

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
THE LATE J. G. BELLETT.

BY
HIS DAUGHTER.

With Sequel:
"THE MEMORY OF A DEARLY LOVED
AND ONLY SON."

By J. G. B.



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ERRATA.

- Page 106, line 8, for "Clonrannon" read "Clonmannon."
,, 108 ,, 14, for "Body" read "body."
,, 108 ,, 15, for "Spirit" read "spirit."
,, 121 ,, 29, for "Magherahamle" read "Magherahanlet."
,, 122 ,, 1, after "him" add "to."
,, 136 ,, 6 (from bottom), for "time" read "thus."

PREFACE.



IT may seem strange that after so many years have elapsed since my dear father's death, I should now print these notes of his life; and I feel that some explanation may naturally be expected.

From time to time I have been reminded that he is still held in loving remembrance by friends, and also, that many who never saw him feel almost as if they had known and loved him from being familiar with his writings, some of which, I believe, are even more read than formerly. Within the last year or two I have met with more than one whose acquaintance with him was very short; "but his loving spirit, and still more, his abiding sense of the presence of his Lord, and his exceeding love to Him," made an impression which time has not effaced.

To such friends I have thought that this little book might be welcome. It does not profess to be a life of my father. The manuscript from which it is taken was written several years ago for my own comfort, and without any thought whatever of publication; and the recollections are quite fragmentary.

I am glad to be able to add extracts from some of his letters to myself, and also to different members of his family, which have been given to me, as well as some

remembered words, so that my father will himself speak through these pages.

At the end will be found a short account written by him of my brother; and as I feel that it tells much about himself as well as of the son he so loved, I think that many friends may like to read it. But it was not written for publication.

To prepare these pages has been almost a sacred work. I am deeply conscious of their defects, and can but entrust them to the kindness and sympathy of those who may read them.

Poor as are my words about my dear father, I trust they may convey some idea of his character, and (to use the words of one of his nieces) "of his steadfast faith, his sweet humility, his child-like simplicity, and above all, the depth and breadth of his love, shewn to all who came under his notice, but which centred in the Lord Jesus Christ, and which shone out so pre-eminently the last few weeks of his life."

If this little record should lead any one to love more fervently his dear Lord and Master, and to prize more highly His holy Word; or if it may be the means of strengthening any wavering faith, I shall indeed be thankful to Him to Whose blessing I commend it.

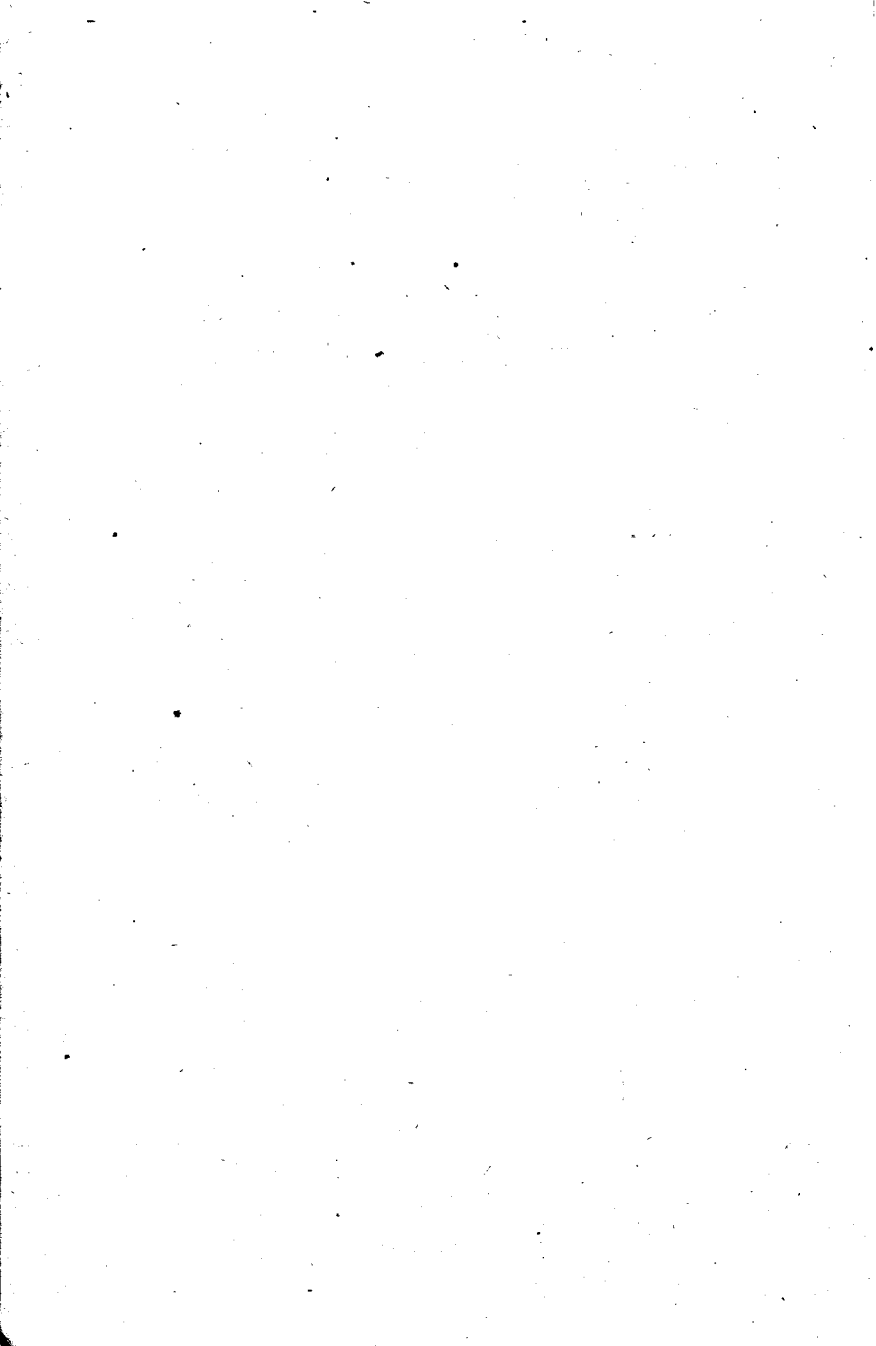
L. M. BELLETT.

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RECOLLECTIONS
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CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS.

MY earliest remembrance of my dear father is connected with our home in Herbert Place, Dublin. Our family consisted of himself, my mother, brother, and great aunt, Alice Dyer, who lived with us.

Long before I can remember, he had retired from his profession as a barrister, and had given himself entirely to the ministry of God's word, in the meetings of the Brethren.

Before giving my recollections of him, I should like to mention a few things about his early life, gathered from his own lips, or told me by others, and also to quote from some of his early letters which have come into my possession.

He was born in Frederick Street, Dublin, on July 19th, 1795; but the chief home of his early years was

“North Lodge,” a country house about ten miles out of town. He was the eldest of my grandfather’s children, and had two brothers and one sister. Between him and his brother George, who was a little younger, there was the tenderest affection.

The following little incident, related by my uncle in his autobiography,* shews what his feeling towards his brother was. After mentioning his strong attachment to him he writes :

“I well remember when I was about three years old, conceiving this very strongly. Johnny had been naughty, and was sharply reprov’d for being so, whereas I was praised for being good. Instead of being flattered by this comparison, I burst out crying, and passionately exclaimed, ‘I won’t be good if Johnny isn’t good!’ A closer bond than that of nature, I trust afterwards linked us together.”

When they were about seven and eight years of age, they were sent to school at Taunton, and while there spent their holidays at the home of their grandmother—“Whyte’s Cottage,” Sampford-Arundel, Somerset—and this place was loved by them almost as a second home. There they had not only pleasant holidays, but also the wise training and heavenly example of “Aunt Roberts.” †

One day during my dear father’s last illness, when we were sitting together, without anything apparently leading to it, the image of “Whyte’s” and the ground around it seemed to rise before him, and he described so distinctly the little “goyle” ‡ at the bottom of the

* See *Memoir of Rev. G. Bellett*, by his daughter.

† This is the title of a short memoir of her written by one of her great nieces.

‡ The Somersetshire name for a small stream between high banks.

orchard, that when I was there a few years after, it was easy to recognise the scene his memory had retained.

Sampford-Arundel was a meeting-place for different members of the family; and there was frequently one there from London, whose influence for good was ever felt by my father and uncle; this was their cousin, Mr. Richard Baron Bellett. They felt great affection for him, and used to recall with pleasure the delight with which he dwelt on the words of Holy Scripture. He was some years older than they were, but felt much interest in them, and not only imbued their minds with his own reverence for sacred things, but, with his refined and cultivated tastes, led them to appreciate all that was pure and good.

He afterwards settled in Sampford, and took the greatest interest in the poor people, entering into their joys and sorrows, and ministering to their wants. My father used to say that he reminded him of the poet Cowper, so identified was he with the life of the village.

After being at school for some time the brothers were separated, my father being removed to Exeter; and here I again quote from my uncle's *Memoir* :

“John, whose talents began to develop themselves, was sent to the Grammar School at Exeter, to be under the care of Dr. Lempriere. I was very proud of him, for his abilities and diligence were making him a good scholar, and he was much in esteem with his master. He was making great advance in scholarship, always taking the lead of his friend, W. Follett, who afterwards became one of the most eminent lawyers of the day, and Attorney-General under Sir Robert Peel's Government.”

My uncle also writes, referring to school days at Taunton :

“They” (their school-fellows) “were delighted with John’s singing. I can recollect even now the surprise and delight I felt in hearing him ; for, as in early childhood, anything which seemed to distinguish him, or do him honour, brought joy to me.”

After a few years the brothers entered Trinity College, Dublin, and my uncle writes :

“John thought he might venture on the entrance examination without much preparation, and he passed. I rejoiced indeed. The first examination after this, he carried off the classical prize, which was considered a great honour, for, having entered late in the year, he was thrown among the Sizars, who being generally the best scholars, to carry away an honour from them was quite a feather in his cap. He obtained in the January following a prize for general answering. After this he did nothing to distinguish himself. What the reason of it was I do not exactly know. It is likely that the strong religious feelings which he afterwards, through God’s mercy, so deeply imbibed, may not only have made him indifferent to honours of this sort, but have caused him to look upon them as unlawful.

“For the first two years in which we were in college we were frequently at parties. I remember well the disappointment I used to feel, on coming home from lecture at college, at not finding on our table an invitation to a dinner, or to a ball, but the invitations were very frequent. Dear John was an acceptable guest at most places, he was so agreeable, and his power of conversation very great.”

The next few paragraphs, also taken from the *Memoir*, and connected with some remembered words of his own, indicate that it was soon after this time

that my father's mind (as well as his dear brother's) underwent a change.

Some friendships formed at this time were specially helpful to both.

My uncle writes :

"I became acquainted with John Darley, and to our acquaintance with his family which soon after ensued, my dear brother and I felt that we owed very much.

"Mrs. Darley was a truly devout woman ; the religion of Christ was evidently the uppermost thing in her thoughts, and she often made it the subject of her conversation. She was anxious, I have no doubt, to impress our minds with the same truths which were so precious to her ; nor did she wholly fail. She certainly made us think more of our Lord Jesus Christ than we had been wont to do, and of the necessity of seeking salvation through Him rather than by our own works."

A little further on he speaks of another friend :

"In 1817 Mr. Kearney was appointed to the living of Kilgobbin" (the parish in which 'North Lodge' was situated), "one of the most remarkable men I ever knew—remarkable for the saintliness of his character and the amount of heavenly wisdom with which he was endued. He was thoroughly unworldly—not a tinge of the world seemed to soil him, nor a desire for the honour which cometh from men to affect him. Mrs. Kearney was one almost as remarkable as himself, though not in the same way, of a very warm and affectionate nature, full of zeal for the honour of Christ and of loving interest in the souls for whom He died. Two persons of such excellence, the one glowing with the fervour of charity, the other endued with the wisdom which is from above, pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, to a greater degree than I ever witnessed in anyone, could not but have their influence on

others, and through the grace and goodness of God, that influence was felt in our family."

The words of my dear father, to which I have referred, were said to me one day when he took me to see the old home. We were in the garden at "North Lodge"; and he told me to look up at one particular window, and said that one day while studying in that room the words came into his mind—"What will be the end of it all?" This thought kept repeating itself; and that, he believed, was the beginning of new life to his soul.

My grandfather was at first much displeased by the seriousness produced, or deepened, in all his children by Mr. Kearney's teaching. His displeasure was patiently borne, while the truths they had received were unflinchingly held. Nor was this without its reward in later years, for after his father's death, my uncle wrote as follows:

"I was called up to Dublin by the alarming illness of my dear father, then ninety-one years old; and I found him declining fast. His mind, however, appeared as clear and strong as ever. His spiritual state during his last illness, affords delightful evidence how graciously God had dealt with his soul, bringing him to a thankful acknowledgment of truths which he once had too lightly esteemed, and to a firm belief in that Saviour, whom at one time he had well-nigh rejected."

After his college course was finished my father went to London, to prosecute his studies for the law, which he had chosen as his profession.

Though I have no clue wherewith to trace the working of his mind during the interval that had elapsed between this time and the day when the

thought of eternity first pressed itself upon him, the following letter written to his dear brother from London, (which was lovingly preserved for sixty years), will shew something of what he was in heart and mind at the age of twenty-seven.

One can, I think, feel in reading it, his fresh delight in the things of God, as well as the purity, and humility, and singleness of purpose which breathe throughout it. Before many years had passed, his mind had changed on some important subjects referred to; but the one object of his heart from first to last was the same—the love and presence of his Lord.

The letter is a long one, written on old-fashioned letter paper:

“MY DEAREST GEORGE,—I have been expecting a letter from you almost every day since I heard that you had left Dublin for Magherahamlet.*

“While I am writing, I am quite ignorant of the fate of your examination, and even the manner in which you have been spending your time with Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, who, I understand, were so kind as to insist on your remaining with them till the bishop held his ordination. Of all these circumstances I shall be glad to hear, and of everything connected with you, my dear brother. My poor acquaintance and fellow-student, Harvey, whom you have heard me mention, was visited about a fortnight since with a paralytic stroke, while at dinner. We met together the evening before, and he as little anticipated the affliction then as I did, but I continue in the full enjoyment of my mind and body, and he has been suddenly deprived of both. My dearest George, every day shews me how much I have received at God’s hands, and how I have in my reach all

* My uncle had been ordained to the curacy of this parish, in the north of Ireland.

the means of living to Him and His service, and therefore all the means of happiness—the use of reason to contemplate Him, a tongue to praise Him and tell of His wonders, hands and feet to do Him active homage—the blessed word of His grace to give me a knowledge of His holy will, and the free use of the ordinances and privileges of His Church.

“I hope that my heart, though dull indeed to learn the saving, blessed truth, is knowing more and more of the fulness that there is in our God for all our desires, and the utter poverty in everything beside Him.

“I have been studying with much attention the life of Henry Martyn, a book which I found was not to be read merely to know the circumstances, but that there was a treasure in it which would not be found unsought. It at first gave me some mournful impressions of the nature of Christianity, it taught me to regard it as a most severe process, by which the mind was to undergo some important revolution, but of the happy effects of which it was allowed to taste but very rarely.

“The first part of his life in almost every page exhibits some strong marks of great despondency, and I can assure you I had for some time occasionally haunting me, a most gloomy picture of the religion of our blessed Lord.

“You will remember that his sensibilities were most acute ; his attachment to his friends and family very great indeed, so that he must have experienced the propriety of those strong images—cutting off a right arm, plucking out a right eye—and it was the bringing my mind more directly to contemplate this, and to see it put in practice, which so pressed upon me. But when I brought him onward as a minister and a missionary, and beheld his fervent spirit in active service of his Lord, and at the same time his humbled, broken frame of mind, when secretly with his Lord, I feel at this time, my dear George, that I have reason to rejoice

at having read it, and trust it may shew me many things we cannot learn too well. If heaven is won by works, where Martyn is I never can go; but as all my unworthiness is not too great for the cleansing of a Saviour's free love and mercy, may I prize such a Saviour with new delight and gratitude.

"I confess, my dear brother, that my mind has been brought, I trust, more and more to see that without the Cross I must perish, for I am at best an unprofitable servant.

"O may our gracious Lord keep us both ever in a broken, humbled spirit; from the dust in His presence looking up and beholding the Cross, and the ever-blessed words, 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' This is the posture for us, and I believe it to be the directest way to attain, even in this life, the peace that passeth understanding. The more of this broken spirit we attain to, the more will be our thirsting for sanctification, and looking to the Cross is the great transforming process.

"I find it safe to have heaven occasionally brought secretly to my mind, and so do you, I know, my dear George; and when we go out into the world, let the Cross be before us that on it we may crucify the world to us, and ourselves to the world.

"But O, while I am writing, I feel how little right I have to talk of the mysteries of the Saviour's kingdom, for my heart testifies against me, that I have not made Him my all in all; that I am still deriving much of my present and of my anticipated enjoyments from the world, and as dear Mr. Kearney observed, 'if we prized sanctification as much as we say we do, we would willingly suffer any privations or sorrows by which we might attain it'; but such privations and sorrows if they were to visit me, I fear they would leave me but a portion of that happiness which I feel, and which.

I was in hopes was connected with my interest in a Saviour's love.

"You know that I get but little spiritual conversation in London, but I have not fully acquainted you with the delightful and decided change that has passed in our cousin Charlotte's mind, so that, at Chigwell, with her I enjoy the happiness of seeing the workings of a renewed soul thirsting after the riches that never fade away. She is a humble, spiritual Christian, and with her and Mr. and Mrs. West, I sometimes have cause to remember our dear circle at Kilgobbin.

"But I must tell you that Charlotte has certainly in heart become a Dissenter, though I know very well that Mr. West* has made it no object with him, and I believe, never in the least said anything to influence her, but can it be wondered at when all the spiritual consolation she receives is from members of Mr. West's congregation, having continually before her the worldly life and worldly conversation of their own parish clergyman.

"If she had been of your parish, my dearest George, I think it would not have been so, but being as it is, you cannot wonder at her, or be less disposed to love her as a sister in Christ Jesus.

"I have lately heard two delightful sermons from Mr. Simeon, for the Jews, and indeed, he convicted me of having impiously and inhumanly disregarded them. He shewed from Scripture that God appeared to have always sympathised with the sufferings of Jerusalem, even while denouncing vengeance against their sins, which is particularly exhibited in our Lord's lamentation over her while predicting her ruin.

"What little love have I to my fellow creatures! O if there were not a Saviour, I must perish with the most ungodly.

* He was a Congregational minister.

“I have not much news for you. I have commenced an attendance in the King’s Bench, where I mean to go while I remain here. I see the public men of the day—Brougham, Denman, &c.—and hear some interesting trials, which familiarise me with practice, and give me a view of that course of life which at present appears will be mine.

“I like my studies very well, and fear not the many temptations which will surround me, if the Lord keep my spirit in a praying frame and enable me, as Martyn says, to *sit loose* to all my engagements, so that I should be ready to depart at a moment’s warning.

“I saw our City address go up to the King, who, I understand, gave them a most affable and flattering reception, and promised the Lord Mayor that he hoped soon to see their City.

“Just as I reached this point I received your most welcome letter. May God bless you, my dear, dear George. I need not tell you to be honest in declaring all the counsel of God.

“With the greatest sincerity I can say, O that I were like you. But, whether Calvinist or not, give Christ the glory, and fear neither those who would excommunicate you for not holding high Calvinism, nor those who would shun you *as a saint* for professing even the doctrine of the new birth.

“If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.”

“On Sunday, being at Chigwell, I stayed in Mr. West’s chapel while the Sacrament was administering, as a visitor, which they allow to any one.

“He spoke as to his friends and brethren on the Saviour’s love, and alluded to the transports which the Israelites must have felt when the rock yielded them water in the wilderness,

“May the Lord bless and keep you, and enable you to feel that *you are His minister.*

“Ever your most affectionate brother,
“J. G. B.”

The next letter, to his friend Mr. Reynolds,* though without date, must have been written about the same time :

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I could wish that, on my return for the summer vacation, I had the prospect of taking some drives with you and our most valued friend Mrs. Reynolds, but it is our wisdom and our happiness to look upward, rather than either forward, or backward.

“Milton speaks of the ‘Solemn troops and sweet society’ in heaven. The language and sentiment are beautiful ; but, my dear friend, it will be more than even Milton’s rich genius could compass, to speak adequately of that blessed communion and intercourse which the redeemed of the Lamb enjoy before the throne. The poor, if ‘rich in faith,’ know something of it, much more than the wisest in the wisdom of this world. May God cause you, and me, and those dear to us, so to live that we may attain it in its fulness of joy !”

Soon after the date of these letters my father returned to Dublin to begin his work as a barrister ; and a year or two after he was married to my dear mother, Mary, the fourth daughter of Admiral Drury. Their early married life was clouded by the death of four little ones, to one of whom my father refers in a letter to his cousin Richard :—

* Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds had made acquaintance with my grandfather some years before, when they were visiting in Ireland, and were ever after the loved and valued friends of the whole family.

“MY DEAR COUSIN,—We have just closed a week of almost uninterrupted grief. Poor Mary, you will not be surprised to hear, has felt much more deeply our bitter loss than she did the first day or two; last week she remembered our darling boy in his sickness, but she is now remembering him while he was in health, and all his endearing little ways.

“He is missed at almost every turn, and truly do I see the propriety of those words speaking of Rachel’s sorrow for her children—‘because *they are not.*’

“But sure I am that a day will come that shall prove not only the wisdom, but the infinite grace and goodness of all God’s dealings, and equally sure that I see the necessity of His chastening, and I trust I pray in sincerity that it may accomplish its good purpose in both of us. Surely Cowper’s words may be used—

“ ‘Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I’ll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.’

“Our dear child, no doubt, has joined this sweet and noble song, and shall we regret it? Shall we lament that his poor lisplings in our ears have been changed for hallelujahs in our Lord’s?—indeed a naughty world he has left, as a friend said to me the other day, ‘He just looked on it, and seeing that it was so naughty, left it.’

“Like dear children, may we *all* follow him—may the oldest among us, and the wisest among us, become as little children.

“Farewell, my dear cousin, much love to all around you.”

In the next letter my father refers to his two other boys, “little Richard and Johnny”—the first, delicate almost from his birth, was taken from him when about three years old. “Johnny,” who was about a

year older, lived to the age of nineteen, to be the occasion of calling forth his father's tenderest sympathy during months of suffering, and also his wondering and adoring thankfulness for the grace given to this dear son. His letters at the end will shew this fully.

“MY DEAREST GEORGE,—Our dear James* has been with us since Friday evening, but indeed not to find dear sister by his side is a great miss to us all.

“Perhaps you remember Henry Martyn's reflection in a moment of disappointment :—‘Who is it that makes friends, and sleep, and food pleasant to me? Cannot He also make solitude, and hunger, and weariness so many ministering angels to help me on my way?’

“It is so indeed. He can make the wilderness blossom as the rose, or turn the fruitful field into barrenness. He can give songs in the night, or turn the morning into the shadow of death, and we are called upon to be learning more and more that without Himself nothing is day, and with Him nothing is night. The good Lord give us all this blessed experience of Himself continually.

“‘It won't do,’ says dear Rutherford, ‘to be living amid the rumbling of the wheels of second causes, saying, “if it had not been for this circumstance,” or “if this had not happened”; we must get out of the hearing of that jarring and din of confused noises, and run up at once to God with “It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good,” before the soul will find her rest.’

“This is beautiful, I can admire it; would that I could do more. May you abundantly prove it to be true, to your great and endless comfort.

“Last week our dear little Richard had a pretty violent attack, but now, thank God, though a good deal weakened

* His much-loved brother-in-law, Rev. J. Richey.

necessarily, we consider the complaint subdued. Johnny is very well.

“Farewell, my very dear George; the Lord be with you, is the affectionate prayer of my poor heart.

“Ever your loving brother,

“J. G. B.”

The following letter was written when my uncle was in some anxiety and trouble:

“MY DEAREST GEORGE,—We know not what is good for us, but this we know, that, if not thwarted by our own wilfulness, all things will work together for good in the Lord’s hands, for good in conforming us to the image of His dear Son, and in that image imparting to us a share in all the glory which has been provided for Him, and which is to be revealed in His day.

“Till that day may you be enabled to dwell under His shadow, and prove the sufficient virtue of that abiding-place even in the heaviest, dreariest tempest: the present is one indeed to put it to the proof, and all I know is, that were it my case, I should not come through it without leaving me to see much of my weakness, which might well confound me.

“But let us trust, ‘and not be afraid.’ We are to hope that we shall be found able to do all things—Christ strengthening us—His strength being fitted to our day.

“I know a lady—whose husband, from bad conduct, is obliged to hide himself—I believe with eleven children, all but two apparently destitute, after living in comfort, and disease lately discovered to be working in her, drawing on certain death, it may be after years of suffering. But yet, with all these things against her, I learn that she was never in the enjoyment of such peace in God. She has found sweet sympathy in her Christian friends, and abundance in her blessed Saviour.

“It is well to mention such cases to the praise of Him, who sticketh closer than a brother, and who in spirit is as near to us now as He will be in manifested glory hereafter.”

The next two letters are addressed to my father’s very dear and only sister.

“MY DEAREST BESSY,—How is dear James? I often think of you both; and the bustle, and the ‘noisy folly’ that surround one in a city like this, hurry me in imagination, and memory too, to the stillness of Culmstock,* but, dearest sister, the poetry of the shade is not the religion of faith, and when spirit, soul, and body are accounted not our own, but the Saviour’s, in virtue of the purchase of His blessed sufferings, occasions for serving Him may be presented to us everywhere, and it is our duty to enter upon those occasions in humbleness, and faith, and love.

“‘What is that in *thine hand*?’ says the Lord to Moses, and that which was *in his hand*, and which he had not to go far to look for, was to be employed as the instrument of his ministry.”

The second letter refers to the illness of Aunt Roberts:—

“It is very comforting to know of our dear aunt. My love to her, and kiss her, and remind her while you do so of the last verse of the 2nd Psalm—‘Kiss the Son’—and may she and you, dearest sister, and all of us, enter more into the enjoyment of that full and free love of the Saviour, which that gracious invitation proposes to us.

“How plainly do we see the hand of a tender Father in that stroke which laid her on a bed of pain, and her outward man perishing, but for the renewal and strengthening of the inner.

* At that time my aunt’s home, in Somersetshire.

“Our blessed Lord says, ‘Lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.’ There is much now in the power of temptation, in sorrow of various kinds, in the witnessing of sin all around one, to cause the head to droop, and the heart to wither a bit, but once lifted up at the day of redemption it is lifted up for ever.

“How happy that our dear brothers* separated from us, find Bandon is more palatable to them. They meet with much friendship and affection, but I hope, and believe, that their work itself, so truly blessed and great as it is, will be found sufficient to give the scene of it no common interest in their esteem.

“It is written, ‘How beautiful upon the *mountains.*’ Bleak, untained mountains might seem beautiful when they become the scene of the labours of the gospel.

“I feel so satisfied that, through His free and full love to you, God will so order all your ways for good, that I cannot exactly say that I should feel *unqualifiedly* sorry at any of His dispensations towards you, but I do trust, in His disposal of you, He may see fit to keep you, dear, in good health, that you may wait on those around you and minister to God in your place without interruption.

“How does generation succeed generation, and how quickly does the place that now knows us know us no more! Our life is a hand-breadth, the journey of a day, but the end is the presence of God.

“I think my gracious Lord has given me sweeter thoughts of death for a few months past than ever I had; it has appeared to me better to depart than formerly, and though

* Both my uncles were curates at Bandon, in the south of Ireland. I shall often have occasion to speak of my uncle George; but my father’s youngest brother lived only a few years after this. I never knew him, but heard him spoken of as one who loved his Lord most devotedly, and lived a saintly life; yet he suffered from great spiritual depression.

I feel how weak my faith is to reach forth and take eternal joys, yet I have had some few earnest, that as I approach the confines of the two countries, my God will strengthen me and give me grace to sing the conqueror's song over death and the grave.

"Surely we both entirely say that all our hope is exactly that which the dying thief had—the grace of the Saviour. I know no other. Let us serve and wait for years; still the *beginning* of my confidence must continue with me to the end, that the Lord has freely forgiven me all trespass, and loved me with an unchanging love.

"Everything that helps us to see the glory of the Lord reflected in the pages of His Holy Word is so much pure gold, and better than thousands of silver.

"Cleave close to the Word, dearest Bessy. Is it not the way to cleave close to God? May the remembrance of it become increasingly precious to you. If you love it as well as I love you, you will often think of it with ever new delight."

Some of the following extracts are from letters to the Rev. J. Richey:—

"MY DEAREST JAMES,—I enclose a short answer to dear W.'s note which you sent me, and which was very beautiful indeed; truly and simply, I am sure, speaking the desires of his heart which appear all directed to the dear things of our Lord's Kingdom.

"May you and dearest Bessy have much cause to rejoice in the work of your hands. I think of you all pretty often, and if you be bringing forth a hundred fold, while I yield twenty, I shall rejoice with you for the abundant grace bestowed upon you, and that God is glorified thereby.

"Give my love to our dear aunt. Tell her I only trust that the same rod and staff may be supporting us all when we are summoned to follow her, and that we may find the

valley, as Henry* says 'valleys generally are' a fruitful place.

"We desire again to hear of dear Baby. I fear that she must be an object of some painful solicitude to you and dearest sister, but you will both learn, I am sure, by the effectual teaching of God Himself, to repose your little darling in the arms of the Lord. The sufferings of an infant deeply present the sinfulness of sin to us. We are ready to say, 'What hath *sin* wrought?' but you remember those comforting and, I believe, sound words, 'They die, for Adam sinned'; they live, for Jesus died.'

"You remember, dear James, how Milner tells of some African Christians who, on leaving their native town in time of persecution, went out singing, 'Such honour have all His saints'—I would that this mantle may fall on us both.

"I often think of dear Culmstock. May the presence of our good God be much there.

"Dear Mother is, assuredly, we trust, more and more under the holy power of the Spirit of God. May His kingdom be the portion of us all!"

In the following letters my father speaks of the illness and death of my grandmother (Mrs. Drury), and of a little daughter who lived but a short time, also of the death of little Richard.

"Dear Baby gives us hopes and fears at times. In complexion, as well as features, she has become to my eye so like Johnny,† that she brings his last month very forcibly to my mind. The Lord restore her if it be His will, but we are all very doubtful if she will ever number up twelve months.

"She is a sweet, engaging little pet to us all, but God may see that the world would prove too strong for her; and,

* Matthew Henry, the Commentator.

† His first little son.

to see her not triumphing over it, would truly be the saddest sight of all.

“Our dear Mrs. Drury is much, much worse; there is a near connection, I feel more and more, between ours and the eternal world. May her spirit soon rejoice with the blessed angels. I shall miss her very, very much.”

A few days later :

“My prayer for her has been gradually turned into praise, and the subject of my praise was that God has so visited her with His peace and strength, for she was entirely composed and never happier in all her life, though she was sensible that a few days must dismiss her hence—not one murmur from the beginning. But yesterday morning she appeared somewhat relieved.

“My dear, dear M. has been a good deal tried, but she is docile under God’s hand, I surely believe, and longs to know Him more and more.

“You do not mention dear Aunt Roberts, for your letter was all affectionate interest about us.

“How comfortable to know that that which distinguishes heaven is not intellectual power, or high and honourable attainments of any kind which our hearts *naturally* admire—but *love*—let us then live in love. ‘He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God.’ Have we not some understanding of this? It is hard to delineate, but it may be proved in the soul.”

Again :

“Our darling Mrs. Drury died this morning after twelve hours of laborious breathing, but without one painful struggle. The happy circumstances of her illness, the truly happy temper of her soul generally, almost entirely from first to last, greatly help to comfort us. Her death came as the most sudden surprise after her revival.

“Farewell, my own dear sister.”

“MY DEAREST BESSY,---Dear Mother has told you of our sorrow, which has come in a moment most unlooked for, for Mr. Crampton told us, thirteen days before dear little Richard died, that he might outlive his disease. But he has followed his dear, kind grandpapa very speedily, and though he was a most delightful child to us, yet we see much mercy in his being freed from possibly long suffering. I feel, however, that it helps to show me that I have less reason to have my hold on this world.

“He has been a most precious little son to me.”

I think it must have been about this time that my father withdrew from the Communion of the Church of England. His friend Mr. Darby’s* name first occurs in the following letter:

“*January 31, 1827.*

“MY DEAREST GEORGE,---At times it is only the assurance that God is with you that makes me feel at all happy in our separation.† If we lived merely for this world, it would be better that we should be together even on bread and water, but we must not undertake to fix the bounds of our habitation. Circumstances will, please God, occasionally unite us.

“I hope on Friday to see John Darby. You will be grieved to hear that he has been laid up for nearly two months from a hurt in his knee. His poor people at Calary miss him sadly.”

* It is perhaps needless for me to say that Mr. Darby was one of my father’s dearest friends. They had been contemporaries at College, and afterwards they were almost entirely of one mind on the subjects most prized by both. I never knew the time when Mr. Darby was not a visitor in our house—sometimes for weeks together; and well do I remember the rapt attention with which his preaching was listened to by my father, and the pleasure with which he would afterwards tell Mr. Darby how it had delighted him.

† My uncle was still at Bandon.

My father used to say, "If I deserve any credit it is that I early discerned what there was in John Darby!"

The next few lines refer to the last illness of Cousin Richard:

"EASTERLAND.*

"MY DEAREST SISTER,—I reached this yesterday, and found our beloved cousin much as I had expected. I should judge the time of his continuance among us is at present uncertain. I have had very delightful communications from him; he speaks in such a way as carries its own witness with it, that the Lord, the Spirit, has made Jesus very precious to him, and given him full peace through His blood.

"Indeed, dear, dear sister, it is a matter of thankfulness to find him thus kept. He seems to be detained here by no recollections or desires whatever. I feel that we are losing a most pleasant and beloved friend."

To Mr. Reynolds:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Many persons are confidently anticipating sorrowful times for our land. The condition of the public mind here they think to be very alarming. I would that I felt myself more in an Abraham state, looking for a city that hath 'foundations.' You know none of the present kingdoms of the earth have foundations, they are all either shaken, or to be shaken. (Hebrews xii. 27, 28.)

"In the first chapter of Ephesians the apostle says that we receive spiritual blessings in Christ. (v. 3.) He then enumerates these blessings (vv. 4-14), and they are election, adoption, acceptance in the Beloved, forgiveness, knowledge of God's purposes, inheritance in Christ, earnest of inheritance. It is instructive to consider the *meaning*

* Cousin Richard's home, near Sampford.

of these blessings in detail, for each has its peculiar value for the Church.

“How good it is to study the word of God with care, and how worthy it is of this study!

“Give our love to Mrs. Reynolds. Tell her the prophets are still much in my thoughts, as we used to talk of them together.”

To the same :

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was sorry to learn from your few kind lines that your general health was not better ; it may be that the change from Fulham to higher ground may serve both you and Mrs. Reynolds, and I shall rejoice to hear that it does, if it be God’s will concerning you, but I rather trust that He may dispose you both to leave your times in His hands, and go on to understand more and more fully that love of His which passeth knowledge.

“Indeed I regret that you did not see dear John Parnell* before his leaving this country. He and the godly company with whom he purposes to labour left our port for Bordeaux on Saturday. They went off accompanied by the regrets and blessings of many of the Lord’s people, who loved them much for His sake.

“It is better to rejoice that our names are ‘written in heaven’ than to be able to report that ‘devils are subject unto us.’ Graciousness of mind is better than endowments.”

This is the last of the very early letters.

* He went with Mr. Groves and others on the mission to Bagdad.

CHAPTER II.

DOMESTIC LIFE—JOYS AND SORROWS.

I HAVE now reached the point when I can first speak of my dear father from personal recollection. The very first thing I can recall is the tone of his voice; and I can remember his playing with us, and can almost see him groping his way in blind man's buff; but perhaps nothing made a more lasting impression on my mind than the way in which, when bidding me "good-night," he would say some little word of a hymn or prayer. Sometimes it would be a short verse, such as—

"Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee."

Or,

"None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good."

Or,

"Jesus only can supply
Boldness if we're called to die."

But I think that most frequently it was some loving desire that the blessed Lord might draw me to Himself, and keep me from "the snares of this naughty world." (An expression he often quoted when mentioning children in prayer.) Whatever the parting word might be it reminded me constantly where his heart was.

My great-aunt, Alice Dyer, whom I have before mentioned, was my grandmother, Mrs. Bellett's, younger sister, and had come to Ireland with her without intending to remain. But she became so attached to my father, even from his birth, that nothing could induce her to leave him. Friends in England wanted her to return; but never, except for one short visit, did she leave Ireland again; and after the death of my grandparents she came to live with us. She used often to talk to me of the early days at "North Lodge." Her love for her sister's four children was great; and, when they each left the old home and made homes for themselves, her heart followed them; but it was most closely bound to her "dear John." I shall have occasion to speak of this aunt again.

As my brother and I grew older my father would sometimes sing with us; and used to enjoy the old psalm and hymn tunes with which he had been familiar. His voice was ever sweet and true. The first hymn that I remember his writing was composed to the tune of "Woodman, spare that tree," which we had learned to sing, and which my father much enjoyed.

"My heart is bounding onward,
Home to the land I love;
Its distant vales and mountains
My wishful passions move.

"Fain would my fainting spirit
Its living freshness breathe,
And wearied feet find resting,
Its hallow'd shades beneath.

"No soil of nature's evil,
No touch of man's rude hand,
Shall e'er disturb around us
That bright and peaceful land.

“The charms that woo our senses
 Shall be as pure, as fair ;
 For all while stealing o'er us
 Shall tell of Jesus there.

“What light ! when all its beaming
 Shall own *Him* as its Sun ;
 What music ! when its breathing
 Shall bear His name along.

“No change, no pause those pleasures
 Shall ever seek to know ;
 The draught that lulls our thirsting,
 But wakes that thirst anew.”*

I can remember the sorrow to which my father refers in the following letter, and my consciousness, when quite a little child, of how much it affected him.

It was the death of my mother's youngest sister. She had been an invalid all her life, and was the object of tenderest love to all her family. With her two other sisters she lived next door to us.

“*April, 1839.*”

“MY DEAREST BESSY,—Our darling sister Louisa has been taken from the midst of us, after a short inflammatory attack of only six days, from the 18th to the 24th of April. But her mind was fully preserved throughout, and her peace flowed like a river from her entrance upon, till her close of, the dark valley. It was indeed a mingled scene of light and darkness. Darkness as to nature and the poor body, but God's light in the spirit all the way. But she has been very dear to me from the beginning, and for years our minds had been trained together in sweetest harmony. Scarcely a meditation of mine on the blessed Word that she was not familiar with. . . . I have felt abundant reason in my soul to thank my God with an especial note

* This hymn was first printed by some one years ago without our knowledge.

of praise for it, for it was all needed I am sure, and it will, I trust, be made a good and holy practical lesson to us. My poor Mary and sisters are in the deepest sorrow.

* * * * * *

“‘Happy, quite happy,’ were the first words dearest Louisa said to me ; and many a sweet word passed between us. The whole was the most perfect peace, not broken for a moment. On one occasion saying to her, ‘You shall behold His glory, and be raised in His likeness,’ ‘Sure of that,’ she just said. When dear Aunt came in to see her, she was almost too weak to say anything, but she lifted her hand to heaven as intimating that she was soon going there. She wanted nothing but the Lord Jesus. He was her boast and holy confidence all through.

“I said to her, ‘It is a blessing to us, darling, to know that you are as safe in the hands of Jesus as the Apostle Paul.’ She raised her poor arm and laid hold on my coat and said, ‘I have such a grip of Christ.’

“It is sweet to me to talk of her, dearest sister. My poor Mary has been left a little weaker by all this. She will never be fully strong again on her limbs, I judge, but she lays herself without a murmur on the Lord.”

One of our pleasantest days each summer was when my father would drive out with my brother, my mother’s two nieces and myself, to spend the day at Ballycorus (near “North Lodge”), the Dargle, and Powerscourt Waterfall, first going to breakfast with Mr. Kearney at Kilternan Glebe.

Mr. Kearney’s love for my father was very strong ; and their friendship was not the least shaken by my father’s separation from the Church of England.

Visits to Kilternan Glebe were continued up to the time of Mr. Kearney’s death ; and on the last day of

his life my father watched beside him for hours, and saw him breathe his last (1852).

This "day in the country" was continued in after years; and friends sometimes joined us. My dear father used to enjoy it with a sweet natural pleasure, especially if we had the company of any friend, to whom the beautiful scenery was new.

On these occasions we generally dined at Mrs. Walker's farm; and I think we were never there without his getting together whoever might be in the house, and either reading a little of the Bible, or speaking to them in his own happy, loving way. His kindly manner made all the tenants feel at ease with him.

I cannot remember much about my father's work and ministry in those early days, but I think that then, as afterwards, a part of each day was spent in visits of Christian counsel and sympathy amongst the Brethren, or others.

He usually took part in the Sunday morning meeting, and frequently preached in the evening also, as well as on Thursday evenings. There were also occasional Bible readings at friends' houses.

He was always an early riser. On winter mornings he would have his table by the kitchen fire, with his Bible and writing materials on it, and there read, and meditate, and write, for some time before breakfast.

The *Short Meditations on the Psalms*, and *On the Gospels according to St. Luke and St. John*, were written before we left the dear old Herbert Place home, and also, no doubt, many other meditations which appeared from time to time in the *Christian Witness*.

In later years he would often sit with my dear

mother and me, with his Bible open, and a pen in his hand, meditating and writing, always ready to answer any question, or to say some loving word; and I can truly say that I never remember his shewing any impatience at being interrupted.

It was his habit to read aloud at breakfast and in the evening. The first book I remember his reading to Johnny and me when we were children was *Uncle Philip's Conversations on Animals*; and after the lapse of many years, when I alone was left to listen to him, the last he was able to read thus was *The Land and the Book*, by Dr. Thompson. He often chose history and biography to read, and would say that the reading of history was useful in a special way, to shew how "the bubble had burst," and to remind us that many things which may seem very important to us to-day will one day be as nothing.

One of the biographies he enjoyed was that of the Rev. H. Venn, of whom his physician said, it was impossible for him to die while in such a state of joy at the prospect. The thought of such experience as this greatly delighted my father. He used to repeat with much pleasure what Mr. Venn said about his solitary parish rides—"I rode along with no companion but my pocket Bible and its Divine Author."

When my dear father wrote of my aunt's death as being such a cause of sorrow, he little thought of the greater grief that was slowly but steadily approaching, nor of the eternal joy that was to spring up in the midst of it.

I refer to the illness and death of my brother, the only one of his three boys who lived to grow up.

The letters at the end of this little volume were

written during his illness and after his death to Aunt Alice; and my father afterwards found comfort in putting them together. My own recollection of this dear brother (some years older than myself) is a very bright one. Although often suffering and requiring care, he was full of life and spirits. His bright face and sunny temperament made him a most pleasant companion, while his love of poetry and music, and all the refined enjoyments of life, and his readiness for pleasure and society, might have been even greater temptations to him than they were, if it had not been that his love for our father had such an influence over him. I can remember hearing them speak of books in which Johnny found enjoyment, but which my father had laid aside. He had doubtless many anxious thoughts about his boy; but, while fearing to encourage too much his love for merely intellectual pleasures, he yet felt much sympathy with his tasteful mind. When my brother's illness assumed a serious aspect, the doctor advised a total change, and we left Dublin for Ryde, and other places. These changes, however, were of no lasting service; but a greater blessing was vouchsafed to him than restored health. The prayers of so many years were answered, and Johnny was, as he himself expressed it, "*Shocked out of a life of vanity into real life*"; and during the months that followed, until his death, the change was indeed proved to be real.

The beauty of his mind expressed itself in new channels; and the things of God and the love of Christ were ever first in his thoughts. He was entirely free from religious phraseology; and, as far as his health allowed, enjoyed social intercourse, and entered into surrounding interests.

From the time when he became increasingly dependent (after the loss of his arm), our father's devotion to him was beautiful. Could I have taken note of it all *then*, as I now look back upon it, I should have been filled with admiring love. It is little to say, that at any hour, day or night, it was his one pleasure and comfort to wait on his suffering child. His own letters shew something of this, but they do not, of course, convey the extent of his devotion. During all those months of gradual decline, he and our dear and faithful Mary Perrott, whose name is found in the letters, entirely nursed my brother. My dear mother's feeble health prevented her from taking her share in this labour of love.

This sorrow and loss did most deeply wound my father's loving heart. It gave occasion to his *Meditations on the Book of Job*, and doubtless gave colour to some of his other writings about the same time.

During his own illness, in 1864, he spoke of this dear son to some who, I suppose, had never even heard of him before, and gave them copies of one or two hymns written by him.

The following extracts are taken from letters written to my dear aunt, Mrs. Richey, who had been with us for some time before my brother's death :

“BATH, '48.

“. . . I esteem it among the *sweetest* mercies of a mere circumstantial nature, that we were so together in that dear and precious season—precious, I need not say, to the fondest recollections that can ever fill our hearts. . . . How little, when we traversed the Three Rock Mountain together in the freedom of young days, we counted on the style of the more serious and advanced stages of life. How little did I

think that dear Mary's heart and mine would be linked by such a common sorrow.

"I pray that the memory of him may never be a faded or distant impression on my heart, for I believe it has its virtue, and such virtue, I trust, as the Spirit sanctions. Did you ever meet with the beautiful rendering of Jer. xxxi. 20, in Tyndale, I believe, 'Ephraim, my dear son! the child with whom I have had all delight and pastime, since I first communed with him I have him ever in remembrance. My very heart driveth me unto him. Most lovingly and gladly will I have mercy on him, saith the Lord of hosts.'

"How sweet that verse of Tersteegen's hymn is:

"'Mid conflict be Thy love my peace,
In weakness be Thy love my strength,
And when the storms of life shall cease,
And Thou to earth shalt come at length,
Then, to the Glory be my Guide,
And shew me Him who for me died.'

"To *live* to serve Him, is the highest desire.

"To *die*, to enjoy Him as our portion."

During the summer of 1849, after my brother's death, we remained at Bath with my mother's sisters and nieces, who were then living there.

Much sympathy was shown by many friends, and very specially by those in Dublin. My father went back for a short time to attend a large meeting, and the tender and deep sympathy that awaited him there must have been very comforting.

He returned to Bath for a time, but before the winter he and my dear mother went back to the now shadowed home, where Aunt Alice was waiting for them with her most loving welcome. I remained with my aunts and cousins at Bath, and this gave occasion

to my having letters from my father, some extracts from which I can give here.

“This is a new scene to us, without our darling children who once gave it, in our heart’s esteem, its chiefest attraction—one ‘is not,’ and the other beyond the seas. May the blessed Spirit guide your heart as He did that of your loved and now happy brother! What can a father’s fondest wishes desire more for you? We have heard of the death of Georgy T—— by a fall from his horse. What recollections of our mercy this again gives us! What a different departure did our eyes witness, my child, just twelve months since!

“I grieve much to hear of dear Mr. Jukes, and would indeed most sincerely pray and desire that he may be soon in health and strength again; but he has better possessions than either—conscious peace with God, and a well-known title to His presence and kingdom.

“Think of the Lord and of all His love in the simplicity of a believing heart. May He be near to teach and keep you, my dear child.

“I need not say, my love to your dear aunts and cousins; they know how I love them, and so does my heart know it.

“I have just come from the poor M.’s. Dear Mrs. M.’s last hours were lovely. She said, ‘Pray for me passing the dark place; but no, it is not dark, it is bright, glorious light.’

“She charged her husband to hold fast by the people of the Lord. ‘Jesus, my light, my joy,’ she said. Great comfort in thinking that her warfare is accomplished and her journey ended, and ‘them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.’ The Lord bless you. Keep your heart open to Himself, and He will pour in only light, which, though at first it may rebuke, will for ever gladden.

“The subject I had last evening was the brightness of Jacob’s closing hours, as shewn in Gen. xlviii. At the

beginning (see ch. xxvii.) he had craftily got the blessing from his father, as though he were not satisfied with the promise of God. Through weakness of faith he sought to have his title to the inheritance sealed by his father's blessing, as it had been previously by God's promise. But now, at the end he listens to nothing but God's purpose, believing surely that he is blessed whom God blesses, and that nothing shall hinder. Therefore, though Joseph may plead for Manasseh, he puts the blessing upon Ephraim, because this is God's way, to set the younger above the elder, that all blessing may come through the grace of God, and not through the rights, or claims, or the efforts of nature. At the end all Jacob's undivided boast and confidence is in the sovereign grace of God.

"How happy it is to know that we, in like measure, must be 'debtors to mercy alone'! We have no title in ourselves; we are like the younger child, not the *natural* heirs of blessing. But *God gives to those who deserve nothing.*

"I sometimes remember our piano and songs; but the humming of a tune is never my custom now. We have, however, far better things to remember.

"May *His* presence and approbation be our present joy, my dear child, and the assurance of His everlasting love, the spring of our constant confidence and hope."

Referring again to my brother's death, he writes :

"His dealing was marked by the most signal tokens of His love. And when I consider what the world is and what it is becoming; the temptations specially which young men like our darling are subject to, and the thousands that go to the wide gate and the broad way, I am almost lost in admiration and praise in the presence of my Heavenly Father, though all the world could not repair the loss.

"The Lord bless my dear, dear child; keep her in the

midst of the corruptions and distractions abroad, under the shelter of the name of Jesus, for it is a strong tower, and they that trust in it shall never be confounded. . . . I have been thinking a little this morning of the meaning we may attach to the 'talent,' or the 'pound,' which the Lord gave to His people to use till He return. We may, as a practical word for our conscience, say, that *every circumstance may be used as a talent*. I mean, if we seek to go through it, or to meet it, or to be exercised in it and by it, in reference to Christ. Every opportunity, every advantage we should learn to regard as an occasion of service to the Lord, not seeking to turn it to *our own account*, but to the account of *His praise*. And the more we *love* Him, the more this will be done. Where there is love, even amongst ourselves, we know this. We know how to prize an opportunity or a circumstance, if it can be made to serve the wishes or interests of a person we love. And this man in the parable who had no heart for the Lord, but who feared Him, never used His talent, never took up any opportunity or circumstance with love and desire, as a means of serving or pleasing Him.

"And happy, my child, it is when the heart is so true to Jesus that it can regard all things that arise, not in their relation to ourselves, but as occasions of thus pleasing and honouring Him; to try to get out of every little event, something that may tell Him we love Him.

"And then, when we discover our coldness in our best estate, and our short-comings in everything, to remember His covenant, everlasting, electing love, which made us His object in spite of all things, and will never leave, never forsake us."

My dear father and mother finally left the home in Herbert Place in the following summer, and returned to Bath for a time. He took me into Devonshire,

and on the way we stayed for two or three days at Wellington, in order to visit my brother's grave in Sampford Churchyard, and to see the inscription which had been placed in the church to his memory.

The names of many relations are there also, among them some much loved and honoured.

While at Wellington we were the guests of Mr. Charles and Mr. Henry Fox. I can recollect the kindness and sympathy shewn to my father by these friends, and after the lapse of thirty-five years I met again one member of the family, whose happy remembrance of him touched me very much. She had scarcely seen him, I think, since that visit when she was a girl of about fifteen, but the length of time had not dimmed her recollection. She loved to speak of him, and said, "I never saw anyone so full of love as Mr. Bellett."

Not long after we returned to Ireland, and during the next few years lived in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

It was either on that journey or on another, a year or two later, that, in conversation with a fellow-traveller, my father (as he was always ready to do, though without any undue effort) led the thoughts to higher things, and in answer to some remarks about the pleasures of travelling, said that life was too serious a thing to be spent in pleasure. The reply instantly was, "I think I know some friends of yours, sir; are you not one of the Plymouth Brethren?"

This surprised, and, I think, pleased him.

There is nothing special to mark the next year or two, except the remembrance of friends who gathered round my father, and who were welcomed to our house chiefly as guests at breakfast.

He used to quote a saying of Lord Macaulay's (I believe), "You ask a man to *dinner* because he knew your grandfather, or because he has done you some service; you ask a man to *breakfast* because you like him."

There are still some remaining who can recall, I think, the charm that he gave to these simple morning gatherings. He made them opportunities of friendly intercourse with some not belonging to the Brethren, whom he was always glad to welcome. At such times, whilst ready to converse cheerfully on different subjects (when too, his appreciation of humour would occasionally shew itself), the one ever nearest to his heart would continually come to the surface, and the claims of Christ be felt as the words fell with persuasive power from his lips. Some of his choicest sentences were uttered in these happy moments of familiar intercourse, or at our family Bible reading from day to day. A few of these, remembered and written down afterwards, may not be out of place here :—

"The more we live in *expectation*, the less we shall grudge another; and the less we shall seek to acquire for ourselves, for, even if obtained, what would it be but a vanity?"

"The gate of the domains of heaven is on earth.

"I often think of the two worlds—the difference between them—victory *here* will be dignity *there*. (1 John v. 4.)

"That which *disappears here* in widow's weeds will *re-appear* there in bridal attire. (This sentence was explained to mean that the faith which has here been tried by ' manifold temptations ' will *there* be found ' unto praise and honour and glory. ' (1 Peter i. 7.)

"There is nothing like faith which attaches you to a victorious Christ.

“By the bleeding hand of Christ we have received from God the reconciliation, that He might satisfy the mystery of God’s eternal love for sinners, and satisfy the conscience for eternity.

“He was numbered with the transgressors—*He* who had had Moses and Elias on either side of Him! (See St. Luke ix. 30-31.)

“The service that humbles you is true Christian service.

“Love does not wait for great occasions, but buckles on its service-suit at once (like St. Paul preaching at Damascus).

“What was the apostle’s temper of mind in writing the Epistle to the Galatians? In Romans it was the calmness of a teacher. In Corinthians he was a pained rebuker, a disappointed father. In Ephesians all is elevation, looking around on a world of glories.

“Justification by faith was no mere dogma to the man who wrote the Epistle to the Galatians.

“Where is the blessedness ye spake of? We do not know the power of the thought that God’s favour is towards us—the greatest lever which can be put under the soul. The Galatians knew it at the time to which the apostle looked back.

“Thessalonians has a deep glow of pastoral devotedness throughout.

“The *God of all grace*. How little do we let the majesty of such words in upon the soul!

“It is a terrible thing to lay oneself out to be *an object*; it is like a worm at the root.

“Heb. x. 32-39. It is as if the Lord would remind them of His goodness in illuminating them, and ask if they so valued what they had in Him as to part with present things. It would not do for them to pass at once from ‘illumination’ to ‘glory.’ The time of ‘patience’ was necessary to prove that they *did* value what He could give.

“Passages that may seem startling, read in the light of others, are found to be necessary truths. Such is the *fearlessness* of *Scripture*, an honest man does not fear to speak his mind.”

(In answer to some remark about what we might “expect” to find in the Bible) “It is a perfect book; I *expect* what I *find* there.

“How minute the links between the different parts of Scripture are, and how many silent references there are from one part to another! How the divine writers provide for one another! Judges for Hebrews; Genesis for Galatians. How the volume rolls in upon itself! Paul rolls in upon Habbakuk. (Rom. i. 17; ii. 4.)

“Variety in unity; unity in variety—the dislocated parts of the volume carrying out one line of thought, or a single passage presented in different lights. It is a book of wonders, but the volume itself is a wonder.

“Though *we* may not have capacity to put things together, Scripture has.

“We should lean upon the Word as David leaned upon his harp, and press music out of it.

“We must leave *reason* with God; *believing* is our's. God will take care of His own glory.

“There is no citadel for the heart like confidence in God.

“No accuracy of doctrine will give the soul rest; there must be the knowledge of *a Person*.

“Christ was the manifestation of God to man, and of man to God. He was the man in whom God could delight.

“If there is an entertainment for the heart this side the glory, it is tracking the moral glory of the Lord Jesus; as one says, ‘The conception of such a character would be more wonderful than the reality.’

“The story of the life of Christ as given by the four evangelists is an enlarging, living wonder to the soul from day to day.”

After the lapse of many years, I had a touching proof of the impression left on the mind of one who occasionally joined us at breakfast, in some letters, from which I take the following extracts:

“ . . . Your father’s kind notice of me when a lad, his gentleness, his courtesy, his originality, have left with me an indelible memorial of him, but his love to his God and Saviour, and the light he was enabled to cast upon his Saviour’s life in the gospels, endear him in an extraordinary manner to all who knew him, and I can say, with sincerity, to myself also.

“He is at times vividly before me, as though no long period of time had passed since I saw him; his tone of voice, his warm, loving pressure of hand, his sweet, graceful, high-bred courtesy, above all, his unbounded faith, his realization of the person and character of the Lord Jesus, create before me an unspeakably precious and unique personality.”

I shall have to quote from the same friend later on.

About two years after my brother’s death another great trouble came into my dear father’s life, caused by the division which took place amongst the Brethren who had hitherto been united in Christian love and service.*

In looking back, I can see how great was the mercy which did not suffer this sorrow to visit him until the former wound was in a measure healed.

* The controversy that arose about the writings of Mr. Benjamin Newton had already taken place; and this was consequent upon it.

It was at this time that my father wrote two papers in the *Present Testimony*, called “The Son of God.” His mind was led to the subject (as he has explained) by thoughts concerning the person of our blessed Lord, which he felt to be erroneous, and which had been suggested by some whom he knew.

The controversy assumed a grave form. Decided judgments had to be formed and acted upon, and much sorrow followed in the separation (in many instances) of close and tried friends. My father's judgment was not shared by the greater number of those amongst whom he had ministered for so many years in Dublin, and by whom he was greatly beloved. Many meetings for conference were held; and I well remember the pain and anxiety he suffered.

His dear friend Mr. Darby was of the same mind as himself; but his visits to Dublin at that time were few; and at first my father stood much alone.

He felt it all most keenly; and the temptation must have been very great to silence his conscience, and remain, as before, united with so many whom he loved, and who wished still to have him as their friend and teacher.

The trouble began to tell upon his health, and he was persuaded to leave Dublin for a time.

On his return, a separate meeting was formed by the few who felt with him, and whose numbers gradually increased. With them he resumed his ministry, and continued it with only occasional interruptions until his last illness began.

It was a comfort to him that living a few miles from Dublin, at Booterstown, he was spared the more frequent meetings with those friends from whom he differed, but whom he never ceased to love. But, by degrees, when the pain was in a measure softened, on coming home, he would sometimes say with a smile, "I had to run the gauntlet to-day!" and would then mention the familiar names of some of these friends whom he had met.

After a while these meetings became less painful, and he found it a happiness to see the old friends from time to time.

There is a circumstance which comes to my memory, as part of the refining process through which my dear father was called to pass, though not connected with this period of his life, that I may here mention. It was the gradual withdrawal from his ministry (in consequence of a difference in their judgment on another matter of some importance) of one who had been a *constant* hearer, who always took copious notes of his lectures, and who had given many proofs of his affectionate regard.

My father must have been deeply pained, but he had the full approval of his conscience in the matter, and no touch of wounded feelings seemed to remain.

CHAPTER III.

CHARACTERISTICS—REMEMBERED WORDS.

WHILE we were living at Booterstown, my father was invited by the curate of the parish to attend a meeting held by him once a week, where a few gentlemen met together for Bible reading and conversation, and he went regularly unless some other engagement prevented him.

He had at that time a weekly meeting for exposition of Scripture at the house of an old lady, who, though herself one of the Brethren, would invite any friends and neighbours who wished to come; and it was always a pleasure to my father when any who loved his Lord, though "they followed not with him," were present.

His own convictions were sure and unwavering, and seemed to grow stronger from year to year, but he could appreciate to the full Christian worth in those whose opinions were not his own, where he felt they were held "as to the Lord." He would refer often to Romans xiv. in connection with this.

He often said, "We will not *agree* to differ, because that would be making little of truth, but we will love *in spite of differences.*"

My father's temperament did not lead him to active work; and he the more admired those who were

bearing "the burden and heat of the day." Those (such as city missionaries and others) who go out into the lanes and alleys, the highways and hedges, he greatly honoured, and loved to remember them in family prayer. He would speak of himself as fit only to sit at their feet.

I do not know whether he had ever felt ambitious of success in his profession as a barrister; but I think he liked it, and had he continued in it, his accurate mind and fitting perception of things would probably have ensured success; but nothing that he had given up seemed to be felt a sacrifice. He would speak with admiration of any who had suffered for the cause of Christ; and of himself, as one to whom the lines had fallen "in pleasant places"; and no one who can recall his happy smile can doubt that he felt this.

His social nature was fully alive to the enjoyments of refined society; but so completely was it kept in check by what he felt to be loyalty to his Lord, that I never remember thinking it was any trial to him to abstain from many things, nor yet that he judged harshly those who did otherwise. With his shrinking from everything in which he felt not his Lord's approval, there was no touch of hardness or of gloom in his intercourse with others.

Satisfied cheerfulness was characteristic of him. I remember how we were amused by the remark of a Dutch Pastor, who had come to Dublin from Amsterdam, and breakfasted with us one morning. He asked my father if he had ever been on the Rhine, and being answered in the negative, he said with a smile, "How *can* you be so cheerful, never having seen the Rhine!"

My dear father's simplicity of character I have scarcely thought of mentioning, it was so entirely a part of himself. The following anecdote was told me by a friend whose remembrance of him after thirty years is as fresh as that of so many others. He said that one evening my father had been spending a little time at their house, and on going away he met a poor man at the gate selling brushes, and touched, I suppose by his importunity, he bought one. They were surprised to see him returning to the door with a sweeping brush in his hand. He told them how he had got it, and asked if they would have it, as he hardly liked to carry it home!

This brings to my mind his constant readiness to give alms; and I remember that almost always, when he gave anything to a beggar, he would say, "That is for the Lord Jesus' sake." If any doubt were suggested as to the integrity of anyone in want, he would say pityingly, "Ah, we don't know the temptations of poverty!"

As far as his means would allow, my father was ever ready to give to those who were in want, his sympathies being always specially called out when there were large families of children to be provided for.

I may perhaps mention a little circumstance which has been a treasured memory to myself. One day coming home from his usual rounds, he told me that he had been attracted by a davenport which he saw in a shop window, and looked at it, wishing very much to buy it for me. "But then," he added, "I thought, how many are wanting a loaf, and I turned away."

I think he had almost a dread of wealth. To hear of anyone dying "worth so much" (as the expression

is), especially if he were known as one who made a profession of religion, pained him very much. But the luxury of giving away largely, he fully understood, and used to say that this was the one thing for which wealth could be valued. Hearing of any act of self-denying generosity at once stirred his admiration.

His work from day to day did not lead him much to the very poor: but amongst those he did visit and relieve from time to time were a poor man, his wife, and sister-in-law, all old and feeble. I remember his saying with admiration of their simple faith, "They have only about half an eye between them; and yet they are cheerful and happy!"

He would relate with pleasure the following little history told him by the Rector of a poor parish called "The Liberties," in Dublin, whom he greatly esteemed for his "unobtrusive work." Mr. H—— had been visiting a poor, sick woman for a long time, without making any impression upon her. It seemed as if she were incapable even of understanding his words, and she would always repeat, "I'm a stupid old woman, I can't understand." Still Mr. H—— would not give her up, but continued to read and speak to her of the Lord. One day as soon as he entered the room she raised her head and said, "I understand it all now!" and then she told him how all that he had been saying to her seemed to be made quite plain; and he had the comfort of feeling that the Holy Spirit had indeed been her teacher.

My dear father's sympathies were very strong, and for suffering of any and every kind he felt deeply, especially so (perhaps from his own dread of it) in the case of illness accompanied by much pain.

I remember once a person whom we knew was threatened with a very painful disease, unless a successful operation were performed. My father felt tenderly about it, and (as if taking it to himself) he said, "There are moments of mid-night darkness to the soul, but there will be noon-day brightness for ever!" His relief and happiness were great when the danger was past and health restored.

The remembrance of what he felt during my brother's months of intense suffering gave, no doubt, additional tenderness to his sympathy. Thank God! he was never again called upon to pass through such a time of trial as that. My dear mother's weakness, increasing gradually as it did from year to year, until she could only move from room to room, was not such a trial as might have been thought, because she suffered but little.

Her even cheerfulness was unailing. It was his delight to have her beside him, or to minister to her in little ways, and her sweet, bright smile was quite enough to cheer him, even when anything arose to trouble him.

Her truthfulness and simplicity of character were such a rest and joy to him. The friends whom she was only able to see occasionally, little knew how his happiness depended on her. He often said to me when I was a girl, "I will give up all my expectations of you, if you will be like your mother."

He used to say that in character she was like "Aunt Roberts," for whose memory he and others had much veneration; and he was not a little pleased to hear Mr. Darby once say, "Mrs. Bellett has been my mentor for twenty years." Her straightforward and clear-

sighted judgment gave much weight to her opinion and advice.

I have now to give some extracts from my father's letters, though they rather belong to Chapter II, written after the death of my dear aunts, to whom he was summoned as each drew near her end. He was closely bound in affection to each of them; and the loss of them made a fresh blank in his life. Never did sisters more truly love a brother than those dear aunts loved my father.

The first letter refers to the death of the eldest of the three:

"I am sitting between your dear aunts, who are still in sorrow. But all is richly well. She was as full a sample of 'peace in Jesus' as your own dear mamma, and she could not be more. All is well, eternally well, and the joys of the Glory will awaken all our faculties for enjoyment, and give them their perfection for ever.

"Thankful I am to hear of the meetings on Sunday—'Manifestly declared to be the Epistle of Christ' is said of that church at Corinth, where so much had to be corrected and rebuked. But the Spirit discerned the work of God in the midst of the rubbish of nature."

The next extract speaks of the dear aunt that was called away last.

". . . . It is a coming and a going, my dear child—a living and a dying—but perfections, and brightness, and purity are all in His presence in *Glory*. We must know 'Scripture' as the 'power of God.' (Matt. xxii. 29.) If He say, He can do it; if He promise, He can make it good; and it is the business of faith to learn what He has said, and know the power that will accomplish it.

“The *body* and the *spirit* of the saints are given their different histories in Scripture. The spirit is not contemplated in 1 Cor. xv. ; *that* concerns the body, and tells that a day is coming when it shall be glorified.

“The spirit is instructed, by other Scripture, to know its history also. It is taught that it will return to Him who gave it. (Ecc. xii. 7.) And we know that God gave it to Adam, a living soul, and Jesus gives it to His elect. Jesus having given it to His elect, it returns to Him when the body returns to the dust. (Acts vii. 59.)

“These ‘Scriptures,’ which we ought to ‘know,’ will be made good by the ‘power of God,’ for God is able to make them good.

“‘According to your faith be it unto you’—a precious sentence—and we want the believing mind and not the agitated intellect.

“Faith has to do not with difficult problems or abstruse propositions, but with simple facts, and declarations, and promises, while the more the reader is a child and a way-faring man, the easier he will find them. And they are as sure as they are simple—the words of Him who cannot lie—yea, and the words of Him who is Himself glorified in their being that.

“Indeed, indeed, if there were a loveable person it was your dear aunt ; and such a sweet picture in death, as her body, I think I never saw. It is pure, white marble, no disfiguring, and the dear hands so exquisite. But it is living, my child—in its day to be made glorious.

“This event seems to have opened, a little wider, the world of faith to the eye of the soul.

“. . . Dearest aunt said nothing that I need mention, for we all looked to her being with us again till the last twenty minutes.

“But how quietly her blameless path ended ! characteristic we may say, and in fullest, brightest certainty ; *because*

of grace and *the gift of grace* we know where they are all of them in spirit now.

“ . . . Dearest mamma is so sweet in telling me not to leave this soon. Augusta and Isabella* feel this love from her. Oh, it is like her! but I need not say that. My heart blesses God for her, the only branch now of the old tree, and that a broken one.”

When this dear aunt was taken ill my father was summoned by my cousins; and he went at once to Cheltenham. After a time she seemed to be getting better. When the unexpected increase of illness came on she scarcely spoke, except to ask for “John.” He was soon at her bedside, and she was satisfied. Just before she breathed her last she gazed at one corner of the room, and as she looked, her face became radiant with joy, as though some blessed object were presented to her view.

About ten years before my father's death we went back to live in the house 2, Upper Pembroke Street, which had been the first home of his married life, where almost all his children were born, and some died in infancy; and there his manner of life was very much the same from day to day.

Although he never wished to be considered chief, or in a place of authority amongst the Brethren, yet they loved to give him such a place; and Sunday after Sunday, as I have said before, he preached in the evening, and usually took part in the morning meeting.

Perhaps the word preaching scarcely conveys the true description of his ministry. It was rather an

* My mother's two dear nieces.

unfolding of Holy Scripture in a way peculiar to himself. His fervour would betray itself as he went along; and the heart and conscience of the hearer be touched as he spoke of the beauty and delight of the "Book of God" (as he loved to call the Bible). Never at a loss for a theme full of profit and interest, his own enjoyment seemed to increase as he spoke.

To trace his Lord's life in all its details was indeed his delight; and to bring out for others the treasures he found there, his happy work.

Subjects from the Gospel according to St. Luke he specially loved; also the early days of the Patriarchs and the Epistle to the Hebrews;* and I suppose that none who were in the habit of hearing him could forget how he loved to dwell upon our blessed Lord's conversation at the "Well of Sychar."

Among the different meetings and Bible readings, there was an early prayer meeting at 7.30 on Wednesday mornings, which he never missed whilst it continued, though it was attended by very few others.

I have lately met a lady who was once at a lecture given at Rathmines: she never heard my father before or after; but his words made a strong impression on her. She said that she had never heard anything like it before. She only saw him once after; but her recollection of him was very vivid.

From time to time there were social gatherings for reading and conversation on Scripture, where he was

* The pamphlet entitled *Musings on Hebrews* is the substance of notes taken at a weekly Bible reading at a friend's house. It was not written for the Press. I think this ought to be mentioned; because the familiar conversational style was not what my father used in writing. This is also the case, I believe, with *Notes on St. Luke*, published after his death.

always welcomed. Friends would sometimes bring questions about disputed or difficult points for him to answer. He had no taste for controversy, or mere intellectual reasoning ; but his accuracy and clearness in explaining any passage was ever felt.

Indeed this was the natural consequence of his constant study and meditation of God's Word. It was his companion at all times. But any question that he thought might be merely for intellectual gratification he greatly disliked. A friend once said most truly, "Mr. Bellett does not answer your difficulties always; *he raises you above them.*"

Thus it was indeed; it was not that he did not well know what difficulties were, whether intellectual, moral, or spiritual; but it was that his sense of the sufficiency of the Blessed Lord to meet and quiet every thought by His own Presence was all powerful.

Often did he repeat with fervour the following lines :

"His purpose and His course He takes,
Treads all my reasonings down,
Commands me out of nature's depths,
And hides me in His own."

To speak to him about Holy Scripture, to get his thoughts on any passage; (and one always felt there was no part he had *not* thought about), seemed entirely to rest and satisfy the mind. Then his sweet deference to others, as well as his clear grasp of his subject and his bright and loving way of presenting it, gave a charm to all he said.

In a letter written when he was in the North of Ireland for a short time, he told me the subject on which he thought of speaking at a meeting, but at the

close of the letter, written *after* the meeting he says : “ We had a crowded room last evening, and I was happy ; but my mind was turned to another subject, and you know, I like to be thus in God’s hands.” This reminds me of how he used sometimes, when we were walking together to an evening meeting, to tell me the subject he thought of taking, and I was surprised to find that he sometimes took one entirely different. His mind was full of meditations on almost all parts of Scripture, and it seemed as though the Master on whom he waited, would at such times direct him to one or another, for His own gracious purposes.

I remember being surprised when he told me that he could speak with more comfort to himself when in his regular work at home (two or three lectures a week, beside Sunday), where of course the subjects were fresh each time, than when he was going from place to place and could repeat his subject.

His influence in social life must have been greater than he was at all aware of. At times difficulties arose which his wise counsel and careful allowance for difference of judgment, and above all his loving spirit and gentleness, smoothed over. “ Do not stand upon your rights,” was a sentence he often uttered, “ but be willing to be a cypher in the great account.” I may truly say that on every occasion, whether of joy or or sorrow amongst the little company in Dublin, his sympathy was at once sought for and heartily given.

He was always anxious to encourage those who might be less favoured than others ; and after seeing or hearing of any proof of faith and love in one who might have been under-rated, he would say with fervent pleasure, “ The last are first.” If anyone

passed hasty judgment on another, he would say, "Remember, the law considers everyone innocent until he be *proved* guilty."

He often quoted the words, "Ye know the heart of a stranger," when he heard of anyone lonely, or a stranger, to whom he might shew kindness. No difference of rank hindered the welcome he gave to any whom he believed to be followers of his Lord.

Simplicity of faith, leading to a spirit of constant praise, delighted him; he felt it to be a level of Christian experience higher than his own, and he would mention, with much pleasure, the reply once made to him by a friend, to whom he had said, "What is the character of your communion with God when in prayer? *Mine* is chiefly confession." With a beaming face, the answer was given, "Oh! mine is *praise*."

He delighted in the simplicity and naturalness of children, and often referred to those verses which tell of our blessed Lord taking a little child in His arms, a symbol, as he felt, of what the Church and each member of it ought to be—"A cypher in the world's account (as a little child is), but *in the arms of Christ*."

The following verses, translated from the German of Tersteegen, he greatly enjoyed:—

"CHILDHOOD.

"Dear soul, could'st thou become a child
While yet on earth, meek, undefil'd,
Then God Himself were alway near,
And Paradise around thee here.

"A child cares not for gold or treasure,
Nor fame nor glory yield him pleasure;
In perfect trust he asketh not
If rich or poor shall be his lot.

“No questions dark his spirit vex,
 No faithless doubts his soul perplex ;
 Simply from day to day he lives,
 Content with what the present gives.

“He will not stay to pause or choose,
 His father’s guidance e’er refuse,
 Thinks not of danger, fears no harm,
 Wrapt in obedience, holy, calm.

* * * * *

“O childhood’s innocence ! the voice
 Of thy deep wisdom be my choice ;
 Who hath thy lore is truly wise,
 And precious in our Father’s eyes.

“Spirit of childhood ! loved of God ;
 By Jesus’ Spirit now bestow’d,
 How often have I longed for thee ?
 O Jesus ! form Thyself in me.

“And help me to become a child
 While yet on earth—meek, undefil’d ;
 That I may find God always near,
 And Paradise around me here !”

My father never took in a daily paper ; but if there were any *special* public events at any time, and a paper were lent to him, he read it with interest.

I think I used to notice that, whatever turn affairs might be taking in the world at large, it seemed to be just what he, from his prophetic point of view, expected. He did not, perhaps, take prophetic subjects as often as others for his expositions ; but at times he clearly expressed his mind concerning prophecy. He often remarked that, just as in a landscape, the distant parts look hazy, while the foreground stands out clear and strong, so is it with unfulfilled prophecy—we must not expect to find it as clear as the other parts of the word of God.

The prophecies of Daniel and others, led him to expect changes that have taken place, or are taking place, in Christendom.

From 2 Peter iii. and other parts of Scripture, he expected the world to grow worse instead of better; and he was fully prepared for the lawlessness which is now so ready to show itself everywhere. I remember his once saying to my uncle, "*We* shall not see it, but the children will."

All efforts merely to "elevate the masses" he regarded with fear, and used to say, "people do not know what they are doing."

A feature of the last days (as he fully believed these to be), of which he sometimes spoke, was the union of superstition and infidelity. He expected an increase of the former; and when the Pope's *temporal* power was taken away, he believed it would lead to further increase of spiritual power over the minds of men.

His thoughts as to coming judgment were very strong. He used to say, "the world is incurable; and before He comes Whose right it is, and Who will reign in righteousness, it must be cleansed by judgment."

He expected the return of the Lord Jesus at any moment, to take all His redeemed to Himself; and believed that this event was in no wise dependent upon, or necessarily delayed by, anything here, except the gathering in of the people of the Lord.

With a strong feeling that the world is at enmity with the Church, and that the natural path of a Christian through this world is one of suffering like that of his divine Master, he used to say, "Martyrdom is the *natural* death of a Christian." But he fervently

thanked God for peace and quietness, given, as he would say, for the sake of "timid ones like me, who are not of the stuff that martyrs are made of;" and greatly did he admire any bold testimony for truth which did not shrink from consequences.

With thankfulness he would say that God's ways never *end* in judgment. In tracing, for instance, in Isaiah different "strains of judgment," he would notice how they all lead up to, and end in, mercy and praise. And so, whatever solemn thought of present evil or future judgment might present itself, he would remember *the end*, and dwell upon the thought of the world to come. He often repeated the closing words of Hebrews ii. 5, "*Whereof we speak*," delighting in the thought that the "world to come" was the *apostle's theme*; and surely it was *his*.

His strong conviction that "the Church is a heavenly stranger" in the world kept him apart from politics, while he yet carried out to the full the principle of subjection to the powers that be, and was thankful for the protection of our English laws. While he took no part in politics he was by no means indifferent to public events. His natural likings and sympathies were all Conservative.

In anything that concerned the Queen, or her family, he felt a true interest. This was shown specially at the time of the Prince Consort's death. He shared very fully the deep sympathy that was felt.

At a time when there was a great deal said about the abolition of Capital Punishment, he felt very strongly against such a measure, because, as he said, when the government of the earth was committed to Noah, the command was clear—"Whoso sheddeth

man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed ;" and it was never abrogated.

The following extract from a letter written after the Crimean war is an index of his mind :

"I would acknowledge the blessings of peace. Surely we should rejoice that the sword is in the scabbard again ; but in all prayer or thanksgiving on these subjects, we must remember that it is in the way of *over-ruling* and not in the way of *governing*, that the Lord now holds the nations of the world in His hand. In millennial days it will be otherwise. Then He will *govern* and not simply *over-rule*.

"We are to submit to *Powers* ; but to share with them is not the calling of the Church. She will sit and share power when her Lord governs.

"I see more to dread from peace than from war ; for the world will get further opportunities to ripen its superstitious and infidel thoughts, and prepare itself in its ecclesiastical and civil apostasies for the judgments of the Lord."

I will end this chapter by giving a few sentences, taken verbatim from lectures of my father, given at different times :

"The more *morally* we read scripture the safer ; because it keeps us in company with our own conscience and delivers us from our speculations.

"The minute touches of scripture are full of divinity.

"Faith links you with God—your necessities with His resources, but if faith be *omnipotent*, it is also *self-renouncing*.

"Romans viii. is dedicated to us *individually*, that we may be educated in Christ for a bright eternity.

"The refuge of the soul, the object and end of confidence—to go right up to Him as the Home of the heart and conscience !

“A believing heart cures the narrowness and coldness that we have. The understanding of *Himself* must form the link between our souls and Him.

“Ephesians ii. 20–22—‘Every stone in the Temple, big or little, has the value of Christ upon it.

“It was not the Sun of the morning that came after the three hours’ darkness; it was the very glory of God breaking out—the full light of His everlasting love.

“Faith adopts God’s thoughts; it is wisdom and obedience.

“Instead of keeping the ear nailed to the door-post of God, we turn to reasonings.

“John xiv. 27—‘The world will give what it can spare, the Lord gives what cost Him everything.’

“The 1st Epistle of Peter is the epistle of the lamp, the girdle, and the furnace.

“Charity is always active — never idle; busy, skilful, unceasing vividness.

“If I don’t bring my own individual history to God, I come short of eternal alliance with Him.

“You must learn Christ by your necessities and His resources.

“He manifested forth His glory, and His disciples believed on Him—the glory of Christ is the property of the Church.

“Oh that thoughts of God’s future for His people may be familiar to our hearts! But even above that, may a simple, believing mind be in us, a mind not so much formed by thinking and watching, as generated naturally and artlessly, and without effort, by believing.

“You may lean on the bosom of Divine salvation with eternal confidence.

“The Lord at the Paschal Table was the *living Christ*, presenting to the faith of the sinner a *crucified Christ*.

“The life of the Lord Jesus was the great moral illustration of all Divine glories.

“If there is an exquisite thing in the Creation of God, it is the disclosures of the mind of Christ.”

I have also a few notes which, though not strictly *verbatim*, are accurate, and give the true sense of my father's words.

“There is blessed consolation in knowing that it is in my *sinner character* I come to Christ. The convicting light of the Gospel is as severe as the law; and there would be no comfort without the Lord exposed the very dregs of our nature, because it tells that He has taken us up knowing the very worst of us. He tells us that we have destroyed ourselves—but He lays the sentence of death in us that we may trust in Him that raiseth the dead.

“‘Sanctified by faith that is in Me’ (Acts xxvi. 18)—this is rather *separation to God* than a progressive work; though sanctification in other places means this. By nature we know separation *from* God, but in Christ we know separation *to* Him.

“Zechariah xi. may be read as an epitome of Matthew's Gospel. It is only in that Gospel that the quotation is made from this prophet (under the general title of ‘Jeremy’) and in the striking language of verse 12 the Lord takes the matter into His own Hand, and speaks as if He had sold Himself,—and we know He did give up His life, or it never could have been taken. Thus there is exact coincidence between Prophet and Evangelist, though apparent historical variance.

“The Lord had been ‘Beauty’ and ‘Bands’ to Israel; but in rejecting Him they lost both.

“To whatever He touches He imparts strength and beauty.

“Zechariah xii. 12 is a vivid illustration of the separating power of conviction.

“Where the presence of God is felt in a soul, everything must stand aside.

“Peter, under this power (Luke v. 8), was separated in spirit from the ship that was ready to sink; apparently he had no fears about it. The presence he was awakened to feel absorbed his whole mind.

“Abraham’s history was the varied, picturesque exhibition of the life of faith (Heb. xi. 13). . . . They were persuaded it was a reality. They gave their heart to it. The way back was not lost to them; but, how beautiful, they were not ‘mindful’ of it.

“Isaac was all to Abraham, but he surrendered all; because he believed in God as a Quickener of the dead.

“Jacob and Isaac did not exhibit much of the life of faith; but the small and the great are before Him. They laid hold upon the same object, and ascended the same heavens.

“Fill your vision with the glories of Scripture, and all the darts of ‘wicked’ and ‘unreasonable’ men will be as so many straws. God has put into His own oracles all the vindication they require.

“The more we ponder upon the story (*i.e.* the gospel history), the more we put an instrument into the hand of the Holy Ghost to seal comfort on our souls.

“The Atonement will be our music through the endless ages of eternity. The sight of glory is not so great as the song which celebrates grace. ‘Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood.’

“The Spirit will give out the *shadows* of Lev. xvi., and the *substance* of Matt. xxvii. with all calmness; but you and I ought not to be calm over it.

“Mary chose the good part which should remain with her. Let us cultivate the principle of hidden satisfaction in Christ; it is the beginning of eternal communion.”

“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those that preach the gospel of peace. It is God’s delight in the gospel that has ordained preachers of the gospel—the joy of God, the gospel of God, and the eternal counsels of God have sent them forth. Can I doubt that ‘joy’ sends forth the message, since, when it returns full-handed, there is ‘joy’? (See Luke xv. 10).

“It was not *Jacob* wrestling, but *God wrestling with him*. He has plenty to withstand in me, and is it not pleasant that He should withstand it? Faith is able to stand under a Divine rebuke. Did you ever come away from the rebuking presence of God with fresh strength in the manhood of faith? It was heaven to Jacob’s spirit.

“When the Samaritan leper, instead of going on to the High Priest, turned back and fell down at the feet of the Lord, Jesus owned Himself the Lord of the temple, and His presence the temple of the Lord. ‘There are not found that returned to *give glory to God*, save this stranger.’

“‘Master, where dwellest Thou?’ ‘Come and see.’ As though He had said, ‘follow Me, and you shall know; do not lose sight of Me, but follow Me even to the Father’s bosom.’”

CHAPTER IV.

LETTERS—THOUGHTS ON PASSAGES OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

THOSE who knew my dear father will not need to be reminded what his happy relations were with those who, for longer or shorter periods, were associated with him in ministry or service, as Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Stoney, Mr. Alexander, and others. He was ever ready to welcome all such, and to esteem them “very highly in love for their work’s sake.”

I have now to make a few more extracts from letters, and in the first three there are references to the visit of Mr. Andrew Millar to Dublin :—

“We are hoping to have dear Mr. Millar, from London, with us on Sunday.

“Mr. M. preached on the Pier, at Kingstown, last evening, to 500 people.

“Grieved I am that you lost acquaintance with dear Mr. Millar. A gracious soul he is, full of heart and service for the Lord. His visit was very acceptable.

“We must, as one says, acknowledge *grace*, and in order to do so, we must give ourselves to the *power of God’s love*.

“And what a happy surrender!—to surrender ourselves into the embrace of everlasting love. We must *submit ourselves* to the righteousness of God (Rom. x.), and what a blessed submission that is !

“The Lord keep you in His own rest, where He would fain encourage you in every way to dwell.

“I was thankful to you for your account of Mr. Willan’s lecture. I am sure that *facts* are the great objects, and *faith* our duty and obedience. God is thus chiefly glorified, for we are THOROUGHLY His debtors, and that is just right. We have not to inspect our conditions or measures, but still to look or to listen, the actings and the attitude that glorify Him. We *receive*; He *gives*.

“What more delightful and glorifying to the Lord in this world than the faith that trusts Him! And for a very simple reason:—In this world He has brought forth His resources to answer our need, His light to shine in our darkness, His salvation to meet our ruin.

“We have to know our *misery*, we have to know *His fulness*, but we have also to bring *them together* in the certainty of this, that His glory is concerned in that simple process.

“I see this illustrated in the Centurion, in Matt. viii., ‘I am not worthy,’ said he, ‘speak the word only,’ he added, and all the time he laid his servant at the feet of Jesus. ‘My servant lieth at home sick of the palsy.’

“His fulness fitted to our need. We do not understand Him if we *see* His fulness, and do not use it. For He came not to be displayed, but to be enjoyed.

“The Lord’s love be known in sureness and sweetness by us!

“I was sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, yesterday. A dear couple they are indeed, who have learned much of the self-emptying grace of their rejected Master.

“I saw poor C. at the ‘Incurables.’ His love for Mr. Thompson is *intense*. A sad object of human suffering he is. •

“What will it be, my child, for children of dust and heirs of death, to exchange corruption for glory. ‘We shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.’

“How the lips of Jesus carried away, for ever, the one suspicion that lingered around the heart of the leper— ‘If Thou wilt’—‘I will.’ And this is the way of His love. The Scapegoat carried away *the sin*; the lips of Christ, *the fear*. ‘This is the law of love.’”

The lines in which these last words occur, my father greatly enjoyed:—

“Dig channels for the streams of love
Where they may broadly run;
For love has ever-flowing streams
To fill them everyone.

“For we must *share* if we would *keep*
This good thing from above;
Ceasing to *give*, we cease to *have*;
This is the law of love.”

“Tell dear Mr. Thompson that I have been writing on Isaac, as a continuation of Abraham, and might have Jacob in prospect, but I know not whether I shall ever print either of them. A little humble reality, my child, is worth all the *show* and *greatness* in the world.

“But Jesus knows each of us, and that too in our peculiar tendencies and temptations.

“Satisfaction in His presence, or Himself, is the divine spring of all graces and services.

“To have it, is to set us in joy when others advance beyond us. To have it, sends us out to serve, though with inferior talents, in the spirit of servants.

“‘I never was happy,’ says one, ‘till I ceased to wish to be great.’* ”

“To gaze, to listen, to wonder, to worship, to love—to lose ourselves thus—this is heaven in spirit, even now.

“All is closing in, my dear child, but the narrow way leads to a wealthy place. Here it is to be the girded loins

* Dr. Payson, a dissenting minister in America, whose life my father read with much interest.

(1 Peter i. 13), there the flowing robes. Here is to be the trimmed lamp ; there not even sun or moon needed, for the glory never sets."

The next extract is from a letter written when he was visiting in Galway and Mayo :

"Mrs. Palmer took me to look from a height over the Bay, and a fine view it is, with the Clare Mountains in the distance, and Arran in the Atlantic, just as far as the eye can reach.

"Mrs. R. was one of our company last evening, and she gave me some of her history. For twenty-one years she struggled with the light,* and she talks much of the wondrous grace of God, that after so long a time took the veil from her eyes. And yet she is humble and affectionate, and nothing of a hard or forward spirit.

"How one does delight in these specimens of God's own handiwork !

"The Lord bless you with His own choice blessings. May we have that deep, and entire, and hearty confidence in Him, that the thought of His presence may be most welcome, and the desire to be with Him ever present to our souls !

"We cannot long for Him if we are not satisfied of His love to us ; and thus, confidence in Him is the spring of the purest, truest affections. His glory in us depends on our confidence in His love.

"A spirit of *praise* greatly helps to take us off from looking at ourselves. May we have it more richly."

Writing from the neighbourhood of Yeovil, he mentioned his pleasure in visiting some poor cottagers.

"I have been visiting some of the dear, simple-hearted Christians in the cottages, and been *truly edified*. I can

* She was an old person who had been a Roman Catholic,

never forget my visit to Coker ; unlettered souls, rich in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus, happy in that knowledge though deeply pressed with earthly circumstances, and ready to go and be with Him at a moment's warning.

"I do not know that I ever paid a visit that has left more blessing on my own soul. I saw the reality of what all of us too much deal with in *idea*. You will be surprised that several families, after the rent is paid, have not more than 7d. a week to live on, and yet the cottage is clean.

"Many cannot read ; and yet the savour of divine teaching is most attractive and edifying.

"What an honour to serve such, in either soul or body ! I left a little of my money there, and would that I had a good £20 note for them, for the coming winter is expected to be very severe.

"A young person came with me in the coach this morning a few miles, and sweet witness he gave me indeed that the Lord had been his teacher. It seems to me that there is a breath of the Spirit of God in those parts, moving souls and leading to peace and hope, but with all this much that is ungodly and worldly.

"We had a happy cottage meeting last evening. This *rustic* congregation is much to my taste ; and the simple, earnest affection of the people and their unfeigned faith, is truly edifying and comforting. Many striking expressions drop from them which tell of divine teaching.

"'You have a hard cough, Betty,' said a lady to a poor woman. 'Yes, ma'am, but it is the Lord's will,' said she. 'Some years ago the Lord said to me, "Betty, do this," and I did it, and "Betty go there," and I went ; but now He says to me, "Betty lie there and cough." So, ma'am, I lie here and cough.' *

"A poor woman was reminded some time since of the

* I have since seen this little story in a tract.

crowns that awaited her. She answered, 'No crown, no crown, only a harp to praise Him for ever.' This was very sweet. The expectation of *His* presence and exceeding joy is in the hearts of many of them.

"I was very happy at Reading. I was refreshed by the faith and love of many there, especially one dear old lady of eighty-eight, who is looking out for the Lord with earnest desire every day. 'Better to depart and be with Christ, dear ma'am,' said one to her. 'A pretty deal better, I should think,' was her true-hearted reply.

"I have been reading the Patagonian Mission with *great* interest.

"O my child, if we loved Him as we ought, what manner of people should we be? How much those dear servants of His did and suffered for His name! And yet His love exceeds all, and the very best return we can make to that love is to believe and rejoice in it."

Referring to a hymn he had much enjoyed, he wrote:

"To this lovely hymn I have got a sweet tune, and I have given it to Annie* here, that you and she may sing it together, and then you and I,—but ere long we shall sing it or something like it in the full joy of Heaven itself—and what ought to be our desire *for* that day, and our service *till* that day? The Lord fill us with the fervent, simple affection, the heavenly, unworldly affection that suits His people."

The hymn referred to is the following:—

"How beautiful the path
Of those who fear the Lord;
Who hear what God their Saviour saith
In His most holy Word.

* One of his dear nieces in Devonshire.

“ They hear and they obey,
 And in His footsteps tread ;
 They love to follow, day by day,
 Where His blest feet have led.

“ What though He lead them through
 A dark and thorny road ;
 He will their fainting strength renew,
 And bear their heaviest load.

“ From Him their rich supplies
 Of heavenly comfort flow, —
 None but the saints can ever rise
 To such delights below.

“ Like as the sun’s fair light
 Shines on to perfect day,
 Each step shall be more clear, more bright,
 Along their heavenly way.

“ Till at the last ’t will end
 In everlasting rest, —
 Oh what a blissful day to spend
 With Jesus’ presence blest.”

Perhaps it was because of having first known this hymn about the time that he was reading in “*Hope deferred, not lost*,” about the Patagonian Mission, that my father seemed afterwards always to associate the fourth verse with the experience of Mr. Williams, the surgeon who joined that devoted band of missionaries, and who, while dying of starvation, wrote from day to day in his journal, of the rapture that filled his heart in the prospect of so soon being with his Saviour.

“ None but the saints can ever rise
 To such delights below.”

He would sometimes read passages, such as the following, with great delight to friends who might not have known the book :—

“ . . . Should anything prevent my ever adding to this, let all my beloved ones at home rest assured that I was happy beyond all expression the night I wrote these lines, and I would not have changed situations with anyone living. Let them also be assured that Heaven, and love, and Christ, which mean one and the same Divine thing, were in my heart, and that the hope of glory, the hope laid up for me in Heaven, filled my whole heart with joy and gladness, and that to me to live is Christ, to die gain.

“After the trials I encountered on Saturday, and our knocking about was over, the sleep that followed was, I think, the most refreshing that I ever enjoyed, not so much because it was a balmy restorative to my poor debilitated body, but because if ever the whisperings of Almighty love spoke tranquillity to the soul of man, and breathed a continual flowing of divine consolation into the heart, I felt both that night ; I was, so to speak, talking with the Lord. . . . Communion heavenly and blessed ! earnest of joys to come, of blessings in store, and foretaste of that inheritance undefiled, and that passeth not away, where I shall see Him face to face; yea, behold Him as He is, not even the transparent veil of a divine faith being betwixt Him and me.

* * * * *

“Asleep or awake, I am happy beyond words and the poor compass of language to tell. My joys are with Him whose delights have always been with the sons of men.”

Almost the last words in the journal were—

“Much more I could add, but my fingers are aching with cold, and I must wrap them up in the clothes, but my heart is warm, warm with praise, thanksgiving and love to God my Father, and love to God my Redeemer.”

It was always a happy time when my dear uncle came from Bridgnorth, where he was rector of St. Leonards for thirty-six years. The strong difference of opinion between the brothers, frankly owned, did not hinder their freedom of intercourse, nor their love for one another; but the link that bound them still closer was the love of Christ—supreme with both. It was a pleasure to them to remember together their early days, and I have often listened with delight while they talked of school days at Taunton, of holidays at “Whyte’s,” and of later days at college.

The following little hymn which my father wrote, may fitly find a place here, for it was composed for a tune which his very dear niece Annie used to play for him during her frequent visits to us (always a happiness to him), with or without her father. She likes to remember, as she tells me, not only his beautiful, grave, and serious words, but also the many times of merriment and fun they had together. It was to her persuasion that he yielded in sitting for his photograph, for he always had an objection to having his likeness taken.

The little hymn is on Song of Solomon i. 7, ii. 3-17.

“Shepherd, tell! Shepherd, tell
Where Thy flock feed,
With them there, pastures fair,
Me gently lead.

“’Neath Thy shade gently laid
There let me rest—
With Thine own, with Thine own,
Happy and blest.

“Through the veil little while,
Smile Thou on me,
Then in light, cloudless bright,
Ever with Thee.

“O'er me spread, o'er me spread
 Banners of love,
 Then I'll taste angel's feast
 Fresh from above.

“Let me hear, soft and clear,
 Thy voice that speaks,
 'Winter's o'er, night no more,
 Morning now breaks!’”

“O'er the hills, o'er the hills
 Speed Thou Thy way,
 Then I'll rise! cloudless skies!
 Reigning in day.”

The following letter is addressed to this niece:

“MY DEAR ANNIE,—Some few nights before you left us I had a dream. I thought that I was living in the day when the incarnation was expected, and one day, as I walked in the village where I was living, the report reached us that it had taken place. I then thought that another report reached us, that the Lord was coming into our village. Accordingly I set myself in a place which I thought would give me a sight of Him, and shortly afterwards two youths approached the place where I was. A crowd was around them, the smaller of the two was held by the hand of the other. They walked very leisurely towards me. I said to myself that the smaller of them was John the Baptist. The Lord looked very serious, somewhat sad; I could sketch His features, I think, if I had any capacity that way, for He looked at me, and I said to myself, I wonder if He is thinking of Gethsemane and Calvary. He held the smaller youth all the time by the hand, and I awoke, just seeing Him, after looking at me, beginning to move onward again.

“My dear Annie,
 “Ever your affectionate uncle,

“J. G. BELLETT.

“November 3rd, 1858.

“I wrote the above as you requested me, my dear child, but let me say two things to yourself. The Lord bless you, and make Jesus everything to you, God’s great ordinance for every blessing of wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Secondly, be well sure that we miss you much. We would fain have kept you longer, for your presence was indeed grateful to us. Aunt’s and Uncle’s full love to you.”

In the year 1857, another dear niece was in failing health, and after my father had been visiting her in Devonshire, he wrote the following letter:

“MY VERY DEAR CHILD,—Uncle John can indeed say, that he would be glad to pay you another little visit, as he did just this time two months ago.

“Your measures of strength or weakness are all in *His* hand and at *His* disposal, whose love we are taught to know and rest in. ‘We have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.’

“I have often thought, my child, that that Scripture is a *crowning* one. After all the revelation of what God has *done for us*, there we get what *God is to us*. He is a dwelling-place, for the conscience may find its ease in Him, and the heart its satisfaction.

“Faith apprehends this, and the soul enters into this rest of God, as that fervent verse in one of my favourite hymns has it:

“‘What in Thy love possess I not?
 My star by night, my sun by day;
 My spring of life when parch’d with drought,
 My wine to cheer, my bread to stay;
 My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
 My robe before the throne of God.’

“We may be conscious that we do not experience and enjoy such truths as we ought, but no matter; our first

duty is to *believe* this of our Saviour, and then to know we shall enjoy it as we ought by and by for ever.

“My love to dear Matilda. I put this under cover to Mamma. Ever my dear child,

“Your affectionate uncle,

“J. G. BELLETT.

“Aunt Mary specially desires her love to you and M——.”

The next extracts are again from letters to myself:

“. . . I never was better I may say, and in this and in everything my journey to England, in the Lord's sweet mercy, has been happy, save that I feel it long to be from you and dear, dear Mamma. I had an hour with dear Mrs. O'Brien yesterday; she is better, but she knows widowhood indeed. It is well. He has given Himself and His righteousness to us now, His life, His favour, and, by and by, His kingdom and glory—what more could be done?

“. . . I have it in my thoughts to write to that sweet Christian woman, Mrs. S——, now in such sorrow and loneliness, severer in some respects than that of our dear Mrs. O'Brien, for the blow was not looked for, and it has felled a much younger tree.

“But it is well, and so will it be found to be in the light of the *coming* hour. And the Lord allows this to be another link between her heart and heaven—*another*, but not the *principal*.

“I was thinking a day or two since, how much the Lord consulted for our health of soul and for the glory of His name, when He commanded us to love Him more than wife or child, friend or brother. He has, it is true, a right to such a place; indeed He could claim and fill no other.

“The *supreme* place is His by right, whether He seek it in *authority* or in affection, whether over the conscience or over the heart. But not only this. The very claim when made is for the health of our souls, for it keeps the soul in

its due condition, and tends directly and necessarily to set heaven, where *He* is, in our esteem and desire far above the earth, and thus sets the heart free for the journey whenever He calls."

In a letter from some place where there had been a large meeting, he wrote :

"This is a much larger place than I had calculated on ; a dirty, bustling town. But the earth will shine by-and-bye under the light of His glory, which is His presence, and all that He has said will appear in its bright and precious results for ever."

In another, which refers to the Indian Mutiny, 1857, he says :

". . . Dear Uncle James and Aunt Bessy are I fear increasingly uneasy about James, for the disaffection seems to be reaching Bombay. . . . How the heart should acquaint itself with other and better scenes.

"Abraham did this, and the simplicity of patriarchal early faith seems to show itself in that.

"The better country was reality to their hearts, their title to it, a reality to their conscience. And the Lord would so have it, in spite of many, many failures on their part.

"I have been *morally* distinguishing Joseph. There was perhaps less character about him than in Abraham, but there was more evenness of walk in the ways of godliness than in any of them.

"He had not occasional visits and refreshments to help him on, but a more clear and steady witness within, so that he accordingly knew the way and walked in it.

* * * * *

"I saw dear Miss Locke very happy yesterday ; I shewed her how Paul in Gal. iv. proved our sonship, and John,

in 1 John iii. 2, assumed it. Sweet variety in the ways of the Spirit in dealing with our souls."

Miss Locke was an invalid belonging to the section of the Brethren that my father had left; but this did not hinder his visits to her; and he was often cheered by her happy spirit, witnessed by a bright face, even though confined to her wheel chair, and often suffering.

In a letter, written during some severe weather, I find the words: "We have had two *Arctic* days, dear Mierstching had four winters of such days"; and this brings to my remembrance the interest with which my father had just before read a MS. journal kept by Mr. Mierstching, a young Moravian missionary, during four winters in the Arctic regions. He was chosen to accompany one of the Arctic expeditions, and to act as interpreter to the Eskimos, whose language he understood. His captain was, I think, Captain Collinson, and the commander of the expedition, Sir Robert Maclure. The sweet Christian spirit in which the journal was written, as well as the description of winter and summer in those northern regions, gave it a great charm for my father: he read it aloud.

In another letter he speaks of a lecture he had given—

"I could not give you the lecture on *paper*; but we have now finished Hebrews; but I will give you a little hint of James, which, please God, will be our next subject.

"James is the heavenly moralist: the moralist of the Dispensation. There are but few quotations in his epistle, but such are *moral*, not *doctrinal*; and they are cited to show that the Old Testament morals were not high enough for the heavenly people of the New Testament. So when

he refers to the Old Testament saints, he refers to them in their *moral* virtue, as Abraham and Rahab; and when he refers to a piece of the Old Testament history, he supplies a *moral* feature untold before; as Elijah's prayer.

"These marks are very characteristic of the dispensational *moralist* which James is.

"Jesus has been rejected here; and the great effort of the god of this world is to hide the fact under the garnishing and furnishing of the scene with all the refinements and accommodations that suit the *earthly* mind. I am as sure as I can be of any truth, that the Church is a *heavenly stranger* here."

Referring to the happy death of a young friend, "What is life when death thus closes it in its morning hour. What is death when Jesus and eternal life thus triumph over it?"

I may close this chapter with a few fragments gathered from lectures on passages in the Old Testament referred to in the New, and two verses written by my father will serve to introduce them.

The lines were suggested by an old Latin proverb which greatly pleased him:

"In vetere Testamento novum latet,
In novo Testamento vetus patet."

"The lights of God which sweetly dawn
In earliest books divine,
As morning hours to noonday lead,
Along the volume shine.

"'Tis but the same though brightening sun
Which clearer, warmer grows;
The clouds which veil'd his rising beam
Fly ere the evening close."

"There are 'silent glances,' references, from one part of Scripture to another, that are deeper even than quotations.

Instances of these are found in the Lord's ministry, as though His soul were so impregnated with the Word that He had tacit, quiet alliance with the breathing of God in the Old Testament.

"He knew how to impress on each moment its scriptural character :

"In the case of Nathaniel (John i.) a silent glance seems to have been in the Lord's mind to Ps. xxxii., where the secret of having 'no guile' in the spirit is disclosed; confession of all secrets which might try to hide themselves before God, and pardon meeting them. Nathaniel, we might judge, had thus been confessing (the fig-tree always is the symbol of repentance), and the Lord sees him in the light of this Psalm.

"The last verse of this chapter may be another instance. Jacob's ladder would seem to have supplied the figure there, the ministry of angels *now* is taught by it—the word should rather be 'henceforth' than 'hereafter.'

"We want to be in company with the Lord Jesus. He had a thousand links formed between His soul and the Scriptures of God. So it should be with us. His references to it were as the glance of an eye familiar with its object.

"The glories of the Word and our alliance with it should be our safe-guard against the violence that will tamper with it.

"The word of John the Baptist—'Behold the Lamb of God'—was a reference to the shadows of the law—the morning and evening lamb—the lamb provided for shelter and food in the night of Egypt; and perhaps without undue pressurè we might also say the 'ram caught in a thicket' on Mount Moriah. Each pointed to Him who now stood before John in outstanding living personality. The Lord was putting various, all kinds of honour upon Scripture; by using it in temptation; by fulfilling it to the

utmost jot or tittle ; and as a Teacher He who was Truth, embodied it, used it.

“In John xix. 28 at the last moment there was a scripture to be fulfilled, and because of that He said, ‘I thirst.’

“In the Acts we still find a close and full and intimate interweaving of the parts of the Divine volume.

“A quotation is a divine seal put upon a thing *after* it has gone forth, as its first utterance was the announcement of the same Spirit.

“We find this wondrous quality in Scripture ; it refers behind its proper boundaries, and discloses eternity that is *past*—it overlaps again its bounds, and goes into eternity *before*, and thus bespeaks the authorship of the Book. It is a display of multiplied moral wonders ; and one Spirit animates it from beginning to end.

“Acts i. and ii. The Holy Ghost was now the Promise of the Father—the Son was no longer promised, but had come. But before the accomplishment of the promise, the Apostles act upon the dictates of Scripture in supplying Judas’ vacant place ; and they do this by virtue of the intelligence communicated by the opening of their understandings to understand the Scriptures ; but still, the power from on high had not yet been given.

“The first act of the Holy Ghost, when the time for His descent was fully come, the feast of weeks (when the wave loaves were presented to the Lord) was the contradiction of Babel. God was undoing our ruin—it was the restoration of man to his fellow and to God.

“Peter’s first use of the prophecy in Joel is an instance similar to the Lord’s use of Isa. lxi. in Luke iv. There He stopped at, ‘to preach the acceptable year of the Lord,’ the time for the ‘day of vengeance’ had not come : so here, Peter ends with the words, ‘Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved,’ because this was the end of his ministry.

“The closing verses of chap. ii. bear witness to the effect of the Pentecostal power. ‘The oil of gladness’ that had filled the Head in heaven, now trickled down to the skirts of the garments. (Psalm cxxxiii.)

“Chapter iii. 21 and 24, though not quotations, bear a most confirming testimony to some of the writings of the Old Testament.

“From time to time, we gather that *all* the prophets bare witness to the sufferings of Christ: the present interval of testimony to Him, rejected, glorified, under the title of ‘These days,’ and the future glory or ‘Times of refreshing.’

“Chapter iii. 25. The promise that all nations should be blessed in his seed was given to Abraham when he received Isaac as it were from the dead: before this it had been *in him* they were to be blessed. But this signified Jesus in resurrection, (Isaac was unbound from the altar), hence the suitability of quoting it here.

“We may bring the meridian light of the *New Testament* to shine upon the *Old*.

“The Apostles in chap. iv. 24–28 in view of the events in Matt. xxvii. look back to Psa. ii. and find there the foretelling of a certain event which they at once find to be that of Matt. xxvii. Israel in the latter day will find many passages telling their history.

“Stephen’s face shining was, according to all Jewish analogies, God giving a pledge of glory when He called into a place of trial. ‘The God of glory’ appeared to Abraham before he was called out of his country. Moses was ‘fair to God’ (margin v. 20), before he was called out to suffering testimony.

“There is nothing in Stephen’s speech, if you take away what the Old Testament supplies. What use does he make of these materials? The very use, that the moment he was occupying suggested. He looked at those who had been

separated from their natural circumstances in the world, as he himself now was. The heavenly calling was illustrated in those to whom he glanced back. Dispensational knowledge is important. How can we deal with God's oracles if we are not in His light?

"In Rom. xv. 11, the shortest portion of the Old Testament is honoured by distinct quotation. (Ps. cxvii.)

"In 1 Cor. xv. there is an instance of an Old Testament quotation receiving enlarged application, 'He must reign, till He hath put all enemies under His feet.' The Psalm goes no further, but the Holy Ghost in the apostle shews death to be one of the *enemies*, and promises its doom.

"The whole of the Old Testament proceeds upon the principle of that verse (2 Cor. i. 20), 'The promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him, Amen,' fulfilled in Him.

"How intimate the intricacies of Scripture one with another! There will often be a tacit reference to an Old Testament passage—without a direct quotation—which is full of beauty.

"In the opening of this second epistle (2 Cor.) there are such, as well as plain references. Genesis i., Exodus xxvii., and Judges vii., supply material.

"In chapter viii. 15, there is a quotation which has a sweet application. An *omer*, in the days of the manna, regulated the supply of each Israelite. *Now* the love of the Spirit is to take the place of the omer, and so dispense the properties of the saints that there should be no lack amongst any.

"Again, in chap. xi. 2, 3, the allusion to Eve is very significant. Their minds at Corinth were beginning to be corrupted by someone who came with pretensions in the flesh, and just as Eve was not satisfied with what God had made her, but listened to the lie of the Serpent when he offered her to become even as God; so the Corinthians were

not satisfied simply with what Christ had made them, but were seeking fleshly wisdom.

“In Galatians, Paul is the champion of the faith of God’s elect, live they in what age they may. He can call in Abraham and all of them to help, therefore quotations are multiplied.

“In the Epistle to the Hebrews we find what we might expect. The Holy Ghost is here dealing immediately with the Jew, and teaching him by his own Scriptures; therefore quotations are abundant. The epistle teems with them.

“In chapter i. the Apostle shows that there was One with God far above the angels, and causes it to vibrate from a thousand echoes in the ear of the Jew.

“Psalm after Psalm is brought in to prove this, and he goes on to show that the One who on this earth of ours died for our sins, is exalted to highest glory in heaven.

“They *cannot* but look at Him.

“Moses was faithful in all his house as a servant for a testimony of those things which should be spoken after, but Christ as a Son over His own house.

“Moses was to bring in, to be before, the dispensation of Christ; but *He* gave place to none.

“There are many quotations in the New Testament which are found in *little corners* of the Old—all equally present to the Holy Ghost.”

CHAPTER V.

INTEREST IN THE "REVIVAL"—HYMNS.

THE year 1860 was a time of widely spread religious awakening in Ireland. It began in the North, and was felt in all denominations.

My father's interest was quickly called forth. In the short extract which follows it is mentioned :

"Another very remarkable letter from William Lancy yesterday, copies of which are gone from us to London and to Birmingham. H. Bewley was here last evening, and seems to have been delighted and amazed at all he saw in the county of Antrim."

After some time the influence began to be felt in and around Dublin. The work was deep and real, but attended with less excitement than in other places. Clergymen and others who had longed for such an awakening amongst their people found it brought into their midst, and with more or less energy set themselves to help and teach those who now, perhaps for the first time, began to care for their souls.

Various informal services were held to meet the desires of the people for instruction and prayer. To some of these services my father occasionally went, though they were not in connection with the Brethren.

This was contrary to his usual habit, for he felt that having found the way which he believed to be most according to the Word and the will of God, he must cleave to that *alone* as to worship and discipline.

But now that he saw (to use his own words) "a fresh energy of the Spirit" working how and by what means He pleased in many souls, he delighted to own it and to share, as far as he could, in the refreshing influence.

There was a meeting for prayer and an address held by Dr. Marrable once a week at a friend's house, which he sometimes attended, as also a service in Mr. Denham Smith's chapel at Kingstown.

Mr. Smith sometimes asked my father to take part; but he much preferred being a listener. After the "revival," as it was fitly called, had been the means of leading many from utter carelessness to a true Christian life, he was asked to have a special Bible reading once a week, for those young people and others in the families of the Brethren who had become anxious for more instruction in God's Word.

I think he very much enjoyed this "class"; and it was continued until his health failed. Different parts of the Bible were studied; St. Matthew's gospel being one, and a course of lectures was devoted to each part.

My father wrote a short pamphlet at this time, entitled, "*A few words on the Present Revival,*" some paragraphs of which I quote here. In it he refers to the "physical effects" which in some cases attended this remarkable movement.

"That sudden or strong affections of the mind have had wonderful effects on the body must have been the observation of every age, so that we need not speak of it.

"But that Scripture both recognises and illustrates this fact when the affection of the mind is *conviction of sin*, we may profitably consider for a little."

(There is here a reference to Psalm xxxii. To Daniel x., where "the prophet tells us that when the glory appeared to him his 'comeliness was turned into corruption,' and this was conscience, not disease. The glory, or the divine presence, let Daniel know that he was a sinner; and the sense of that was intolerable.)

"A sinner comes short of the glory of God. (Rom. iii. 23.)

"And so it was with Saul on the road to Damascus. It was unveiled glory or the simple power of the presence of God that then applied itself as to a rebel, a child of Adam, one fighting against God; and such an one falls before it—Saul is struck to the earth.

"At times God is pleased to afford very vivid expression of these things, in order to give the generation a fresh sense of eternal realities. He would have us know more deeply than we are wont to do that sin is a reality, judgment a reality, hell a reality; and accordingly He is presenting fresh from under His own hand samples of the force and authority of these realities upon the conscience of man. And seeing also, that salvation is a reality, a present reality, together with that peace and joy in the Holy Ghost which properly wait on it, He is also presenting living, happy, thankful witnesses to this reality, with these its attendant virtues.

"For the Lord has ever had both His ordinary and His extraordinary seasons in the course of His dispensations, and extraordinary seasons may well be called 'Revivals.'

"Such are not properly times of miracles, only of special spiritual energy. Such I believe the present to be. It may be short—and that is according to precedent—for the energies which signalized days of revival in Israel, whether still under their own kings or after their return from Babylon, were but passing.

“May every expression of His grace now in the salvation of sinners, be only a fresh reason with the hearts of His saints to wait for, and long for, the coming day of His glory.”

It was about this time that my father wrote the following hymns, and they, with the long sacred poem to be given later, are the only ones he ever wrote, with the exception of those already mentioned, and some additional verses to another short one.

The first hymn that follows seemed to suggest itself to him while listening to a simple Scotch melody, to which he afterwards sang it.

“FAITH’S MORNING, NOON, AND EVENING.”

“The breaking morn in cheerful ray
 With many a promise opes the day,
 Setting the sun upon his way
 To tread his radiant journey.
 So faith’s fair spring-time opens Heaven,
 When clouds and doubts are backward driven,
 Revealing Christ, to sinners given
 Their morning pledge of glory.

“Then, as in robes of glittering dye
 The Ruler of the mid-day sky
 With fruitful ardours from on high,
 Blesses the world before him—
 So Christ, in risen virtues strong,
 In freedom leads our souls along
 To serve and to adore Him.

“And then at eve, with ‘farewell sweet,’
 The day retires, so soon to greet
 Regions which wait his smile to meet,
 Its varied beauties blending ;
 So faith, in hopeful, evening hour,
 Calm in the Saviour’s chasten’d power,
 Anchors beside earth’s parting shore
 In hope of joys unending.”

"THE BELIEVING MIND."

- " Oh, the believing mind !
Which sets Thee, Lord, above
The failures of my heart and hand
In constancy of love.
Impart it, Lord, to me—
Each moment let it reign
In all its calm and brightness there,
My spirit's realm within.
- " Should busy mem'ry wake
The slumbers of the past,
And o'er a present cloudless day
Some gloomy shadows cast,—
Then let believing thoughts
Assert for *Thee* the place—
Fill the whole vision of my soul
With glories of Thy grace.
- " If now my slumbering heart
Should meet Thy searching Word,
And conscience waken but to seal
Thy holy judgments, Lord,—
May faith be witness then
That I am seen of Thee
In light of everlasting love,
Unclouded, changeless, free.
- " Should fear, with fruitful skill,
Image my days to come,
And bear my trembling footsteps on
Through danger, snares, and gloom,
Let faith then eye the bow
That spans the darkest cloud,
And pledges safety to the end,
Though tempests rage around.
- " May faith, with clear, calm light,
Thus measure all my days ;
Keep my whole soul in constant peace,
And give it thoughts of praise.
In converse, Lord, with Thee,
My Saviour, Guardian, Friend,
While onward still to glory's home
My guided footsteps tend."

There was a hymn, which I think he heard for the first time at Mr. D. Smith's services, which he enjoyed, and to which he wrote two additional verses. It begins—

“Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above.”

* * * * *

Additional verses—

“Voice of Archangel and Trumpet of God
Joyfully summon the quick and the dead ;
Bright in His glory shall Jesus appear,
Upward in clouds shall we meet Him in air.
Partings all over, and sorrows all gone,
Blest in His presence, eternally one ;
Like Him and with Him for ever to be,
Joyfully, joyfully, welcome the day.

“Crowns may encircle our radiant brow,
Joyful we'll cast them before Him, and bow ;
Harps of the harpers shall gladden the throne,
Joyful to tell *He* is worthy alone.
Angels in chorus their anthems shall raise,
Only to give *Him* all honour and praise,
And ev'ry creature around and above
Joyfully, joyfully, rest in His love !”

Another hymn which became first known to us at this time, beginning—

“Oh when shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with Him above,
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love ?”

suggested the following verses—

“When shall I rise to Jesus,
And find myself but one
Among the countless thousands,
That shine round Him alone !
When shall I wear my raiment
Through Him made white and clean,
No darkening cloud around me,
No hateful spot within !

"When shall I hear the music,
 Skill'd in *this* art alone,
 To sound the name of Jesus
 Before the Father's throne?
 When shall I see the Glory,
 My Saviour's presence sheds,
 And know no other pleasure
 Than what that Presence yields?"

My father also wrote the following hymn, as an answer to the well-known one—

"We talk of the land of the blest,
 That country so bright and so fair,
 And oft are its glories confest,
 But what must it be to be there!"

* * * * *

"'T is good to be here,' was the word
 Once heard from that country so fair,
 In glory beholding the Lord,
 'T is this, it is this to be there!
 (Matt. xvii. 4.)

"The glories and joys of that land
 The traveller could not declare,
 His rapture and silence alone,
 Must tell what it is to be there!
 (2 Cor. xii. 4.)

"In sight of that City on high,
 Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
 He fell, overwhelm'd with the joy,
 This tells what it is to be there.
 (Rev. xxii. 8.)

"With Thee, Lord, for ever to be
 Is the hope Thou hast left with us here,
 'T is enough, Lord, for ever with Thee,
 'T is this, it is this to be there!"
 (1 Thess. iv. 17.)

He also added the following verses to the children's hymn, beginning—

"Oh, they've reached the sunny shore,
 Over there."

* * * * *

“’T is a bright and happy place,
 Over there !
 ’T is a bright and happy place,
 There they see the Saviour’s face,
 Fresh in joy they sing His praise,
 Over there !

“ All in light and joy appear,
 Over there !
 All in light and joy appear,
 Not the half was told them here
 Of the things their spirits cheer,
 Over there !

“ Oh, they ’ve reached the shore in peace,
 Over there !
 * Stormy winds and wonders cease,
 He hath brought them through the seas,
 For His goodness Him they praise,
 Over there !”

My father was not specially fond of poetry, though he could at times enjoy it. He seldom read it aloud, and the hymns he most liked were remarkable rather for their simplicity than for their beauty of language. Some of Watts’ hymns he much enjoyed, such as—

“ Earth has detained me prisoner long,
 And I ’m grown weary now ;
 My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
 There ’s nothing here for you.”

The dramatic poem, “The Martyrdom of Ignatius,” by Gambold, he greatly admired, and among many favourite passages in it he frequently repeated the following :

“ There has one object been disclosed on earth
 That might commend the place ; but now ’t is gone :
 Jesus is with the Father, and demands
 His members to be there.”

On reading some of his own verses, thrown off from his pen, without effort as they all were, one can understand my father so often saying that he liked “hymns about heaven.”

* Ps. cvii. 24, 25, 30.

CHAPTER VI.

LOOSENING OF EARTHLY TIES.

THE state of my dear mother's health had from time to time made us anxious, but during the summer of 1863 she was not more feeble than usual, and was able to enjoy the prospect of a visit from my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Richey. The very day they arrived, however, she had a fall, but as such an accident had often happened before without any serious consequences, we were not made unusually anxious.

She recovered from the shock, and was looking as well and as sweet as we could wish when our dear visitors came. She greeted them with her cheery smile, and said, "You have come to help me to thank the Lord." It was remarkable that they should have come just then, not having been in Ireland for many years; but surely it was God's gracious ordering, that when my dear father's time of deep sorrow came, he should have his much-loved sister's presence to comfort him.

My uncle could only remain a short time. I remember how he was struck by the picture made by my mother and Aunt Alice (then 93), sitting together, my mother reading aloud with some difficulty from the large Bible that was between them, and Aunt Alice listening with deep attention. He said it was "a picture of innocent love."

My mother continued in her usual state of health for a few weeks; then one of the sharp attacks to which she had been subject for years, came, as they always did, suddenly. We did not at first apprehend danger, though there was always a certain amount at such times; but as the hours wore on, the illness became more serious. The doctor could do nothing; and instead of recovering, as usual, she remained unconscious for forty-eight hours, and then, apparently without suffering, passed gently away from us on September 23rd, 1863.

What this was to my dear father, only those who knew the devotion of his heart to her could understand. It was now that the presence of my aunt was such an unspeakable solace to him, and to us all. Her tenderness, her wisdom, knowing when to speak and when to give silent sympathy, her own love for my mother, her readiness to follow my father's thoughts wherever they might lead at any moment, the comfort and help she was to all in the house, made her, indeed, the ministering angel he so sorely needed. It was a sweet relief to him to talk to her of past years, of early days, of my mother when they first knew her—none could have entered so fully into it all; and she was the one sent to him for those days of deepest sorrow. Dr. Cronin, my mother's cousin, and Dr. Drury, her nephew, came from London to be with us at the funeral, and we felt the comfort of their presence.

I cannot recall much about the weeks that followed; but it was a sad day when we took leave of my dear aunt. We little thought that the brother and sister were never again to meet in this world, or that before a year had passed, my dear father would be ministered to with all *her* love and tenderness—not, indeed, in the

time of sorrow, but in that of daily increasing weakness —by the other brother, so loved by them both.

By degrees my father resumed his daily visiting and usual ministry, and after a time, I think he was able to enjoy his work with a measure of his former interest; but the brightness was gone from his life.

I have one or two letters from him, written about this time, to my uncle and aunt in Devonshire :

“MY DEAREST JAMES,—Our days pass on pretty equably. Each day of the week has some appropriate service for me, except Wednesday.

“We are all conscious of a void, and my heart carries the sense of it very deeply. How sweet it was that we had dearest Bessy with us, and it was strange, too, after an interval of so many years, just to return to us at such a time. But the hand of Him who sits in the sovereign disposal of all things, orders such things at times, though they may be small in themselves. The recovery of an axe’s head from the water was as worthy of His hand as the smiting of a hostile army with blindness.

“How truly I hope you may have dear James with you ere the spring closes. It will, indeed, be a great treat to you all. I hope, too, that you may see your dear Robert and Maud at this time.

“Love to dear Annie. If she have again any stray sheep from Loxbeare or Stoodleigh, in barracks or hospitals here, tell her to employ Uncle John to look after them for her.

“The Lord bless you, and keep us both on the edge and the surface. Where else should we be? and yet, the foot betrays its feebleness on such ground.

“May the good hand of the Lord be over the rest of the journey, and the prospect of His presence be still brighter and clearer. Our city and its Protestant poor, have suffered an immense loss in dear Surgeon Smyly. No one life, I believe, was so important to them. But he was safe under

the shelter of the blood-sprinkled lintel—soon following one of his precious patients.”*

“MY DEAREST SISTER,—Dear Aunt continues in that critical state that I judge neither dear L—— or I can be in London next week. She is in a peculiar condition—to-day bright, to-morrow weak and panting. Two months have now passed since she took to her bed in bronchitis.

“I am now hoping that your dear Jemmy may soon appear in the midst of you. The Lord grant you, dearest Sister, a happy meeting and a happy sojourn together. . . . Just six months since my tabernacle was so spoiled, and yet I am going on without her. But the recollection of her is sweet, beyond what I can say.”

In the spring of 1864 my father twice went to visit some of the Brethren in the country parts of Ireland, though he had been suffering from a slight attack on his chest. He went to Mr. Waller at Prior Park, to Mr. W. H. Darby, and to other friends at Nenagh, Clonmel, Mount Mellick, Tullamore, Moate, and Buttevant.

From Tullamore he wrote :

“Had a good night after a large meeting last evening. I conclude that as I get no letter dearest Aunt is at least not worse.† My chest is better, but still sensitive, but the work does not distress me.”

The mention of dear Aunt Alice in these notes leads me to speak more particularly of her.

She used often to tell me little things about her early days, and was filled with thankfulness for the gracious care that had watched over her in youth ; for, being early left an orphan, she was under the care of guardians who did not trouble themselves much about her.

* He had attended my mother. † Aunt Alice had been ill.

My grandmother was ten years her senior ; and until her marriage, as soon as Aunt Alice had left school, they both lived with an uncle in London, where they had pretty much their own way ; and Aunt Alice used to speak of their extravagant notions. Even in old age, when I first remember her, she was full of animation and brightness ; and I could well understand how in early days she had enjoyed pleasure and gaiety. She had a most affectionate nature, and was quickly drawn to people, especially any friend of my father's. I never remember her except as bright and cheerful ; and one of my earliest recollections is seeing my mother reading to her. Of late years both were very much confined to the house, and spent many a cheery hour together.

I do not know exactly at what time Aunt Alice's mind first became anxious about the things of God ; but Mr. Kearney's influence and preaching were helpful to her as well as to others. She told me that once in those early days at North Lodge she was much troubled because of some heavy responsibility that weighed upon her for a time, and in despair she knelt down and said, "Oh, what shall I say to be heard" ! And then she seemed to hear a voice repeating these words from the Te Deum, "Lord, help Thy servant, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood." She was comforted ; and very soon after by some means the great trouble was removed. This was, perhaps, the beginning of her delight and earnest continuance in prayer. It is beautiful to remember what it was to her. When from increasing age other occupations dropped off, prayer continued with more or less energy to the end.

On one occasion I was much struck by her telling me of the great enjoyment she had had one Sunday morning. She had not been able to attend the meeting which was always such a pleasure to her; but she told me what a happy time she had had alone. I cannot recall her words; but the impression on my mind was that it had been a very blessed experience of the presence and nearness of God, and also of His love. She was then past eighty.

She had great delight in hymns; and when her sight failed so that she could scarcely read, she would walk up and down the room repeating one after another with great enjoyment. This continued almost to the last. She liked those best that were most full of praise, and longed for more expression of it in the generality of hymns.

Miss Elliott, the authoress of "Just as I am," hearing of her desire, wrote a short hymn of praise especially for her, which pleased her much.

One which she used to repeat with great fervour was sent to her with the following inscription:

"Copied for dear Miss Dyer, by S. R. M., with prayer that *this love* may be more and more shed abroad in the heart of each by the Holy Spirit.

"THE LOVE OF GOD.

"Could I with ink the ocean fill,
 Were the wide world a parchment made,
 Were every stick on earth a quill,
 And every man a scribe by trade,
 To write the love of God most high
 Would drain the mighty ocean dry;
 Nor could the scroll
 Contain the whole,
 Though it were stretch'd from pole to pole."

I think Aunt Alice was appreciated by all our friends, to whom she was always ready to give a hearty welcome. Her quaint little figure, in old-fashioned dress may still be remembered by some.

Her bright, courteous manner; the ease with which she would converse, even at her advanced age; her dark eyes, full of expression, which would light up with merriment at any little passing pleasantry, or shew tender sympathy for any tale of sorrow, all made her a delightful companion. She greatly enjoyed being read to, and was a most appreciative listener.

Two or three years before her death she had a sharp attack of illness, from which we did not think she could recover. She was in a very happy state of mind. One day when Robert, our old Roman Catholic servant, who had lived with my grandfather at North Lodge, came up to see her, we were surprised by the earnest way in which she spoke to him of her Saviour.

We expected the end might be near; but after a very trying time of suffering from irritation of the skin (which she said was just the illness she needed to teach her patience) she recovered.

The visit of my dear aunt and uncle in September, 1863, already referred to, was a great happiness to her. Though she had not seen them for many years, her heart had lost none of its affection for them; and the little times of reading and prayer which she had with "her dear 'Bloss'" (the old pet name by which she called my aunt) were happy to both of them.

Aunt Alice had for years been free from any great sorrow until my dear mother was taken from us; and, truly as she felt this, I think her great age, perhaps, made the grief less acute.

During the months that followed we noticed little symptoms of general decline. Though she had in a measure recovered from the illness mentioned in my father's letter, she had not her usual vigour of mind, or body. She used still to walk up and down the room repeating her hymns, and also liked being read to, but she could not learn anything new. The last verse she tried to learn was 1 Peter v. 10, but though it was read to her over and over again, her power of retaining words in her memory, which had been remarkable, seemed to be gone.

She lingered with us till May 19, 1864; but we felt for some time that she was gradually failing. One day, when he thought her very ill, my father took her hand and said, "We are all with you, dear Aunt." She opened her eyes and replied, "And *He* is with us all." He said again, "He is very near to you." "Very *dear* to me," she replied.

Once she spoke of her father with tears, her remembrance of more than 80 years was so vivid: he died when she was about ten years old.

The end came sooner than we expected. One night after a painful gasping for breath she began to repeat her favourite hymn, "Oh, for a heart to praise my God," and laid, as she always did, special emphasis on the line, "So *freely* shed for me."

The following morning she seemed much relieved, was taken out of bed for a short time, and placed in a chair by the open window. While sitting with her I turned to the "Silent Comforter" which was hanging near, and read one of the texts for the day, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" In her usual fervent way she went over the words, "*Who shall separate?*"

Thinking she was better we left her to go to the evening meeting. During that time she was constantly repeating different lines of hymns, and was much pleased when Mary Perrott repeated for her the verse :

“ Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.”

Some little time after we had left her, as we thought, comfortably settled for the night, in the care of the faithful servant, who had slept in her room for thirty years, we were summoned, and saw at once that a change had taken place. She soon became unconscious, and, after breathing quietly for a few moments, she was taken from us.

During my dear father's second visit to the country, he complained of not feeling well. In a note from Clonmel he wrote—

“ I am feeling weak, and not able to go round to places where I might go.

“ I need not say what kindness and care I meet everywhere. Francis returns this day. He has been taking every care of me.”

This “ taking care ” was the beginning of that service of love rendered by Mr. Cavenagh during the months that followed, especially during the time of greatest weakness, which called forth my own deep gratitude, and can never be forgotten. He had known my father for many years, and had been, amongst others, early united with him in the meetings of the Brethren. Through all the questions and discussions at the time

of the "Division," and afterwards, he and my father were almost entirely of one mind; and this friendship remained unbroken.

My father did not leave home again, except when we went together to stay for a short time with our kind friends in the County of Wicklow. Nothing could exceed the thoughtful care and love shown him by Mr. and Mrs. Truell at Clonrannon, and by Mr. and Mrs. Synge at Glanmore. He sweetly appreciated it all, but his strength was gradually failing.

Another visitor came to Glanmore during our stay there, about whom my father was much interested, having been told by Mr. Synge that this young girl seemed to be truly wishing to live as a servant of the Lord, though her surroundings were worldly. She was only there for a few days, and just before she left, he put into her hand the following letter, a copy of which I had taken without telling him:—

"The Lord bless you, dear Miss ——. If you confess Christ, you must let the world know that, while you own your relationships in it, and the duties which attach to them, in its course, and spirit, and vanities, you and it have parted company. Seek a sense of the presence of Christ, and indulge thoughts of Him, and cultivate affections towards Him. You are young, and many fascinations are before you, but the presence of Christ is worth a world of pleasures. Meditate on His Word, and as far as you can, make those who know Him your companions. I write unfeignedly commending you to His blessing.

"Yours very sincerely,

"J. G. BELLETT.

"Glanmore, July, 1864."

I cannot tell exactly when it was that our kind friend, Dr. Walter, began to feel my dear father's illness was becoming serious. In its early stages it took the form of pneumonia; and he was never quite free from cough; but there was more general weakness than any distinct disease.

From the beginning of the summer, Dr. W. was in constant attendance, and full of the kindest consideration. Dr. Law also showed much kindness in his occasional visits.

The weakness at last became too great to allow of his attending the Sunday morning meetings. This was a trial to him; and I remember his once saying that he almost thought he should get some of the young men to carry him, that he might again partake of the Supper of the Lord with his brethren. This, however, was never done.*

The last passage on which he gave a short lecture was 2 Cor. xii.

Before writing some details of the weeks that followed, I wish to give some remembered words of my dear father's, uttered from day to day, the last few weeks of his life.

Most of the following sentences, which were put down at the time, were spoken as if he were thinking aloud, or were utterances of prayer and praise, as though none were present but his Lord:—

“Lord, how perfect are all Thy ways! How delightful it is to look at Thee! So unlike any other object.

* I have not before spoken of my father's feelings on this subject. It was to him a feast of joyful thanksgiving each returning Sunday, of looking “back to the cross and onward to the glory.” But he felt very strongly that it was not for the sick chamber, but for the congregation on the “first day of the week.”

“When I think of His mercies, I’m hurried away to Himself.

“If I had not His cross for my sins and His person for my portion.

“Lord, I have spoken of Thee to others; I have loved Thee; I desire to be with Thee; but I can’t say I’m ready to suffer for Thee.

“Patience is God’s hero.”

Speaking at one time of how indefinitely we speak of that which lies beyond death, and saying that Scripture had not been so “indefinite,” he added:—

“It has defined it simply, accurately, and in holy detail. It first informs us that the moment death has done its business with the old creation, Body, the Lord receives the new creation, Spirit, and the simple commentary it passes upon that is, ‘t is far better.’ Is *that* indefinite? Death introduces the spirit to the solitary presence of Christ, but *afterwards* it is as if He said, ‘My presence is not the only source of satisfaction (dear, unjealous Lord!), you must enjoy your brethren and your Father’s house.’ We shall meet our brethren in the air to be with *them*, as well as with *Him*, and then the Father’s house will be entered.

“He has been here to tell us what He is; and there is not a single feature that ought not to be a band of love between our hearts and Him.

“Accustom your mind to think of the Jesus of Nazareth who walked through the cities and villages of the land, as the One who is to receive you to His glory.

“Do I fear Thee, Lord Jesus?—Let every passage of Thy life give the answer.

“Have I any service to make me acceptable?—Let every passage of *my* poor life give the answer.

“When I think of the corruption, the vanity of my ministry, to think that in the day of my weakness Thou

should'st come and thus shew Thyself to me! 'Tis wonderful!

“Oh that volume! That precious volume! To think that a man should question its truth!

“Lord Jesus! it is a precious casket, an infinitely precious casket that encloses Thee.

“Looking beyond the river, 'tis *Thee*, Lord Jesus, that I see.

“Trust Him for the hour of weakness, come it in what shape it may.

“We shall meet where Jesus will be everything to everyone.

(To Mr. Cavenagh). “Oh, Francis, tell sinners, tell them boldly while you convict them deeply, of the folly of not believing Him.

“For years my soul has never conversed with any evidence but the moral glories of the Word, and the perfection of that wondrous scheme revealed from beginning to end.

“Oh, to have the association of the heart with the Lord of the heavenly country!”

One time he spoke of the gentle way in which he was dealt with—he had often wished, and (he supposed) prayed for it, but added, “It is not His *providence* that binds us to the Lord, but His moral perfections,” and then he spoke of the “precious blood” as “the one alone title,” while the Holy Ghost had given him on the ground of that title to apprehend the glories of his Lord.

One would surely be surprised that in these utterances he never spoke of meeting with those gone before, but for the vivid remembrance that the thought of *meeting his Lord* absorbed every desire, and, as he said, “filled the whole vision” of his soul.

Some one spoke to him once about meeting my dear mother. He referred to this after, and we understood that he knew this would be in the resurrection, but the *One presence* was all that he looked for now. If we had not seen and felt the power of this hope filling his heart, a "well of water" indeed springing up continually, so that it seemed the only natural condition for him, we should have wondered, and more especially because of the deep affection of his nature.

His heart has spoken for itself in the letters written during my brother's illness, and his devoted love for my mother had shewn itself every moment in the life of every day, yet neither of these "gone before" seemed to mingle with his heavenly longings.

During all those weeks I was continually reminded of the reaping that follows the spiritual sowing; for if there were one thing more than another that he seemed ever to desire, or that his ministry sought to lead others to enjoy, or that his prayers longed after, it was this personal, intimate knowledge and love of the Lord Jesus, and the satisfaction that must spring from it; and most surely this blessed experience was given to him.

CHAPTER VII.

CLOSING DAYS.

EARLY in September my dear uncle proposed coming to us. His visit was eagerly looked forward to, and on his arrival, my dear father threw his arms round his neck, and they kissed each other as if they had been boys again. My father talked to him a good deal in the evening, went through the history of his illness, and spoke clearly on some matters of business. From this time my uncle was constantly with us, only returning home occasionally for his Sunday duty.

The remembrance of his untiring ministry of love, and my father's childlike dependence on him during the weeks that followed, can never fade away.

One day before my uncle came my father was able to drive out and transact some business. On reaching Mr. B.'s office, the clerk kindly came to him, and saved him the fatigue of going in. He said that he was sorry to see my dear father looking so ill. He replied, almost in the following words, "I hope I can say with my whole heart, may you be as happy as I am when you are in my weak state," and then, gently laying his hand on his, he said, "Remember, all my happiness is in Jesus, not in myself." To friends who came to see him the same day he said that he wished to encourage

them to trust the Lord for an hour of weakness; and then spoke, almost in a rapture, but without any approach to excitement, of the joy of being present with the Lord.

By degrees the weakness increased, until he could only move from his own room to the drawing-room, but he had very little suffering. He wished to see everyone that called, and it was graciously ordered that all who loved him in Dublin were able to see and hear him once more. It was very seldom that he was unable to see any friend.

For many of his sweet and happy words, as well as the circumstances of the last month, I must refer to a journal kept from day to day, and to some letters sent home by my uncle, and shown to me afterwards:—

“Sept. 7th. He saw two or three friends, and spoke in his favourite strain, full of happy thoughts in the prospect of being ‘with the One who went through the cities and villages of the land, and is the same One still.’ Uncle G. insisted on sleeping in the drawing-room, to be near him, which he much liked, and when thanking him, he said, ‘But I know I might command anything from you.’

“Sept. 11th. I brought Jane Dixon up to see him. He spoke to her of his joy in the thought of being with the Lord. Mr. Cavenagh came in the evening, and sat silently beside him for some time, while he now and then expressed his joy in the thought of going to the Lord. At length Mr. C. said, ‘We don’t like to give you up.’ He fervently replied, ‘I am sure of it.’ Mr. C. then said something about ‘the glory and brightness’ that were before him, and referring to this, he said, ‘It’s *Himself* that’s before me, Francis. He fills the whole vision of my soul.’ He clasped his hands together, and said, with tears, ‘I embrace Thee, Lord Jesus,’ and after a pause, ‘Were I to live, it

would be still my joy and my business to be in the midst of you with the Word of God in my hand.' He then named two or three whom he wished to see."

Every evening, Mr. Cavenagh came, with unfailing kindness, and remained to sit up for the night if my uncle were away or needed rest, and one morning my dear father said, "Francis talks of the possibility of my returning to the Brethren. How can he talk so? So to have looked at my Lord, and then to be withdrawn from seeing Him!" At another time, "I don't know how it is, but the scene seems shifting." Feeling a little better, he was much affected at the thought of being brought back to life, and said that he so shrank from suffering, and clung to the thought of gently and painlessly "slipping away."

To more than one friend he said that he had had "two surprises": "If my body has been surprised into sickness, my spirit has been surprised into liberty."

"Sept. 13th. While he was resting to-day, Mr. Denham Smith called, but we thought it not well to bring him up. He begged just to come and look at him. While Mr. S. was there he awoke, and held out his hand. He said that they had met in a different scene (referring to the revival services), but not a happier one, and then spoke of how the Lord had been blessing his soul the last two months, and urged Mr. Smith to preach Christ *personally*."

He would sometimes beckon my uncle or me to come and sit near his easy chair, and he would rest his dear head on our shoulder.

"Sept. 15th. When feeling very weary, he said, 'Oh for a rest on my brother's shoulder!' He frequently calls uncle G., 'Georgie,' the dear old name of childhood. I thought, as I looked at them thus together just now, of the

picture taken of them when they were boys of about eight and nine, with their faces close together.

“Sept. 12th. Uncle G. watched him tenderly, and reported a bad night. He saw different people through the day, amongst them young F. Cavenagh, who was entirely overcome when leaving.

“Sept. 16th. He called me to him when he first came into the drawing-room and folded me in his arms, and said, ‘With what certainty I look at the Lord!’”

About this time I received a letter from Dr. Cronin, from which I quote his words about my dear father :

“Both the *truest sorrow* as well as *joy* fill my soul at every remembrance of my longest-known and most dearly-loved brother, friend, companion in God’s ways. Assure him of my alacrity to go to him, and of my one desire that the living One who was dead, may be the object of my soul’s desire and delight as He is his. Tell him he is amongst the uppermost objects of my heart’s love.”

On September 18th he arrived. My dear father bore the meeting better than I feared. He spoke to Dr. Cronin about his unpublished MSS., as quietly as if he were packing up for a journey.*

“Sept. 19th. He talked a good deal to Dr. C., spoke of ‘Brethren’s Principles’ and of the ‘Social Character of the Day’ hindering the apprehension of what he firmly believes to be required by the Word of God. He mentioned two or three persons whom they both knew, and sketched their characters. He spoke with as much clearness and decision as ever. Speaking of Christian intercourse where there is ‘merely discussion of points,’ he said, ‘Affection is not there—unction does not come forth, but only the withering of intellect. I’d rather minister

* Most of them were afterwards printed in the *Bible Treasury*.

from a *felt* thought or two, than from a volume arranged and digested in my mind.'

"Speaking of our blessed Lord's humiliation, he said: 'I worship Him as the Carpenter's Son as thoroughly as I shall do as King of Kings by-and-bye.' He uttered fervent words of adoration, praising the Lord for what He had given him in *Himself*, and for the title he had sealed to him in His unutterably terrible death.

"Sept. 20th. Mr. S—— came to see him, and sobbed like a child before he came in, and after he left the room.

"Sept. 21. Dr. Cronin came home from an evening prayer-meeting just in time to draw his wheel-chair (which had been my mother's) into his room. He first asked about some one who had been a cause of trouble, and on hearing that he was 'softened' immediately said, 'Now push me in,' as if he wanted nothing more.

"Sept. 22. He bore the parting with dear Dr. Cronin well, but it seemed after to make him feel poorly."

Soon after Dr. C. left my uncle returned (he had gone home for Sunday) and Sir E. Denny came from London to see my dear father. As they were both sitting with him he looked sweetly at my uncle, and said he should like not to have been so weak this evening that he might have talked a little. While Sir E. D. sat opposite to him he said, "I love to look at you," and at parting threw his arms around his neck.

The book entitled, *A short Meditation on the Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ*, was the last written by my father; and he entrusted it to Sir E. Denny, who afterwards had it printed.

He was always able to have a short reading and prayer morning and evening; and sometimes spoke a

little about the verses we read, and in prayer his words were as ever, the same simple and appropriate ones.

He would sometimes mention suitable portions of scripture to those who came to see him; and one day I said that he had not given one to me. He answered sweetly, "All my words are for you;" and after a short pause named St. Luke xii.

All books were by degrees laid aside, and at last even his Bible. It seemed strange to see the companion of every day and all day lying on the table unopened, and yet not strange when he was so near the actual presence of Him of whom it had so deeply taught him. But though he scarcely liked to see a book opened, strange to say he occasionally liked to hear some lines read to him from a long meditation in poetry, which he had himself written at intervals during the last two or three years. He said it had been given to him for the hour of weakness. Those who knew my father will understand why it was thus with him; for the poem from beginning to end dwells entirely on the life, the character, and the love of the Lord Jesus, the theme he loved so well. It will be found at the close.

I have now to give some extracts from letters written to my dear aunt, Mrs. Bellett, whose love and sympathy were ever with us, and who afterwards shewed me my uncle's letters:

"Dear John appreciates your love in allowing me to be absent from you; you cannot think how affecting are the expressions of his love to me. When he was lying on the bed in a state of great exhaustion, he took my hand and said 'Georgie, you love me more than I deserve to be loved by you, when I think of all my crabbed ways to you

(referring to some passages in our early childhood)—our Lord can forgive them, but can you? Yes, you can.’ And then he exclaimed—‘Oh, that I could go to Him in this gentle painless way!’ His nature is very sensitive, and he dreads pain.

“A little while since he roused himself to give expression to what is dwelling for ever on his mind—‘Oh, Lord Jesus, when Thou did’st build up this Creation, Thou did’st not leave its poor inhabitants to fear that it would fall to pieces about them, but by Thy sustaining power Thou did’st uphold it, and so with regard to Thy great salvation—it cannot fall; Thou bearest up the pillars of it; Oh Lord, who hast taught me Thy love, and enabled me to teach it to others, not by any effort of my own, but by tracing Thy dear and wondrous living ministry recorded by Thy Evangelists!’ This morning he called me to him and said, ‘The Doctor has made me hear music’; I thought his mind was wandering a little, though he has shewn nothing of the sort, but I soon found it was not so, but that he had a special meaning in what he said, for he added, ‘he tells me, the heart is failing daily.’

“He only called me up twice, and I and Ann* gave him some tea. The least movement disturbs his breathing and produces palpitation; and he said to us when suffering in this way, ‘This is a little death to me, but oh how welcome when I think of the life that is behind it! How deeply welcome departure hence to be with Christ; absent from the body, present with the Lord!’ One to whom for years he has been strongly attached, called; he gave many words of spiritual counsel; and then, in reference to himself, spoke as follows:

“My complaint is pleuritic pneumonia, and I am becoming weaker day by day, but I never was so happy in all

* One of our faithful servants.

my Christian course as I am now. To be in prospect of being in the company of the Lord Jesus,—the Man out of whom virtue went to give blessings to sinners, and yet all the while God in the highest. To be with Him is my joy.’

“A little while since he was speaking of the goodness of the Lord in letting him down so easily, such a gentle decline, only interrupted by brief passages of suffering.

“‘Thou knowest, Lord, my weak and timid nature, so Thou dealest with me accordingly. But this is a poor character in which to enter into Thy presence. Some have been rolled off the rack into it. I shall see them with their crowns, and shall delight to see them, and I without one, without a crown, but in Thy presence. I know there is a kingdom of glory, but the whole field of my vision is filled with the Lord Jesus.’

“To Edward * he said with great emotion—

“‘Oh, the joy of meeting an unrebuking gaze!’

“Dr. Walter said he wished he could get him into the country, that he might have a view of the pleasant fields. Dear John was much disturbed by this.

“‘Have I not,’ said he, ‘something better in prospect than pleasant fields to look upon!’

“He thus uttered his heart in prayer—

“‘Lord, I do not love Thee so as to suffer martyrdom in Thy service,—not as one who said, “Lord, I am ready to go with Thee, both into prison, and to death”—but I would be glad to go to Thee along this path of feebleness, for it is, and has been for some time now, the ruling thought of my heart; how happy a thing it must be to be with Thee, Lord Jesus.’

“After a little pause, he pursued his meditations thus—

“‘What He was here, that He is there, and what He is there, that was He here, the same for ever.’

* Sir E. Denny.

“At one time he said—

“‘Oh, George, set Him before your people as the object for the affections to rest upon!’

“Mr. Darby came to see him, and the meeting of the two friends was very touching. Dear John held him in his arms, and expressed in ardent terms his great affection for him.”

A few weeks before this my dear father had written his last letter to Mr. Darby—in it he expressed the deep thankfulness he felt for ever having known him, and also his firm and ever-deepening conviction of the truth of Brethren’s principles. This conviction, which had never wavered, was so assured, and so clear to him, that whatever he might have felt as to causes of division which have arisen since, he would have “walked alone” rather than swerve from it.

When the first anniversary of my dear mother’s death came, we rather dreaded lest he should be too much affected by it. He only alluded to it once, but we found that he *had* thought that he might be called away on that day. On the following day he reminded himself that on that day “last year,” he had watched beside her the day after her death; and spoke of how she would have felt had she seen him in his weak state, and how well-ordered all had been.

“Sept. 24th. When Robert brought up his dinner, he held out his hand to him, and said, ‘Thankfully wearing out.’ Soon after, he looked up, and added, ‘My Lord, am I moving towards Thee?’ and then spoke of the ground of his hope.

“Sept. 26th. He was anxious to see our very dear and long-valued friends, Mrs. Leader and Miss Herrick, though he had been having frequent visits from them all through his illness, and I found afterwards that his desire was to commit me specially to their loving care.

Never, surely, was a trust fulfilled with more thoughtful love.*

The sofa in the drawing-room was now made into a bed for him by day, and to the last he was helped, or wheeled in my mother's chair, from his own room, which was on the same floor.

A thought, which Mr. Darby suggested, gave him much pleasure, and he spoke of it to my uncle and to me separately. It was that of being "hidden behind the Lord Jesus, and seeing Him honoured by the whole creation, by-and-bye."

"Sept. 27th. His face has got back much of its old look, his colour is almost natural, and he speaks sometimes with his own sweet smile. We look at him with surprise. There is no distress, and he is able to lie with ease on his side, which he has not been able to do for some time. J.C. came to see him for a moment. He said, 'the Lord keep you; make you as happy in Himself as He has made me.' At one time, he spoke of feeling some 'weariness,' and of submitting to the mighty hand of God, but immediately turned to the thought of 'love' in all.

"Sept. 29th. For a few moments he spoke in a way quite like himself, expressing his mind, with beauty and accuracy, about 'the different *worlds*'—that of business and self-seeking; that of domestic affection; that of letters; and then turned to the thought of the 'world to come,' where his blessed Lord would be all."

From this time he took no nourishment, except now and then a few grapes.

When told that some one had called to inquire for him, whom he knew as one truly benevolent and

* About the same time he said to Mary Perrott, "Mary, never leave my child."

amiable, but who had not submitted to the authority of revealed truth, he said, as if thinking aloud, "a beautiful vessel, marred on the wheel!"

"Oct. 1st. While Robert was waiting to help him into his room at night he said, 'I am on my way to the Lord, and I long to reach Him.'

"Oct. 3rd. Mr. Cavenagh came early (Uncle G. is away for two days), and remained all day, generally sitting beside him holding his hand. Dr. Walter watched him through the night, which was disturbed by the cough."

When my uncle returned my dear father seemed too much overpowered to notice him, except by squeezing his hand. When Ann came in the morning she said, "May God comfort you, sir," and he replied, "Ah, faith in Jesus comforts me." The next day he seemed quite revived again all the morning, and dictated some business letters through the day. An old friend, Rev. James Hogan, called to see my uncle, and when my father heard that he was in the house he sent for him. He kissed him and then said, "I love to look at your honest face." He then spoke of his own happiness; and when Mr. H. expressed the hope that *he* might have the same, he said, "Encourage confidence in Jesus," and spoke earnestly for a moment about *presenting Him* in preaching, and having confidence, not in "the Church," but in "Him." He ended by saying, "The Lord bless you and yours," to which Mr. Hogan fervently added "Amen." On leaving he said to my uncle that it was worth coming from Magherahamle to get his blessing, though he did not come on purpose to see him.

George Richey came by his request Oct. 4th, and to him he spoke very clearly, first on business, and

then of George's mother; and, lastly, told him remember him as one knowing the peace of God and finding a satisfying object in the Lord Jesus, Whom he every moment longed to meet. G. was much affected.

On one occasion my dear father asked my uncle to tell him truly if he were "impatient," and this is referred to in the following extract from another letter:

"When we laid him in bed for the night he said to me, 'Georgie, how have I been to you?' I said, 'Always very loving.' 'Yes,' he said; 'but how have I been in my behaviour? I have betrayed myself before you all, and I ask your forgiveness. I have confessed it to the Lord, and He has forgiven me; but He requires submission, and must be submitted to. From this hour may He give me power to submit with patience.' I reminded him that he had before used that prayer, and that it had been better with him ever since—he is indeed most loving and gentle."

Another time he said, "I fear I am impatient with the Lord," and explained that he had turned for rest to lie on his side, though knowing it would make him cough, and he asked if that were "rebellion."

One evening he called Mary Perrott, and expressed sorrow for having spoken crossly to her, and then he asked if we all forgave him. He said that he had been impatient with us all, and owned subjection to be his duty, but added that it did not make him afraid to meet the Lord. My dear uncle said, "Terror is not in Him. You know this better than we do." He raised his eyes and said, "My blessed, disobeyed Lord." To Dr. Walter and Mr. Cavenagh he also owned impatience, and in his little prayer after I noticed the

petition that "submission" might be our "thanksgiving."

I must here say that no trace of this impatience which he seemed to feel remains in my memory; except, indeed, it may have been at times when he had a remarkable intuition (quite unlike him at other times) of how things ought to be done for an invalid, which we did not exactly understand.

"Oct. 5th he said, 'I like to have you all near me to-day.' He repeated one or two verses of Hart's hymn, beginning, 'A Man there is, a real Man,' and said, with tears, how he must have been overcome when writing it.

"He said to uncle G—— how he liked those words, though they were in 'the rugged style of a Puritan,' and not in 'the refined style of dear Archbishop Leighton.'

"This evening he called us to him, and said he would not have us deceived, or think more of the desire he had so often expressed to depart than was strictly true. It would be swords and daggers to him for us to be deceived; and then he said that the fear of suffering, and the desire to escape from present weariness, were with him, as well as a longing to be with the Lord."

A few days before this my dear father spoke to Dr. Walter as follows. I quote from another letter of my uncle's.

"The doctor came; dear John said to him, 'Dear doctor, the Lord bless you and your house for all your kindness to me, and gather them all in, "in the kingdom and *patience* of Jesus Christ," and then, in the kingdom of *glory*. I have not taught nor practised the one enough. I blush, but I am not a bit afraid. I often prayed that the Lord would give me a more vivid sense of His love to me. I had it, but not so comfortably or fully as I wished. But

on the night of July 17th as I lay in bed it was given me. Doctor, if ever my hand touched yours, the Spirit then touched my spirit. I am as certain of it as I am that you are there. He sealed me, and since that day I gaze upon Him, not always, but when I do it is with satisfaction; on the dear and wondrous Man who came from heaven to make us happy, and has entitled us to happiness.’”

Journal, “Oct. 6th. He has been anxious all the morning about sending off the box,* and told us to fill it up with biscuits, and was pleased, and looked on with his own sweet smile while we packed it with cakes for the children. He wished also to have two or three little books put in.

“At one time, lifting his finger and calling us all to hear, he said that the exultations of feeling he had expressed were not hypocrisy, but frames and feelings were little, and though he could say that his desire was to be with the Lord, he would not have us think him so ‘heavenly-minded or spiritual’ as not to be desiring rest from the suffering and weariness.

“Oct. 7. When I went into his room this morning, after he had held me in his arms for a few moments, he said, ‘Wondrous has been the thrust of Satan at me this night, and blessed the victory given, but it is as sure as you are my Letty.’ I asked what he referred to; but he said he could not tell me then.

“Soon after breakfast he called us to read; and he spoke a little about the verses 19 to 23 of St. Luke vii. He said that ‘John was weak in one point;’ he expected his prison doors to be opened as the eyes and ears of others were opened. He failed, as ‘every other steward has done,

* It was sent to our kind friend Mr. Miller, at Wellington, with some business papers. His wife was a cousin of my dear father’s, the “Charlotte” mentioned in the earliest letter. They both loved and valued him very much.

except the One in whom every promise is yea and amen.' He then offered a short prayer, in which he mentioned the reality of the enemy's fiery darts, and deliverance from them. Immediately after, he called my uncle and me to either side of the sofa-bed, and gave us the following account of what he had experienced :—

“ ‘ Soon after Francis Cavenagh and I were left alone for the night, a mist seemed to come round me like the mist of hell, and one was sent to me. I thought I had known him before, he was clothed in white. He denied the truth of Scripture. I took the Word in my hand, and bolted one passage after another at him, but still he held his ground. “The moral glories of Scripture a lie !” I said ; “they are as true as heaven and earth.” The temptation still continued ; and I felt weak. But I cried to the Lord for help ; and gradually I rose out of the mist into a calm atmosphere ; and I was with my Evangelists again. But it was dreadful while it lasted. That is a plain, unvarnished tale.’

“ My dear father told us afterwards that he would not but have gone through this exercise. No shadow seemed to remain upon his heart, and he said it had been a fresh link between his Lord and him.

“ We asked Mr. Cavenagh if he perceived anything of it while he watched through the night ; and he told us he had been conscious that my father was passing through some new exercise of heart, for he heard him repeating to himself, ‘ What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee,’ and other verses of the same character. He heard him also say, ‘ The unassailable Scripture, a tower of beauty and strength.’ He thought it continued for some time ; but my father did not seem to him much agitated, and lay quietly for some time after it had passed before he went to sleep.

“ Oct. 7. Evening. He asked for the servants to come up, as he wanted to pay what would shortly be due to them

himself. As he gave each little parcel of money, he said that *they* had been 'faithful,' and asked if *he* had been 'kind.' While Uncle G. sat beside him, he spoke of a fall he once had from a pony in early days, and reminded him of a battle he had once fought for him at school, saying that '*he* was a cowardly fellow.'

"My uncle was obliged to leave us again for two days. On Oct. 8th Mr. Cavenagh watched him through the night with tender care, and my dear father warmly expressed his affection for him."

I have now come to the last entry in the little journal.

"Oct. 10. He called me to him, and putting his arms round my neck, held me thus for a few moments. He then told me to 'write,' and gave directions about some business. I asked if Mary and I should read a few verses; he at once assented and said, 'Read the close of Matthew vi.' We did so; and he said a few words, partly prayer; they were a little confused, but there were some about 'exchanging such a world as this, for Christ's world.'

"He wished to see the servants again, to give them the little legacies left them by Aunt Alice. With entire clearness, and remembering exactly which little parcel was for each, he placed them in their hands, saying he had 'wished to give them' himself. Afterwards he lay for some time in a half-sleeping state; but about twelve o'clock a sad fit of coughing came on; and he called us to prop him up, and open the window. Then, for about an hour, we watched him as he lay in a kind of faint. When he revived, his own dear look came back a little. He asked if he had been 'sleeping,' and then said, 'Why don't they all come and tell me they are satisfied?' When we told him they were so; in the sweetest voice he asked, 'And is *the Lord* satisfied?' and when I said 'Yes,' he bent his head to

rest it on my shoulder like a child, and *he* was 'satisfied.' He would take nothing all day but water now and then.

"Later on Dr. Walter and Mr. Cavenagh came, and remained with him. He held out his hand to each, and now and then looked round, as if wanting some one else. It was now an effort to him to speak, but he asked to be wheeled into his room, and Mr. Cavenagh tenderly lifted him into bed.

"The breathing was disturbed, but he did not appear to suffer much. Dr. Walter had to leave for a while, but he called after him, and said, with some effort, 'Tell me, am I going on?' Dr. Walter assured him that he was; and he was content.

"Mr. Cavenagh, Mary, and I, stood by the bed-side. The servants gathered round. Mrs. Cavenagh had asked if she might come in and look upon him once more; she and one of her sons were in the room. Beside these, there was one more present—our kind and faithful friend, Miss Ferrall.

"From time to time a few words were said, but we did not know whether he noticed them, except once when Mr. Cavenagh repeated the verse, 'My times are in Thy hand,' he lifted his right hand, and said clearly, 'Amen.' He looked, every now and then as before, as if expecting someone, and this was surely my dear uncle. He tried to say something more than once, but was unable, and the effort by degrees stopped. He looked round the bed at us more than once, calmly and steadily. Gradually the breathing began to cease, and in a few moments he was at rest; and he is 'satisfied' for ever.

"My dear uncle came the following morning to find his tenderly-loved brother gone. He was grieved indeed not to have been with him, for he would fain have ministered to him to the end, with that love that for sixty-seven years had never been disturbed by even a passing shadow; but he felt it was all God's ordering, and he patiently submitted to it."

Of the days that followed, I need not write. Each day brought fresh proofs of what the sorrow was to many hearts.

One and another came, and asked to see him once more; and each one saw the face they had loved, with its sweetest expression of happiness and rest.

Of all his friends in Dublin, none were willingly absent, and some came from a distance, when he was taken to his last resting-place in Harolds-Cross Cemetery, and there, by the hands of those only who loved him, he was laid by the side of my dear mother and Aunt Alice. The whole inscription on the headstone is given below, the beautiful verses which immediately follow my dear father's name being suggested by my uncle:

PEACE IN JESUS.

MARY BELLETT,
OF
UPPER PEMBROKE STREET, DUBLIN.
SEPTEMBER 23RD, 1863.

AGED 67.

ALICE DYER,
OF
UPPER PEMBROKE STREET.
MAY 19TH, 1864.

"WE HAVE REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS BLOOD."

JOHN GIFFORD BELLETT,
UPPER PEMBROKE STREET, DUBLIN.
OCT. 10TH, 1864.

"THOU SHALT MAKE ME FULL OF JOY WITH THY COUNTENANCE,
THOU HAST GIVEN HIM HIS HEART'S DESIRE."

The love which my dear father was so ready to give, secured to him the love of others ; but I think he was quite unconscious of the influence it gave him, as well as of the reverent affection with which so many regarded him. A few extracts from letters much prized by me shall close this little record. The first was written to my uncle by Rev. J. Hogan, whose visit on Oct. 3rd has been mentioned.

“MY DEAR GEORGE,—I feel only disposed to rejoice and give thanks with you for the great grace given to your beloved brother, and for his happy end ; but, surely, this is a wrong word to use. Even as regards this world, his memory and example may long exercise an influence for good on others, and though dead, he will still speak to many as one of the chosen witnesses of Christ in the world. I always thought there was something primitive about your dear brother ; he reminded me of George Herbert, in his simple child-like devotion.”

The following is from Mr. Alexander, dated

“1st November, 1864.

“. . . . To speak or write of him, and the love we bore him, would now be beyond what you may desire, yet the love is a living reality. We have to remember how he walked and behaved himself so *meehly* and *humbly*, and having our eye on Christ, the Son of God, to follow on.”

From Mr. S—— :

“18th October, 1864.

“I need not tell you how more than thirty years acquaintance, a period which has embraced almost every phase of one’s life, had so connected him with me that it would be vain for me to seek reparation of the peculiar blank. I am a mourner like yourself. How my eye, if I ever visit Dublin again, will feed my heart with sorrow ?

Could anything remove the sable investiture of sorrow which shrouds that spot for me?"

Another friend wrote :

"The thought of your dear father's being in heaven seems to make heaven nearer to me. . . . He is now with that Saviour on whose praises he so delighted to dwell."

From Dr. Cronin :

"All is silence now, but all is peace! Truly to my soul the peace of God and the presence of Christ are boundless, with my every remembrance of that precious spirit. That he is where he is, and that he has what he has, is such real satisfaction to my heart, though his absence from us is full of sorrow. I am conscious of such mingled feelings."

From Sir E. Denny :

"13th December, 1864.

"I have not yet written to thank you for your kind letter and deeply interesting details. What a sweet history it is, what a tale of love! I do indeed bless God for enabling our hearts so sweetly to repose in the recollection of his ways and words at the last."

The next extracts are from later letters written by the friend whom I quoted on page 46. He was never in connection with the Brethren. He is a clergyman of "moderate High-Church views;" and never heard my dear father in public further than by attending some Bible readings in early days. The impression, so deep and lasting, was made by *himself* and his writings, which were indeed the transcript of his mind.

"How thankful we ought to be to God who gives us every now and again such witnesses as your most dear and honoured father was, to His own glory, love, and character. If the servant were so lovely, what the Master.

“What I thought of Mr. Bellett, as a boy, I think still; he was one of the most remarkable and attractive men, if not *the most*, I ever met, and after thirty years, the tones of his voice, the expression of his eyes, and the exquisite utterances of his heart are as vivid as though I only saw and heard him to-day. Unique in character and gift, ‘being dead, he yet speaketh.’ Yes, your beloved father was unconscious of the reverence and love with which he was regarded; he was conscious, however, of God’s love in Christ, and Christ filled heart and mind, and so *man* fell into his proper place. Never, never shall I see such an one again.”

Again, in a letter of sympathy on the death of my dear uncle, he writes :

“What a meeting between the brothers so tenderly attached, in the presence of the Saviour whom they both loved. How they are now thanking Him for the love which led them all their lives through.

“ ‘O happy saints for ever blest !
At Jesu’s feet, how safe your rest.’ ”

And once again, in answer to my request to print these extracts : “As to my own words respecting him, if they are in any way expressive of my love and reverence for him, they are most gladly at your service. I place him among the greatest aids towards the realizing of Christ’s life and love I ever met.”

From Mr. C. :

“That I should have crossed his path and find myself a depository of so much from him, is a circumstance in my history in which the Lord’s hand and ways declare themselves to me.

“Those of us here to whom he was known, often rehearse his words to one another, and his memory is a fruitful theme. How little could one of such humble-mindedness as he was ever think how the Lord would thus honour him.”

From another friend :

“The last time he breakfasted with us we were talking of the ‘Separate State,’ and he said to me ‘If you want to wish to go to Him you must study Him in the Evangelists’ How truly he proved the truth of his own words !”

The poem referred to already is as follows :

BLESSED ! the Jesus whom we know
 In love's unwearied paths below,
 Track'd by Evangelists when here,
 Is He who is ascended there—
 And faith still knows Him as the same,
 And reads with confidence His name.
 God's glory shone in that blest face,
 In power, dignity, and grace.
 'T was not the light of Sinai's brow
 Which made all Israel to withdraw ;
 There was not there one single beam,
 However dazzling it might seem,
 Which told the heart to get a veil
 To hide it, lest it faint and fail.
 “ Master, where dwellest thou ? ” they say,
 And, gladly bidden, there they stay
 And in that new, though holy, ground,
 A dwelling place their spirits found.
 Conscience another set apart
 In converse with his waken'd heart,
 But, for the fig-tree's shade is given
 Jesus, and then an open'd heaven.
 “ Come see a man that told me all,”
 Was a convicted sinner's call,
 And they who at her bidding come,
 Like her, with Him soon find their home.
 E'en she, for whom the angry hill
 Would yield its stones to stone and kill,
 Th' accused, condemn'd and guilty one
 Remains at ease with Him alone.
 Thus, mid our ruins once it shone,
 Mid its own glories now 'tis known :
 But we can bear it *brightest* there,
 Since we have learnt it *dearly* here.

Lord, I desire to trace Thee more,
 Than e'er mine eye has done before,
 Each passage of Thy life to be
 A link between my soul and Thee !

For we shall see Thee as Thou *wert*,
 When every utterance of Thine heart
 Through all Thy works of love divine
 Made all our need and sorrow Thine.
 And we shall see Thee as Thou *art*,
 And in Thine image bear our part,
 In glory Thou, in glory we,
 Bright in the heavenly majesty !

No part of Thy dear life below,
 But in its fulness I shall know,
 Retouched by Thee, regained by me,
 In realms of immortality !
 With burning hearts we'll then rejoice
 In echoes of that well-known voice,
 Which to two burning hearts of old
 Did mysteries of grace unfold :
 The voice that still'd bold nature's strife,
 The voice that call'd the dead to life,
 Which said, in sympathy, "I will,"
 And spake in power "peace, be still."
 The hand that touch'd disease away,
 And prov'd the sinking Peter's stay,
 That rais'd the widow's child, and then
 To her fond arms gave back again ;
 The hand that washed the feet all clean,
 Speaking the heart that beat within ;
 The lifted hand that bless'd them here
 When parting, but to bless them there.
 The arms which still are what they were
 When little children's home was there.
 The bosom, too, the same as when
 John the beloved lean'd thereon.

Here changes wrought no change in Thee,
 The same from first to last we see ;
 In life and resurrection, Thou,
 Jesus ! wert one both then and now.
 In sweetest, gentlest forms of grace,
 Amid Thine own Thou took'st Thy place ;

The draughts of fishes on the shore
 Bespoke Thee risen as before ;
 And the spread table told of One
 The same, past, present, and to come.
 Fed in the wilderness of old,
 The camp of God nor bought nor sold,
 But stores of heaven were op'd each morn,
 And angels' food, or heaven's corn,
 Convey'd on dew, supplied the place—
 Grand, gorgeous miracle of grace !
 And Thou, Lord Jesus ! in Thy day,
 Again did'st food in deserts lay ;
 Yet not in grandeur of the past,
 But dearer—what shall ever last—
 'T was Thine own heart that felt the need,
 'T was Thine own hand the bread supply'd,
 'T was Thine own lips the blessing breath'd—
 Heart, hand, and lips the service weav'd.
 These were Thy sympathies with us,
 And we shall ever know Thee thus.

'T was joy to Thee, while here on earth,
 To mark the progress of that birth
 Which leads poor sinners into light,
 Forth from the gloom of nature's night.
 'T was joy to Thee, while here on earth,
 To hail the bold approach of faith,
 The faith that reach'd Thee through the crowd,
 Or, though forbidden, cried aloud.
 For love delighteth to be used,
 Faith's earnest thoughts are ne'er refused :
 And this same joy and love in Thee,
 We know unchanged eternally.

The look, the sigh, the groan, the tear,
 Which mark'd Thy spirit's pathway here,
 We own them still, O Lord, in Thee,
 Thy mind, Thy heart, Thy sympathy !

Of Calvary I speak not here ;
 Blood sealed our only title there ;
 It has its own peculiar place
 Amid the mysteries of grace.
 But—the lov'd home at Bethany,
 And neighbouring lone Gethsemane,

Poor Nazareth and Bethlehem,
 And faithless, proud, Jerusalem,
 The mount, the wilderness, the sea,
 The villages of Galilee,
 The gate of Nain, Sychar's well,
 The coasts of Sidon, all will tell
 The One who travelled here before,
 And tell us we need ask no more,
 But stand, with welcome, soon to be
 At home for ever, Lord, with Thee !

Thus, *memory* knows Thee, through the word,
 In all Thy ways and doings, Lord !
 And memory no fiction weaves,
 But turns to truthful, living, leaves,
 The footprints of a real past,
 Which shine, and hold for ever fast.
 'T is not descriptive words of Thee,
 But illustrations clear, we see ;
 God's glory in Thy face portray'd—
 Bright, living, likeness without shade.
 They who see Thee the Father see—
 Wondrous and priceless mystery !

The heavens Creator-glory tell,
 His power and Godhead they reveal ;
 But these are hints by which we frame
 Some of the secrets of His name :
 But *all* He is, by sinners known,
 In one blest Image He has shewn.
 We have not there to guess and spell,
 We read in lines, fair, bright, and full,
 We read it in our Jesu's face,
 And now, all doubts and searchings cease.

The sinner looks, wayfaring men,
 The poor, and babes and sucklings then ;
 All learn Thee as Thou art and wert,
 And thus Thou art for ever learnt.
 Whate'er of Thine has once been shewn,
 That same is, sure, for ever known :
 Thy virtues, like Thyself, all fair,
 No seed of change or loss is there :
 Each feature of Thy heart and mind
 For ever shineth, in its kind :

“Because ’t is Thine,” makes this all plain,
 It must be still,—for it has been :
 “Jesus the same, and ours for ever”—
 No strength of hell this bond can sever.

But *this* we pray—for know we well
 The world’s and nature’s dangerous spell—
 “Let no fair hope of human joy
 The fond desirous heart employ ?
 Let not the creature now repair
 The breaches of each passing year !
 With lamps still trimm’d, and virgin-love,
 Teach us to wait Thee from above,
 As bridal children, fasting here,
 Till Thou, the Morning-Star, appear,
 To share with us that earliest light,
 Day’s harbinger, so lone and bright,
 Pledging, ere long, a world new born,
 Times of refreshing, like the morn.”

Thus may our hopes and fears be past,
 And with Thyself our lot be cast !
 For eye hath not seen, nor hath ear heard,
 What Thou, in glory, hast prepar’d
 For him who loves and waits for Thee,
 In Thine own world with Thee to be ;
 With Thee, who art no stranger here,
 Though we as yet be strangers there.

In closing these recollections, and feeling how very imperfect they are, I can but humbly hope that time, recalling my dear father’s words and ways, may lead both myself and those who may read these pages to seek to know more fully the Blessed Lord, of whom he loved to speak and whom he sought to follow in humility and love.

THE MEMORY
OF
A DEARLY LOVED AND ONLY SON.

1849.



INTRODUCTION.

FROM FEBRUARY, 1829, TO AUGUST, 1847.

From his First to his Second Birth.

OUR darling child was born in Dublin on the 10th of February, 1829.

How little did I then judge that he was appointed of my Heavenly Father to be the occasion of such an experience as he has lately been to my poor heart! It is, however, easy to say, "My Jesus has done all things well"—well, indeed, to the thankful admiration of my soul!

At his birth he promised to be strong and healthy. But when he was about three years old, we had reason to become watchful of him. And as he still grew, paroxysms of pain in the head were, at times, severer than I ever witnessed in anyone.

The surgeon whom we consulted at length advised issues in the arm and in the back of the neck, and after some time kept up a continual one, for about five years, on the crown of the head. And many, indeed, were our dear child's sufferings all through this period.

When he was about twelve years old, he was standing in a field where some bigger boys were playing cricket; and the ball struck his right arm. On his coming home we felt it right to send for the surgeon, who had known him now for several years—one as well known as any in our city.—and to his practised eye the occasion was threatening,

and a diseased constitution was betraying itself. The effects, however, of all this were not immediately very distressing; and our dearest boy went on with his books and his tutor; till in May, 1845, he entered college.

Here, I suppose that I was wrong. The state of his health might have been pleaded against his desire of doing this; and, sure I am, that I had no desire for such a stage in his history.

But, under the influence of his natural mind, he had no thoughts of beginning life in any other character than that which a college might give him; and I yielded.

He had been trained from the beginning, in our poor way, under Christian instruction.

At times—as, no doubt, is very common in such cases—we had some happy witness of the exercise of his little heart. I remember his very early pleasure in the Book of God and the great facility with which he attained knowledge of it, and the striking and original style in which he expressed his thoughts upon it. There were also occasional exercises of conscience and of affection, in the fear of God, and in the love of Jesus. But all this yielded no fruit that remained. He would, of course, accompany us to the place of meeting on the Lord's Day and other occasions. But as he grew up, this was done with increasing indifference.

The whole bearing of his natural mind was contrary to the simplicity of it. It was too little in credit with its taste and desire for excitement. So that when he was about sixteen years old, and expecting soon to enter college, I judged it well to leave him to himself in the matter; and from thence he attended one of the established churches.

With this state of *body* and of *soul*, if I may so speak, his *mind* was opening in much beauty.

He had no industry at his books. There was nothing in him of that patience and toil as a scholar, which gives

promise of attainment in either service or distinction. And the Lord knows I never desired his distinction among men, but would rather have dreaded it. But his taste, his enjoyment of what he read, was pure and glowing. His memory of large pieces of poetry was very remarkable. *Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome*,* for instance, he was able, to a great extent, to repeat from merely reading it with delight, and without any direct effort to get it by heart, as we speak.

And his mind, impregnated with thoughts and images from sources like these, as well as by his own fancy, promised to make him a favourite in society. And as far as his little course had gone, it was so. For all this, with an attractive person and manner, introduced him to a welcome and affectionate place among his young companions.

And this was our fear. Earlier impressions on his soul yielded to the attractions which offered themselves to his mind and taste and love of social enjoyments. There was sentiment and knowledge, but no manifestation of faith.

He answered at a catechetical examination in college so as to get the premium; and he could write with justness of thought on scriptural subjects; but this was poor fruit to our hearts and none to the Lord. The combination of knowledge and sentiment, as another has said, is not faith.

Thus was it in mind, soul, and body, with our darling boy, when the condition of his poor arm, together with the indication of abscess in the neighbourhood of the hip, made more decided treatment imperative; and, in the spring of 1847, we were ordered to prepare to remove him from Dublin.

I am not, however, designing to give the circumstances of his life. That, of course, I may say; for they had nothing in them worth recording. All I purpose is to introduce that

* This book was then first published.

which, I believe, has something in it, the dealing of God with his soul.

I have, however, full persuasion that the Lord had been, in earlier days, in a sense, graciously making him His object. There was at times, amid the pleasurable excitements which he found among his companions, or in the indulgences of his mind, the uneasiness which came from the whisper that all was not right; that such a course would not do, innocent as it might be judged by the mere moral sense of the natural conscience. And life, he afterwards told me, had never been of much value to him—a sentiment scarcely to be accounted for in such an one, without some interference of God, so to express it, with his heart. But now that the more alarming state of his health was known, and we were under medical orders to take him from Dublin, his thoughts and habits of mind still further witnessed this. It was during that time—May 22, 1847—that he begged me to listen to the following lines, which he had been composing as he lay on his sick and suffering bed:—

“Oh, who can tell how cheerless the light
 That breaks, ere sunrise, round the sick man's bed,
 Where, wearied with pain, and a sleepless night,
 He heavily rests his aching head.
 The sun warms all, but the sick man's cold;
 The light looks dim, and the sun looks old;
 The sun gives joy over vale and hill,
 But the sick man's heart is sadden'd still.
 'Tis sad—for he's tossed on a wild sea's waving,
 With doubts, and fears, and griefs oppress'd;
 But a hand unseen his wound is laying,
 And soon he shall enter unlook'd for rest.
 Oh, who can tell how glorious the light
 That oft breaks, ere death, round the sick man's pillow;
 'Tis fair as the rosy beam so bright,
 That sparkles at morn on the eastern billow.
 All around may be wrapt in calm as of death,
 And the taper burn dim, and his dear ones mourn;
 But his spirit has caught the fair morn's breath,

And floated to heaven, on its freshness up-borne.
 And there round his brow the light will play,
 And his amaranth wreath never fade away ;
 And the Hand that sooth'd him, and brought to the skies,
 Is wiping away all the tears from his eyes ;
 He knew, by the mark of the nails, the hand,
 And he saw a face on which deep love shone ;
 And these accents came, by a light breeze fann'd,
 'Joy ! I have found my long-lost son.'

But such little effusions had been so natural and easy to him, that my heart did not much value this. But since our child has left us, I found the following among his papers ; and in it the *conscience* appears to be more at work than I had counted on at the time. It was in his own handwriting ; and must have been written a month or two earlier, for I remember the occasion well to which it refers ; and soon after his quickening of the spirit was manifested to me, this sin became the subject of one of his confessions.

"I have sinned to-day. Query : Did the end justify the means, when a lie was told to save a dearly-loved one unnecessary pain ? I have told a lie. O, God, in Thy great mercy, forgive, forgive, forgive ! Keep me from lies ! And though I am not now, I fear, Thine own, make me ere long to know Jesus and the power of His resurrection ! Make me to believe Thy word *firmly*, and grant that I may possess that ruling principle within, that may lead me in Thy paths, for mere guiding from without is vain. O, forgive me my sin, holy, holy, holy God, for Thy dear Son's sake !"

The discovery of this paper shows me that the Lord, as I said, as a disturbing light, was graciously interfering with him. But we had, as yet, no confession of Jesus from him.

On Saturday, May 29, 1847, we left Dublin in a steamship bound for London. We reached Southampton on the following Tuesday, and crossed over at once to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, where we had been advised to go. There, and at Ventnor, we spent two months, witnessing the decline

of our dearly-loved boy, uncheered by anything beyond the ways of nature. Dear he was to us—most dear. . . . But nothing beyond nature as yet appeared in him. He was sadly impatient. The whole frame seemed to be one surface of resentful sensibility. And great was my relief, when a dear sister * at Ventnor told me to regard this impatience as something physical, for that there were conditions of body in which such irritability was part of the disease. He had a fine temper from his birth, though ardent, and we observed that these irritations left no trace of gloomy temper behind them.

It was at the close of July that we left Ventnor for London. Medical advice which we got there determined us to submit the question of amputation of the arm to one of the most experienced of the faculty. But at our darling's own desire I wrote to our dear relative and brother in the Lord, E. C., † who practised homeopathy near town, offering to put him for a previous trial under his treatment. He knew the nature of the case already. He consented to take it up, though with the faintest expectations. And accordingly we left the Island for London; recollections of sweet Christian sympathy both at Ryde and at Ventnor and its neighbourhood going with us and still linking us with many there.

We took lodgings at Brixton. Our dear E. C. ordered me at once to provide my darling boy with the means of air and exercise. We got him a horse and phaeton, beginning in this way an entirely new course of medical treatment.

But now I may say I have reached "that dear and blessed day" which manifested that purpose of grace which had known him ere the world was, and his name even then "in

* The wife of Dr. Wilkie at Ventnor. They both shewed us much kindness.

† Dr. Cronin.

life's fair book set down." I will therefore close this notice of mere circumstances, and give a tale of the soul, a tale of the Lord's doings through His truth and Spirit, with a poor sinner, in making Jesus the relief of the conscience and the desiré of the heart.

This story will be taken from letters written from day to day to a relative who, I felt, on many accounts had peculiar claims to share our joys and sorrows.

What is given in the following pages is extracts from such letters, taking liberty at times either to combine or add sentences in order to convey a juster expression of the scenes and circumstances, as well as to omit passages which were merely private or not needed.

THE LETTERS.

FROM AUGUST, 1847, TO MARCH, 1848.

From his Second Birth to his Death.

BRIXTON, Aug. 16.

MY DEAREST —, —Our dear child is still going through much suffering; though the arm itself is better from dear E. C.'s treatment. Nothing is beyond the reach of divine love and power; but I cannot say that my faith draws much upon them in expectation as to his returning health. But all will be in perfect goodness.

I can, however, begin to tell of happier things.

Last night, as I sat by his bed, he said to me: "Papa, you asked me yesterday if I could trust the Lord for pardon. I do not say that I can; but I am sure that I approach Him much more as my Father than I used to do." I said: "I will not, darling, ask for a distinct answer to such an enquiry; but I want to know—Is your conscience engaged? Do you feel and believe that a man must be born again?" "I do, indeed," he said. "I have never been convicted of sin so as to be thrown into agitation of mind as I hear of some; but I am fully assured that I am a sinner." "That's the thing," I said, "my child. The eunuch* had not much agitation of mind, but he was assured he was a sinner, in the evangelic sense of such a condition." "That's just what I mean," he answered. All this, dear —, was music to my heart.

* Acts viii. 37.

I left him for the night; and a sad night of suffering he has had; and this morning he has been very impatient with Mary, as is common on these occasions.* But that soon passed; and, when I was again quietly at his side, as he lay in his bed, he said to me,

“Papa, did you read the account of H. B.’s death? She grieved that she had never brought forth fruit to God; and that made me think that at times I had sought to be patient *for Jesus’ sake*, but then again I remembered that I thought this might *give me ease*; and so it was no fruit to God.”

Then, after a pause, he said: “Papa, I have long had something on my mind which has been a great trouble to me: I want to confess it to you; but you must promise me that you will never refer to it again, it is so painful to me.” Upon my saying I hoped I should never have occasion to do so, he reminded me of a conversation we had last winter in Dublin, and then confessed that in it he had told me a lie.†

Such are the beginnings of eternal gladness and sunshine. I cannot doubt that he is under divine operation. But do not make much of this; only I have a wish that you should now keep all my letters, for they may be sweet to our poor hearts in future days, dark and gloomy to nature.

BRIXTON, *August 17.*

Our dear child has had a much better night, and early this morning he invited me to sit by his bed-side. He then told me that Mr. C—— had put a question to him yesterday, which had exercised his mind much through the night. “It was,” he said, “whether I felt personal love to the Lord Jesus.” Then he added, “Papa, I am sure that I have felt an enmity to *Him*, which I have not felt to *God*.”

* The dressing of the poor arm.—ED.

† This was the occasion, I doubt not, of the paper mentioned before.

I told him that was just the working of the natural mind, as the Lord Himself says: "The reproaches of them that reproached Thee, fell on Me." "Yes," he answered; "and though none of us would like to know that another was making efforts to love us; yet, I am sure, that my seeking through last night, to bring the Lord before me in affection, was pleasant to Him."

I fully allowed this, and (perhaps with not much suitability to his thought) instanced Zacchæus' desire to see Jesus.

He then observed, "How sweet, that the Lord did not turn down another street, but went right on the very way that made Him reach and gratify Zacchæus."

With all this, I need not say that he is becoming increasingly dear to us. E. C. is taking the greatest interest in him, but has no human hope of his recovery. It is God's own way, he says, of delivering from the world one who was fitted to take part conspicuously in all its refined enjoyments. He tells me he never met one to whom he could more freely speak of death. Indeed, that is very plain to us all. That subject never moves him; and he repeats to me with the fullest calmness all that E. C. says to him of the dangerous state of his body. This is all in sweet mercy, but we look for still brighter manifestation.

BRIXTON, *August 21.*

MY DEAR —, —Last night our darling child had a severe paroxysm of pain; and poor nature fretted and was impatient. This morning he has begged us all to excuse his temper. And indeed we may; for at times the pain masters all about him.

Yesterday he said to me that he felt he could not trust God if he were brought back to the world.

This was very pleasant to me. It shewed that he had a sense of his own tendencies, and took knowledge also of the state of his soul.

He told me that he had been thinking of those sweet lines of Gambold's—

“See the dear sheep by Jesus drawn,
In blest simplicity move on.”

I have just come in from a drive with him. In the course of it I said to him, “We have not had much of the Lord with us this morning, darling.” “Ah, papa, I have been in great pain,” he said, “but I know that is no excuse”; and then he put his hand on my knee, and kept it there till we got home, and kissed me so significantly, that perhaps all was better than if we had talked much about the Lord.

Sunday Evening.—He was very impatient while the poor arm was dressing this morning. I was afterwards sitting beside him, and I said: “I do not wish, Johnny, to either pain or reproach you; but I am sure that in the Lord's love this illness is leading you into the right path; for He must have had a controversy with you for many things in Dublin.” With great decision he admitted it. I then said: “I was wrong, my child, in letting you enter College.” “No, papa;” he answered, “it was not my being in College—nothing of nature will do: the Lord must impart the good thing Himself.” All this was said in a tone that gave me great comfort. I have just now left him, I hope for a little sleep, after sitting with him for about an hour, when he repeated many hymns with an accuracy and relish that was delightful to me—among others—

“A little while—'t will soon be gone—
And we shall wander here no more.”

And expressed a wish that he had been the author of those lines—

“Soul, then know thy full salvation.”

Monday Morning.—After being very impatient at the dressing of the poor arm last night, Mary P. has now told me that he said to her:

“I deserve it all, and much more, Mary; but there is One that has borne all for me.”

As I sat beside him just now he said :

“I was thinking in the night how gracious it was in the Lord not to have brought me through strong conviction of sin, for it would have worn me completely down. And I thought also of our drive to Chelsea to-day, and after a little I began to think of other things ; but I was not at all uneasy when I remembered that these had been my thoughts, and *that* also is very gracious in the Lord, not to let my heart be troubled, as some would be, if they had allowed their thoughts to go after such things. I felt it gave me no uneasiness.”

Thus the blessed Lord is with our dear suffering child, leading both his heart and mind.

You will be glad to hear that we expect dear George on Wednesday.

BRIXTON, *Aug. 24.*

—,—Yesterday Letty, Johnny, and I took our drive to Chelsea. In the evening E. C. had a sweet conversation with him as he lay in bed. But the night was very disturbed ; and this morning he passed through the most violent paroxysm of pain I have witnessed since we left Ventnor.

It was piteous indeed, dear —,—, but he is now much relieved.

Thursday Evening.—Dear E. C. having examined his chest this morning, suggested to him that if disease should be stayed there, it might be well to remove the arm in order to give the constitution increased advantage. He appeared quite to refuse the prospect of coming back to life and to the world, evidently under the sense of the temptation being too much for him. This was said and done with a manner that much affected E. C.

This morning I went to the North-Western Terminus, and returned with dear George. He is going to Boulogne, please God, for a few days with Mr. and Mrs. R., of Hampstead. He has already had much conversation with our

dear child, and found it very happy. The calm and certain habit of his soul when thinking or talking of his death is very lovely. The kingdom in him evidences itself very much in that way.

It is on scriptures like John xiv. 1, 2—that he likes to dwell. He rests in the sufficiency of Christ to the full peace of his conscience. Those who have prayed for him, as so many of the Lord's people have, may be encouraged.

The Lord bless you!

BRIXTON, *August 29.*

MY DEAR —,—George left us on Friday, and our dear child is feeling the excitement which his happy visit occasioned.

We are looking for further fruit in *patience*; and Mary in her simpler faith counts on all our desire being fulfilled. Confidence in the work of the Lord strongly marks his mind. He was weeping much this morning,* the pain was so severe, but in the midst of his tears he said, "He will never leave nor forsake." Pained in his pain, I said fervently, "The Lord bless you, my child." "He has blessed me, papa," he answered.

Monday Morning.—I was at his bed-side just now, and said to him, "What words those are, darling: 'Ye have learned of me how ye should walk and *please* God.' What a thought it is, that we can please the divine mind." He simply said, "Yes, papa." But shortly afterwards he added, "I think I was not five minutes last night, while lying awake, without thinking of the Lord." "Well, darling," I said, "I am happy to hear it; but you are not thereby justified—the blood must get all the glory of that." He answered, "Why, papa, if it were not so, I should sit on pins and needles all the day long."

* This was very unusual with him, and shews the intensity of the suffering.—ED.

This is just what marks the character of his religion—he glories in Jesus as a *sacrifice*; his soul can conceive no other relief.

He afterwards begged me, when I saw him impatient, to rebuke him very sharply. I have now just returned with him from a little drive. In the course of it he said, “I am sure, when weariness leads me to sleep, it has done me no harm; it injures only when we cannot rest after it. And so with the weariness of life. It will do us no harm, for it leads to rest.”

BRIXTON, *September 2.*

Our dear child has passed through twenty-six or twenty-eight hours of great suffering in the poor arm; and the uneasiness in the hip seems to be advancing.

He is more thoughtful than communicative. But a morning or two ago he said to me, “How blessed it is, papa, that there is another scene to look at.” It was not, however, till this afternoon that I got what I now understand he meant. For, as we were sitting together before dinner, he said to me, “Papa, in what way were you particularly conscious of a change of mind?” “I remember,” I said to him, “the moment when I was brought to say to myself, ‘What must my eternity be if I went on as I then was?’ and soon after that Jesus became an object to me.” “What I particularly feel,” he then said, “is in the mornings. On waking, I used to be planning what amusements were before me for the day; but now that is gone; and I find that I have other objects before me. It is now like a boy looking on to manhood.”

This figure of a boy looking on to manhood was beautiful and scriptural. He meant, I am sure, anticipating eternal and heavenly things; and it was according to 1 Cor. xiii. 11. This explained to me the observation he made a morning or two since.

I have just now been sitting by him, and on his telling

me that E. C. had warned him not to make too much of his horse and phaeton, and of the recreation they afforded him, he added, "And indeed, papa, I do watch and check myself, and I can say, I would give it all up for *Him*."

This was very sweet to me, for Johnny is very true. There is nothing of religious language or of the exhibition of experiences about him. I am sure the secret exercises of his soul are quite beyond all that appears.

September 5.

Yesterday morning he told me he had had a dream. He thought he had been reading the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and heard how one man was telling his companion that he feared how he might have a cold walk through the Jordan, saying, "Some persons walk so briskly through the previous stages of their Christian journey, that when they reach those waters their feet are so warm that the water recedes as it would from hot iron, and they pass over very comfortably: but others are hot-headed, having their feet cold, unwarmed by a previous diligent walk, and they feel the cold of those waters very much."

I thought there was much moral value in this little dream, and saw something of the character of his mind through it. We must pray that he may be kept in his present calm, believing mind; for he told me this day, that while he never for a single moment questions the sufficiency of the sacrifice of Christ, he does, at times, the genuineness of his own feelings.

BRIXTON, Sept. 6.

MY DEAREST —, —Symptoms of an advanced state of disease show themselves in our darling boy. The thought of losing him passes like a cold wave at times over the heart, threatening to leave its impression there for the rest of the journey; but then the thought of his returning to health, and to the follies and ambitions of the world, dispose

it to thankfulness and gladness at the prospect of his being early sheltered with the Lord.

This day, in his easy, cheerful manner, he went over many recollections of other days. He told me that he was always glad at any symptom of good in any of his companions, and that he never felt resentment at persons speaking to him about the Lord. But he said the strongest feeling he was conscious of was the absence of the fear of death, and rather, he might say, a satisfaction in the thought of it. And in the midst of the conversation he said to me: "What complacency God takes in the work of Christ, papa. What happiness He finds in looking at it, and I believe that He can make us partakers of that happiness with Him." I enjoyed this much. And such thoughts very much form the character of his renewed mind, he has such a sense of the perfection of the work of the Lord Jesus.

Wednesday Morning.—Last night, after ten o'clock, we lost his powder, which he was then to take. I had my coat on to go out for another, when he would by no means allow me; and very sweetly quieted himself under it. I then took my seat at his bedside; when, on putting my hand into my pocket, to my amazement I touched it. "See, papa," he immediately said, "you ought to have more confidence in God. I prayed to Him and said, 'Lord, if it be for my good that I should take this powder, let it be found, and let us not be confounded!' and now you see He has given it to us."

He has more of these hidden exercises of heart than we are aware of, I am quite sure.

He has had a very uneasy night, but in a moment of calmness I said to him, "The Lord has been very gracious to you, darling." And with great earnestness he answered, "He has, indeed, papa."

Two o'clock.—He has just passed through a great agony. When he was at ease again I said to him, “How sad this would be to me, my child, if I did not know that you had received Jesus and the atonement.”

“How sad to *me*, papa,” he answered with great emphasis. Dear George has just returned from Boulogne.

HAMPSTEAD, *Sept.* 19.

MY DEAR ———, —We have moved, for change of air, to this higher ground; and he has been for the present a little renovated. But we have lost George, who has returned to Bridgnorth; and his being here interrupted a little my communication with you.

The Spirit's work in our dear child I rest assured of. But it has some features in it which distinguish it from the most common cases. He has reached peace of conscience and triumph over fear of death very quickly; but with this there does not appear that sense of the need of prayer, and watchfulness, and self-judgment, which is so commonly acknowledged.

I will give you a sample of what I mean.

“Papa,” he said to me a day or two ago, “I thought you would not like my asking Mr. Cronin yesterday about the bankruptcies which have been taking place lately; but I think you are too particular in those things. You too much feel yourself under necessity to have the Lord brought forward on all occasions. Now I believe the *Lord does not like to have Himself made an intruder.*”

I asked what he meant by that.

“I will show you, papa,” he said. “Suppose that I saw a person in danger, my duty would be to run forward at once and help him; and I am sure the Lord would not like me to stop till I felt that I was doing this kindness to a fellow-creature in His name, or till I had prayed to Him

about it. He would not have Himself brought in between the danger of another, and my duty or endeavour to help him."

I thought this a very striking word; and it illustrates the freedom in which he walks with God. I am sure he regards me as somewhat under the spirit of bondage. I delight to trace in him this independency of me; but he is still wanting in that spiritual frame of mind which a tenderer watchfulness would impart. He told me the other day that he was sure he never had a tender conscience. And I suppose it was so. His natural mind tended to *infidelity* rather than to *religiousness*.

I had, however, a sweet little moment with him yesterday. The evening before, while sitting at his bedside, I observed that while the knowledge of Christ was a principle of peace to the conscience, it was also one of heavenliness of mind and of fruitfulness to God. He owned it, but soon fell asleep.

Yesterday, as we sat together at the fire, he said, "You told me, papa, that there should be fruit to God, and, indeed, I own that it is little I give Him; but I am sure that I love Him every day more and more;" and, as he said this, he wiped a tear from his eye. I cannot tell you how grateful this was to me; because, as you know, there is not the most distant approach to religious pretence about him. He errs in the other direction. Did he more simply cherish a communicating spirit, his soul would flourish the more.

He is not, I may say, prepared for the ways of the Brethren, as we speak. He told me the other day, that, in the ruined state of all things, he sees no sufficient cause to leave the Church of England.

But he is far, indeed, from feeling debtor to its forms. Like thousands in it, Jesus is all to him.

HAMPSTEAD, *September 24.*

Our dear child has just passed through another severe season. The agony in the arm both yesterday and Wednesday was all but intolerable. A large mass of bone is just at the opening of the wound. The thought of amputation is again before us. But this day he has been better, and able to drive to Finchley.

In the midst of all this suffering, dear J. N. D. came out to see him. He had much wished it. I left them alone for a time, and our dear brother has now comforted me by saying, that he is as sure of a work of God in him, as in any one he knows; and that he scarcely ever met one who more simply apprehended the sin of the nature; and the sufficiency of Christ: but the peace of the conscience having been reached with so little exercise or conviction, he thinks that he may still have conflict to undergo.

Sunday Night.—Yesterday was another painful day to him; but he is again easier. Every clock last night did he hear, except four and five, and, as he lay awake, he mused over this little hymn, which he has just been scribbling with his left hand.

Hebrew xiii. 8, as you will see, was his theme.

“And will He ever be the same,
The same dear Lord who loves so free,
And still unchanging as His name,
As now, be all in all to me?

And is His love as full to-day,
As when He hung upon the tree,
And look'd these words, ‘My life I lay
Down gladly, sinning one for thee’?

And say, ‘mid heaven’s gorgeous glare,
Will He love tenderly as here,
Will He not sit as Conqueror there,
And scarcely mark the silent tear?

No—for unchanging as His name,
That blessed Lord shall fail us never;
For Jesus is to-day the same
As yesterday and so for ever.

And when above the skies we soar,
 We'll see a bright and crownéd Head,
 Beaming with love-looks as of yore,
 When thorns its brows encompassèd.
Yesterday's work the theme will be,
 'Worthy the Lamb, Salvation's Giver!'
 The darksome journeyings of *to-day*,
 But brilliance add to bright *for ever*."

HAMPSTEAD, *October 8.*

MY DEAR ——,—I have again a little leisure and disposition to give you further tidings of our dear, dear sufferer. And I may call him so; though all is well, and will be so for ever.

About ten days ago, it was decided that Mr. Liston* should be consulted, and, as was natural, his nervous sensibility became much increased, and I had not much communion with him. His heart, however, had had its exercises, and between that day and the day of consultation, he scribbled another little hymn with his left hand on Mark v. 30, which I will give you presently, suitable to the anxious moments he was passing through.

On Tuesday last we had the consultation. On seeing the poor arm, Mr. L. was shocked, and told me that he had never seen a worse case; and he is a practitioner of the greatest experience. He at once decided on the necessity of amputation. Our darling requested that it might be at once, and that he might have the æther. Mr. L. told him that he never operated without it, and appointed half-past three on the next day.

It was a gloomy time, dear ——. But Johnny was very calm, and on leaving Mr. L. he asked E. C., who was with us, what he judged the effect of the operation would be; and on learning that it could lead only to present relief, he again listened to the sentence of death, as always, with perfect quietness.

* A well-known surgeon at that time.—ED.

On Wednesday he lay in bed till twelve o'clock, begging me to sit in his room, and occasionally giving me a subject for prayer. He took a little dinner at one. Dear Mr. Reynolds and E. C. came soon after, and we all sat with him—Mamma, Aunt C., and Letty being out of the room at his request.

About four Mr. Liston arrived in company with Dr. S. and Mr. P.; our darling, in full composure, sat himself in the arm-chair. A little table was placed behind him; and the tube conveying the æther was applied to his mouth. He inhaled it for about two minutes. Dr. S. then gave Mr. L. liberty to proceed; and the knife and the saw entered the poor arm. But there was no more quiver or resentment than there would have been from a dead body. The arm was off in half a minute. The vessels were then bound up (in about three minutes), and he was laid on the bed. Soon afterwards he opened his eyes and said in a strong emphatic manner: "It is not fast for ever, it is not fast for ever!"

He was then composed, wondered that he was on the bed, and took leave of Dr. Snow in his usual sweet manner, just telling him that he had been in the profoundest sleep he had ever known.

But he soon became sensible of the soreness of the wound; and when the room was cleared again, dear E. C. watched him till, in the evening, Mr. Pratt returned to sew up the poor stump. That was painful indeed.

He was then put into bed, and remained, I may say, in one posture for forty-five hours. But he has been in a sweet mind, humble, thoughtful of the Lord, and thankful; and all is under the wing of his gracious Almighty Helper.

O for hearts to love Him and to long for Him!

I will now copy the hymn on Mark v. 30:

“And didst Thou feel the gentle touch
Amid the noisy rabble throng;
Knowing that need of Thee had drawn
A weak one, that rude crowd among?”

With sicken'd frame, and trembling heart,
 She crept unnoticed through the throng ;
 And, shelter'd 'neath those healing wings,
 She found, at once, her burden gone.

Her need was answer'd—and unseen
 As she had come, she hoped to go,
 Alone to love that healing One
 Whom soon she'd as Messiah know.

But no—the words ' Who touch'd My clothes ?'
 Gave birth to thoughts which none could tell :
 She had spent all—had naught to give—
 And trembling at His feet she fell.

She knew Him not. ' Be of good cheer '
 Threw peace, and joy, and light around ;
 As rainbow-drops from heaven descend
 In grateful showers on thirsty ground.

Her fears dispell'd, she sees Him now
 Her God and Saviour, looking love :
 He'd been her hope of comfort here,
 And now her hope of joy above.

And, rising from the throng of men
 Who daily call upon His name,
 He knows the hem-touch, heals as then,
 For Jesus is to-day the same."

HAMPSTEAD, Oct. 10.

MY DEAR —,—Our dear child is feeling the soreness of the poor stump ; but that is to be expected for some time. But he has been in a very sweet spirit.

He said to me yesterday, that he wondered the Lord Jesus had ever wanted attractions for him. He has been constantly asking me to pray or to praise with him, giving me my subjects. I observe that it is the *affections* rather than the *mind* that are now in exercise, and this I used to desire.

He said to me yesterday that he had something to show me—and then exhibited a ring on his little finger. He had bought it, he said, in Dublin, but I had known nothing of it. However this day, he asked me if I would allow him to give it to Letty. I objected, saying, it was far better to put it away. He still desired to give it to her ; and perceiving that

there was some purpose in his mind, I consented. He then begged me to call her, requesting that I would stand apart when she came.

She accordingly was called and came; and I retired towards the window. Johnny then shewed her the ring; and as well as his labouring heart and falling tears allowed him, he said to her—"Letty, papa has allowed me to give you this ring—keep it in your drawer, and when you look on it, remember that I bought it in the days of my folly, but that I have since found the Pearl of great price—and may you, dear Letty, find it also."

He could say no more and told her to go down to dinner.

It was a little feast to my ear and heart.

HAMPSTEAD, Oct. 17.

MY DEAR —,—I have not written to you for a week, but I am thankful to tell you that our darling boy again got downstairs on the 17th—the 11th day since the operation. From the state of disease, the healing of the poor stump proceeds slowly; and the dressing of it occasionally he greatly dreads. He is still impatient—but he carries his need and his mercies to the Lord in supplication and praise so simply, that we delight in him increasingly.

Last night I was in his room several times. He was full of kind and grateful affections.

About three o'clock he begged me to take my pencil, and write some lines he had been musing over.

He then dictated the following:

“My Saviour-God! the day is not far spent;
 The noontide of my life is scarcely come;
 Abide with me till evening's waning hour;
 And then with Thee I'll gently journey home.
 Perchance the evening-dews may be too chill;
 And 'ere they fall, I'll enter into rest—
 But let death come, dear Saviour, when he will;
 Abide with me—and on Thy tender breast
 He'll find me: and from this cold world of night
 I'll vanish into realms of purest light.”

These lines are very sweet, I think. I give them to you with one or two corrections he made since. The thought of the Lord carrying him through the whole day of life, and then, perhaps, of closing it, ere its evening set in, is tenderly expressed, and the truest picture of his own feelings. *

HAMPSTEAD, Oct. 28.

The process of healing in the poor stump goes on very slowly, and delays our removal to Bath. This tries him, and he is still impatient at times, but his condition of soul is very comforting to me.

As I sat beside his bed the other evening, he asked me, when it was that I judged the Lord began to work with him. I told him that I believed the Lord had had a striving with him long before, but that spiritual life had manifested itself to me to be in him on the 15th of last August. "Yes, papa," he said, "there was something in that, I know, but months before I remember feeling very peculiarly under a word of Sir Edward's, † 'Sometime or another, Johnny, the Lord must have to do *immediately* with you,' meaning that if I did not listen to Him in grace now, He must sooner or later let me hear Him in judgment."

.....His state of health gives us no increased hope. There are pains in the remaining arm which we do not like, but as yet know not what they are.

BATH, Nov. 18.

MY DEAR —, —It is some time since I wrote to you one of my particular letters about our darling child.

However, I have only enlarging testimony that the work is no occasional excitement, but that it is the Spirit of God renewing a soul by a right knowledge of itself and Jesus.

* It has been said that at times of deepest feeling, the mind seeks for fancies, types, and dim similitudes, extracting from them consolation and strength.—So was it here, I believe.

† Sir E. Denny, an old and valued friend, who had always felt the greatest interest in him.—ED.

A spirit of confession has marked him lately, and he has gone over, in an open and gracious way, the follies and the carelessness of last winter in Dublin.

You perceive that we have come to Bath. But I was not, till a day or two since, aware of one reason for his great desire to reach this : that he might pay a little debt which he foolishly incurred with a tobacconist here, while on a visit with his aunts fifteen months ago.

Dear E. D., I need not say, is all kindness to him, and thoughtfulness about him.* Their natural tastes and minds are a good deal kindred.

The remaining arm has become very painful ; and he has fears that abscess is attacking it, and that he may have to lose it like the other. This apprehension has been very trying to him, and he has told us to ask the Lord for mercies in this matter. And the night before last, as he lay in bed, this fear having been very present with him, he mused over these lines :—

“ Longer that I Thy chastening rod should bear,
 Father ! it seems Thy blessèd will to be ;
 Let love, and faith, and hope my spirit cheer,
 And fill my soul alone with thoughts of Thee !
 Give grace and patience, Lord, and gentleness ;
 That loving, calm, and thankful I may be ;
 And let my soul know the full blessedness
 Of child-like trust, my Father-God, in Thee !
 And do as seemeth good and right—Thy love
 I'll trust—for lately musing, I did see
 The dear God-man, who intercedes above,
 Give up the Ghost on Calvary, for me.
 We were not made for pain and suffering, Lord !
 Along with sin and death they found their way ;
 Gnawing consumers !—yet ere long Thy Word
 Will blast them all from Thy eternal day,
 And we, in glorious bodies, rise in bright array.”

* It is grateful to remember the like Christian love in the Island where we first were, then at Brixton, at Hampstead and now at Bath ; the names of many might be mentioned.

I may add, dear —, in connection with this, that the subjection of mind with which he has bowed to the expectation of abscess in the poor remaining arm has indeed been sweet fruit of a renewed mind. These lines express it, and his whole way has manifested it.

BATH, Nov. 29.

MY DEAR —,—Our dear child took a drive to-day, the first time he has left the house since Wednesday. The poor remaining arm, I may say, is almost useless. But the Lord's love and wisdom are over it all, and so he owns it. As we were driving round the Victoria Park, he said to me, "I should have liked to have been riding here; and I should have been gratifying my love of pleasure, and perhaps my vanity; and the Lord has seen that nothing would do but the depriving me of all power." He then opened his whole heart to me. He told me that he had formed his future life entirely with regard to pleasure, and that he would have judged it impossible for him to become what his mind now was, and could hardly identify his former with his present self.

In the course of the drive, I alluded to his acts of impatience. He did not answer me for a while, but then, he said—"Papa, you may think it self-complacency; but I will say to you, I wonder that I am as well as I am."

I listened to this as a very affecting word; for it told me of a struggle with himself more than we had apprehended, and of a temptation to impatience from his poor diseased arm beyond what we had calculated.

The thought of parting with him is sad indeed. As far as personal enjoyment goes, gladly would I thus wait on him, for the remnant of my own days here. But, when I think of what the world is, and what it is like to be, and of the tendencies of his nature, I get comfort in the thought, that the Lord has rescued and will shelter him.

"The morning cometh."

BATH, Dec. 24.

Our darling boy is going through suffering indeed; the sight of him and the thought of him gets down into the quickest parts of the heart.

As we sat together this day, he said to me, "I have been thinking, papa, of the summer, and of my being able again to ride and drive, and of going to see Uncle and Aunt at Stoodleigh; and when I have felt all this happy, I have asked myself, would I give up the desire of the Lord's presence for it all; and I felt that I could answer, No. I am sure the disease of the poor left shoulder has been a blessing to me, for I could not have felt this at Hampstead."

He is a little better in general health, but we rejoice with trembling.

Feb. 16, 1848.

MY DEAREST ———, — We have been in a new and aggravated scene of sorrow. Our dear child has had a paroxysm of pain in the left shoulder,* which nothing has equalled since his suffering at Ventnor on July 19th.

But the Lord has indeed been gracious, enabling him to hold on in full peace, through this deeply trying path.

As I sat with him on Thursday last, the day after the paroxysm, I had thought he was in a dull state of soul, for he had said nothing to me. But, to my surprise, with earnestness, he said rather suddenly, "Papa, kneel down and thank the Lord for the deep and happy peace He has given me in Himself all the morning."

But he has told me this day, not to expect many words from him, but to speak to him. And among other Scriptures quoting those words, "I will arise, and go to my

* It had been opened, and an issue established there, as the abscess was found to be so much advancing. It was some few weeks afterwards that this attack took place, *i.e.*, on Feb. 2; and it proved to be the beginning of the last stage of his little journey.

Father," he said, with great decision, "How willingly, how gladly, would I rise from this bed and go to *my* Father; and I am as sure of the fatted calf as ever the prodigal was; but, O papa, what sorrow would it be to me if I did not know that you were sure of it also." Precious child! may I not say?

After coming home from the meeting this morning, he said to me, "The enemy has had a little advantage of me; but it was soon over: he tried to persuade me that it was all fiction, but Jesus was too near me."

And again he said, "What would it be to drop into His arms now! but I am in His arms while in this bed; He frowns the enemy out of sight."

I may again say, the Lord be praised. He has been in a sweet mind all the day. When Mr. G. (the surgeon) came, he begged me to leave the room, and Mr. G. told me afterwards that he had been asking him whether this attack would hasten his end, but all in the calmest, sweetest manner.

Tuesday Morning.—He has just passed a good night; I may say—at least, free from pain. But weak he is, and cares for no food. He has told his aunt Eliza that his legs were no better than two straws, and that his body was like an egg-shell—conscious of a state of weakness beyond all that he has ever felt. I cannot tell you all his sweet words.

He had some little time with dear L. alone. And he told me that he had been searching his heart and found two unconfessed evils, which he then mentioned to me.

He longs for departure, and wonders that, with such a prospect, he can ever feel pain or annoyance.

Speaking of the Lord's dealings with him, he said to me this day, "He has shocked me" (meaning as by an earthquake) "out of a world of vanities into real life."

BATH, *Feb. 8th.*

MY DEAR —,—Our darling is sensible that the last stage of his little journey has begun. But grace abounds. Nature's weakness is proving the Spirit's strength.

He got up last evening for about two hours, and as dearest Mamma, Eliza, Charlotte,* and I sat round him, he said, "All is gentle and sure, one hand under my head, the other embracing me; all deliciously peaceful." He afterwards said, "The Lord seemed to speak to me last night, and to say, 'My child, the way has, as yet, been pain and impatience; but now, for a little time it shall be weakness and love.'" And this morning, he begged that dear Miss Bland would come and see him; and in the course of what he was able to say to her, he said, "It is not so much praise, Miss Bland, as enjoyment."

The weakness is rapidly increasing. This day he put this question to me in a very solemn manner, "Papa, I wish you to tell me, has Sir Edward, or my aunts, or Miss Bland, or anyone else, observed a difference in my ways and manners from what they were." I answered that we had none of us any doubt of his being born again. "*I don't ask that,*" he said, "*I don't seek to know that,* but whether they have seen me more for the Lord; for I am grieved I have been so little fruitful to Him."

It was very sweet to hear this; like all his words they so told me that he wanted none to strengthen his assurance of salvation, but that at the same time he desired to have his Saviour honoured in him and his ways. Indeed, nothing can exceed the full peace and assurance of his soul. He speaks of his departure as certainly near and altogether desirable to him.

Feb. 9th.

MY DEAR —,—Our darling has again been in much pain, and we feared one of the terrible paroxysms. But, in

* His aunts.—ED.

sweet mercy it proved otherwise ; and he has been lying now for hours in comparative ease.

After the pain had subsided, he called me, and said, "The Lord is still near me ;" meaning, I am sure, that He had not withdrawn Himself, though, under the pain, some impatience had been betrayed. "Give them all my love, and say, I have but one word to send them—Jesus."*

Referring, after this, to his scribbling verses, and like entertainments of his mind, he said, while Eliza and I were with him; "We may gather such flowers along the way-side as we pass, but we must be careful that we press them not too hard, lest we press the sticking stuff out of them, or dirty our hands, for we must not go in with dirty hands." This conveys a holy warning to us all.

Wednesday night.—Our dearest Johnny was in bed this day till nearly five o'clock. He then had the poor shoulder dressed. Mr. G. kindly sat and listened to his artless tale of the last four years of his life. He then took some soup and a little almond milk, and looked better ; and I said that perhaps he would be downstairs for a while to-morrow. "Don't take me out of the Lord's hands, Pappy," he said (for "Pappy" is my name upon his dear lips now, the language of still tenderer and dearer affection), "I would not be in health again, and lose my happy mind." And E. D., coming in for a minute to him, and enquiring after the pain of the poor shoulder, he said, "We shall see each other *happy* by and bye, dear Sir Edward ; if I never till now knew the influence of the Comforter, I do *now*."

* It was, I suppose, about this time that he pencilled the following lines, the last he ever wrote. They were scarcely legible, when we discovered them afterwards in his MS. book, his poor remaining hand was so feeble :

"Lord of my soul ! let naught but thoughts of Thee
Bid a good morning to my fancy, waking--
And when, day-tired, my fancy seeks to rest,
Be Thou her last thought, other flights forsaking ;
And if in sleep she find her fetters free,
May all her flight be upward, Lord, to Thee."

Thursday.—He was impatient and excited last night, but it soon subsided, and when composed, I heard him say to himself, “My precious Jesus.” Afterwards, addressing me, he said, “Pappy, must I not long to lie down in the pure fields, and have His smile upon me for ever.”

He then begged me to detach his chain from his watch, for he intended, he said, to give it to L——, adding, “I feel her to be half my own child, I have prayed so much for her.” Accordingly, since breakfast, the watch has been given.

He says, this is the first birthday he has ever spent in *real life*.

Dear, dear child! I know not how to wish him to stay, and yet the length and breadth of the earth, and all that it has to give, could not supply him to me.

BATH, *Feb.* 11.

MY DEAREST ——, —Through the Lord’s mercy he has had a quiet night. I was with him only once; and then on leaving him I just said, “Where I am, there shall also My servant be,” to which he replied, “Yes, Pappy, and where His servant is, there will He be, for He has been with me here all night.”

On going to him this morning I said: “The Lord has done for you, darling, beyond what we had thought of.” “Do not tell me that, Pappy,” he answered. “I know it myself full well.”

All the letters that come he has read to him, and is unmoved by the constant reference in them to his speedy removal from us. His old impatience still breaks out. Mr. G. says it is all but impossible that it should be otherwise.

All paid him a visit to-day, aunts and cousins, and as I sat alone with him afterwards, he lamented his constant impatience, but added:

“I love you all; and I know you love me.” I told him we found it easy to love him. “Aye, Pappy,” he said, “we

have found it easy to love *Him*; but we shall not be fully happy till we are with *Him*."

Saturday Morning.—He has been too weak for any to see him; and as I sat alone with him he said, "It will be blessed to rest in His bosom for a little space before the kingdom, and it will be blessed for those who are taken up at once to *Him*."

Thus the days wear on in the sweet enjoyment of waiting upon him.

The last are first indeed.

Feb. 13.

He has had no sleep, counting the hours from one to eight. I was with him frequently. But he was free from pain, and told me he was happy. His weakness and weariness greatly increase; and the presence of two persons is too much for him. Even to see me reading fatigues him.

Monday.—An affection in the mouth and throat, called the thrush, threatens him with much suffering. But there is One who turns the shadow of death into the morning.

As I sat by him I whispered, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

He just answered, "Well for us it is; we can have communion with *Himself*, but the devil is very busy."

I did not know what he meant.

An hour or two afterwards, as I again sat beside him, he told me to read about the living fountains in Revelation. I did so. He then told me to pray a short prayer. In the course of it I asked the Lord graciously to keep apart from him all but *Himself*, or what witnessed of *Him*. As I finished he said, "Pappy, your prayer was what I wanted. The devil was busy last night in bringing before my mind a billiard-table and such things. But I want to have none but *Himself*; and I am feeling that His arm is under my head, and that He is fonder of me than ever He was." I told him that

in one sense God loved him while at the billiard-table, meaning as an elect one, though then unmanifested. He said he was sure of that, and then he began to speak about his dinner, saying "I can speak of any thing, Pappy, that comes into my mind," meaning that his conscience was at perfect ease. Indeed *I never saw the absence of the spirit of bondage and of fear more perfect.*

BATH, February 15.

MY DEAR —,—The poor throat and mouth, covered with little blisters, give him much increased uneasiness.

He cannot speak much, but takes great delight in hearing some of the little books which he knew in his childhood—"The Two Lambs" and "The Holy-day Queen," and others like them. I am pleased with this desire of a child in him.

He said to me yesterday that he hoped his happy state of mind was in no way debtor to the medicine which he is taking; for he was evidently jealous of such a possibility as that.* He told me that, to his surprise, he found that he was again and again speaking to himself in French; of which, as he says, he knows so little. Among other sentences he had been saying, "O Mon Seigneur, vous êtes très-cher, très bien aimé, vous êtes très prochain à moi."

Wednesday.—I was up with him several times last night, and he was in such a state of exhaustion that we judged it might be the closing scene. But all was blessed. On one occasion I just said, "Therefore doth My Father love you, because ye believe that I came out from God." "Yes," he said, "None shall pluck us out of His hand. He is all to me now." I said he had our love also, and he valued that. "Value it," he said, "Indeed I do. He sees me too tender and weak to deny me that." On recovering out of a minute or two of extreme exhaustion, he said, "I was very near Him, and how good of the

* Mr. G. told me, when I enquired of him, that this could not be the case.

Lord not to let the devil come near me. I can *always* trust Him." I said, "What would it be, my child, if at such a time as this you did not care for Him." He looked up as with a worshipping countenance and said, "I should not then care for *myself*."

It is a marked history, dear —, and those who have *prayed* for him, may now be encouraged by this fresh token that God hears from His dwelling-place; and we who were *teaching* him may be humbled at the method which the blessed Lord has taken with him, seeming to set our instructions aside.

February 18.

All yesterday our darling child was very ill. At ten o'clock he thought that he was dying, and said to me, "I am going to Him, Pappy; and I hope so." The state of his throat and mouth, the soreness of parts of his body from the constant lying, and the loss, I may say, of both his arms, leaves him in a condition of helplessness not commonly seen. But his soul is kept in unbroken peace.

On going in to him on one occasion last night, I heard him repeat the close of Rom. viii., with great energy, though to speak at all is a difficulty to him now. Then, referring to his many sufferings of body, he said to me, "We shall little think of them, when by-and-bye we are gazing on Him." At another time, I said to him, "The Lord is as near you as ever. Jesus is precious." "Yes, very precious," he answered.

This morning he was very fervent in assuring us all of his love; and with tears said, "You are all too fond of me; you all make too much of me. I can bear the thought of *His* loving me too much, for so He will for ever."

So is it, dear —. I had not thought of such an hour as this. I have remembered Abraham in Gen. xv. For, watching this sacrifice now for eight or nine months, we first saw "the smoking furnace" of sharp discipline, and that only; but now "the burning lamp" of God's salvation passes before us.

February 19.

The poor frame the Lord remembers, but the natural impatience still betrays itself. I told him to be *fruitful to God*, as well as *happy in God* was his calling; and read Heb. xii., which wrought strongly on his soul.

Sunday.—The night has been very uneasy, but the shoulder being somewhat relieved of pain, he is able in a small measure to use the poor arm and hand. I observed this to him, when he replied, “Ah, Pappy, they will be but of small use to me till they get their companions in glory;” referring, of course, to the poor hand and arm which had been amputated.

As dearest Mary and I sat beside him to-day, I told him that we had remarked that, though so often impatient with us, he had never murmured against the Lord. He looked up with an expression of surprise and of pleasure, and said, “That could not be, that could not be. It is of grace, however, that I did not.”

This day he proposed that as some of us remained at home, we should have the Lord’s Supper together. But on my saying that I regarded it as for the congregation of saints in their assembly, and not for sick chambers, he yielded at once. The peace of his soul hangs so simply on Christ.

Dear E. C., from Brixton, has come down to see him, and sees much of the old impatience in him, and of which I tell you so freely.

February 21.

MY DEAR ———, —Our dear one sinks so much, that we may, perhaps, begin to count his hours. I was reading a little to him to-day, and he felt he could not bear it, it so fatigued him. I told him I feared I had read too loud. “Yes, Pappy;” he said, “but soon we shall be equal to a *loud song*.”

Wednesday.—He had a better night on Monday than we could have expected, so that dear *Lord Congleton, coming from London to see him, he invited him to his room, and sat a little with him over the fire. During their words together, Johnny told him that the day before, when thinking of his death, he had felt some discomfort at the thought of *going among strangers*. This was a feeling I had never heard him express. But we had all observed how often he had lately spoken of the shortness of the time of our separation from him, and according to this, a great increase of personal fondness to us all.

And we may prize the truth that our heavenly Father loves this personal fondness in His children toward each other. Our selfish hearts know it far too poorly.

Feb. 24.

Mr. G. does not think his strength can hold out another month. But I need not say, to hear the sentence of death again does not move him.

While Mary, Aunt C., and I were sitting beside him, he begged us to pray, for he did not find himself very happy. We did so.

In a little time afterwards he said, "It will comfort you, dear papa and mamma, to know that I am always happy, except when the devil tempts me to think of leaving you behind." This explained his previous words. And this feeling and fondness are again and again expressed.

This day, in the course of sitting with him, I reminded him that he had long refused the Lord, though he had lived in the midst of light and testimony. "Yes," he said, "but He chose me before the foundation of the world."

Friday.—Last night he was fully persuaded that the time of his departure was come. He made us all sit very near him, and spoke as if it were the parting moment. But

* "John Parnell," mentioned in an early letter.—ED.

about 1 o'clock he was disposed to go to bed,* and passed the night tolerably well.

Saturday, 5 o'clock a.m.

We have just closed a scene around our dear one's bed, which it is surely easy to say I can never forget.

Between 11 and 12 o'clock dearest Mary and I were sitting beside him; and he became sadly impatient. He kicked about violently, and muttered something about its being a dark place. I was very uneasy, and spoke to him. He raised his head a little, and in a wild manner cried out against the devil, calling him "a nasty fellow;" because, as he said, he had been accusing him of his impatience now that he was on the point of death, seeking to persuade him that he was ruined, both reminding him of his sins, and telling him of others which he would have been shocked at committing. And then in a tone of coarse indignation he said, "Let him go to hell; it is his proper place."

I was greatly moved at all this, judging that the disease was working delirium; and I spoke to him soothingly. He looked at me then with a different expression altogether, and, with tears, I believe, told me to pray for him, because the enemy was making the valley a dark place.

I believe I had just begun to pray; when, in the most beautiful and triumphant style, he testified to his Lord, saying, among other things, "The devil told me of sins that I abhor; but my Lord has answered him that all such thoughts are *his*, not *mine*."

Shortly afterwards, however, again he told me to pray, and to let the desire be that the Lord would give him a speedy passage through the valley: and he composed himself to die, telling me to close his eyes, fervently delivering his last message of love to each and all, but saying that Jesus was dearest and chiefest with him, and, together with this, making confession of his impatience.

* He usually lay upon a stretcher for a few hours each day.—ED.

We then waited, in expectation of his death.

I kept my hand upon his eyes, dear M—— sitting by. He spoke as one dying, "The water is not deep, but cold. My Lord holds my hand. I am very happy. Now He has carried me more than half-way over. How lovely!"

These were his broken utterances.

He repeated also some scriptures, and alluded to his Lord's victory for him over the accuser.

But he became disturbed again, and asked for more prayer for a quick departure, hoping that none of us would be called to pass through the valley, but rise to meet the Lord in the air, saying that he also would meet us there.

We did ask the Lord for this mercy, if it were His blessed will. But it was not.*

Saturday Night. About an hour after I closed the preceding account, our darling called me and spoke comfortably, supposing that he had just passed a solemn crisis—and again he went to sleep.

But in the morning as soon as the family could be got around him, he desired it, believing again that the moment of departure was come. It was about 10 o'clock.

The scene was beautiful. In deepest expressions of love to us all, with words of counsel to some, in recollections of some who were absent, giving presents to a few of us, and delivering a confession of his faith and hope; all was affecting indeed. Nothing could exceed the simplicity, the certainty and the joy of his experience. And, having gone through all this, and more of the like kind than I can call to mind, he composed himself to die, as he had done last night. He looked upward and said, "The heavens are breaking down! joy, joy!" He then shut his eyes, and I was full of expect-

* Further experiences of His love which our dear child had, and further testimonies to His faithfulness which he was able to bear, now manifest the grace of this refusal. God is thus, in time, His own Interpreter, perfect in wisdom and goodness.

tation, and perhaps of hope—considering his poor pained body—that he was breathing his last breath. But after lying with closed eyes for about twenty minutes, he returned to us all, still seated around his bed.

On reviewing all this, I do not doubt that our darling has been passing through a certain amount of excitement, which attends, I understand, disease like this.

But whether under excitement now, or in natural composedness as before, blessed be God, his testimony to the Lord is as full and satisfactory as that of an Apostle could have been, in the simplicity and certainty of the work of his Saviour for him. There could not be more fervent guilelessness or assured utterance of a soul resting in the blood of the Lamb of God. "Triumphant Jesus," he called his Lord among other striking words. "Death," he said, "was nothing to him, but a journey to a higher room." Observing that he did not understand how people talked of *submission* to die, he added, "But that arises from my knowing so surely where I am going."

Bless the Lord, O our souls! What can we say but with David, "According to Thine own heart, hast Thou done all this greatness."

Sunday Evening.—In mercy he has had a little sleep. On waking I heard him say to himself, "O, blessed Jesus, who but Thou," referring to one of our hymns, I suppose. I went to him and said, "My child, how gracious of the Lord in not allowing you to feel a wounded spirit together with the infirmities of your poor body." He then assured me of his perfect happiness, and added, "I have never had a moment's doubt of my salvation, Pappy, but one day when dear Sir Edward said to me, 'Johnny, we shall walk together in the streets of the New Jerusalem,' I asked myself 'Should I?' for a moment; but now I have no more doubt of walking there, than that that is a door," looking over at the door of the room as he spoke.

The Lord is edifying us all through him, if we but apply the lesson. His experience leaves us far behind.

Monday Morning.—Dear C. stayed with us the whole of last night; and it was another time much to be remembered.

About 2 o'clock we raised him up in the bed. Soon afterwards he looked upward, and with broken voice and tearful eye repeated what is commonly called, "The Apostles' Creed." Recovering strength a little, he added, "My dear, darling, precious, beautiful Saviour." Then, after another pause, "Whom having not seen I love."

Afterwards he said, "Lord, have mercy on me." "My child, He has had mercy on you," I said. "Yes," he answered, "He loved me before the foundation of the world." Then, after another pause, he said, "I have kept the faith."

He lay down about 4 o'clock and got a little sleep.

I daresay the excitement attending on the disease still prevails; but there is indeed "joy and peace in believing."

BATH, *February 28.*

MY DEAR ———, —Mary P. and I were just now waiting on him; and with tears he said it so distressed him, that we should so love him as to have none of his impatience and unkind ways in remembrance. "I can't bear that, after all my ways, you should love me as you do; and yet what should I do, if you did not love me, and if *He* did not love me? But I am not distressed as if my *safety* were concerned: but this thought disciplines me."

His dear aunt has just reminded him that he has the Lord's staff to comfort him. "Yes, Aunt Bessy, and His rod, too," he answered her.

Thursday Evening.—About four o'clock yesterday, Uncles and Aunt arrived from Stoodleigh and Bridgnorth. The scenes which passed from that time till ten o'clock, when

they left him for the night, I cannot describe to you. Perhaps dear George, or Bessy may.

This day has been comparatively easy. His heart still anticipates his departure with desire. He had been a little disturbed, I think, by some awkwardness of ours in attending on him; but on one occasion he said, "There will be no mistakes nor awkwardness in wiping every tear away in the home where I am going. I shall be taken care of in the warmest bosom."

Wednesday.—Last night as Aunt E. was sitting beside him, he sang all alone, and to our great surprise, that beautiful chant, "I will arise and go to my Father." We were all soon gathered around him; and after a little pause he gave out the Doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," to the tune of the 100th Psalm, and we all joined. His singing was strong and accurate, and very pleasing. We then sang, "There is a land of pure delight." Then he desired another, "Lame though I am, I take the prey," the last verse of "Come, O thou Traveller unknown."

All this was very striking; but fearing a little excitement, we took leave of him for the night, Aunt C. being the watcher.

About one o'clock I was called in, the sufferings of the poor remaining arm demanding help.

The time was very peculiar. He was very patient; and as we began our service, "The sufferings of this present time," he said, "are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in *me*." Having had perspiration, and the mouth being much relieved, I observed that perhaps he was passing through a favourable crisis. He wept, and said "He could not consent to give up the joy to which he had been brought so near." I said that if the Lord pleased to give him a continuance of days here, He was able to keep

him from evil. "Keep me from evil, Pappy," he replied, with great animation, "that will not do. I will make a bargain with the Lord to be recovered only on the terms of living a devoted life to His service." And then he told me to listen to a prayer that he would make according to that. And he then prayed accordingly.

The following letter was written by my Uncle to Aunt Alice:—ED.

Your heart has been made happy by all that you have heard of dearest Johnny. The dealing of God with him has been wonderful and gracious, beyond what our hearts had ever anticipated. When we arrived yesterday, his mind was slightly affected; and on going into the room, he was singing a Psalm tune. But on seeing me he came quite to himself, and told me, with tears, that he had a peace—which he would not part with for one thousand worlds, a peace which he had forfeited, but which had been restored to him through the Lord. He met his dear aunt in the same way, making confession of the trifling state of his mind while with her at S.; and that he did not then even believe the Bible. How different now! Its promises are his stay and support, and he knows them to be "Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus." We prayed with him, and he repeated the Lord's Prayer with a strong voice, and then made confession of his faith in the words of the Creed; as if to assure us all, that however unbelieving he may have been, he now believed with all his heart. His love to us all greatly abounds. He joined very earnestly in Cowper's beautiful hymn, "Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared."

He had not much sleep, and has been in much pain this morning, and has often requested us to pray for his speedy removal.

Were it the Lord's will, we might rejoice; for life is

indeed a burden. But we have to leave it all with confidence in the hand of his gracious Saviour, who has shewn such mercies to him.

I write in haste.

BATH, *March 1st.*

MY DEAR ——,—Dear George added to my last, and I had not space to tell you all the scene of last night.

I told you of his prayer and bargain with the Lord. After that he looked at me with great affection, expressing an earnest wish that we were all round one table of the Lord, and venturing to hope that it would be so. I did not, of course, reason any point with him, the ruling thing in his soul being affection, desire for the visible union of those who were so dear to him; and as G. and I were just now beside him, with tears and much fervency, he alluded to it again. He also expressed a hope that the Lord would speedily come to take us, that we might meet Him all together. And with much decision, though in a way that evinced he did not forget the age and relationships in which we stood to him, he told us that he had been very near heaven, he believed nearer than any of us had ever been, saying, too, that he did not speak under any excitement.

Friday.—The little wanderings of the mind are still more apparent, but the name of Jesus is sweet to him, and nothing escapes him which in any measure offends against the truth itself or its holiness.

BATH, *March 5th.*

MY DEAR ——,—Since I last wrote, the wanderings of the mind have greatly subsided; but the strength is not returning. He has just been saying, with tears, and in the sweetest mind, that he holds nothing surely but the Lord Himself.

He got no sleep last night; but was in a sweet loving mind, weeping at the name of Jesus, full of affection to us,

and of the kindest thoughts towards all the people of God. I may, indeed, say the work of a renewed mind is deeply and largely manifested in him. As to living or dying, his times are in God's hands!

BATH, *March 6th.*

MY DEAR ——,—There are now some indications of weakness approaching childishness, making him the sport of many a changing thought. He is full of generosity, making presents to us all; and talks a good deal, which is such a new thing with him; but, in the midst of all, we are comforted, instructed, and encouraged by every glance of his soul towards the Lord. His affections are as true to their Object as ever. And thus we have the satisfaction of seeing that in a variety of paths, when he was in pain and expectation of death, under excitement from disease, or now in comparative ease of body, with some childishness of mind, Jesus is still the same in his heart and on his lips. To all who see him he is the sweet witness of what the Lord has done for his soul. Into the peace and liberty of the precious Gospel, through faith in the sufficiency of Christ, the Spirit has indeed led him with a sure hand. We have now the prospect of seeing him taken from us, by the gentle, gradual ebbing away of all the remaining vigour of life. May we be given grace, dear ——, to feel it as the sore wounding of the deepest natural affection; but to know the blessing of our God, who has wrought so wondrously for him!

BATH, *March 10th.*

MY DEAREST ——,—These two days have been passed by our darling in occasional little acts of excitement, occasional ways of natural impatience not yet subdued, and occasional sweet exercises of renewed affections.

His confidence and peace are undisturbed; and every expression of his lips is true to Jesus. In answer to some word of mine, this morning, he said, "I have no more

doubt, Pappy, that I am *His* child than I have that I am yours."

As I sat this morning in his room from three to six o'clock, he dosed a good deal, and talked much in his sleep. It appeared as though dear little Richard and he were wading some river, for I heard him distinctly say, "Dicky, my sweetest child, it is only fright with you, 't is pain with me; but I feel the bottom, darling; He is holding up my head." These broken sentences were among what I heard. And without my referring to this, he told me since, that last night he thought he had been with Dicky, who was very cold, and sought to get warmth under his poor shoulder, but could not.*

BATH, *March 12th.*

MY DEAR ———, — We have got Farley to sit up with him half the night, and then I take the watch. The lungs have resisted the disease; and Mr. G. is rather surprised by the constitution holding out.

He has lately exhibited much concern for the souls of others; and this has been another comfort to us, and according to this, he has little Edward Farley as a pupil every morning, that he may read a Psalm to him, and that he may have opportunity of speaking to him a little, though it is a great exertion. How long it may continue, the Lord only knows.

March 17th.—Strength still reducing. Farley has ceased to come for the night; and a stretcher is laid at the foot of his bed for me. All these are symptoms of shortening days, dear. . . . Prayer is the natural business of our souls now, with a little enquiry after the joys at His right hand, and the pleasures of *His* presence.

Saturday.—Weakness, haggardness of countenance, and the soreness of the poor back from continued lying, are all

* Dear Richard was a younger brother who died upwards of fourteen years before, at the age of three. Johnny was eighteen months older, and very fond of him.

increasing. Soon after rising this morning, I read Deut. viii. to him. When I came to that verse which promises that out of the hills they should dig brass, he observed, "They will want shoes of iron and brass to tread that land—sandals will do for us here." He evidently referred to Deut. xxxiii. 25; and I thought this comment was very just. For the promise to Asher is generally applied to present spiritual strength under trial. But that's a mistake. It evidently, like the whole of the chapter, anticipates millennial days, as our dear child understood it. And I felt that what he meant by the sandals was this—that all here being a sandy foundation, slight shoes would do for it. We all remark with what accuracy he uses Scripture.

We now move him occasionally on the stretcher where I lie at night. As I sat beside him just now, he complained a little of his *pains*. I said he had *pleasures* to speak of also. This was urging him too far, and not considerate enough of his weakness. He resented it a little, and spoke impatiently. Then he wept and said, "I was strong, Pappy, and excited some time ago; but now, all is weakness, with His bosom to rest on—a gentler one 'than yours.'" Dear, dear child! his Pappy may well be humbled by his faith, and suffer this rebuke at his hands. It was grateful. The last are first, and the first last.

He is feeling his weakness deeply; but he slumbers a good deal, which is a mercy. "The shell is nearly gone, Pappy," he has just said to me; "it would be delightful to me to slumber into heaven; but I suppose that would not be right."

Thus you may judge of his present path. All wandering or excitement is over. Weakness is the condition now. Various, as well as tedious and severe, has been his suffering course from childhood. But, in riches of grace, the Lord is bearing him away, as another quickened sinner who has learned that there is no song in heaven but that which

celebrates the conquests of the Lamb. May we walk more singly before Him!

BATH, *March 19th.*

We are evidently passing through the last watch of the night with our darling child. But I wonder at the energy of his mind under such a condition of body. Little E. Farley still comes in the morning to say his hymn and his text; and a nephew of the lady of the house, doing some little kindness for him, he desired to see him when he next called. The interview has just taken place. He thanked him, begged him to accept a penknife and a book, and then expressed a hope that when he came to lie on such a bed of weakness and weariness, he would be given to know the same peace through the same Jesus.

It was beautiful, indeed, dear ——.

BATH, *March 22nd.*

Our darling child is still, as we might expect, wasting. The face is gathering a dark hue. About five o'clock this morning, he asked me to sit down beside him. I left my stretcher, and did so. He then asked me to tell him what state his body was in; for he said he did not understand it. I told him that Mr. G. said his system was in such a condition that it received no nourishment from what he ate, and that he was gradually sinking. He then enquired how long that could go on. I said, not long. He then said, "I would it were so, Pappy, that I were going; but none but *Himself* can persuade me, but that we shall all go together."* He then said, looking upward, "Jesus, Jesus!"

I was then struck by another characteristic expression of his mind. "What would it be, darling," I said to him, "if you had not at such a time as this fled to Jesus?" He was immediately moved at the suggestion of such a possibility,

* This he said in reference to 1 Thess. iv. 16-18; for all through this last stage of his illness, he had much referred to the hope of the Lord's speedy taking of the saints.

and told me not to speak of such a thing to him. So stable and perfect is his peace and assurance under *all* conditions. It seems to me that his soul does not understand doubt, or difficulty, as to his title with the Lord.

After breakfast time, after we had moved him on the stretcher, again asking how long it was thought he might still linger, he added, "I would not say it for the world, but it does seem to me to be scarcely fair of the Lord to keep me here so long." But afterwards, with much decision of manner, he owned the great patience of the Lord with him, and desired patience in return, though longing to be delivered; and through the day he has been in a calm, loving frame of mind. As we were sitting by him, squeezing an orange, one of us observed, it needed a long pull to get out the sweet. He then said, "I have had a long pull, and I have not got the sweet yet." Aunt R. observed, "You have had darling, the sweet of His presence." "Yes, Aunt Bessy," he answered, "and in the same way in which I shall have it for ever," looking upward, as though his whole soul owned what he was saying; and then, after a little pause, he added, "and I have had also the sweet of the love of you all; but I mean, I have not had *the* sweet yet."

Well may we bless Him who thus, by the virtue of His Cross, triumphs in a poor worm over death, and sin, and the accuser, the thorns of the way, and the feebleness of flesh and blood. It will, however, be another scene to us without our child.

BATH, *March 23rd.*

He holds out; and Mr. G. is surprised. Last evening and again this morning, he summoned us to prayer around his bed; and told me to pray for all his old companions. A love for souls has given much character to the exercises of his mind of late.

Friday.—He is again much exhausted, but quiet, patient, and loving. All our attendance on him only binds him the closer to us.

“Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,”

he uttered last night; and this morning has been again glad at the mention of his departure, but in a way as if he still looked for the rapture of all into the air together.

May our hearts find their relief in Jesus, for I feel indeed that they are passing through a sore wounding.

BATH, *March 27.*

MY DEAR ———, —Our watchings are ended—our dear child sleeps in Jesus.

After my last, the general state of his poor frame was that of increased distress.

On Saturday evening he again gathered us round his bed, and made me read a little. He then begged us to sing the evening hymn. We did so, and he made an effort to join, and gave out the first line of the Doxology at the end. During the night, in great gentleness and sweetness, he yielded himself to all that I had to do for the ease or relief of his poor sinking, withering body. Soon after breakfast yesterday morning we moved him to the stretcher; but all told us that we had nearly reached the moment of separation. He strongly conveyed a wish that I should go to the meeting-room; and in simple consent to him, my dear, dear child, much against my desire, I went. And through the tender mercy of my God, on my return, I found him much as I had left him; dear Mary, Aunt R., and Mary P. had remained with him. It was then a little after one. At 2 o'clock we left Mary P. alone with him, and came down to dinner. Aunt R. left the room in about half-an-hour, but had not reached him one minute, ere a knocking with

her foot summoned us upstairs. I ran first; and was just in time to see a convulsed action of his eyes, which, together with a flushing in the face, had been noticed by Aunt R. almost immediately upon her seating herself beside him.

We sent over to Dunsford-place for our dear people there; and in a few minutes we were all around him, dear Mamma and I, Aunt R., Aunts Bessy, Elise, and Charlotte, Letty, Augusta, Isabella, and Mary P. There we watched our loved and cherished child in silence. In about half-an-hour he was able to utter a word or two, and told us to lift him up. We did so, and this seemed to relieve him; for soon afterwards he opened his eyes, and with intelligence and affection, and an expression full of peace, he looked round upon us all. Very soon, however, he closed his eyes again, and then uttered the word "pain;" as if some sudden distress had just passed over the poor enfeebled frame. But it was only for a moment. He then lay still again, with gently interrupted breathing. And after some short interval, his eyes remaining closed, he said, "Just gone home." The breathing continued interrupted but not painful; and again he opened his eyes. Seeing his mamma on his right, with the tenderest, most loving expression he looked on her, and said "Mamma"; then turning to the left, and looking on me with the same expression, he said "Papa." These were his last words. He lay breathing with a slight effort, and a convulsive action of the mouth, which, however, did not appear to be painful, till a quarter before four o'clock; and then the last breath was drawn.

Every desire has been answered, dear ——,—. Our souls approve the way of the divine love and wisdom from first to last. When our darling was in a more rapturous state of soul, about a month since, I had a desire that in such a state we might be summoned to close his eyes. But it has been otherwise and better. He lived to pass through many

changes since then. But amid them all his peace has been unmoved. Nothing has for a single moment affected his full assurance of faith. Nor has the confidence of his soul for a single moment rested on anything but the sufficiency of Jesus.

What shall we render to the Lord when we can thus speak? I believe there could not have been a faith more true to the simple, unaided, all-sufficient redemption that is in Christ Jesus, and his soul gathered the fruit of it in full peace and certainty of heart. A poor, sore, and wounded body he carried about with him for years; but for six bright months an unwounded spirit, which went on its way in the light of the Lord, unclouded by a doubt or fear, but shining brighter and brighter. And all this just because he believed the precious record, that God had appointed redemption, and Jesus had accomplished it.

Blessed, blessed God! the desire of my eyes has been withdrawn from them; and almost the fondest object of my heart (the thought of whom for many, many years was scarcely a stranger to me for a waking hour) is gone from the midst of us. But God's election of him has, as I need not now repeat, been made most sure to me. Since "that dear and blessed day," August 15, this has been my joy concerning him.*

Blessed be the God and Father of our only Saviour Jesus, our Father in Him! May He speedily make up the number of His elect, that my darling child, with all His dear and foreknown ones, may be caught up together in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air!

* I might have mentioned that some little time before this he desired that his love might be sent to a Roman Catholic servant, who was very fond of him, and whom he much loved, with this message: "Tell him, if he think I need anything else, he must conclude that I am going to be lost, for I have no confidence but in Christ only."

BATH, *March 29.*

MY DEAR —,—I need not tell you that it is our sweetest occupation to talk of him; next, I trust to the being alone with Him who has put the theme into our lips. Eliza has just told us, that a few nights before his last he said to her, "Good-night, dear Aunt, if the little chariot do not come for me before the morning."

My dear, dear Johnny! round his Pappy's heart, how closely he had got, that bereaved heart increasingly feels! But it is more than well.

Ever yours, dear —

Here the letters end.

On the 31st we conveyed the remains to the little churchyard of S. A., in a distant part of the county, where the bodies of some of our near kindred lie (as we know because of their faith in Christ) in hope of resurrection; dear G., so loved and honoured by this cherished child, committing to the earth this fresh "handful of sacred dust." Since then I have had a small tablet put up with this inscription:

PEACE IN JESUS.

IN MEMORY

OF

ONLY AND MUCH LOVED SON

OF

HE DIED ON MARCH 26, 1848, AGED 19,
 IN PEACEFUL AND BLESSED ASSURANCE
 OF ETERNAL LIFE THROUGH THE
 REDEMPTION THAT IS IN
 CHRIST JESUS.

CONCLUSION.

REFLECTIONS AND EXPERIENCES.

THE soul ought not to need it; but still it is conscious that what has happened in the midst of us has given a fresh sense of oneness with the Lord. The thought that one who had been my object for so many years is now in His company as His object, tells me that there is another link between the heart and heaven. One whom I so lately appropriated here, my Lord now appropriates in Paradise. In circumstances I am thus nearer to Him; and He is of a mind to have it so. The unjealous love of the blessed Lord allows this.

And this has been much prized by me lately. The Lord warrants our finding mere circumstances a help to our hearts, even in those cases in which He might have said to us, that He Himself was all-sufficient. He is a jealous *God*, I know, and will not allow us to have any other. He is a jealous *Saviour*, I also know, and will not allow us to have any other. But, in a great sense, He is not a jealous *Friend*. He allows other connections and affections to move our hearts as well as Himself. When Paul saw the brethren he took courage. (Acts xxviii. 15.) Did the Lord resent this? Did He rebuke Paul's experience at that moment as though it had done wrong to Him? Did He tell him that he had *His* presence before, and that *that* ought to have been enough for him? No. He warranted His servant thus finding refreshment in the countenance and companionship

of brethren. And so to this hour, He is well pleased and only well pleased when our poor hearts are open to like influences.

"It was but a little question between my Lord and me," said a Christian woman to a friend sympathizing with her in the loss of three little ones, "it was but a little question between my Lord and me, which of us should have the care of the children."

Yes, He allows all this, and more than allows it. Prayer too, and the sweetness of being alone with Him, are more to the soul than ever. And this He also warrants. He gives our hearts liberty to determine the character of our communion with Him. Let it be, He says, according to your condition. "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing Psalms." This is not the way of a master, or a patron. The patron's pleasure or humour must give colour to the scene around him. It was dangerous to sully the presence of the Persian King with sadness. There was danger of death if one had a heavy countenance there (Nehemiah i., ii.) But God's presence gives play to the heart and its conditions, whatever they be. If "such and such things have happened to us," we need not eat the sacrifices. If we be in a strange land, the harp of God may be hung by our hand, which should have awakened it, on the willows. "Is any afflicted? let him pray."

I have felt the grace of such a word as this. It indulges nature, and makes affliction welcome in the sanctuary. The full acceptableness of our communion with our Lord is not for a moment to be questioned, because the affections of nature are giving it its character.

Looking on my dear child as converted during his last illness, supposing there were no symptom of a quickened state in earlier days, yet, how truly may we say, what a common case is this! How often, times without number,

has the Lord been sought and found in the day of nature's weakness ; when, perhaps, other objects could not have been sought, or, if sought, would not have been found ! But He puts up with such treatment. He consents to be used as a last resort. And whether it be to show this excellent way of His grace, I will not say ; but so it is, that a goodly number of the redeemed will have to say, "Before I was afflicted I went astray." Further, however, in the Lord's dealing with my precious child, I notice the decisiveness and strength of the operation. In early days, he had betrayed the workings of an unbelieving spirit. And so recently as during our stay at Ventnor, on asking him if he did not own the need of being born again, he answered that he did, "when he was disposed to own or believe anything." But after his election of God was made manifest to me, I never for a moment saw the trace of an infidel mind in him, no more than if there never had been such a spirit in himself or in any one at all. The truth of scripture was the full unquestioned conclusion and possession of his understanding and his faith. All its mysteries were delighted in by him ; and their moral character and bearing were spiritually manifested to him. The persons of the Godhead, the election of the Father, the work of Christ, the indwelling of the Spirit, the covenant relations and actings of each in the salvation of sinners, the perfectness and sovereignty of grace, together with the calling of the Church, and the coming days of millennial glory—none of these ever raised a question in his soul. With great decision did the Spirit lead him from nature's uncertainty into the clear and steady light of faith.

I would specially bless the Lord for this. My darling boy had a mind formed for some of the deepest enjoyments of what was refined and tasteful. But, as he used it for years, it was a lust, "the lust of the mind." And its liberty and exercise had induced many a misgiving

within ; not, however, of conscience as to his condition before God, but as to the verity of the divine revelation. But against all this, the Spirit lifted up a standard. And after his conversion not the faintest soil of such a mind was to be detected in him. Every trace of it was gone. The strength of the operation of God in his soul appeared also in the assurance of his faith, or his constant settled peace of conscience. It was perfect. It was no mere hope with him, or conflict of uncertainties. He never wronged his Saviour by any doubts or fears ; but rested in the perfection of His work, and in the certainty of His grace and purpose, in giving him, a poor sinner, all the fruit of it.

In these ways the operation of God in him was sweetly manifested and magnified. But nature had not done with him. I cannot speak, as is common in these little histories, of the patience he exercised in his sufferings. No. Through the progress and stages of this illness there was the betraying of an impatience beyond, I may say, what I had ever witnessed. Occasional irritabilities of temper were deeply painful to us all. Certain seasons, as when the poor wounded arm was dressing, specially produced them.*

But I may add, the kingdom of God in him was not disturbed by all this. Will that be admitted? Am I too bold in thus speaking? I think I witnessed this in my dear and suffering child. These occasional bursts of impatience never brought a cloud over the sunshine of his conscience before God. When told of them, if with tenderness and consideration, he would own them and lament them ; but if reminded of them in order to awaken uneasiness, he would resent.

* Some comforted us, as I said in one of the letters, by saying that these irritations were almost incidental to the disease ; rather to be interpreted as something physical than moral. It may be so. But I speak of the fact simply, remembering too, with shame and sorrow, the way in which I often rebuked this impatience.

The recollection of him is one of great delight to me, as a witness of the way of God with the soul. And in that recollection (vivid as it will be, I doubt not, for the rest of my days) what a companion for my journey onward has my God given me! But the loss of his presence and his voice is what the like trial alone can teach any to understand. Nothing remains to our hearts now of this joy from our child, but "the echo of it in memory's land." But I ask myself, what is the comfort that I desire to enjoy under this? I believe I can somewhat feel that it is this—that my heavenly Father still enjoys that cry of conscious adoption from my lips, as from thousands beside. Our God delights to have His house and His ear filled with the living witness that it is *children* who are under His roof and at His side.

Was not God's hand known in giving Job a family at the beginning? Was not the same hand seen in taking them away as with a stroke? And was not the same hand still traced in giving him another family, and in making his latter end better than his beginning? And so in our little history. It was the Lord who gave us our child some twenty years ago; it was His hand that lately took him from the midst of us; and it was the precious power of His Spirit that has left with us the remembrance of such a work in his soul, as in a great sense makes our latter end, as parents, better than our beginning.

And I have learned with a fresh witness how dear to the Lord is a spirit of entire dependence. For there is nothing in the recollections of my child which so affects me as his state of dependence upon me, and the freedom with which at all times he used me. He wanted me by night and by day. He wanted me to do the smallest and meanest services for him. His helplessness, from the loss of one arm and the disease of the other, was such that I was as a nail or a finger to him, as well as an arm or a hand. But let the service be as trivial or as

menial as it could be, he knew his heartiest welcome to it; and *without apology* used it at all times.

There is nothing to my heart like the recollection of this. I am sure that I can say that. It teaches me afresh to think of my Heavenly Father. How sure am I at this moment that nothing in His saints is more acceptable with Him than this same ready and confiding use of Him. The recollection that my child *needed me in all things, and used me in all things*, is the sweetest and tenderest possession of my heart. And if we that are evil understand these affections and joys, how much more our Heavenly Father! Our services are due to our Divine Master, were they immeasurable in their devotedness and zeal, and acceptable with Him they are. But they are not to His heart what our confidence and use of Him is. To rest in His everlasting, personal love is the highest joy we can afford Him. To know that if He were suddenly to awake in the majesty and strength of His revealed glories, to find us by faith assuming the nearest place to Him, would be the occasion of His most prized dignity and joy in the midst of it all.

His love needs no watching from us. It will be faithful to us while we are asleep. It will wait on us when we neither cry for it, nor labour for it. Jesus intercedes for us, as another once said, not when we *ask* Him, but when we *need* Him. We may trust every motion, every word, every purpose behind our back, as it were, or within the vail of the heavens.

I was sitting the other day in a large assembly, where a sense of duty and not choice had taken me; and looking round upon it, I felt, in some measure, the pain of being a stranger, exposed, it might be, to notice and enquiry. My thoughts soon turned to my loved and deeply-remembered child; and I fancied I saw him enter the room, and like myself suffer under the uncasiness of beholding a large unknown assembly. But then, following my fancy, I

thought of his suddenly turning his eye on me, and at once, without asking leave, taking part of my chair, and using my side as a shelter from all that was paining and disturbing him ; and finding there more than a shelter, a loophole and calm retreat, from whence to look on the scene rather with delight than with painful amazement.

This parable was very sweet to my mind. It told me that such was the side of my Lord to me, and that such it would be to me, though the bright assemblage of unknown glories were all to open on my view in a moment. This was happy ; but from this parable I drew more.

I concluded how important I and my confidence were to my Lord, if He and His presence were thus important to me. Because I was assured that, in the case assumed, my child was imparting more to me than I was to him. He was finding a shelter at my side ; and in an instant a strange place, full of painful surprise to him, became more than a mere home to him. He was at ease, and I alone had made him so. This was my value to him. But then he was using my side and my presence without asking, or even thinking of asking, my leave, and this confidence, I was assured, made me far happier than my presence and shelter made him. And this was his value to me.

Did I not taste that it was more blessed to give than to receive ? Did I not rejoice with joy of a higher order ? How was the value and sufficiency of my presence set off under my own eye ! I was everything, as I saw in my fancy, to my startled child ; and he took everything at my hand without reserve or question. What value was he in all this to the purest happiness of my heart ! And in the parable, I am the same to the Lord in whom I trust. I claim anchorage at His side in full conscious safety ; let the scene around, or without, be what it may. It may be altogether strange to me ; but that is nothing. It may have splendours to dazzle me with, and even terrors and

judgments to alarm; His side is enough for me. But all the while He is in a wealthier place than I am, and sits at a richer feast. For, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

My fond thoughts turning thus to my dear departed child, have led my heart this way for a little moment; and Jesus, "my sweet retreat," has thus been reached through the musings of natural affections.

I have observed that in earlier days Scripture suggested subjects to our child for the exercise of his mind and taste. We have many things of such a character in his own handwriting; but I will give only the following as an instance of what I mean. It was written hastily after returning from our meeting-room one Sunday, when perhaps he was fourteen years old, and when the subject had been spoken on.

THE CLOUDY PILLAR.

Ye wilds and desert glens, upraise your heads!

Thou barren mountain, bend thy clouded brow,

See where Jehovah favour'd Israel leads;—

In grandeur stalks the wilderness below.

Disperse, ye clouds! depart, thou misty rain!

Let Sinai see its Maker walk with men.

Behold how nature owns Him and obeys,

Prepares His path, makes straight the crooked ways.

And who shall dare that Israel to offend,

Whose God declares Himself their prince and friend?

His promise still He pledges every morn,

And proves His love at every eve's return.

But lo! the sun His hand has form'd doth set,

And sinks in splendour in the gorgeous west.

Lo! at his rays each desert golden glows;

On Sinai's heights his glorious beams he throws.

The night comes on—the wearied creatures rest.

Is it the light still glimmering in the west

That tints the pillar with a brilliant flame

While Israel blesses his great guardian's name?

No! glorious cloud! no borrower art thou,

No base reflector of another's glow;

'T is thine own glory giving Israel light,
 And they, adoring, bless thee for the sight.
 Still lead them onward, cloud of promise, lead
 To Jordan's fruitful banks and Canaan's mead.

There is a knowledge of God's ways and purposes conveyed through some other lines, as well as the expression of just religious sentiment. But, as I have noticed, in earlier days we had also occasional evidence of this, that the Lord was graciously interfering with the easy current of his life, *and giving him a sense of uneasiness and dissatisfaction.* This is confirmed by some little manuscripts he has left behind him.

I cannot but judge, that if we had had more spiritual energy, we might have ripened the manifestation of the kingdom in him long before. A larger measure of power in addressing the conscience would have led to the confession of sin, and through that to the peace which he afterwards so richly enjoyed. But we failed. The work was too great for the grace and power in which we were walking. The manifestation of his election had to wait for other ministry. We are humbled, but the purpose of grace stands and is accomplished. The Lord is glorified in the end and in the means, and another poor sinner, redeemed from destruction, has been crowned with loving-kindness and tender mercies. Our own child, whose memory will live in our hearts while there is a pulse there, is enrolled for that company that is both to enjoy and reflect the glory of the Lamb for ever and ever.

The heart is deeply bereaved. But it is also borne a little upward and onward. The tenderest affections are wounded. But faith and hope are fed. "The eye of him that hath seen me shall see me no more"—"neither shall his place any more behold him." But why make we this ado and weep? our child is not dead but sleepeth. "In the morning he shall have dominion among the upright," and till

then his spirit is received of Jesus the Lord. "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel and with the trump of God : and the dead in Christ shall rise first : then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air : and so shall we ever be with the Lord."



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