

salvation. Thursday last, the disorder came to its crisis. Many thought him still in a fair way to recover, but I have had my fears of the contrary, from the beginning of his indisposition. I was with him some time that night. He had, for the most part, the command of his senses. The pox seemed to fill and come forward well; his cheeks were almost all in one, yet he was never blind, till—Oh! how shall I relate it?—death closed his eyes:

“Tommas, the Friend, is dead! O empty name,
O earthly bliss, 'tis all a painted dream!

You cannot, my dear Sir, be more affected on reading this account, than I am in communicating it. The dear, the lovely youth is no more! No more shall we see his countenance smiling, nor hear his improving conversation. You have received your last letter from him. But a few hours before he died, I inquired whether I should write to inform you how he was. He replied, “Tell him I expect to die soon, and he may not be long after me.” On Friday about five in the evening, he had a great accession of fever; was very restless and delirious during the night; the swelling of his head settled; and the eruption fell in. Saturday morning, about three o'clock, he sent for me. He seized my hand with great eagerness, and told me he supposed he was lying on his dying bed: “but the Lord,” says he, “is my refuge; my soul trusts in him; he is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever!” “The Lord has loved me with an everlasting love, and therefore with loving kindness hath he drawn me.” “Since the small-pox came into the neighbourhood, I have endeavoured to live in a state of actual preparation for

death; and now the time is come. I shall soon be in his presence where 'there is fulness of joy,' and at his right hand, where there are 'pleasures for evermore.' Come, Lord Jesus, comfort my soul with the consolations of thy Spirit;" with other expressions to the same purpose. At his request I spent some time in prayer; he seemed to join in every petition, and was perfectly sensible to the conclusion, when he was, for a short time, delirious. He afterwards addressed his relations;—giving them the most pertinent and seasonable advice, and in the tenderest manner. At proper intervals I asked him several questions, to which he gave such rational and satisfactory answers as amazed both myself and many others who heard him. John Foster being present, he seized his hand and said: "Oh, my friend, you are an old soldier! I had but just as it were entered the lists: pray for me, we have often prayed together in our pilgrimage: let us do it now at parting." He was so deeply affected that he hesitated for a little time; on which the dear youth, with a clear and audible voice, engaged in prayer himself with great propriety: friends and relations were all bathed in tears, and listening with eagerness to the dying words of one to whom they were united by the strongest ties of affection.—Amidst all he was composed, peaceful, and resigned.—I was ready to say: "Come here and learn to die!" He assured us that he was as willing to depart from this world, as we were to go to our own homes. I went again to visit him last night, and found him still worse than before. He expressed a most tender regard for me, and rejoiced to see me once more. I told him I thought he was near his end; he answered in a most calm and composed manner. After prayer he was very restless, and not quite himself. He imagined he had

some of my children in bed with him, and said there was one, "that must go with him to glory." I must confess this struck me much. I stayed several hours with him; and when I took my leave, he spoke of departing *to-morrow*.

"This morning (Lord's Day) I went down again about six; but he expired the very moment I got to the door. I understood he had slept about three hours very quietly, and lived two hours after.

"I cannot tell you how much this mournful event has affected my mind; but the deceased has glorified God, both in his life and in his death. Eight months ago he prepared an epitaph, to be put on his grave-stone; it is to this effect;

" No lying stone shall tell of me
The things that are not true;
For what I was, and what you are,
The Judgment Day will show.

"I hear he is to be buried on Wednesday next. The good Lord help us to improve the awful Providence. Farewell!

" J. FAWCETT."

It is not improbable that when Mr. Sandys was engaged as an assistant, expectations were entertained of more ample resources, and an increasing number of applications for admission; but with several intervals of absence, the whole time of his continuance in the family did not exceed a year. His letters indicate sterling piety; but from the unsettled state of his mind, he does not appear to have been formed for that close,

assiduous attention requisite in a seminary. He was minister, for a short time, at Shrewsbury, whence he removed to London, and has been dead several years.

The care of the young men thus devolved principally upon Mr. F. having also begun to take a number of pupils of more tender age, his time was fully occupied; and the once solitary, silent abode at Wainsgate began to wear a very different appearance. The duties of his pastoral office also closely engaged his attention. He was unwearied in his discharge of them, 'being instant in season and out of season.' He often mentioned, during his life-time, an expedient he adopted for redeeming time, and acquiring a more habitual readiness in the composition of sermons. He fixed regularly upon some passage of Scripture, to be a subject of meditation when he retired to rest, till he could compose himself to sleep; the consequence of which was, that sleep departed from him; and he was obliged entirely to relinquish a plan which was destructive of his health. He generally preached nearly two hundred times during the course of the year. He continued his week-day meetings, when opportunity afforded, at the stations in the surrounding neighbourhood which he before occupied; and was frequently invited to Haworth, Cloughfold, Bingley, Bradford, Gildersome, Bacup, Rochdale, &c.; in the infant cause, at the last-named place, he took great interest. The settlement there, and successful labours of his much esteemed friend, the Rev. Thomas Littlewood, many years after, gave him great satisfaction. He assisted, in the year 1771, in the ordination of Mr. William Roe, at Sutton, when he preached from 1 Thes. ii. 11, 12: 'As ye know how we exhorted,' &c.; and in 1772, at the ordination of Mr.

William Hartley, at Halifax. His text was Col. iv. 9: 'With Onesimus, a faithful and beloved brother,' &c. On one occasion, whether at this period or some time after cannot be now precisely ascertained, he was in the most imminent danger of losing his life. He was passing from Sutton to Bingley, where he had engaged to preach in the evening. A dreadful storm of thunder and lightning came on as he was travelling, succeeded by torrents of rain, which quickly inundated the whole neighbourhood. On his way, being determined to press forward, that he might not disappoint the expectation of the congregation, he came to a place where was a bridge across a brook, at other times not considerable, but now swelled to a mighty torrent. A great concourse of persons had assembled to see the rise of the water, which evidently endangered the bridge. While he was hesitating for a moment whether to proceed, the bridge was suddenly carried down before his eyes, and he must inevitably have been overwhelmed with it, if his progress had not been providentially stopped.

Previously to the time now referred to, as has been already intimated, some considerable improvements had been made in the meeting house at Wainsgate, where the audience, from the causes before named, and another which may be proper here to state, was rapidly increasing. The Rev. Mr. Thomas, the pious and venerable minister at Rodhill End, near Todmorden, and Slack, near Heptonstall, was removed, by the stroke of death, in the year 1772. He had long been the laborious minister of a poor people, who met for Divine worship at these places, which were several miles asunder. His pecuniary recompense had been very small; his con-

stitution was weak, and his station very fatiguing; yet such was his attachment to his little flock, that he was willing to the last to spend and be spent for them, though he had invitations to situations in every respect more eligible.

The attendants at Slack, at the time of Mr. Thomas's death, were too few to support a separate interest any longer; and Mr. F. consented, in compliance with the request of those who were particularly attached to the situation where they had been in the habit of worshipping God, to preach there statedly every fourth Sabbath. His friends at Wainsgate showed no reluctance to this, as many of the persons who were in the habit of attending his ministry came from that immediate neighbourhood. This place was generally crowded to excess, partly by his own stated hearers, and partly by strangers, for whom it was more convenient and accessible than Wainsgate.

A friendly connexion had taken place between Mr. F. and several families in Liverpool long before the period now referred to. He had some acquaintance with Mr. Oulton, the Baptist minister there, while he lived at Bradford. Being quite superannuated, this worthy man afterwards removed to the house of his son, who preached at Rawden, near Leeds, where he ended his days. If the writer is not misinformed, he was succeeded by Mr. Hall, a judicious, but by no means a popular preacher. The interest at Liverpool was then in a very low state.

From a letter, dated September 30, 1771, it is evident that Mr. F. had preached there frequently

before that date, and that his occasional ministrations had met with acceptance and considerable success. The Rev. Mr. Medley, who proved so great a blessing to that town and neighbourhood, was invited to settle there, about the close of the year; but it does not appear from the letter that the church had any knowledge of him at that time. Mr. Joseph Walley, the writer of it, says, "I hope you will pray for us, and not be reluctant in helping us. This is indeed a time of need, and it is highly necessary that we should give ourselves unto prayer. Last week a day was appointed for bewailing our sins and seeking the Lord for the restoration of our gospel privileges: O that we may pray in faith and wait with patience! Your children (meaning those who had received their first impressions under his ministry) continue to evidence earnest concern about their souls, and give diligent attendance upon the means of grace, public and private. May the Lord keep them, and make you an instrument of as much good in your next visit as in your former one! Mrs. Walley joins in kindest affections to yourself and family, and our church to yours.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours, in the best friendship and relation,

"JOSEPH WALLEY."

The removal of the Rev. Mr. Medley, from Watford to Liverpool, was, under a Divine blessing, a happy means of dispelling the discouragements under which the small society at Liverpool laboured, when this letter was written. His popular talents and zealous ministerial labours attracted the attention of multitudes, who, though they might be first invited by curiosity, afterwards became stated attendants, and many of them

lively, active members, and steady promoters of the cause of Christ in that populous and flourishing town. The great accessions to the congregation rendered it necessary to make frequent enlargements in the places of worship, which, not being sufficient to afford accommodation, new ones were successively built.

Mr. Medley, being one of the Tabernacle preachers, application was generally made to the Yorkshire and Lancashire ministers to supply his place during his absence, and among the rest Mr. F. frequently went to Liverpool for that purpose. His visits and ministerial labours were rendered useful to many. He maintained a friendly correspondence with several of those to whom his heart was united and who loved him as their spiritual father, and some valuable materials for this work might have been collected from the letters he addressed to these persons (many of them then in the younger stages of life), who were, in the best sense of the term, 'beloved in the Lord.' To them he no doubt disclosed the feelings of his mind, as a Christian and minister, communicating such counsels and consolations as the case required. Of their letters to him, strikingly displaying, (to use the language of inspiration,) the 'love of their espousals' to Christ, 'the kindness of their youth,' when they, as young pilgrims, went after 'him in the wilderness;' many are in the hands of the author; but the replies, which could not fail to bring into exercise every sentiment of Christian love, and to contain many encouraging expressions and admonitions, suited to the trials with which those who are setting out in the ways of God have to struggle, are irrecoverably lost. They were entrusted to the late Captain Maine when he went out on one of his voyages, that he might peruse them at

his leisure, and that they might, in some measure, dissipate the tedium which a good man must feel when deprived of social converse and religious opportunities. The vessel was captured by the French; and the letters, no doubt, fell into the hands of persons unable to appreciate their value.

In the year 1773, about Whitsuntide, the annual association was held at Wainsgate. It was attended by the Rev. Mr. Medley, who was one of the preachers, with many friends from Liverpool and other distant places. Having long known the minister, from his labours among them, they showed their personal regard for him, and more especially their love to the cause of Christ, by submitting to temporary privations and inconveniences, that they might enjoy his society and that of other Christian friends. The meeting-house being much too small for the assembly, some of the services were conducted in the open air, the officiating minister being elevated on a temporary platform erected in the burying ground. The Rev. Mr. Parker, of Barnoldswick, had been nominated at the preceding association one of the preachers. He was in a great measure a stranger to Mr. Medley and his friends from Liverpool. His appearance was humble, and at first view far from prepossessing, having none of those exterior appendages of the dress by which men of the clerical order were usually distinguished. Mr. Medley could not forbear, with his usual frankness, expressing his regret, that one so unlikely had been selected to preach on that public occasion, especially as he had persuaded many to accompany him, in the hope of enjoying some peculiar privileges; but when the good man began to speak, and when he opened his subject, Mr. Medley's

prejudice was soon turned into admiration. The Christian simplicity, pertinent illustrations, and holy fervour of this man of God, captivated his heart, and riveted his attention; so that it proved a most delightful and refreshing season, not only to himself, but to most that were present.

During the month of July, in the same year, Mr. F. had the pleasure of another interview, with his dear connexions at Liverpool; whence the following letter was dated. (July 26.)

"I reached Liverpool on Saturday noon, and was kindly received by friends here. Mrs. Johnson died about ten days ago. Her conversation has been truly exemplary, for forty or fifty years. She left the stage triumphantly. The last words she spoke were, "I cannot express the joys I feel." O that I and my dear companion in life may thus live and thus die! The meeting-house erected here is spacious and handsome, but not gaudy or extravagantly expensive. Yesterday I preached three times, viz. from Acts xv. 36, Luke xiv. 23, and Song iii. last verse. I was attended with my usual fears and discouragements; but through the good hand of God upon me, I had a comfortable day.

" 'Tis he supports my fainting frame,
On him alone my hopes recline;
Jesus, I trust in thy dear name,
And lean upon thy arm Divine.

" Infinite wisdom! boundless pow'r!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me rest while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

“ My God, if thou art mine indeed,
 Then I have all my heart can crave;
 A present help in times of need,
 Still kind to hear and strong to save.”

In March, 1774, that dreadful disorder the small-pox, which in its progress had been remarkably fatal in the neighbourhood, after having cut off the rising hopes of many families, and deprived him of several valuable young friends, entered his own habitation, and seized his four small children. Inoculation was at that time little known in this part of the country, and the prejudices of many pious persons were against it. The mode of treatment which generally prevailed was also, as future experience showed, very improper. All his children had the complaint very severely, except the youngest, and in one instance it proved fatal.

A lovely boy about four years and a half old, the darling of his mother, who never afterwards could mention him without the strongest emotion, was snatched from their fond embrace. This affecting providence his mourning parent improved, two days after his interment, by a discourse upon Luke xviii. 16: ‘ Suffer little children to come,’ &c. A hymn sung on the occasion has already appeared in print. The following lines relating to the same event have been found among his papers :

“ As once of old the proto-martyr cry’d,
 ‘ Jesus receive me,’ so young Stephen dy’d;
 ‘ I go to Jesus,’ said the lovely boy,
 Then took his flight to yonder world of joy.

Deep in the grave his body sleeping lies
 Till Jesus comes and bids the dead arise;
 His happy spirit dwells above the skies.
 O then restrain the fond paternal tear,
 And hope and wait, and long to meet him there.

“ June 8, 1774.”

A plain tombstone in the burying-ground, near the house where he died, records his name, with this inscription subjoined, “He was taken away from the evil to come.”

These domestic afflictions excited the most tender feelings in an affectionate parent's breast; but they were quickly succeeded by another, in many respects still more trying. Whether from disturbed repose, and the anxiety occasioned by the recent bereavement, or from the close application to study which his numerous and increasing avocations required, he was suddenly seized, on the very day after the funeral sermon was preached, with a complaint which entirely incapacitated him for his public work, during the space of at least two months. The suddenness of the attack, which commenced when he was about to sit down to dinner, and the violence of the paroxysms, led his medical attendants to conclude it was the *stone*, one of the most painful complaints to which the human frame is subject. Every method then in practice was resorted to, in order to afford relief, particularly the warm-bath and opiates. Through the violence of the pain, sickness and cold sweats being succeeded by the excessive heats of a scorching fever, his bodily frame was soon so much reduced that little or no hope was entertained of his recovery.

One of the first recollections which the writer of this

Memoir has of paternal care (having spent the year preceding these afflictive dispensations at Bingley, among his maternal relations) a recollection which has recurred more frequently to his mind through life than any other event which distinguished the days of childhood, was when called during this illness to his bedside, then apparently the bed of death. He was scarcely six years of age, and of course incapable of duly estimating the loss he was likely soon to sustain; but the affectionate solicitude of a parent who expected soon to leave him and his other children, and the advice he gave on that occasion, produced impressions which advancing years have never obliterated. Among other things, he mentioned to him that beautiful poem, by Dr. Watts, as applicable to his own case, entitled "A Sight of Heaven in Sickness," which at his request he then committed to memory.

During these weeks and months of confinement, his thoughts were, as was afterwards evident, in the short intervals from violent and overwhelming pain, employed about his family and the people of his charge, who to all human appearance were about to be left destitute.

It has often been found that the tribulations and afflictions of God's ministers have been over-ruled, not only for their own good, but for the benefit and the furtherance of the Gospel. Some of the choicest epistles of the Apostle Paul, and in particular that to the Philippians, were written while he was, in prison, prevented from taking an active part in those public labours in which his heart was so much engaged. These epistles have edified and consoled the church in every succeeding age. The "Pilgrim's Progress," com-

posed by John Bunyan while in prison, has been of incalculably greater utility in promoting Christianity, than he, as an individual, could have expected, whatever facilities had been afforded to his ministerial labours. The amiable Dr. Watts was for many years of his life wholly incapacitated for preaching; but it is well known to what useful purposes he devoted this period of bodily debility, not only exercising the meekness and resignation of the Christian, but employing his pen in writing many invaluable works, whereby, though 'dead, he yet speaketh.'

No doubt similar aims and views induced the subject of this Memoir to direct his thoughts to the composition of a work for the use of others who were brought into the same trying circumstances, imitating the examples of David, Hezekiah, Jonah, and others, who rehearsed their agonies of distress in the day of trouble, and offered to heaven their songs of deliverance. They 'called to remembrance their song in the night,' and were not ashamed to let the world know, that amidst the sinkings of life and nature, God and his promises had been their support.

The title of the publication now about to appear was, "The Sick Man's Employ, or Views of Death and Eternity realized." Having employed the intermissions from excruciating pain, and the period of convalescence, in preparing this work for the press, it was entrusted to the care of his friend, the Rev. Mr. Booth of London, who kindly superintended the publication. At that time there were but few persons in the North of England who had attained to any considerable proficiency in the art of printing.

The estimation in which this work has been held by the public is evident, not only from its wide circulation, but from the testimonies given to it, both from the press, and in more private communications; which strongly indicate that if the writer had published no other book, this would have been sufficient to endear his memory to his friends, and the professors of Christianity in general. In the dedication to the church at Wainsgate, for whose use it was primarily intended, he addresses them as one called back from the verge of eternity; briefly enumerates those doctrines which had been the support of his mind in affliction, and which it was his desire again to declare amongst them. He mentions some of those devotional writings which, next to the Bible, had been most dear to his heart during his affliction. Among the rest Augustine's "Confessions," Gerhard's "Meditations," the melodious strains of Dr. Watts, the elevated aspirations of Mrs. Rowe, and the flowing periods of Hervey, whom he terms his favourite; and he reminds them, that in this little work they had before them the very phrases in which he expressed himself in the intervals between his fits of pain. A cursory perusal of this book must show how well it is adapted, at once to alarm the secure conscience, and to direct the attention to the only true sources of consolation in the hour of affliction and in the prospect of death.

He who is at ease in his possessions, enjoying the glare of outward prosperity, and unalarmed by the views of death, may consider some expressions as bordering on enthusiasm, or as of too gloomy a cast; but a humble, penitent soul, bowed down with sorrows, and impressed with a sense of the vanity of the world, with

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the infinite importance of eternal realities, will be led to form very different conclusions.

A new edition of this work was published a few years ago, with some alterations, and very considerable additions and improvements.

The following letter, though it does not entirely relate to this season of affliction, may not be improperly inserted in this part of the Memoir. It has been recently received from the Rev. Abraham Greenwood, the first person who resided under his roof for the purpose of preparatory study, and who is now the only survivor of the young men then educated by him for the ministry.

“DEAR SIR,

“I have great reason to be thankful that I was put under the care of that man of God, your father, in the early part of my life. His house was like a little heaven below. The sweetness of his temper, with the mildness and gravity of his manners excited my admiration, and still more his diligence and unremitting application. I never saw him idle. If at any time he took his pipe, as he was wont to do, he would also have a book in his hand, and read to himself or to others.

“The devotions of his family were solemn and regular. He commonly read a chapter or a Psalm, sung a few verses, and prayed in the Spirit five, six, or seven minutes. I have often accompanied him to Hoptonstall, where he had a week-day evening lecture well attended. Never shall I forget the fervour of his piety, and the rich variety of doctrinal and practical truths which appeared in all his sermons. I had the happiness to be with him two years and a half, and

have thought of him and his advice to greater advantage for the last twenty years, than I ever did before. Lord help me, that I may be more like him in faith, in patience, in humility, in diligence, and in every amiable qualification!

“Vain words, or slanderous language, never came out of his mouth in my hearing; nor did he bear malice against any one, though sometimes very unkindly treated. He well knew how to commit himself into His hand who judgeth righteously.

“I have often admired his holy resignation at the time of his great affliction, when he wrote his ‘Sick Man’s Employ.’ His pain was so great, that he often sweat till there was a dew on the covering of the bed on which he lay; yet he did not use any improper expressions of impatience. Even then when he had some alleviation of his pain, he would sit up and write down what he afterwards published. He was often heard to exclaim, “How exceedingly precious is time;” and his life was a full and continued proof that he was under the abiding impression of this idea. He redeemed the very fragments of it. O that I, in this respect, had imitated him more! I have him still in my eye, my ear, my heart. His love to the souls of men, his bright example, his evangelical, experimental, and practical preaching, may have been equalled, but have been rarely exceeded.

“I remain,
“Yours, &c.
“ABRAHAM GREENWOOD.”

Next to the consolations of religion, the sympathy of relatives and friends, in seasons of deep distress, is

to be valued. It must have added greatly to David's troubles, when he had to say, ' Lover and friend hast thou put far from me; yea, mine own familiar acquaintance hath forsaken me.' Seasons of darkness and affliction call for some kindred breast to catch and dry up the falling tear, and to pour balm into the soul; they try the sincerity of professed friendship, and show whether any dependance may be placed on it. The various extracts from letters, which are contained in the following pages, while they afford him who writes this account an opportunity of mentioning names endeared to the deceased and his family, and who have left an honourable testimony behind them, will show the kind interest which distant friends, as well as those who were near, took in the heavy afflictions with which the Lord saw meet to exercise his servant.

" DEAR SIR,

" Liverpool, May 12, 1774.

" It gave me great concern to hear of the removal of your lovely child, and soon after of your own affliction. This is indeed sorrow upon sorrow. With respect to your son, you have many sources of consolation. His heavenly Father has taken him to himself; be thankful then for his removal so soon from this vale of tears. He has got beyond the reach of sin and misery, to which even the best of men are exposed in the present world. I trust when natural feeling has subsided a little, you will be enabled to kiss the rod which inflicts this heavy stroke. But, O my dear friend, how I felt for you, when I heard of your own affliction, and of the acuteness of the pain. Your case, with all your personal and relative trials, has been spread before your Father and our Father in our prayers. I trust he will spare

your desirable life, and restore your health, for the good of the church of God, and for the sake of your own dear family. We long to hear some further particulars. I should be glad of the heads of the sermon you preached from those words: 'Suffer, little children,' &c. May the Lord comfort and heal you! I am, my dear Sir,

"Yours for Christ's sake,

"JOSEPH WALLEY."*

* The remark has often been justly made, that it is much easier to point out to others sources of consolation and motives to submission, than to realize the one and practise the other. This good man was, many years after he wrote the preceding letter, exercised with a very severe trial; and though in point of time the letter may be misplaced, it is of great value, as exhibiting the power and efficacy of religion in seasons of peculiar distress:

"DEAR SIR,

"You may probably have heard, before this, of the very affecting Providence which has befallen us in the departure of our beloved son out of this world, which took place a few days ago. Such a shock we have never before experienced, as a family. May the Lord, who has been thus chastising us, sanctify this dispensation to our souls, showing us more than ever our frailty and nothingness! May we be quickened in the ways of holiness, weaned from the world, and stirred up to prepare, with becoming earnestness, for a better country, that is, a heavenly one! We have great cause to mourn, but none to murmur. I hope we are enabled to be still and submissive under the hand of our Father; and I trust your prayers will be united with ours, that we may be supported under this heavy affliction. Mr. Medley, at our request, endeavoured to improve the Providence by a sermon, from Job xiv. 1st and 2d verses. Sincerely thanking you for all your kindness,

"I am,

"Yours in our living Redeemer,

"JOSEPH WALLEY."

From the latter part of this letter (not here inserted) it appears, that at the time when it was written a number of youths from Liverpool were resident at Wainsgate, and among the rest, a son of Mr. Walley, to whose death, occasioned by that dreadful malady the stone, the letter in the note relates. The first and principal encouragement which the subject of the Memoir met with, for forming a private seminary, was from that quarter. This he often gratefully acknowledged; and the connexion which thus subsisted with several respectable families in Liverpool was a happy means of promoting and maintaining that intercourse which had for years before been productive of much enjoyment and real advantage. It was also an inducement with him to spend the seasons of recess as much as possible at Liverpool.

In reviewing those years which have long since rolled away, we cannot but admire the cordial friendship, the steady, ardent piety, and devotedness to God, which so eminently distinguished the professors of religion, where their numbers were comparatively small. This very circumstance had a tendency to unite them more closely together. While they were a *spectacle*, a *gazing-stock* to the world, and almost shunned by those around them, their affections were more concentrated and fixed on one another.

A more striking instance of those amiable qualities which distinguish the true Christian in public and private from the man of the world, could scarcely be selected than the writer of the preceding letters, the venerable Mr. Joseph Walley. In him primitive simplicity and gravity of manners were united with urba-

nity, mildness, and condescension of deportment. He appeared to have learned in an eminent degree the happy art of *using this world so as not to abuse it*, and of considering the Divine glory as the end of his actions. Whatever the subject of his conversation or letters might be when addressed to his friends, something of a religious nature was generally introduced, not in a morose, but engaging manner, strongly indicating the habitual state of his mind. Like Enoch, he "walked with God;" and his path was that of the just, "which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

A few more letters of condolence addressed to Mr. F. while yet under heavy affliction, or gradually recovering from it, are here presented to the reader.

(From the Rev. Mr. Medley.)

Liverpool, May 16, 1774.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

"My heart has often been with you since I heard of the visitations of the Almighty upon your little ones, and now upon your own body. I have frequently had such realizing views of your afflictions, that I have almost imagined I heard you adopting the solemn and affecting exclamation of Job, 'Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me.' I can assure you, that you have the sympathetic concern of your friends in this part. Respecting the variety of afflictive dispensations with which you have been exercised, it may, with truth and propriety be said, 'God hath spoken once, yea twice;' and I trust you, my dear friend, have heard the rod, and him that hath appointed it, and that you have now

found that there is something sweet and soul supporting in having a *God*, to call upon in the day of trouble.

“ Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies ;
E'en crosses from his sov'reign hand
Are blessings in disguise.”

“ When at Watford I was attacked much in the same way that you have been, and was in the greatest agonies for twelve hours, but God was graciously pleased to raise me up again. May your soul be sweetly stayed upon the Divine power, truth, faithfulness, wisdom, and love, in the believing views of which may you be enabled to bow with humility and submission !

“ The various afflictive dispensations of God, to his dear children, are all consistent with his designs of mercy. ‘ This is the will of God, even your sanctification ;’ and as Archbishop Usher justly observed, ‘ The essence of true Gospel sanctification consists in having my will swallowed up in the will of God.’ May the Lord perfect his work in your heart and mine ! It is my earnest and fervent prayer, that you may be spared for further usefulness in the church of God, in your day and generation. We are all very desirous of hearing of you by every opportunity, and shall be glad if you will employ some one to write to us. I commend you most affectionately to God, even our Father, and remain,

“ Your most affectionate brother and

“ Servant, for Christ's sake,

“ SAMUEL MEDLEY.”

(From the Rev. Mr. Sutcliffe.)

"HON. AND DEAR SIR,

"Sorry I am to hear of your late affliction; hope the Lord has in mercy to you and your many friends removed his hand. However this be, it is our comfort in the midst of all that 'the Lord reigneth.' Our afflictions spring not out of the dust. Our steps in this, as well as in other respects, are 'ordered by the Lord.' It is, if need be, that we are 'in heaviness through manifold temptations.' Sanctified strokes of his chastening rod are often some of the choicest proofs of his paternal love. Yet it is hard amidst afflictions to say, the 'will of the Lord be done,' it requires much grace, but not more than God has to give. The Almighty prepares by the dispensations of providence, as well as by the influences of grace, for the enjoyment of glory. It is in the exercise of faith and patience that we are meetened for an entrance into the kingdom. O that I could practically learn this myself! If you can write, favour me with a few particulars how you go on. I belong to Wainsgate, and wish well to the designs carrying on there, but have lately had few opportunities of hearing any thing.

"I am,

"Shrewsbury,

"Yours most affectionately,

"June 14, 1774.

"JOHN SUTCLIFFE."

(From the Rev. Mr. Beatson.)

"DEAR BROTHER,

"Hull, June 21, 1774.

"Yours I received, and upon the perusal of it could not avoid shedding a sympathetic tear. It immediately brought to mind the just, the painful observation;

"woes cluster; rare are solitary woes; they love a train, they tread each other's heels!" But when I came to the latter part of your letter, and found that your strength was at least *equal* to your day, my mind brightened, and the gloom quickly dispersed. 'Surely,' said I, 'there is none like the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heavens for the help of his people.' I have likewise been in the furnace a considerable time. My wife has had a long, and in some respects a peculiarly painful confinement, and is now brought to the borders of Canaan. A few days more, and she will pass the stream of Jordan. The waters to her have long appeared as *still as a stone*, and I make no doubt will be so, till she, as one of the ransomed of the Lord, pass over. Never did I see, Ps. xxxvii. 37: 'Mark the perfect man,' &c. more eminently fulfilled. I hope, my dear brother, we shall pity, pray for, and compassionate each other, amidst these trying scenes. I want to see your little piece ('The Sick Man's Employ'), and hope it will afford a feast to me. I cannot at present add more, than assure you of my oneness of heart with you, and beg a share in your requests at the throne of grace.

"I am, your friend and brother,

"JOHN BEATSON."*

* The acquaintance between these two friends commenced many years before, while Mr. Beatson was minister at Sutton in Craven, which was too confined a sphere for his superior talents. He removed to Hull, in the year 1770, where a Baptist Church had been founded in 1736. His predecessors in the ministry there were Mr. Palmer, Mr. Brown, Mr. Thompson, from 1758 to 1762; Mr. Twining, from 1762 to 1765; Mr. Rutherford, from 1765 to 1769. Previous to the building of the chapel in Salthouse Lane, in the year 1757, the congregation met for public worship in a hired place, being part of an old tower.

Mr. Beatson's nervous system was very weak. When going up

The excellent woman referred to in this letter died soon after. Mr. Hartley, of Haworth, preached the

to the pulpit his whole frame was often agitated so as to give the appearance of great timidity; but when he began to speak, he seldom disappointed the expectation of his hearers. He was a close thinker; his sermons were well digested; and his printed works are highly esteemed. The letter subjoined to this note was written soon after his settlement at Hull, where he was for a long succession of years an instrument of great good. The Catholic spirit which prevailed in that town rendered Christian society among different denominations highly edifying and delightful. With the Rev. Joseph Milner (who had been his school-fellow at Leeds) no less distinguished by his learning than by his ardent zeal in the cause of Christ, and the Rev. Mr. Lambert, his cotemporaries, and bright ornaments of Hull, he for many years maintained the most friendly connexion. Laying aside, for the time, all party distinctions, they often associated together with all the cordiality and freedom of Christian brethren.

Through a Divine blessing on the exertions of these worthy men, in the important situations which they occupied for a series of years with increasing success, large congregations were collected in the places of worship where they officiated, and others have since been raised up, so that few towns are more distinguished by religious profession and privileges. Mr. Lambert's church was formed in the year 1769. On his first going to Hull, only eleven persons were united in church fellowship; and for a long time the prospects were inauspicious; but during the course of his ministry more than six hundred became members of the church, besides many others to whom the Word was blessed, though they were not in communion with the society.

Mr. Beatson's letter contains some account of the situation of the Baptist church when it was written.

“DEAR BROTHER, “ Hull, March 8, 1771.

“Your favour of the 1st instant I received; it rejoices me much to hear of the welfare of my friends, and equally afflicts me when the dispensations of Providence seem to frown upon them. But perhaps if we were perpetually to enjoy its smiles, we should be too much elated, and apt to kick against God. I am sorry to hear of