy was a well known banker in Bristol. In the progress of sin he committed forgery, which, in those days, was punished by death. Being detected he fled to a vessel bound for America, which was lying in King's Road. He was pursued and taken when on board, but not till he had attempted, and almost succeeded, in extinguishing life entirely, by a razor. In this deplorable condition he was brought to Lamplighters' Hall, an inn near the junction of the Avon and the Severn. Far removed as this inn was from any clerical ministration, I considered it to be a call of duty to me, having received immediate intelligence of the calamity. I neither hesitated nor delayed, and gained admission. Very little could be done but a brief appeal to his conscience as a sinner, and as brief an exhibition of Christ as a Saviour. My short prayer took up these two topics. His throat was in such a state as to make articulation difficult. He cast an expressive look upon me: "Dear angel, dear angel!" It was evident that my visit was acceptable, and these words gave me a ray of hope.* My

* Fauntleroy died soon afterwards.

conscience was happy, but it cost me two years to recover the feeble state of health which I had before this visit. But what is such a cost when we contemplate the ransom paid for sinners? A sight of Calvary and Gethsemane reduces every other cost to a cypher. It was well said by Mr. Biddulph, "The spirit of Christianity is a spirit of martyrdom."

I forget the year when Mr. — died. I was, at the time, on a visit to my dear mother at Torquay. She acquainted me with the event, and that Mr. — had cancelled the will, by which the — estate was bequeathed to me; and twelve months before his death had made another will in favour of my brother-in-law, Charles —, who afterwards changed his name to —. Edward —, of —, was a descendant of an old family in Cheshire, who had lived upon their estate for four hundred years. Edward —, in his early days, was a plain country squire, whose ideas were mostly centred in his gun and horses, and in his land. He was a shy, uneducated man. A necessity arose for his introduction to my father. A deed was to be executed, which required my father's presence and signature. The young squire was appalled at the prospect of an introduction to a scion of nobility. My father who, to a noble aristocratical bearing, added a peculiar ease and attractiveness of manner, was determined to relieve the squire's uneasiness, and succeeded to a charm. E—, who had a feeling heart, was riveted to his former object of terror. Acquaintance ripened into familiarity, and E—, who had no family, made my father's son his heir. Such was the state of affairs when I was vicar of —. Very soon I had an invitation to —, and as soon I saw a danger before me. The first accepted invitation launched me into a society where wine, worldliness, and pleasure, were aided by opulence and station, to present the most fearful of entanglements. The gentry, at that time, were linked together by an alliance in politics and pursuits, which enhanced the danger of the vortex. The risk to my soul I accounted greater than the risk to my temporal prospects. The balance lay between a treasure that passes away and a treasure that is eternal. The Lord

in mercy inclined me to estimate the matter rightly, and I lost —, and gained the Spirit's testimony, concurring with my conscience. But this was not all. The Lord knew that I had a family rapidly increasing, a slender income, and educational expenses making urgent demands. So He acted in my favour upon Mr. —'s mind, that I found myself in possession of a bequest of £5,000, free from legacy duty; the interest of which met all my wants. The retrospect of this deliverance, and these arrangements of a wise and loving Father, is very sweet and confirming to my faith.

My early days, as a parent, were marked by those disabling effects of epilepsy, both on my mind and body, which disqualified me for the daily routine of domestic education. So continually were the fits returning, that even the society of my children was often too much for me. This affliction was of many years endurance, and only gave way in the year 1834, when "the rough wind was stayed in the day of the east wind." But He, "whose I am," had raised me up one fully adequate to meet the occasion. Dear Fanny's interests always centred in her family. To train up her children was her delight. Her maternal love was very great; and her teaching tact was given her to meet the requisitions of a large family. To train them up in the fear of the Lord, and in the faith of Jesus, was an object which she never lost sight of. These solitudes of a parent are little understood at the time; and in riper years they either fade from the memory or are depreciated through the influence of opposing principles, whether emanating from the world or from the counterfeits of true religion. But notwithstanding all this, there is something in scriptural education which prevents the endangered vessel from drifting so far to the leeward, as those do who never had such an anchor, and were never freighted with so precious a cargo.

As the early training of my children devolved upon my dear wife and governesses, so the concerns of my family, as it respected schools and professions, devolved upon me. And here, most certainly it was, that the severity which embittered my days at school, told advantageously upon the comfort of my sons. And, if they were ever brought under

the law of love in their school days, they may trace it, under God, to the cruel treatment which their father experienced when he was a school-boy. The bitter bondage under which their father groaned at school, lightened the burden to his sons. The lack of pure scriptural teaching in his case, brought a supply of these advantages to his sons. The daring and unchecked iniquity of a public school, which grieved the parent, gave him a stimulus to spread every feasible safeguard over the souls of his children. The father's deprivations urged him to prayer, animated him to exertion, gave an impetus to his enquiries as to schools and tutors for his sons. No personal enquiries, no letters to be written, were accounted a burden when the welfare of any one of his sons was the subject in question. The nervous temperament and the disabilities of shattered health were put in abeyance, when the best school for a son, or the most eligible profession, was the matter in hand. And if disappointments arose, whether from the inadequacy or inconsistency of the teachers, or from the fault of any one of the sons in not profiting by opportunities, or from the discovered unsuitableness of a selected profession, the efforts, the prayers, the sacrifices of the parent, were again put into their former track. Do I speak this in boast? God forbid! I have long felt, and I feel it with a growing pungency, that all that I dare to say of all and each of my relative duties, is, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

In each review I cling to the comforting truth, "Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." Yet the things I have written are an integral part of my history, and therefore they are to be recorded; and alongside with them my genuine convictions of demerit and self-abhorrence.

A parent need not account it a strange thing, if for a time his hopes are blighted, and his prayers and efforts appear scattered to the wind. Let him take his stand upon Matt. xxi., 22: "All things, whatsoever ye ask in prayer, *believing*, ye shall receive."

For four years I knew not whether my poor, dear son were dead or alive. I heard in a sermon from a stranger, "The prayer of the believing parent will follow the son in

all his wanderings, and will at length bring him to his home and to his God." The preacher was, unconsciously, prophetic. During my residence in _____'s house at _____, my life was placed in jeopardy by frequent hæmorrhages. During six weeks I had scarce an hour's sleep during the twenty-four hours. But the silent hours of the night were sanctified by intercessions for my dear son. A God of love was present to hear and to bless. That God of love, who appointed the period of sickness as the season for intercession, gave the impulse to pray, and brought forth the blessed result. Parental solitudes form a channel for intercession. The inculcation of scriptural principles and scriptural practice may appear for a while to be hopelessly blighted; but the time will come when the blight will pass away. It may be that the hammer of personal affliction may strike it away. But I believe that my offspring will, each and all of them, through the intervention of never-ceasing intercessory prayer, rally round the gospel standard; and that Christ will triumph eventually.

During the time of my residence at Clifton, I was, on one occasion, standing with Robert Cox on the platform at the Bible Society Meeting at Bristol. Near him stood Mr. Simeon, with whom Cox was well acquainted. In my difficulties about curates at _____, I had corresponded with Mr. Simeon, though personally unacquainted with him. "Shall I introduce you to Mr. Simeon?" said Cox. "By all means." The introduction followed. "Mr. Simeon, Mr. Grey." Mr. S. made a low bow, which I returned with a similar obeisance, and feared the communication would go no further. But not so. Mr. S. drew near to Cox's ear, and in a whisper, which I overheard, "Who did you say he was?" "Mr. Grey, of _____," was the answer. Mr. S. turned rapidly round, his countenance beaming with interest: "What, are you the *persecuted* Mr. Grey of _____? Give me your hand." He grasped it and shook it, and as he shook it, love and sympathy bound us together in an instant.

It was in 1827 that we settled in Frenchay. There dear Reginald and Emma sickened. The former died in lodgings

at Clifton, and the latter at Frenchay. A little imperfect memorial giving some details of that dear little boy, Reginald, and a sketch of dear Emma's character, supplied partly by myself, but principally by my dear wife, will be found in Mr. Walker's interesting sermon on the occasion. I am not sure whether he mentions a circumstance which elicited the last words from dear Emma's lips. I drew close to her, and slowly quoted, "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any one pluck them out of My hand." Her passage through the valley was sweetened by this Divine assurance. She slowly repeated, "*Eternal life.*" Then paused, and faintly added, "*Never perish--never perish!*" Her speech closed with these words, excepting a sudden ejaculation, extorted, perhaps, by pain: "Oh! mamma!" On the evening of the funeral I entered the garden with Mr. Walker. There was dear Fanny, with a sweet and calm countenance, with her children gathered around her, impressing upon their minds the deep solemnities of the day. Walker was not one to look with indifference on such a scene. He well knew the strength of dear F.'s maternal love. He appreciated this triumph of faith and duty over feeling. He said, "It was a scene which angels might delight to look upon."

Whilst living at Frenchay I found that Susan Leonard, whose husband lived in service at Mr. T. Wadham's, was taken seriously ill. I commenced a series of visits, which were continued to the day of her death. Susan had for years been living in the neglect of ordinary duties; and as there was no particular attraction presented by the ministrations at the church, she wholly neglected public worship. But the unattractive ministrations passed away; and a clergyman was appointed, whose voice and energy of manner made some sensation in the place. Susan commenced a regular attendance, and altogether reformed her conduct. She now possessed a religion, such as it was, copied, most probably, from the very erroneous model exhibited to her in the pulpit. It was salvation by works. It was *reformation*, but not *regeneration*; and *that* reformation constituting an atonement for what was past, and the foundation of hope as to what was to come.

She described, with great accuracy, the ministrations which had wrought this change in her ; and she expressed the most thorough confidence that it was well with her for eternity. There was no mistaking her condition ; the awfulness of it appalled me, and the more so as I perceived there was no prospect of recovery. I do not think that I ever felt more the responsibilities of my position. Must I allow her to go down to the grave with a lie in her right hand, or must I risk the consequences of attacking this false foundation ? With fear and trembling I preferred the interests of the soul to those of the body ; so, in God's name I went to work. The explosion was dreadful. She reproached me as a cruel monster, who would rob a dying woman of all her comfort. I paused for thought and prayer. I then said, in a quiet, soothing voice, " You know, Susan, that it is no advantage to me coming here daily to visit you. I am not the clergyman of the parish. I was not bound to come. I am in very delicate health, and it has been a very great exertion to me to visit you every day. Do you think it was anything but a kind concern for you that brought me here ? " This appeal soothed her and prepared my way for subsequent visits. In the course of those visits man's misery and condemnation were revealed to her by the Spirit's power. Under the same power the fulness of the gospel remedy was taught her. The old building crumbled to atoms ; the new foundation was established. Susan became a new creature, with new bias, new hopes, and new interests. Some religious friends were astonished and delighted with the change. " Is it possible," they said, " that this can be Susan Leonard." As her weakness increased delirium ensued. I found her one day in this state.—" Leonard, Leonard, the devil is come ! " I approached her bedside, and thought I would try what the name of Jesus will do : " Jesus help her, Jesus bless her, Jesus save her." She opened her eyes, the storm passed away ; she turned towards the voice that calmed her, looked on me with calm delight : " Good man." Susan Leonard's sins were pardoned : her faith saved her : she departed in peace.

Such I conceive was my mission to F——. Our changes

of residence were not made arbitrarily, but in submissivo compliance to the dictates of Divine Providence, and in answer to prayer. And *each abode* was marked by tokens of the Divine *favour* and *illustrations* of the *Divine purpose concerning us*. And further, the purchase and the sale of each house was effected on equitable terms; so that, God favouring me, I neither sold nor bought, either below or above the value.

In 1832 my dear mother was taken to her rest, after a week's illness. I was allowed, of God, to cheer her last hours upon earth. The evening before she died I presented to her Is. xli., 10. It was like honey to her. She desired me to repeat it till she had committed it to memory. In the early morning of the next day, on April 3rd, she passed away. My sister was now left alone. Her solitude, and the infirmity of her health, and our warm attachment, concurred with other indications of Providence, to lead us to Tor. So we settled in Tucker's house, near my sister, who was living in Morgan's nursery ground, whither also we removed when an opening was made to occupy the adjoining house. But in the mean season A—— was born. Her life, as an infant, was well nigh extinguished by a cat lying down on her face as she lay in the cradle. My dear Fanny, who had been only confined a fortnight, found her infant black in the face, in a state of well nigh suffocation. The infant was saved, but the mother was prostrated.

The following year, 1834, my dangerous illness ensued; but God had in mercy previously raised up my dear wife to meet the crisis. And in 1835 we were safely and comfortably housed close to my sister. In that house there were alternate scenes of awful illness and gracious reliefs. There, too, we witnessed the termination of my dear sister's pilgrimage in 1842. When that was terminated a plain way was opened for us to purchase E. Braddon's. My precious Fanny was from time to time overwhelmed in the deep waters; but her Saviour was with her throughout; and with her head above the waters, she passed away to her prepared mansion. It was in April, 1846, "that her warfare was accomplished." I have elsewhere given some faint sketches of her history and my sister's.

Respecting my own dangerous illness in 1834, I have already applied to it, Is. xxvii. 8. I now proceed to explain this application. The quantity of blood which I lost in that illness, which nearly extinguished life, was overruled to a complete change in my constitution; so that the epileptic ailments, which had continued throughout the space of twenty-one years, were so much absorbed by the repeated hæmorrhages, that ever since I have had nothing of the kind but what I may call the drops from the distant thunder-storm. I have sometimes pondered on that passage in Ps. cxxxix. 14: "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." Besides its evident application to the delicate and marvellous structure of the human body, I have thought of its applicability to the various temperaments of ministers, qualifying them for distinct and separate lines of duty. With this view I have compared my own nervous temperament with the course of duties into which it has pleased a wise and holy God to lead me. And the exact coincidence between that temperament and this course of duties, has both quieted my conscience and encouraged me to exertion. I have perceived how the sensitiveness of my constitution has opened a door for me, in a multitude of instances, to persons similarly constituted; and have been struck with wonder at the mighty plan pursued by Infinite Wisdom in thus fitting the instrument for the work.

Wounded sensibilities, prostrated nerves, a constitution painfully susceptible, which have, throughout my life, greatly aggravated my sufferings, have been all made subservient to the carrying out of the Lord's plan concerning me; and have been tools by which the *great* Artificer has wrought both in me and by me. It was some time before I thoroughly apprehended this plan; so I went on working partly in the dark. But as this new light shone on my instrumentality, I saw the links in Providence, I perceived how the assignment of special temperaments indicated a special course of duty; and how the disabilities and sufferings of the nerves were qualifications for that special course. It was in this way that I was led to the sick chamber of Miss ——. She was a sister of Lord ——; was far gone

in a consumption when she came to Torquay. She was a young woman of a superior mind, elegantly furnished and truly seasoned with grace. But her religious associations had been such as to mar the simplicity of the gospel, and to obstruct her progress in light, experience, and comfort. I found myself in a delicate and responsible situation, but I could not feel comfortable in allowing her to pass on with such a misconception of great and fundamental principles, and such an intermingling of truth and error, as must inevitably eclipse the comfort of one who needed every comfort to meet the approaching crisis. I was enabled to place before her, truth as it is found in the Scripture. And through the Divine mercy, the truth, so presented, neutralized the acid of human inventions.

My first acquaintance with the H — s occurred at Torquay. A little prayer-meeting which I established included them. Then it was that the light of truth beamed into the soul of William, and he became a new creature in Christ Jesus.

Affliction seems to have been the bond of union between me and that excellent family. My pastoral visits to them commenced with Mary, the eldest, who died at Torquay. There are no sweeter ties than those which are cemented by prayer and the Bible ; and I know of no family where this cement has been more durable than in the case of the H — s and myself. George was one of this family. A letter written by me to Bridget was forwarded to him in his illness. It was found under his pillow when he died. And to this instrumentality Bridget ascribed his conversion.

God can waft instrumentalities beyond the immediate point which they were aimed at. In the early part of this memoir, I omitted the mention of my uncle Stamford's kindness in offering to me the rectory of Ashton-under-Lyne. To break up this fallow ground was to me a tempting object ; but at the time of the offer, there were such insurmountable obstacles in the way, as to the act of Uniformity, that I declined the offer immediately and unhesitatingly. It was about the same time that I had great difficulties as to a curate. So many qualifications

were required for one to occupy a position so beset with difficulties, that few could be met with who would answer my purpose. At last a man fell in my way, who seemed to combine every natural and spiritual requisite—Mr. Parker. Our wishes as to his occupation of this arduous post, were mutual and decided; the thing wanted was, the consent of Mr. Gray of Sunderland to waive his preference, and in consideration of the critical state of ———, to give up Mr. Parker, with whom he had a treaty previous to mine. This we hoped to have accomplished. However, no representations could move Mr. Gray. Mr. P. went to Sunderland, ran a short and brilliant career, and ere its termination, was blessed to the conversion of three clergymen to the faith of Christ! Let us never call God's Providences disappointments. Circumstances apparently adverse, are often rich in their results.

It was, I think, about the year 1828, that I went, in a suffering state of health, to have Dr. Jephson's advice, at Leamington. When I was there, I found my way to William Aclom. His father was General Aclom, who married the widow of my cousin, J. Norbury. William lived with his grandmother and aunts, Mrs. and Misses Fell. His sister Laura lived in the same house. W. A. had been crippled when a child, by falling out of a window. This calamity withered his growth; so that, at the age of fourteen, when I saw him, I found him lying in a large cradle. He had an intelligent mind, refined by good taste and courtesy. I found him instructed in the doctrines of the gospel, but destitute of the internal life. Christ was recognized externally, but Christ was not within. The teaching of pious relations had wrought in him a conventional religion. I familiarized myself with him, and gained his affection, and became very much attached to him. The great Truths were presented to him day after day and week after week. They were placed before him in their practical bearings, as essential to the regeneration of the soul, as evidences of our acceptance in Christ, as essential for conformity to Christ, and as preparatory for the enjoyment of Christ's presence hereafter.

In the course of these visits the Lord, in mercy, applied to his soul the truths, which hitherto had only floated as detached theories in his understanding. He received the truth in the love of it, and died a new creature in Christ Jesus.

From this digression I resume the thread of my history, and touch upon the concluding part of it in my marriage in 1847.

* * * * *

I must add a few miscellaneous records, illustrative of the importance of speaking a word in season.

In my early days, as vicar of —, I called one day on a little shopkeeper, a pious Independent. His name was Hulme. He discoursed nicely on the freedom of the will; and so clearly did he prove from Scripture that it was a degenerate faculty, that my inadequate view of the subject was corrected. This correction I treasured up for use, and communicated it to James Mitchell, who at once accepted it as the scriptural view. On another occasion, as I was travelling with James Mitchell to P —, I dropped a remark on the final perseverance of the saints. He looked surprised, and called upon me to substantiate my assertion. Not willing to force too suddenly upon him any unknown truth, I merely quoted, "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning on her Beloved?" Now, my allusion to Christ vibrated through all his feelings; and to this leading feature in his religion he added a very extensive acquaintance with Scripture. He looked at me with a seraphic expression; and he saw at once that whoever really apprehended Christ would surely be apprehended of Christ, and borne on by Christ in safety.

As I passed through Wellington, many years ago, I called on Mr. Jarratt. He was a most affectionate man; and, at that time, was smarting under the bereavement of a wife, whom he tenderly loved. With much emphasis he quoted to me a saying of Mr. Richardson of York: "Resign yourself to God *daily*." I never forgot this rule. At the same time Mr. Jarratt, in alluding to his own bereavement, said, with tears running down his face, and a smile mingling with

the tears, "*Remember ; I say, remember, in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving ; I say, with thanksgiving*" (at the same time grasping my arm emphatically with his hand) "let your request be made known unto God.

The effect was thrilling ; the tear—the smile—the season—the repetition—the emphatic grasp, were never forgotten. I was advanced a stage in the privilege and duty of thanksgiving.

I now approach the conclusion of this narrative. It is well known to my family, that it was not from any arbitrary preference—it was not from any selfish predilection for Babbicombe, neither was it from any previously settled purpose, that we severed ourselves from Uplands and took up a fixed abode there. It was the unmistakeable will of Providence in withholding from me the power of retracing my steps to Hampshire, that interposed and settled the question. And now prayer and Providence have concurred, in a remarkable manner, to show why we were sent here, and detained here. A work was to be done. Pecuniary sacrifices on my part and exertions on the part of my family, are the instrumentalities. And they that "water shall be watered also themselves." Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass." May I and my family sow the seed in Babbicombe, sustain the labour and realize the blessing here promised to cultivation.

And now let me take a brief retrospect of seventy-three years. I am humbled and amazed at the record which has flowed from my pen. It has told of the forbearance and the love of God to a vile transgressor ; it has told of His protecting arm, His guiding counsels, and that He is "Head of the body, the Church ; as well as Head over all things to the Church." He has preserved me from the snares of opulence, and has seasonably and amply supplied my wants. As to prosperities and adversities, they have been adjusted by an accurate balance. He has brought a variety of instruments to bear upon my welfare. He has led me on, step by step, to a progressive experience of His love and mercy.

He has blessed me and made me a blessing. And, as if to show me that the work was His, He has owned my ministrations in the midst of their feebleness. He has triumphed over enemies, who were greater and mightier than I. He has frustrated wisdom, that He might get Himself the glory. He has wrought for me by deprivations; He has wrought by privileges. He has humbled me; He has proved me; He has strengthened me; He has comforted me. My life has been a chequered life; I would compare it to a tessellated pavement, dark colours and bright colours intermingled; but each piece has been arranged and tinted by Infinite love and unerring skill. I have never been greatly tempted to atheism or infidelity, though I have known something of these Satanic assaults. The temptations of the world and the flesh have made me sore afraid. Guilty negligences stare me in the face; relative duties condemn me and lay to my charge sins of omission. All my connections with my fellow-creatures condemn me. But I know that the dreadful *Tekel* is blotted out. I am sure, that though sin has abounded, yet the superabundance of the Righteousness and the Blood swallows up the condemnation, and will bring me into the presence of my God with joy unspeakable.

For a long time after I knew the Lord, I was dissatisfied with my condition, even when I did not doubt my acceptance in Christ. My dissatisfaction was this: I had neither the *comfort* of *detecting* any sins of omission or commission (I mean wilful sins), nor yet the assurance that I was altogether walking as a Christian ought to walk. I was at a loss as to the rule of judging as to this question. But at last, God in mercy, led me to Romans xii. 2. and showed me that growing *nonconformity* and progressive transformation was the path which led to the further discovery of the Divine Will. I thanked God and took courage. And now I find contentment, though amidst numberless sins of omission and commission. That contentment is grounded on continual applications to the blood of sprinkling, a growing apprehension of my need of it, and an increasing experience of its efficacy. I have more joy and peace, and derive more

sweetness from the Word than in former years. My outward condition is much exempted from outward trials; and the trials which I still have, are lightened by the love of *those* of my family who seek to bear my burdens. The deprivations which are appointed for me, as to public worship and social privileges, are made up to me by the opportunities of the Word, and of prayer, thanksgiving, and intercession.

I am now in a waiting posture, much spared as to my health, and limbs, and faculties, reliefs and daily bounties; and trust that—

“ He who hath helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And daily give me cause to raise
Fresh Ebenezers to His praise.”—AMEN.

H. G.

[*Began January 11th, finished February 23rd, 1857.*]

SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

“And the glory.”

What are the feelings suggested to the real believer by this ascription of praise? He looks with grateful admiration on the works of Creation, and casts his eyes upwards and exclaims “Thine is the glory.” These attest Thy wisdom and Thy power, Thy love. “All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord.” But he takes another look. After ranging through the wonders of Creation, he enters into the marvellous details of his own history. He sees the guiding hand of his God. He sees the counsels of the Divine mind arranging and executing all the concerns of his past life; making all things work together for his good. He views the restraints laid upon his rebellious will, and the gradual moulding of that will into the pattern of the Divine will. He traces the wise and loving steps taken by his “Father” to humble him, to purify him, and to bring him into union and communion with his Saviour. He traces it, he admires the grandeur of the plan; he looks upwards, and exclaims, “Thine is the glory” of this marvellous process. But he further asks, Whence is it that I who once was blind, now see? That I who once was far off, am now brought near? How is it that I, once guilty and a child of perdition, am now a subject of pardoning love? Who is it that has removed condemnation and substituted acceptance? Who broke my chains, set me at liberty, and opened to me the Kingdom of Heaven? “Thine is the glory,” O my Father, for the design was Thine. “Thine is the glory,” O Jesus!

for Thou didst execute the plan. "Thine is the glory," O blessed Spirit, for Thou didst take me by the hand and didst bring me into the sight and the fruition of the Divine love. Therefore Thine, O Holy Trinity, is the glory of a plan which, in its design, execution, and consummation, opens to admiring angels the infinity of Thy perfections, and to favoured man the depth of the treasures of Thy wondrous love!

Ps. cxxi.—God's glory in Creation.

Deut. xxxii. 10, 11, 12.—God's glory in Providence.

Isa. xlv. 23 : Isa. xlix 3.—God's glory in Redemption.

January 9, 1848.

"The valley of the shadow of Death."—Ps. xxiii. 4.

Death is a solemn reality. Death entered into the world by sin. It is a prostration of the creature, a degradation of the body, correspondent to that state of humiliation to which the soul is reduced by transgression. Deprivation and degradation are its visible effects. And such is the description of it by Solomon: A "silver cord loosed;" a "golden bowl broken;" a "pitcher broken at the fountain;" a "wheel broken at the cistern." Eccles. xi. All this is a solemn reality. But Scripture describes it also as unsubstantial; yea, as nonentity: "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." John xi., 26.

How is it, then, that Solomon ascribes to it a solemn and substantial reality, and the Saviour speaks of it as a nonentity? It is just the difference between Death, in its naked deformity, and Death, when viewed through the medium of Redemption. In its unconnected state it is a degradation, a calamity, tangible, felt, substantial. But the 23rd Psalm attaches to it the idea of a shadow. Now a shadow is unreal, and without a substance; and so it is as to Death when neutralized in its terrible realities by Redeeming Love. It is a shadow quickly passing away. It is a mist on the mountains vanishing before the rising sun. And, therefore, in the sketch given by the Saviour (John xi., 26) of the believer's history, it is omitted. Its very "existence is denied: Shall never die."

The key of explanation may be drawn from other passages. Thus it is said, even of the heaviest afflictions to which mortality is liable: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." It is that present afflictions, which are temporal, bear no comparison to future glory, which will be eternal. Therefore, the latter is said to swallow up the former, viz., "Death is swallowed up in victory." And so

it is that the very same calamity, which in Eccles. xi. has a solemn reality, substantial, involving deep degradation, is, in Ps. xxiii., 4. and John xi., 26, presented to us as a shadow, a nonentity, unsubstantial, evanescent. It is sin which gives Death a reality. It is Grace which reduces it to a shadow.

March 12, 1858.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek *those things which are above*."—Coloss. iii. 1.

If a soul were emancipated from its mortal tenement, what would be "*the things which are above*," of which he would be a participator? He would find himself in an atmosphere of peace. Having, when on earth, fled for refuge to the hope set before him in the gospel, he would find perfect peace in Heaven. It would be perfect peace flowing from the smiles of his reconciled God. It would be peace unruffled by any blast from hell, or any gust of unrestrained passion issuing from the creature. It would be love to God and man, neither tarnished by doubt, nor diminished by corruption. There would be no envies nor suspicions to mar the lustre of the pure gold. Neither would there be any clashing interests to cause grief or separation. Perfect purity would insure harmony amongst the heavenly inhabitants. The constant presence of the Redeemer, the perfection of the services rendered to Him, the development of the wonders of redemption, the unlocking of the secrets of Providence, would open such fresh discoveries of the Divine love as would give a mighty and inconceivable impulse to the joyful raptures and admiring gratitude of Heaven's favoured citizen.

Such in their nature and degree are "*the things above*." These are the models for our *present imitation*. Even now we are to seek "*those things which are above*."

The tender blade is the embryo of the full-grown plant. Its growth must be carefully watched. Whatever helps its progress must be diligently sought after; for it is life eternal begun. Whatever tends to make this living plant droop, must be sedulously shunned. Every item of "*those things which are above*," anticipated as they are by faith in the fulness of their perfect enjoyment, must be transcribed and copied out into our daily walk through the wilderness. For every outgoing of lively faith, of holy love, of heavenly aspiration, makes up a part of "*those things which are above*" and are the seed-time of a harvest which will exceed, in its plentitude, the utmost bounds of our present anticipations.

Ash Hill, Aug. 23, 1859.

H. G.

The following Memorandum, found among the Rev. Harry Grey's papers, will be read with interest :—

“Concluding part of my Will, April, 1847.—Phil. i. 20, 21.

‘In delivering this, my last Will and Testament, I also add an expression of my faith and hope.

‘My union with Jesus Christ, wrought by the Holy Ghost’s regenerating influence, according to the Father’s most gracious purpose, and drawing me into happy communion with God, and grateful conformity to His will, comprehends the very essence of my faith and hope.

‘My joys, consolations, prospects, all emanate from this source.

‘This sweetens all my enjoyments, this gives a pleasure to all my duties, this blunts the edge of all my sorrows. In this faith I live ; in hope of the issue of this faith I rejoice ; and in this faith and hope I trust in God to die.

‘Witness my hand, this

HARRY GREY.’”

LETTERS, ETC.

To a highly Beloved Friend on the death of a valued Sister.

Babbicombe, Oct. 5, 1847.

I learn from the "Record" this morning that you are again in the condition of a mourner. I truly feel for you, while with my mind's eye I read the catalogue of your bereavements; and I can easily conceive, in the midst of your experiences of sorrow and of support, you view alternately the causes of your own sadness and of the dear departed one's perfect peace. I should not have said *causes*, but *cause*. They emanate from one source. They derive their origin from whence comes salvation. It is Divine love. Sorrow is suitable to earth, rest and peace to heaven. So, then, Divine love gives you the pilgrim's fare, and admits dear Sophia to the feast above. And yet He gives you a taste even now of what your food will be. "Being justified by faith we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." What a sweet balm the Gospel is to the wounds of affliction. To realize our eternal union with Christ while our hearts are aching with bereavements, to realize the tie which binds us and the dear departed saints to one common Saviour, and to feel that it is only a temporary separation between us and them, oh! this is a sweet "prosperity set over against adversity," Eccles. vii. 14. But there are other ingredients in this balm. Is it not said of the good Physician, "He hath torn, and He will heal us: He hath smitten, and He will bind us up," Hos. vi. The child of God looks into the Promises and finds it written, "All things shall work together for good to them who love God, who are the called according to His purpose." Confiding in such a promise, he says with Job, "When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold," Job xxiii. It is affliction

which sends faith to dip her bucket into the wells of salvation ; she there gets refreshment, her eye is lightened, and she goes on her way rejoicing. Now, farewell ; if we are in a changing world we have to do with an unchanging Saviour, and the painful vicissitudes of the former contrast well with the immutability of the latter.—Yours affectionately.

E.B., Jan. 17, 1848.

I do not imagine that in theory we differ so much on the meaning of the word *world* as you suppose. We both agree that the fall of Adam has altered the whole current of man's principles, desires, predilections, and interests, and not only so, but the faculties of seeing, hearing, speech, as well as the daily actions, have suffered a taint, a perversion, a degradation, which run through everything. This is the condition of man as he now is, whether civilised or uncivilised, educated or uneducated, professedly Christian or pagan. Now, this constitutes the world. This, in all its bearings and aspects, is to be renounced. The work of renunciation begins in our own hearts, and then spreads to things around us, and in extending itself it has to do with all our habits and associations. In proportion to our apprehensions of the extent of our alienation from God, just so will be the extent of that renunciation.

The apprehension is gradual, and the renunciation is gradual : as conviction of sin deepens, so the desire to get rid of it deepens : as conscience gains more light and more tenderness, so the approaches of sin are more guarded against, and the various avenues by which sin might enter are more carefully closed.

There is a great difference even in real Christians on this point of holy caution and holy avoidance of evil. In fact, there is as great a variety in Christian experience as there is in naval, military, commercial, or medical experience. The theory of a young medical practitioner may coincide with the one of many years practice ; but the latter is better acquainted with the nature of disease ; he sees better than

the other its ramifications, its tendencies, its dangers. As for myself, I am constantly detecting my want of Christian experience, my inadequate knowledge of the Divine Will. I want more circumspection. I want my convictions of sin deepened. I want to become a fairer copy of my Saviour. The more these wants are realized and lamented, the louder are our cries for deliverance, and with this deepened humiliation we become more disentangled from old habits, snares, and associations. This is the necessary result of increasing light, increasing love, growing faith, enlarged experience of the love of God. But in the progress to this state "the flesh lusteth against the spirit," and struggles, not only to keep the soul stationary, but to lead it in a retrograde course. Well, dear —, let our motto be, "Go Forward."

To a lady on whom great responsibilities had fallen by the death of a near Relative.

Feb. 18, 1848.

Though no communication has passed between us for some time, yet I have made some efforts to see you; and during the intervals of these disappointed efforts, I have thought much of you. Your trials, your comforts, your interests, your responsibilities, have passed in rapid succession over my mind. To embody them on paper seems impossible. I feel as if I could only assure you that such has been the current of my thoughts.

Human sympathies, how feeble are they! One great exception is there to this remark. There is a Man in whom meet all the lines of perfection. He takes the liveliest interest in all your concerns. In Him are blended perfect sympathy with all your interests, etc., infinite power to promote those interests. I can well fancy you availing yourself of His perfections, and drawing daily from His inexhaustible resources. The novelties of your situation at —, with all its responsibilities, will furnish you with fresh exercise of faith and new subjects for prayer. The exercise of faith helps its strength. The occasion for prayer

adds wings to devotion. I am sure your responsibilities are increased. But I am sure the "My grace is sufficient for thee," was as much addressed to you as it was to Paul. You will try to ascertain those responsibilities in their various ramifications. You will not shrink from examining them in detail. You will see them involving considerable effort, and perhaps much sacrifice of feeling. But you will look steadily at them, not with alarm, but with the fixed eye which faith assumes when she looks upwards, and says, "What saith my Lord to His servant." Yes, dear —, you are just in the position of trial, comfort, responsibility, in which the God who loved you with an everlasting love has placed you. Therefore, be thou faithful, consent to no evil, cast yourself into every thing that is good. Ask counsel from your mighty Councillor, for every step. Seek to know His will. Enter into all the length, and breadth, and depth of the petition: "Thy will be done." Cast down all the little props of self-will.

Be absorbed in the Divine will, that is Heaven when it is attained, and the reaching forth to it, is a Heaven upon earth.—Yours affectionately.

To a near Neighbour on her Birthday.

East Braddons, May 24, 1848.

DEAR MRS. H——Y.

The arrival of this day reminds me of a debt which I owe you. "Owe no man any thing, but to love one another," the Scripture says. And this is the debt I now speak of, a debt arising out of old acquaintance, and of warm interest in your welfare; a debt which my pen hastens to discharge in expressing the congratulations and affectionate wishes of the writer.

You have, if I mistake not, attained the age of eighty-one. That the planks of the vessel should feel no loosening is not to be expected. That they should not have started more asunder is a subject of thankfulness, both to yourself and to all your friends.

In this thankfulness I sincerely participate ; and I wish you all that may cheer the present period of your existence, and all that may shed a glory on your unseen and future condition. But shall we sever the present and the future ? By no means. I look for nothing, either for you or myself, to cheer the present, which will not bear the test of eternity. We will, with God's help, unite the present and the future. We will have heaven in our hearts now, that we may have heaven in its enjoyment hereafter.

But here is the difficulty, to disengage the affections from things which are around us, from things which we see, and to transfer those affections to Him whom we do not see. Here is the struggle—here is the faith which overcometh the world. And yet the struggle is successful when the love of Christ is felt, when His sacrifice is appreciated, when the soul is grafted into Him by the Spirit's power. Oh ! then Christ is uppermost in our affections, and everything appears dim in its lustre in comparison of His brightness. I must, therefore, sum up my wishes for you, dear Mrs. H——y, in this one aspiration—That to be with the Saviour may form the sum total of your hopes ; to be like the Saviour may be the grand effort of your remaining days ; and to confide in Him may be your earnest desire and prayer.

Believe me to be,
Sincerely yours,
H. G.

To a Friend of his early youth.

Oct. 2, 1848.

I know what family bereavements are ; and I sympathize with those who pass through what I have passed through. They cut deep into parental feelings ; but they are graciously appointed to wean us from the world, and to lead us to the Saviour—to humble us, to purify us. There is a mighty delusion to which our minds are liable, because of our natural alienation from God. That delusion is to give

temporal things a reality, a substance, a value, which do not belong to them. Now bereavements are sent to correct the delusion, to show us our real condition as dying, sinful creatures, and to stir us up to seek an alliance with the Saviour, the fountain of life here and hereafter. Bereavements are sent to bring us to a decision on matters of the deepest importance to our present peace and future safety. To hover about great realities without grasping them is either a baneful opiate to our fears, or a totally inadequate quietus to those fears. To lay hold on Christ, to take the kingdom of heaven by violence, to fight the good fight of faith, to make an entire surrender to the Lord who bought us, this is reality, this is life in earnest. There is no *via media* in religion. Neutrality is a delusion.

Jan. 4th, 1849.

MY DEAR—,

Let me, in the first place, express my best wishes concerning you in connection with the great event which we have lately been commemorating. What event can equal in magnitude the mission of the Incarnate God to our fallen world! and what wishes concerning you can take so wide a range as those which connect your present and future interest with that mighty mission! My wishes, therefore, concerning you are, that you may enjoy to the full, the benefits of the first advent, and be animated to press forward by the anticipation of the second advent. The opening of a new year and the signs of the times place before us those benefits, and anticipation with an emphatic urgency. Let us mark the Scripture sketches of the Christian character: The salt of the earth—the lights of the world—God's witnesses—and a multitude of similar decisive characteristics; and let us strive and pray, and earnestly aim at bringing our tastes, and habits, and hopes, and enjoyments, into a condition correspondent with those scriptural tests. If this be our aim and object, and if we are content to carry out this object, cost us what it may, why then we shall have the Spirit's testimony concurring

with the Scripture testimony, and our consciences agreeing with both of these witnesses, that it is well with us for time and for eternity. The more I read and study my Bible, the more I see that true scriptural religion is a decisive uncompromising principle. It does not admit of modifications according to times, or places, or persons. It is the life of God in the soul of man ; it is the severing of that soul from the surrounding world, and connecting it by indissoluble union with Christ the Lord, and so by virtue of that union, which is by the operation of the Spirit, the soul is moulded into the very form and resemblance of the Son of God, made partaker, as St. Peter says, of the divine nature. " O, it is a mighty transformation, a breaking down of old tastes, and prejudices, and predilections, and a substitution of new tastes, new predilections and habits, new hopes, new associations," and so the Apostle defines it, " All things are become new."

Now this, dear——, is just a transcript of my reflections at the opening of a new year. It is just the epitome of my desires and prayers concerning you, concerning me, concerning all who are dear to me. My black wax refers to the decease of my amiable cousin, Lady Sophia, who ended her suffering mortal existence on Sunday last.

To the early Friend of his Childhood.

Babbicombe, Feb. 28th, 1854.

MY DEAR JOHN,

How rapidly has time sped on its journey towards eternity since we met at St. Cross ! and how has its course been tracked by the ungrateful workings of our distrust and disobedience concerning Him who is worthy of our unhesitating confidence and our most devoted obedience ! Nature shrinks from these self-condemning retrospects ; and wishes to limit them to transient and cursory glances. But grace recommends the sifting, the searching progress. Grace runs back to the forgotten scenes of childhood and youth,

brings to the mind the sad records of former days, puts upon them the stamp of godly sorrow, and conveys them to Gethsemane and Calvary, that they may be blotted out and remembered no more against us. Oh, it is good to go into an accurate survey of what is past and what is present of our presumptuous and secret sins and negligences. The vastness of redemption in its origin and its consequences, unfolds itself to our view in proportion to our consciousness of our deep need of it. Holy gratitude expands under the reviving influence of self-abhorrence and of clinging faith. Our grasp on earthly attractions becomes less tenacious while we get a firmer hold on eternal realities. I know of nothing more encouraging to the Christian progress than the ascertained fact, that one Christian grace is closely linked in with another. So that in the arduous exercises of penitent reminiscences you are drawing on every link of the golden chain. It is a sweet reward for the toil of self-humiliation, to be assured that faith, love, peace, joy, hope, heavenly-mindedness, victory over self and the world, are all moving along in harmony with the link which we grasp in our hand. It is with holiness as it is with sin. It is not a detached link, but a connected chain. There is an awful solemnity in this fact as connected with sin; and there is a sweet attractiveness in it as it concerns holiness. It is my firm opinion that the main cause of the vast varieties of religious views is to be traced to the vast variety in the *grades* of self-humiliation—a crushing view of the misery and nature of sin would settle the disputed question of Regeneration; and would refer us rather to the evidences in St. John's epistle than to the administration of a sacrament. A similar grade of humiliation would trace the origin of good, not to the will of man, but to the will of God. It would give the Saviour's work, the Father's work, the Spirit's work, their respective and due prominence. It would also correct errors in practice as it does in principle. How could conformity to the world co-exist with refined sensibility to sin and deep abhorrence of its approaches? Surely Truth is uniform in its origin and in its workings. Where is it but in the Scripture? and

who interprets it but the Spirit? It is also uniform in its connecting links. And if the main link of humiliation be firmly fastened to the soul, the other parts of the chain will successively follow. We see this in St. Paul's case, we see it in David's, we see it in Job's, we see it in Daniel's. I have just written on *currente calamo*, transcribing my present mind. I knew not when I began, what I was going to say. But I looked into my prevalent ideas and have just sent my old and valued friend a copy. We are passing the winter here where an open door has been set before us, and we have been willing to enter.

Yours affectionately,
H. G.

To — on his taking the office of Examining Chaplain.

I feel a deep interest in your prospects. Your responsibilities as chaplain are great, specially those which devolve upon you as judge of the qualifications of that high and holy office, an ambassador of Christ. The main part of that office is to beseech sinners to accept salvation. This main feature you will always bear in mind, whether as an examining chaplain, or as a preacher of the Gospel. The Gospel has to do with great realities; it has symbols, it has forms, and so has a spiritual building its scaffolding. Let us give the symbol its honour as bearing a Divine origin. But let us give the thing symbolized greater honour, because the one has upon it the stamp of time, the other of eternity. You will, I am sure, be guided aright. Only sink lower in your own estimation, and let Jesus the Saviour rise higher.

H. G.

To a Niece to whom he was strongly attached.

Babbicombe, April 9th, 1857.

Why should I not commence a letter to you in this holy week? and why not preface it by, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me?" You remember what a thrilling effect this inspired sentence had upon my precious sister Mary towards the close of her pilgrimage.

"It stands like the cœrulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity."

I think redeeming love is more sweet to me as I draw nearer to the personal presence of Him who transacted it and carried it through to its consummation. But no—it is not yet consummated; for "we *wait* for the adoption, to wit the redemption of the body." In the meantime, the great transaction is flowing on and fertilizing our souls, communicating its richness to all our trials. Our sicknesses, our deprivations, and even our corruptions are constrained to make their appropriate contributions to the Redeemer's work in our souls. Faith struggles to get a sight of the Redeemer as Head over all things to His church. It grieves that the faintness of its vision can only reach these things by short glances, and the humbling conviction of its inabilities is a continual incentive to prayer, and so it gathers strength through the intervention of its own weakness. In one sense our present mortal state is a glorious state. It is a seed time of discipline. It is the very embryo of the future glorified state. What would our future condition be without such a preparatory seed time? Even *now* we are one with Christ. We have a property in His atoning sufferings—His righteousness is ours. We share His sympathies. He lives for us above. He regulates all the alternations of our prosperities and adversities. While I am writing to you my eye rests on the vast expanse of sea. Each drop of water there, is a part of that sea, and preaches a sermon to me of my own insignificance and my own greatness. Yes, I am a poor drop—every moment reminds me of it. But I am united to Infinity. Oh, what a precious reality is this *union*. May we carry it into all the details of our duties, our trials, our comforts.

But you require my views of particular Redemption. Does this question arise from what I have said in my little sketch of my sister Mary? I am so little versed in controversial terms that I spoke of her giving credit at one time to what I called "Universal Redemption." I ought to have said *universal salvation*. I meant the tenet held by ministers who maintained that every individual of the

human race would eventually be saved. I stated that such a tenet is directly opposed to Mark ix. 43, 48. As to my views of particular Redemption, I am content with what our church asserts, that Christ redeemed "me and *all mankind*," an assertion I consider quite borne out by Heb. ii. 9, "That He, by the grace of God, should taste death for *every* man." Other passages to the same effect might be advanced, but the plainness of this one quite suffices me. I am a great advocate for taking Scripture literally, and know not any exception to this rule, except where such literal interpretation is resisted either by the general analogy of Scripture, or by the dictates of plain and common reason. We are all proceeding comfortably here, and are much favoured in all respects. Our school bears evident tokens of Divine favour. The spring affords me relief; the barometer of my health is nearly stationary. I cannot call anywhere, nor attend public worship: but I can feed upon my Lord by faith with thanksgiving.

To another of his old friends, Mrs. Bristed, who has since been removed.

Babbicombe, Aug. 26th, 1857.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Old pens move slowly, but old friendships grounded on the love of Christ are not made of such brittle material as old pens.

"All things *pass away except* the love of God." This is an important exception. And while it stands upon record, "I am the Lord, I change not," we may be content to let many things, to which we once attached undue importance, pass away like the mist upon the mountains. You and I are much about the same age. And I conclude that the timbers in your old house and in mine are creaking.

Under these circumstances, my soul is brought into increased harmony with Job's experience, as we find it recorded in Job xiv. 14: "All the days of my *appointed time* will I wait till my *change* come."

Now, every faithful Christian feels with Job that his "*time on earth is appointed.*"

It is a palatable truth to him that the issues of his life and death are with the Lord (Ps. lxxviii. and Prov. iv.). He cordially adopts David's confiding spirit in this matter, "My times are in Thy hand," Ps. xxxi. It is Redemption that inspires this confidence. It is reconciliation that brings present composure and gilds futurity with hope. It is adoption that takes the reins of government out of the hands of the creature and places them in the hands of Jesus.

The period of the dissolution of the earthly tabernacle is left with *Him*; the disease which affects the dissolution is committed to *His* selection, and all the intervening circumstances are confided to *His* management. And, further, the affectionate confidence which the child of God reposes in his Lord is not like the instability of creature attachments, which blaze suddenly and are extinguished.

It is the influx of *Divinity* into the *soil*, and is, therefore, stamped with the character of perpetuity. The storms and the blasts of the wilderness do not throw it down, but rather tend to settle its roots in the soil with a more tenacious grasp. Thus it is that the Christian not only *waits* "the *appointed time*," but waits *all* the days of his "*appointed time.*" God gives a perpetuity to the faith of His elect. Therefore, their posture upon earth is always a waiting posture.

Now, this waiting implies satisfaction with the Divine government. The soul finding by experience that if God be for him, none can be against him, waits for the opening of God's purposes and the operation of God's plans. This waiting is not apathetic torpidity, but the stirring energies of holy love and devotedness, bearing the sweet incense of prayer and praise. It is the waiting of an attached servant whose eyes watch the hand of his master to catch the first intimation of his will.

The servant accounts no work a drudgery if his master be there to call him. No affliction *unseasonable* which his master selects for him. In the season of temptation he *waits* for deliverance; in the season of perplexity, for

guidance ; in the time of trouble he looks for support ; in the time of sickness, for help ; and, in his last extremity, he looks for the completion of the promise, " As thy days, so shall thy strength be," Deut. xxxiii. The remaining words of Job xiv. 14, "*till my change come*," is the connecting link between time and eternity—it establishes the character of each—the one a season of expectation, the other of fulfilment—the one preparative for the other. Christ stands in the centre of the one, and says, " All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's," 1 Cor. iii.

He stands in the centre of eternity and cries, " Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for *you* from the foundation of the world," Matt. xxv.

" Soon will the mighty angel's voice peal through the universe,—There shall be time no longer," Rev. x. What a transition ! A moment of affliction to an eternity of happiness ! A season of conflict to a fulness of victory ! A transition from the filthiness of human corruption, to the perfection of heavenly purity : from the fluctuations of mortality to the fixedness of immortal glory.

Surely the prospect of a crown of glory lightens the present pressure of the heaviest cross. The ship may be tossed by many storms ; but the near prospect of the harbour animates hope. My safe entrance is secured ; for Jesus is with me.

" *I wait His time. Yea, all the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.*"

To a much loved Niece.

Babbicombe, April 6th, 1858.

My great desire to hear of you all, and your similar desire met each other on the road. So here we are communicating with a feeling of reciprocal love and interest. What a pity it is that the strings of relative affection should not always be at concert pitch ! Yet so it is that the atmosphere of this world is so overcharged with noxious vapours as to be

sadly prejudicial to love and harmony. I know of no better tuning key than the love of Christ. This draws up the strings. What, then, will be the harmony of Heaven, where there will be no variations in the atmosphere to mar the concord; and where every voice will be attuned to the songs of joy and praise!

Your affectionate Uncle.

June 10th, 1858.

DEAR G——,

Your observations on bodily and mental sensibilities are most just, most seasonable. Do we not gather sympathy sometimes from personal afflictions, sometimes from those which are relative? The Divine dispensations go their round and carry with them the interests of God's favoured children. These varying evolutions drop honey, as they pass on, in the track of the Lord's people. They dip in their rod, and their eyes are lightened. I devoured your words, and thanked God both for the reader and the writer. As for myself, I was necessarily subjected on Friday last to the double action of extra agitation, in holding with one hand a farmer's horse, and with the other holding and quieting my terrified bay horse, who was treading the ground within a few inches of the legs of his prostrate companion. This lasted till adequate help could be obtained. Everything was ordered by a Father's love and superintendence; for the coachman was paralyzed, as to thought or exertion; and in many respects it was a critical time. Strength was given me for the time—and then came on unusual prostration. This proved to me a salutary lesson of a weaning nature. I am now, through God's goodness, recovering.

Extracted from a Letter to a Niece.

How sweet it is to lay one's ear close to the Bible! Take an instance: "Submit yourselves to God," James iv. 7. 1 Peter v. 5, "Be subject one to another." Masticate

well James iv. 7, and when its nutriment pervades your system, it will necessarily and progressively draw within its substance what you find contained in Peter v. 5. Oh, what a text is this for domestic use ! Let it appear in large letters in our family receipt book. Is not this mutual subjection the very secret of family peace ? Is it not the very antidote to petty feuds ?

To care for each other's interests ; to be tender towards each other's feelings, and perhaps each other's mistakes and prejudices ; to anticipate each other's wishes ; this is an act of daily resignation. It is the echo of submission to God. It sweetly harmonizes with it. Every note of 1 Peter v. 5, is responsive to James iv. 7.—Your affectionate Uncle.

To J—— G——, *Esq.*

Ash Hill, July 20, 1859.

The time is short with any of us. Let us trust Christ. Let us *look* to Christ for everything. Let us be *like* Christ. So shall we glorify Christ upon earth, shall be comforted by Christ in death, and shall be blessed with Christ after death, and shall have glorious bodies like Christ's glorious body, at the resurrection of the saints.

I am much spared and much favoured, living upon the consolations of that gospel, which has been revealed to me, which I have tested, and which I would invite all with whom I have to do to embrace.

Family trials water the roots of love and sympathy. We have not yet entered into rest. "Rest remaineth." And every trial by the road will sweeter make the end. You have been sorely tried, but you have gained experience.

To an old Friend, who desired his prayers on behalf of her Son, who was in a post of extreme danger at the siege of Delhi.

Babbicombe, January 6, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Excuse a note !" Nay, rather I thank you for it. The name of P—— is dear to me now in the pilgrim state ; and

it will be dear to me in the sainted state. For Christian love is the link which connects the two states. Yes, dear friend, I will not, with God's permission, allow Epiphany's sun to set till I have presented my intercessions before the Throne, where the great Intercessor sits and prevails.

Your son shall not be forgotten by me. The sympathies of parents proceed from the same source and meet at the same point. One anxious parent looks into the heart of another anxious parent. Each parent reads, in Amos vii., an encouragement to intercessory prayer. And the faith of the parent gets a lift from reading the answers which are there recorded. It is a God of Providence who originates the necessity of parental intercessions. It is a God of Grace who prompts the intercession. And He who is Head over all things to His Church, gives a blessed result, both to the parent who intercedes and to the child who is the subject of the intercession.

A word to Eleanor.

Nervous disabilities are Divine tonics.

God's plan is to loosen that He may strengthen; to knock down that He may build up.

Yours affectionately,

H. G.

To the Hon. Mrs. D.

B—, Dec. 30, 1858.

It is probable that this note may reach you after a new year has dawned upon you; at any rate the present season presents to us an accumulation of interests. The close of the year brings up to our memories innumerable mercies on God's part, and humiliating failures on ours. The new year looks on into a dim obscurity, as far as our vision reaches. But the Divine eye penetrates what is impenetrable to us. Let us then bring the considerations connected with the close of an old year, and likewise those which have to do with a new year, into close contact with an event which we have recently been celebrating.

This stupendous event is the assumption of the human nature by the Infinite Son of God. This touches upon the past year, and strikes a chord of gratitude and praise, which sweetly mingles with the notes of humiliation for sins committed and duties neglected. It touches also upon the coming year, and imposes confidence where confidence has the only sure foundation—the sufferings, the righteousness, the mediation, the succour of an Incarnate God. While thus connecting the old year and the birth of the Saviour, we have a three-fold cord which cannot be broken. For then I shall have enjoyment without satiety, purity without alloy, society without contamination, occupation without weariness, the Divine image stamped indelibly upon my brow, the presence of Jesus, the perfection of soul and body and—immortality to crown the whole.

To MRS. BRISTED.

Babbicombe, Jan. 4, 1859.

DEAREST ANNA,

You inquire what are the texts which I brought before our family at the commencement of a new year. I will reply to your inquiry; for as I remembered you in my petitions on this occasion, so I now bring you within the range of our Bible readings; and so, by a pleasant fiction, I drew Uplands and Babbicombe close together.

I judged the close of the old year to be a fit season for coming into close inquiries. I therefore took the two first and the two last verses of Ps. cxxxix. The two first verses lead the soul to the two last. A heart searching God is a Holy God, and offers Himself to us as a pardoning God: His intimate knowledge of us, combined, as it is, with His unspotted holiness, and softened, as it is, by the unsearchable riches of a Saviour's love, draws the willing soul to those Holy exercises which are suggested to us by the two closing verses of the Psalm. The regenerate soul views the Divine Omniscience through the medium of Redeeming Love, and so takes advantage of this attribute for its own Holy purposes of getting rid of sin. And, under this impulse, desires to be searched, and tried, and led, into the

recesses of its own motives, affections, desires, and ways. (See the two last verses). Here comes in the Divine Omniscience as a Mighty Helper. If there be an enemy within the camp, who so able to detect that enemy and give the alarm as the Omniscient? And who so alive to our highest interests, and so full of pity, as He, who "loved us and gave Himself for us"? Such was the character of our mediations on the evening of December 31, 1858.

The morning of January 1st, brought before us :

Ps. cxxxi. 1.—Humility, the very spring and origin of other graces.

Christ's preciousness and self-prostration run on in parallel lines.

Ver. 2.—The conflict and the victory.

Ver. 3.—Faith in Christ carries us up to Heaven's gate.

Jan. 1st.—Evening worship: Jer. l. 5; and 2 Chron. xv. 12.—An entire and hearty surrender.

But how can a poor sinner be brought to this, averse as he is by nature?

Question answered by Jer. xxxi. 33, 34.

The covenant of grace ensures this; makes the unwilling soul willing, and brings light and pardon. It is a Royal Charter, an amnesty proclaimed to rebels. And it is accompanied by such a sweet and irresistible persuasiveness that the soul flies to a God of love, and says, "I will be Thine, and only Thine."

We tried, in this way, to inaugurate our entrance on a new year; and we feel a persuasion that these Holy services, with their aims, their desires, their self-prostrations, their heart searchings, their praises, resting, as they did, on the Sacred word, are registered above. Fruit will follow. Already our coachman says he hopes he shall never forget what passed. I look at Matt. xxi. 22, and Matt. xxiv. 35, and say, I have a Divine security for a blessing.

Your affectionate Father,

H. G.

To a Friend on the death of a Mother.

May 23rd, 1859.

I love to associate, as you have done, the sufferings and death of our dying Lord with the blessed death of your valued mother. I love to bring together our united commemoration of our gracious Lord's sacrifice with the *influence* which that great sacrifice has shed upon your dear mother's present condition. When we were kneeling together in my house before the Lord's table, with the holy elements before us, I thought that there was a sweet savour of Christ's presence perceptible amongst us. Were we not ready to take up the language of David in the opening of Psalm lxxv., "Unto Thee, O God, do we give thanks; unto Thee do we give thanks; for that Thy name is NEAR, Thy wondrous works declare."

I was much helped on this occasion by the feeling and devotion of your beloved parent. Such seasons as these and such feelings seem to raise us up to our proper position as the Redeemed of the Lord, and prove an antidote to the torpedo touch of things that are temporal. I approach you, dear —, with mingled feelings of congratulation and condolence, and I would not dis sever the one train of feeling from the other. There is a harmony and connection between them which is humbling and elevating. We recognise in bereavements the sad necessities of our fallen nature. But we look beyond the bereavement, and there we see the victory of the Cross, and the risen Redeemer welcoming His ransomed ones into His presence. I would, therefore, rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that do weep. The very excellence of your departed mother leaves in your hearts an aching void. But who gave her that excellence? Why was it given? It was her Lord and your Lord.

As far as she was concerned, it was preparatory for her present state of unmingled enjoyment; and as it concerns the bereaved ones, it constitutes the very essence of their support. For they can look up to her God and their God and say "It is well." Death has gained no victory.

Encourage, therefore, yourselves in the Lord. A sympathising Saviour has by His weeping at the tomb of Lazarus hallowed your sorrows. This world's brief history will soon be finished.

The Lord is at hand. The congregation of the righteous around Him is a blessed prospect, and a certain prospect. Oh, that our present habits may be shaped accordingly. May the current of our aims and objects all set in that direction with our united regards and sympathy.

Babbicombe, July 9th, 1859.

MY BELOVED CHILDREN,

I must needs join you together in my expression of warm and affectionate gratitude. Can anything be to me more precious than filial love. To find any treasure more precious I must go to Calvary. The treasure that I find there does not supersede the value of my parental jewels, but rather it enhances it. They are borne on the breastplate of the Great High Priest, and I thank God who has given them that position. The love that placed them there binds them to my soul by a double bond. The bond of consanguinity is sweet; and the precious blood which circulates through their hopes and mine gives to our bond a higher and holier quality, and stamps it with perpetuity. Your texts, and your observations, and your affectionate wishes, were very sweet to me, and were a cordial to my soul. They were also very seasonable to me in the midst of much bodily suffering and debility.

God has now granted me a gracious relief. He has blessed me with a kind Physician. The remedies are greatly blessed.

Wednesday was a day of unceasing pain, blessed pain, not inflicted by an invisible hand, but by a hand known of old—the same Hand that sustains and comforts me. Be sure you make Him, even Jesus, your confidential Friend. Put away self, put away sin.

Follow the Lamb whithersoever He leads you ; follow Him fully, unreservedly, lovingly, faithfully.

Your most affectionate father,

HARRY GREY.

*To a beloved Niece whom he highly valued as a
Correspondent.*

Babbicombe, Feb. 23, 1860.

We are getting on through the winter as well in bodily health as most families. The winters here assume a modified form, and I am thankful that my lot is cast where the climate is favourable to languid circulation and the chilliness of old age.

One seems to get a step onwards from time towards eternity while we read and hear of the wonders of the Spirit's operation. It is a joyous and delightful privilege to live in such times as these. Prayer is become a holy epidemic. The contagion reaches one's secret chamber ; faith gets a lift by what is passing around us ; and we chide our unholy backwardness in past days, and ask ourselves,—Is not God to be trusted ? Never, perhaps, since Christ's Ascension has there been such a high tide of prayer, and such abundance of resurrections from the dead. Joel's prophecy is become a matter of history. The evidences of the nearness of the second Advent are accumulating, and the Spirit's effusion harmonizes with those evidences. There are prayer meetings at Torquay, at St. Mary Church, and at Babbicombe.

Your ever affectionate uncle,

H. G.

It is a great treat to me to hear from any of you.

I cannot do much to-day with my pen, for my body creaks.

Babbicombe, March 17, 1860.

MY DEAR LADY L—,

My heart yearned for communication with you when you called yesterday ; but I had no option on the subject. The poor body seems at times to triumph ; to resist it at such times would be to engage in an unequal conflict. Its triumph will not be long either to you or me. Do you not love the name given by David to the soul ?—" My Glory." It puts mortality and immortality in their proper places ; but there is another passage which we equally delight in, " The redemption of the *body*." When the purchase money has its full effect, then will mortality, with all its degradation, be " swallowed up." In the meantime, privations, disabilities, inflictions, are all doing their work. A preparatory process is going on which will issue in the raising up the tottering tabernacle. If such be the Divine plan, we will, God helping us, co-operate towards its completion. I am quite sure that every step we take in this direction advances us in the scale of redeemed creatures. But we live in a contaminated atmosphere. Scripture and prayer have disinfecting properties. May the remedies be duly estimated by us ; and in spite of all the suggestions either from within or from without be diligently exercised.

Dear Lady L—, this note is no apology to you. Sincerity on one side and charity on the other plead for me more successfully than a thousand apologies.

I remain, dear Lady L—,

Your much obliged and affectionate

HARRY GREY.

This was the last letter written to a very old and highly valued friend, who in a time of great sickness and affliction threw open her house to receive and nurse a young infant.

SELECTIONS FROM JOURNALS.

The Great Object of Life.

Babbicombe, Aug. 8th, 1847.

To ripen for eternity, to live to God, to answer the end of this little span of earthly existence, this is my object. For this was I born into the world, for this was I redeemed, chosen, called, sanctified. All the times of Providence concerning me meet in this point. All the promises of God to me point to this end; all His commands to me comprehend this object. External things derive their importance from their connection with this end, and their assumed importance dwindles into insignificance when disconnected with this object. If this be the compass by which I am to steer my course, then what is the present direction of that course? I cannot doubt but that it is in the main heavenwards. A heavenly bias has been communicated which once I did not possess. My predilections are heavenly, my hopes heavenly, my aims and desires heavenly.

Conscious, deeply conscious as I am of grievous and innumerable derelictions from the path of duty, of ingratitude, of sad negligence, of distrust, of disobedience; yet do I feel the struggles of the soul for liberty, the pantings after purity, the loathings of corruptions, and the stretching forward to my proper position as an heir of glory, which attest my origin and my end as a child of God. Being thus assured by grace of my safety, let me look more particularly into my present state in reference to progress.

I am now performing my three months' residence at Babbicombe, and am as yet doing nothing for the neighbouring poor. Let me remember the saying of the poor negro woman, "Everybody is somebody." I want faith and faithfulness. I must needs pray for an open door, and I must pray for grace to enter. Time is short. Years are

declining. Souls are immortal. Grace is sufficient. Let me think of those little words while we have time (Gal. vi.). Help, blessed Saviour, let Thy strength prevail over my weakness !

1848.

For some weeks during this last autumn it pleased God in His goodness to employ me in active duties. I besought the Lord to open a door, and it was opened. The neighbouring cottagers, to the numbers of twenty or thirty, assembled in my room on Sunday evenings. Work was given me for my strength, and strength for my work. The promise was fulfilled, "He that watereth shall himself be watered." The plan before me was to give expository lectures on the leading principles and duties of our holy religion, to open parables, the Lord's prayer, the Creed; making Scripture the great interpreter of Scripture, and interspersing my remarks with occasional illustrations from common life, and with anecdotes, touching every now and then on prevalent errors, and exhibiting the contrary truths. Allen was gained, and interested exceedingly; my own spirit was refreshed, and liberty of speech was vouchsafed. But my times are in God's hands. Perhaps I was too much elated by success and publicity, and must be reduced to my usual condition. I must creep, not fly. So it was the good pleasure of my God to lay upon me in a gentle manner some of those disabling nervous ailments which so prostrated me in former years. He in mercy forbore to cripple me as formerly; but He disabled me by the incipient tendencies. I have been brought to the very verge of violent spasms. But a voice has stayed their progress by "Hitherto, but no further." I know that all this has been to humble me; and I see and feel the gracious purpose. I know that something is intended either to be done in me, or by me, or in both ways. And I wait in faith and prayer for the development of the Lord's purposes. It seems that I must creep, not fly. I must be faithful in the little. I must be content with obscurity. I must just be what God would have me to be, and do what He would have me to do, and

resign what He would have me to resign. I must beware lest my deprivations excite murmurs, and lest my obscurity beget insensibility and slothfulness.

O, my God, give me a confiding spirit; give me an obedient spirit. Let Thy will at all times be acceptable to me, Thy word at all times my rule, Thy Spirit my teacher, and Thy Beloved Son my joy, my pattern, my confidence. Amen.

I wish to have before me, in this my declining age, "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning. Christ shall be magnified."

* * * * *

How many years pass on when one is but half awake. I have been a slow learner, with brilliant examples before me, M——, A——, E——. I am astonished at my neglect of Scripture, now that my eyes are opening to its *divine origin*, its depth, its sweetness, its harmony. I am astonished at the response between one inspired penman and another; and am drawn on to the marginal reference plan by the persuasive power of the Holy Ghost. I urge my friends to make Scripture its own comment. How sweet is this exercise, but how neglected by me in past years—a learner, a beginner at sixty-eight! Pardon, Lord, my sins and omissions. Henceforth, let me gather in much and deal out much; and lie low in self-humiliation, clinging to Christ, and making His glory my supreme object.

September 18th.

We had a large party at our family prayers last night. It consisted mostly of attendants at a funeral.

I wished to take the opportunity of impressing upon my neighbours some of those great truths which have so much to do with death and eternity. So I read and explained a portion of John iii., showing that there was no entrance into heaven except to the souls who are born again. I first explained from Ezekiel xxxvi. 25-26, how water was a sign

or representation of the Holy Spirit's influence. I then inquired how we were to know whether a soul was born again. I said we must learn it by those evidences. 2nd. Turn to the First Epistle of John, I find one in 1 John, iii., 9. The man that is born again does not live in habitual sin. Is there any other evidence? Yes; 1 John, v., 1. The heaven-born soul believes from his heart in Jesus Christ. Any other evidence? Yes; 1 John, v., 4. The child of God is not worldly, he lives above the world. But we have another evidence yet, or rather a repetition of an evidence, 1 John, v., 18. The new-born soul hates sin of every kind—renounces sin. Such is a brief sketch of our last night's proceedings. We then had a hymn, "Salvation, oh, the joyful sound," and a prayer.

Greendale, May 7th, 1848.

To ascertain the state of the soul towards God was the substance of David's prayer, when he said, "Search me, O God, and try me, and show me if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." The same, I hope, enters into my prayer and my desire. But how feeble, alas, is the effort and the prayer. Advancing years press the importance of this self-scrutiny. The interests of immortality plead for it. The growth in grace is involved in it. And the comforts of inward peace demand it. I am humbled in reflecting how I can argue for its necessity, and estimate its value; and yet how miserably my practice of the duty falls below those arguments and that estimate. And now, while I mourn over myself, yet do I rejoice in the Lord, for it is He, the Spirit, who can search my interior, and show it unto me; and unto Him I apply to perfect this necessary work. I want to grow in grace. I want more enlargement of heart as to duties. I want to have my interests more identified with my Saviour's interests, whether they relate to the welfare of my children, my servants, my friends, my neighbours, whether rich or poor, whether young or old, whether afflicted or in prosperity. Let me watch for opportunities; let me add

prayer for grace to seize them. Further, let me beware of pride and self-congratulation, especially in seasons of spiritual success. O, my God! give me humility. "Thine," not mine, "is the glory."

Sunday Morning, Jan. 14, 1849.

Written at my dictation, when I was ill, and suffering from a violent pain in the head:—

"O Christum! magni pretii salvatorem. Mihi lux, mihi vita, inhabita mei cordis intima. Purga sordes, sana vulnera; Tu mihi in dolore dulce solatium, Tu mihi abundantia, Tu mihi sola fiducia. Te usque sequar, tuas laudes in æternum cantabo."

H. G.

Translation of the foregoing:—

O Christ! Saviour of great price. My light, my life, inhabit the inmost recesses of my soul. Purge away my defilements, heal my wounds. Thou art my sweet comfort in distress. Thou art my abundance. Thou art my only confidence. Thee will I ever follow. Thy praises will I sing to all eternity.

H. G.

Repentance.

Aug. 31, 1851.

Repentance is a busy grace. It dives into the depths of the heart to search out the hidden abysses of the thoughts and purposes. It turns over the pages of the records of bygone days. It sends forth many a cry to heaven for additional light to aid its researches. It dissects the motives. Assigns to the different actions their proper places, whether on the side of Nature or of Grace. It is faith's auxiliary; love's assistant. It accompanies the regenerate soul from the commencement of his progress to the end, and never terminates its work till it reposes in the garden of Paradise, and is absorbed by the atmosphere of joy and praise.

The Christian Character.

June 13, 1852.

There are three leading features of the Christian character—

1. Self-denial.
2. Self-renunciation.
3. Self-surrender.

Self-denial has to do with things external ; and makes the Word of God the rule in the use of them. It imposes a limit on the flesh, and restrains those cravings which exceed the dictates of holy obedience. It shuns the track of unholy appetite, and moves obediently in the path of holy duty.

Self-renunciation has to do with mental movements. It casts human merits and human sufficiency to the dogs—accepts the Gospel plan of suretyship—knocks down the little props of pride—sets Christ on high—clings to the Spirit's omnipotence—and casts its own wares overboard, that it may be freighted with that cargo which heaven alone supplies.

Self-surrender has to do with a change of proprietorship. It accepts a new sovereign. It gives the Lord an undivided empire. The will, the affections, time, talents, all are surrendered—all are laid down at Christ's feet. Nothing is reserved. It is no longer a proprietor. It aims at nothing beyond a stewardship ; and all its energies, and prayers, and desires, are directed to the attainment of faithfulness in that stewardship.

Jan. 18th, 1852.

In reviewing the record of 1851, the first thing which strikes me as an answer to prayer individually, is the special blessings on Sanctuary privileges, family ordinances, and the study of the Bible. This prayer has been manifestly answered in each of these three particulars.

I have lately been accustomed to retire before family prayer, for prayer and meditation on the portion of scripture to be read in the family. By this method I have drawn

more sweetness into my own soul, and have found a much deepened impression of the Divine presence and the immortality of souls when I have been leading the evening family worship. In the private reading of the Bible, or with my dear wife, I have found the making scripture its own interpreter a mighty and precious means of unlocking its treasures and testing their value. And this has been the case more in 1851 than in any preceding year.

1859.

Called on Mr. —, urged upon him the duty of watchfulness and prayer in the present state of the parish, and of the religious movement in the place. That he might be preserved from the wiles of the Devil as to envies and petty jealousies, also amongst the people of God here, told him that much had been going on as to the school, lectures, and the lending of books; was enabled to bear testimony to the Truth amidst great bodily weakness, and was strengthened in the inner man.

* * * * *

Urged Mr. —'s servant to persevere in learning to read.

Christ the subject of our conversation,—the value of the soul; eternity; prayer; spiritual teaching. Long talk with Mr. — on the Downs; but his extreme volubility hindered my introducing profitable subjects; only I dissented to his latitudinarian theory that faith was non-essential, and the law of the ten commandments everything.

Jan. 1st, 1860,—Lord's Day.

The Sabbath day and the New Year usher in a new era of time. At the commencement of 1859 I prayed in family worship for the effusion of the Spirit. The course of 1859 has witnessed a marked answer to this prayer in the Revivals in Wales, Scotland, Ireland, England, and America.

I prayed also for the faithful ministration of the Gospel at St. M—— and at K—— K——, and now Mr. —— is sent to —— and Mr. —— appointed to succeed Mr. ——. Babbicombe has the last year presented to us many trials. But prayer has been especially stirred up in my soul for the prevalence of grace and peace. And never at any previous period have my prayers been so urgent for the souls of my household. Surely this will be a prelude to some mighty movement by the Spirit of God upon their eternal interests.

On Nov. 16 I accepted the offer to rent Ash Hill under the Duke. The acceptance was sanctified by prayer. We had a sweet sojourn there in the summer. Open air preaching restored me through the grace and goodness of God to the privileges of public ordinances which had been withheld from me for three years. And on Sept. 11th, in ——'s absence I preached to our out-of-door congregation from 2 Thess. iii. 5. The prospect of taking this untried duty was a considerable exercise to my faith. But I prayed and trusted, both in the sermon and in the prayer succeeding the sermon.

Jan 1st, 1860.—11 o'clock.

With Mary: Lessons and Litany as usual. Prayer for our relatives *converted* and *unconverted*.

1. *For ourselves*—For mutual love and help, for a spirit of meekness, for health or sickness; that it may be sanctified, that we might bear each other's burdens, and be helpers to eternity, blessings and no hindrances to each other.

For grace to rule our household and be made the Lord's witnesses wherever we may be; we to rule, they to serve, in the fear of the Lord.

2. *For our school*—That the children may grow up in the fear of the Lord, and in the faith of Jesus—be made a generation better than their parents: that they may be taught and cared for; that the teachers may be blessed. That the Holy Spirit may be poured out on Babbicombe, on our rulers, nobles, rich merchants, mechanics and labourers.

For the Jews, Heathen, Mohammedans, and for India.

To the Hon. Mrs. M——.

Feb. 1st, 1860.

My mind has a strong tendency to take a rapid flight and revisit bygone scenes. I sometimes fear that it is far less disposed to plume its wings for elevations into futurity. But I say to myself, "Let me try if I cannot link together both past and future." So I think on former days of sweet Christian associations at Clifton; and I think of the innumerable company of angels and the spirits of the just made perfect; and I say, "Here is one company, having one interest and one supreme object of love and adoration." There is only one little thin partition between them and us. They are with us, and we are all one with Christ. They were once helpers of my faith, and, possibly, I of theirs. They shared my joys and sorrows, and I tried to do the same towards them. So there is a kind of meeting point between past and future scenes. And while I stand at that meeting point, I exclaim, "I believe in the communion of saints." In this way I love to identify past, present, and future interests. Christ was the Light that illuminated past scenes. Christ is the Sun who irradiates our present wintry days. Christ will fill futurity with brilliancy, and so verify His own word and be *the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever*.

I hope that you have recovered from your late illness. I hope with still greater earnestness that you are persuaded that all things are yours.

We have many precious treasures purchased for us by Christ, and entrusted to us for our use and possession in our pilgrim state. And when we have done with mortality and review those treasures, we shall account afflictions and privations as the choicest amongst all the jewels.

Yours affectionately.

Feb. 22.

Ash Wednesday, Ps. li. Family prayer, helped amidst bodily weakness to urge godly sorrow and Christ's atoning mercies.

March 2nd and 3rd, 1860.

Penetrating and prostrating views of my utter sinfulness. They arose from turning over an old pocket-book of 1811. Such corruptions, such guilty negligences ! a hateful picture—very humbling ! I was startled at the record. But the reminiscences were made profitable and helped me on to a fresh appreciation of Jesus' blood and righteousness. Sin abounds ; grace superabounds. Oh that I may exalt Christ more and more during the residue of my days. Blessed Spirit, convince me of sin. But oh, vouchsafe me full, rich views of Christ in His all-sufficiency, that I may see where my safety and my comfort lie : and where I must ever look for healing.

Very sweet and seasonable did I find these words from Bishop Wilson, taken from his life :—

“ Penitence and contrition are the measure and gauge of our real attainments.”

“ As life advances, the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of the human heart are more and more apparent.”

March 5.—Examined old pocket-books—impressed with a view of the divine love in appointing keen trials. I perceive also that I gave more usually tracts suited to the higher orders than I do at present.

Mar. 6.—Called on Captain D——, on Mr. B——, and on C. the carpenter ; urged him to avoid beer altogether—spoke of the grace of Christ, and his need of mercy. He was a torment to himself and family : he appeared moved when I told him I prayed for him.

Mar. 8.—J. T. called : he remained for our early dinner. Sweet interview. I prayed with him, and for B—— and their children.

Mar. 9.—B—— came over to see us ; a very refreshing visit. Christian love our subject ; a sweet bond : prayed with her.

March 18.

On the Sunday morning my husband conducted our family prayers : a beautiful address was given, and an

explanation of the texts, Ps. xlv. 10, 1 Thess. v. 17. It was his habit afterwards to write down the portion delivered. The following remarks I found in his Bible :

"Be still, and know that I am God."—Ps. xlv. 10.

"Pray without ceasing."—1 Thess. v. 17.

THERE is the stillness of asceticism. There is the stillness of self-indulgent inactivity. But the stillness enjoined by Scripture, and grafted into the system by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, is totally diverse from these.

It is the closing of the door of the heart against the turbulent solicitations of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

These three enemies strive hard to drown the voice of the Spirit.

In every place, and on every occasion, they plead to be heard.

They raise such a clamour in the soul, that unless the omnipotence of Divine grace supervene, the "still small voice" of the Holy Spirit does not gain a hearing. And, unless it be heard, God is not known, not believed in, not loved, not experienced in the rich communication of His covenant mercies.

The enlightened soul, aware of this, calls in help from above. The Spirit hastens to his succour, quiets the clamour of the despotic princes of darkness, subjugates the raging of furious lusts, and silences the solicitations of worldly allurements.

It is only by prayer, persevering prayer, unceasing prayer, mingling with all the details of ordinary life, and circulating through the system like blood through the body, that this stillness is attained.

Acquaintance with God is gained and strengthened in this tranquil atmosphere.

The graces of the Spirit expand; the Divine presence is felt, the sweetness of God's promises is enjoyed; His will is known; and the perfection of His ways in Redemption and Providence revealed amidst this holy tranquillity, this blessed stillness.

And the more the sudden gusts, from within and from without, are reduced to stillness, the nearer view we obtain of the excellencies of a Redeeming God.

And proportionably our confidence is strengthened, our love increased, and our experience of His unchangeableness enlarged. Therefore, we acknowledge a sweet harmony and identity between "Be still, and know that I am God," and, "Pray without ceasing."

H. G.

March 18th, 1860.

Eleven o'clock, March 18.

With Mary: Lessons and Litany as usual: Prayer for ourselves—for relatives converted and unconverted. For the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on all ranks; for the Bishop; for the ministers of this parish; for our schools; for the parents and our neighbours.

On rising from our knees he said, "I wish you to put down all the other petitions we have offered up, for I have had such answers to my prayers of late that I almost tremble when I offer up a petition."

Three children of our friend Capt. — came to our early dinner. I went to our school, and left my husband to take his usual rest. Before closing the school, to my surprise, he entered. I thought him looking unusually pale, yet his animation was great. I said, "Are you going to address the children?" "No, not now, I am tired, I have been with Captain —, and I came at once to deliver his message which he sends particularly to you."

I find written in the journal, Visited Capt. —. Texts given to him, "I will strengthen thee, My sheep shall never perish," and then prayed with him.

On my return I found him walking in the garden, waiting to relate all that had passed in this visit.

After dinner he went to his study, and remained on the sofa the whole of the evening, which was his habit after

having taken any extra exertion—he could neither read himself or hear reading.

During the night Dr. T—— was obliged to be called up, the usual medicines for relieving acute pain having failed.

March 19.

“Much and continued pain. Dr. T. came again early in the morning, with Mr. J. P——, more help was required, Mr. P—— came.”

Dr. T——, in the kindest manner possible, introduced these gentlemen into his room. I watched my dear husband's countenance, fearing that he might be alarmed. He was calm, prayerful, and submissive to what was before him, and which he had always dreaded. On going to him immediately after the medical men had left us, he spoke in the same grateful tone, full of praise to God for the relief he had obtained.

He said that, before they came, he had prayed that he might be permitted to bear his testimony to the Truth, and not to dishonour God before them.

Our weekly prayer meeting was to be held in the evening. I did not think it right to put it off. I sent a request to the gentlemen who presided, that special prayer might be offered to Almighty God for a blessing on the means used, and that, if it were the Lord's will, my dear husband might be raised up again from this sickness, and that his pain might be mitigated.

The sudden announcement of his illness produced a great sensation,—many wept. Three gentlemen prayed very earnestly for him.

When I informed my husband of the petition I had sent to the schoolroom, he smiled, and in his cheerful, happy manner, said, “So you mean that this illness of mine shall speak to the people.”

During the remainder of the week he spoke faithfully and affectionately to all who were privileged to wait upon him. The nurses were astonished at his patience, his thankfulness,

and his prayerfulness, under such intense suffering. They were also struck with his short and earnest prayers, and his manner of praying for a blessing on all the food and medicines that were given to him. He said to one of the servants, "You must not think that I am murmuring when I groan from pain, because I can bless God even for the pain I suffer."

When much exhausted from the continued want of sleep, she heard her master cry out, "Jesus, send me help ; Jesus, mitigate my pain ;" to her the prayer appeared answered, as he immediately turned round on his side and slept for a short time.

I am not able to go into more particulars of the sufferings of my beloved husband, excepting, in a few words, to allude to the last night of watching on my part.

I left him at ten o'clock to get a little rest, thinking also that he might sleep, with strict injunctions to the nurses not to induce their master to talk. Leaving my door open, shortly after I thought I heard him talking in a loud energetic voice. Immediately I sent for one of them and said, "Indeed, nurse, you must not talk to Mr. Grey ;" "Oh," she said, "I was not talking, *but master was praying*," etc. I then went to him, and tried to soothe his mind. I returned to my room. Between twelve and one I was again sent for. He seemed quite thankful to have me by his side. The remainder of the night was one of great suffering ; he seemed to be engaged in the most earnest prayer—his mind dwelling much upon his family, and praying earnestly for them. Then he used short petitions, "Jesus, help me ;" at one time he said, "Satan would have me to believe that the Scripture promises are a delusion ; *then, in his emphatic manner, "but they are no delusion."*

I took up his book, *Disce Mori*, in which he had selected texts for the hour of sickness, reading slowly from the commencement, and immediately he took up the verse and repeated the parallel passage, commenting on each as I read on. During the remainder of this night he was not looking for us to give him Scripture, for he was pouring it out incessantly to us.

Sunday Morning, March 25.

The medical men came early, and we were desired not to go into the room again, as a composing draught had been given. The most perfect silence was observed throughout the house. I had requested that prayers might be offered up for him by our Pastor and his friend, the Rev. R. Fayle.

About three o'clock the nurses came to ask me to awake their master; but this I was unwilling to do without instructions, as he was to all appearance sleeping so soundly.

The medical men soon arrived; after having been in the room, Dr. T—— returned to the study. I saw more from his countenance than from the words which followed: "A change has taken place since the morning in dear Mr. Grey." And for the first time all my hopes of a recovery were over.

We returned to the room, and to me he still appeared to be sleeping—and so sweetly. Dr. T—— knelt down with us, prayed for us, and commended the soul of my precious husband into the hands of our Redeemer, etc. There were other duties to be performed before our family could be with us, who were in a very anxious state, and had been prepared to expect a telegraphic message from the 19th. The Lord gave us strength for the day, and never shall I forget, I hope, the kindness, the sympathy, and the watchfulness of these excellent medical men.

Everything that could be done to spare our feelings was done by them, notwithstanding the fatigue and anxiety they had undergone nearly the whole of the preceding week.

"Angels, joyful to attend,
Hov'ring round thy pillow bend,
Wait to catch the signal given
And escort thee quick to heaven."

The Scripture Reader called on Monday, the 26th; and thinking that his conversation might be of comfort and advantage to the nurses and our servants, I requested him

to go into the room. The following letter I received from him after he had been informed that all was over :—

Mr. Garrett called to see me, and announced the sad tidings. Little did I think when I saw him and you driving out on the Torquay road to Newton only last Monday fortnight that he would have entered his *Rest* so soon. Truly, God's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts ; and, doubtless, He doeth all things well, although it requires great faith always to see it so, especially under such a loss as you are called upon in His inscrutable wisdom to sustain.

Little did you think that while you were hurrying on the repairs of Ash Hill for his summer abode that Jesus was making greater preparation in the *Hill of Zion* for his reception. And oh, what a reception ! into an eternal abode of joy, peace, and glory ! “ A home not made with hands, in Heaven, to be with Jesus,” what he long looked for, having left a bright testimony behind. How glad I am that you invited me to see him on Monday. It appeared to me, while I stood at the bedside of that dying saint, that I was brought nearer to Jesus and Heaven than ever I was before. Such a heavenly calmness I have seldom witnessed. Truly according to promise Jesus was then present in that chamber, waiting to receive that precious blood-bought spirit the moment it was absent from the body, the moment it left the tabernacle of clay. Let us then, in order to lighten our burden, and prevent excess of grief in spirit and mind, follow him into that mansion, and hear his song of praise. Methinks I see him, as he strikes the golden harp at the name of his Jesus, vying with those who have gone before him, who shall sound the longest note to His praise. Yes ; he now can sing “ Unto Him that loved me, and washed us in His own blood ; ” and nothing now to mar his happiness or prevent his voice ascending in holiest strain. Can we then mourn for him with excessive grief ? No, we can rejoice on his account, while we weep for our loss. May our Heavenly Father send the Comforter to console

you, and enable you to follow him, who, through faith and patience, now inherits the promise, until you meet him in that abode where parting will never be known, for Jesus' sake, etc.

I have inserted the following letter to show the Catholic spirit of my husband, who was always ready to admire in either of the separate parties which so strongly divided the Parish, whatever was done in a humble and religious spirit; at the same time prompt in writing or speaking to either of them when he considered their opinions were not in strict accordance with the Liturgy and the Articles.

Babbicombe, March 29, 1858.

DEAR SIR,

I beg leave to express my thanks for the excellent paper which you left at my school-house yesterday. I receive it as the production of your pen, and the expression, in part, of your principles; and I pray God that confidence in a suffering Saviour may, both in you and me, swallow up every other confidence; and love to Him, "who loved us and gave Himself for us," may absorb every other love. If vital union with Him be so operative as to make us "new creatures in Christ Jesus," we cannot greatly err in our personal characters. And if we press *this result* of that vital union as the indispensable evidence of that union we can hardly err very materially in our official duties.

You speak of sin in general, and of the rejection of Jesus in particular, with much of thrilling emphasis; such, indeed, as it deserves.

Self-examination also is well stated.

Your remarks on all these points are applicable to every period of our existence. Is it not so, that Godly sorrow, vital faith, self-crucifixion, searching of the heart form the very habits, and become the daily exercises of him who is the "new creature in Christ Jesus?"

Do they not give the tinge and the bias to the interests, the occupations, the domestic, social, and personal habits of such a "new creature?"

And does not all this, when grafted into his daily walk, make him so distinct in his predilections from the world around him as to make these predilections unpalatable to the world? I cannot see any objection to the calling the attention of others at special periods to these important topics, and the present season is, of all others, such an occasion. As a family, we do so to our servants and to the school-children which are providentially brought under our care.

It is well that our Church sets forth during this week a suffering Redeemer before our eyes. When, as an Incumbent, I had a regular charge, I accounted it my privilege and my duty thus, in the Daily Services of Passion Week, to exhibit Christ. My age and broken health forbid me now from joining in any such Services.

But you, my dear sir, are not forgotten in the silent devotions of my secret chamber.

My prayer for you is that you may love Christ, preach Christ, live Christ, that in these dangerous days you may be preserved from error on the right hand and on the left, that you may be blest and made a blessing, and may draw holy truth from that only infallible source—the Bible, through the teaching of that only infallible guide—the Holy Spirit.

Pardon me if I have expressed myself in any wise unsuitably.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours obediently and faithfully,

HARRY GREY.

THE END.

"He being dead yet speaketh."

