

ANNUAL  
MONITOR  
1884

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NEW SERIES, No. 42.

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THE  
ANNUAL MONITOR  
FOR 1884,  
OR  
OBITUARY  
OF THE  
MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS  
In Great Britain and Ireland,  
FOR THE YEAR 1883.

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LONDON:  
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1883.

LONDON :  
BARRETT, SONS AND CO., PRINTERS,  
BEER LANE, E.C.

1429599

P R E F A C E .

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IN issuing another volume of the *Annual Monitor*, it will be a satisfaction to some of its readers if I again state that whilst the table of deaths is obtained principally from the official records of the Society of Friends, the memorial notices are issued on the sole responsibility of their writers, and of the Editor, and have no official character, excepting that in two or three cases this year they consist entirely or in part of Minutes or Testimonies of Meetings of which the deceased were members.

I have again much to regret that the material placed at my disposal has been so scanty. This arises in part from the circumstance that some of those, the record of whose lives would have been full of instruction, could it have been written, have left behind them too little material to enable survivors, in the absence of personal intimacy, to trace the growth of their Christian life and experience. Perhaps, too, the practice of keeping private memo-

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randa and writing journals of spiritual experience is not so common as it once was. Those who think that this indicates a more healthy tone of religious life and feeling may not be altogether mistaken. But if it be one of the results of the high pressure and railway speed of our modern life, which often finds the day too short for all that is crowded into it, may it not be an indication of that which is a pressing need of the Christian life of to-day,—more of private devotion more of being alone with the Lord, more of going to the Fountain Head to drink, untainted, of the “pure river of the water of Life”? For the Christian life must languish and wither “if the branch abide not in the Vine;” and all spiritual experience proves that—

“Restraining prayer we cease to fight,  
Prayer keeps the Christian’s armour bright.”

WILLIAM ROBINSON.

*West Bank, Scarborough,  
Twelfth month, 1883.*

## LIST OF MEMOIRS.

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ELIZABETH BACKHOUSE.	MARY ANN JOHNSON.
WILLIAM E. BACKHOUSE.	CHARLES KITCHING.
MARY M. BLAKEY.	THOMAS W. LESTER.
ELIZABETH ELGAR.	HANNAH B. SEWELL.
SAMUEL ELIOTT.	HANNAH B. SMITH.
JANE ELIOTT.	JAMES VEALE.
JOHN THOMAS EMMOTT.	ANDREW H. VEALE.
GEORGE STACEY GIBSON.	JOHN WILLIAMS.
CHARLES HAYWARD.	WILLIAM WINWARD.

JOSIAH AND ELIZA MERRICK.



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THE  
ANNUAL MONITOR,  
1884.

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OBITUARY.

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	Age.		Time of Decease.	
SARAH ABBATT, <i>Bolton.</i>	47	24	9 mo.	1883
JOHN ERNEST ABBOTT,	16	21	4 mo.	1883
<i>Redruth.</i> Son of Samuel and Emma Abbott.				
CATHERINE ALEXANDER,	77	29	11 mo.	1882
<i>Cirencester.</i> Wife of Henry Alexander.				
FREDERICK ALEXANDER,	69	19	9 mo.	1883
<i>Ipswich.</i>				
ANN ALLEN,	73	1	3 mo.	1883
<i>Stoke Newington.</i>				
CAROLINE ARMISTEAD,	83	16	1 mo.	1883
<i>Darlington.</i> Widow of Wilson Armistead.				
MARIA ARMISTEAD,	75	17	1 mo.	1883
<i>Exeter.</i> An Elder. Widow of John Armistead.				

MARIA ARMITAGE,	57	14	1 mo.	1883
<i>Nottingham.</i> An Elder. Wife of John Armitage.				
THOMAS ASHBY,	82	10	5 mo.	1883
<i>Adderbury, near Banbury.</i>				
GEORGE ASHFORD,	58	7	10 mo.	1882
<i>Birmingham.</i> An Elder.				
ELIZABETH BACKHOUSE,	82	3	12 mo.	1882
<i>York.</i> An Elder.				

Elizabeth Backhouse was the third daughter of James and Mary Backhouse, of Darlington, and sister of the late James Backhouse, of York.

She may truly be said to have feared the Lord from her youth. Early directed to the importance of listening to, and obeying the voice of the Good Shepherd in the secret of the soul, there is reason to believe that with her the growth of nature and of grace were developed so simultaneously that she never knew the time when the "seed of the kingdom" first sprang up. That it had taken root was however abundantly evidenced in her long life of quiet unobtrusive dedication to the call of duty, exerting its happy influence upon a wide circle, not only of her personal friends and the members of her own Society, but embracing in its active benevolence the poor and needy of every class and race.

Yet the Christian course of this dear Friend was eminently one in harmony with the precept, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Anything like a record or public notice of her doings, even by her friends, would have been distressing to her, glad as she was to see or hear a record of the Christian labours of others.

For nine years she faithfully performed the part of mother to the children of her widowed brother, James Backhouse, during his long missionary visit to the Australian Colonies and South Africa.

During the latter portion of her life she was for many years practically blind. This trial was borne with a degree of patience and cheerful resignation that to many who knew her was truly instructive. Even then her active benevolence could not rest. The well-being of the freed slaves in the Southern States of America obtained her special sympathy and help, and for several years she was enabled by the kind contributions of her friends, to render effectual assistance to them at a time when the sufferings to which they were subjected drove large numbers of them to seek an asylum in the newly-settled State of Kansas.

The close of her earthly career seemed remarkably in harmony with her whole life. It was a release so gentle that to call it a translation seems scarcely unfitting.

A very slight attack of illness in the early morning, such as she had often had, caused nevertheless some anxiety to her niece and to the domestics who kindly waited upon her. Seeing one of these look uneasy, she calmly said, with a cheerful voice—"Thou knows God is our refuge and strength." In a few minutes she became unconscious, and passed away in about a quarter of an hour.

WILLIAM EDWARD BACKHOUSE,

*York.*

18 18 9 mo. 1883

Son of James and Mary Backhouse.

The decease of this dear youth seems afresh to call to remembrance the Saviour's words: "Watch, therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." "If He shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch, and find them so, blessed are those servants."

Such, his friends thankfully believe, was the experience of the subject of this notice; who, though long in a state in which eventual recovery was felt to be doubtful, had been cheered by a measure of improvement, and had

enjoyed exercise in the garden up to the last morning.

An attack of internal hæmorrhage, shortly after midnight, suddenly terminated his earthly career. So violent was it that he had only power to utter the one loving word, "Farewell!" But that word, spoken as it was, and at such a moment, confirmed the sorrowing ones around his dying-bed in the belief that to him there was no "dark valley," but that, with lamp trimmed and light burning, he was ready for the coming of the Heavenly Bridegroom.

MARY BAINBRIDGE,        70   17   4 mo. 1883  
*Sedbergh.* Widow of George Bainbridge.

BENJAMIN BAKE,        66   21   3 mo. 1883  
*Liverpool.*

MATILDA BAKER, *York.* 64   12   12 mo. 1882

ANN BARRETT, *Coggeshall.* 72   17   1 mo. 1883

EDGAR BARRINGER,        —   8   4 mo. 1882  
*Auckland, New Zealand.*

ELIZA ANN BARRITT,       67   3   8 mo. 1883  
*Guys, Maldon.* Daughter of the late James and Ann Barritt.

GEORGE OSWELL BARRITT,  
*Croydon.*                    27   6   5 mo. 1881  
Son of George and Emma Barritt. Died at sea on his homeward passage, and was buried at Cape Town.

MARGARET STAFFORD BASTIN,

*West Drayton.* 14 mos. 16 4 mo. 1883

Daughter of Edward P. and Jane Bastin.

HENRY THOMAS BAYES,

*Hammersmith.* 54 8 7 mo. 1883

JOHN COTTER BEALE,

*Cork.* 52 10 7 mo. 1883

Son of Joshua and Hannah Beale.

ARTHUR ROWLAND BECK, 19 2 7 mo. 1883

*Banbury.* Son of Samuel and Ellen R. Beck.

MARY CARTER BELL, 34 13 11 mo. 1882

*Trummery, Co. Antrim.* Wife of Richard Bell.

ELIZABETH BENWELL, 64 26 4 mo. 1883

*Reading.* Daughter of the late Henry and Elizabeth Benwell.

MARY ANN BEWLEY, 54 22 10 mo. 1882

*Enniscorthy.*

ELIZABETH BILSBOROUGH, 78 18 3 mo. 1883

*West Houghton.*

SARAH BINNS, *Derby.* 70 4 2 mo. 1883

MARY MARGARET BLAKEY,

*Shaw Cote, Wensleydale.* 14 20 11 mo. 1882

Daughter of Joshua and Margaret Blakey.

From a very early age she loved her dear Saviour, was always truthful, afraid to do anything wrong, and kind and affectionate to her parents and brothers. When ten years old she

went to Ackworth School. Before this her mother had found a short prayer, written by her, for the recovery of her father from illness, if it were the Lord's will, and that He would abundantly bless him.

The christian training received at school seems to have deepened her love for her Saviour. The following verse is marked as one of her favourites, and indicates her feelings at this time :—

“ I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,  
A dear, loving Saviour, though earth's friends be few,  
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me ;  
And, oh! that my Saviour were your Saviour too!”

Soon after leaving school, at the close of 1881, she caught a severe cold, from which she never fully recovered, although during the summer months she was able to attend meetings. When she was asked if she thought she would get better, her reply was, “ No, I do not think I shall.” A week or two before she died, in answer to loving inquiries, she said, with childlike confidence, “ I am quite happy, and shall go to Heaven.”

A short time before her death her father entered her room, and asking her if she was not

lonely, she replied, "Oh, no ! I expect Jesus to-night."

During the latter part of her illness she was mostly unconscious ; but, after two or three weeks of anxious watching by day and night, it was comforting to her sorrowing parents and friends to witness the calm and sweet close of her short life. The following verse was marked as another favourite in her hymn-book :—

"When my final farewell to the world I have said,  
 And gladly laid down to my rest ;  
 When softly the watchers shall say, ' She is dead,'  
 And fold my pale hands on my breast ;  
 And when, with my glorified vision, at last,  
 The walls of that city I see,  
 Will any one, then, at that beautiful gate,  
 Be watching and waiting for me ?"

ELIZA BOARDMAN,	80	12	4 mo.	1883
<i>Highflatts.</i> Widow of Allan Boardman.				
MARIA BOOTH,	34	25	12 mo.	1882
<i>Farnworth, near Bolton.</i> Wife of Samuel Booth.				
SARAH CHAMPION BOWDEN,				
<i>Bristol.</i>	79	17	11 mo.	1882
Widow of Samuel Bowden.				
EDWARD BRADY,	75	13	8 mo.	1883
<i>Barnsley.</i>				

HENRY BRADY, <i>Gateshead.</i>	77	14	7 mo.	1883
A Minister.				
SARAH BREWIN, <i>Leicester.</i>	85	29	5 mo.	1883
An Elder. Widow of Edwin Brewin.				
JOHN JOSEPH BROCK,	58	29	3 mo.	1883
<i>Croydon.</i>				
HANNAH BROSTER,	77	25	2 mo.	1883
<i>Bosley, Macclesfield.</i>				
ANNIE BROWN, <i>Halstead.</i>	29	11	2 mo.	1883
Daughter of William and A. Brown.				
DOROTHY BROWN, <i>York.</i>	77	2	2 mo.	1883
ELIZABETH BROWN,	82	17	11 mo.	1882
<i>Luton.</i> An Elder. Widow of Henry Brown.				
PHEBE BROWN,	89	15	10 mo.	1882
<i>Tottenham.</i>				
PRISCILLA BROWN,	74	23	3 mo.	1883
<i>West Houghton.</i>				
THOMAS C. BROWN,	90	15	2 mo.	1883
<i>Cirencester.</i>				
HANNAH BUCKLEY,	44	11	11 mo.	1882
<i>Manchester.</i> Daughter of the late Joseph Buckley.				
ALFRED BURGESS,	76	26	11 mo.	1882
<i>Leicester.</i>				
JOSEPH BURNE,	42	25	10 mo.	1882
<i>Bray, Co. Wicklow.</i>				
PETER BUTLER, <i>Bristol.</i>	79	6	12 mo.	1882

THOMAS BUTLER, <i>Stoke Newington.</i>	85	30	7 mo.	1883
ELIZA CALTON, <i>Diss.</i> Widow of Robert Calton.	76	4	4 mo.	1883
ELIZA CALVERT, <i>Monkstown, Dublin.</i> Wife of William Calvert.	80	23	6 mo.	1883
HANNAH CARR, <i>York.</i> Wife of William Carr.	61	6	9 mo.	1883
ELIZABETH SARAH CHALK, <i>Kingston-on-Thames.</i> A Minister. Widow of Thomas Chalk.	74	11	7 mo.	1883
MARY ANN CHOAT, <i>Islington.</i> Widow of Thomas Choat.	91	3	4 mo.	1883
JOSEPH CHRIMES, <i>Wilmslow.</i>	75	19	8 mo.	1883
ABIGAIL CHRISTMAS, <i>Colne, Cambridge.</i> Widow of John Christmas.	64	13	5 mo.	1883
HENRY CLAPHAM, <i>Newcastle-on-Tyne.</i>	56	4	6 mo.	1883
ANN CLARK, <i>Doncaster.</i> An Elder.	69	6	9 mo.	1883
ISABELLA B. CLARK, <i>Tramore, Waterford.</i> Widow of Alfred Clark.	60	2	8 mo.	1883
PHOEBE CLARK, <i>Newcastle-on-Tyne.</i> An Elder. Wife of Frederick Clark.	55	21	1 mo.	1883

WILLIAM CLEMES, <i>St. Austell.</i>	87	2	3 mo.	1883
CHARLOTTE B. COCK, <i>Redruth.</i> Widow of Edwin Cock.	73	25	5 mo.	1883
ELIZABETH COLEBY, <i>Bath.</i> Widow of John Coleby.	77	8	8 mo.	1883
BENJAMIN COLLEY, <i>Sheffield.</i>	74	7	6 mo.	1883
JAMES COMPTON, <i>Cork.</i>	63	13	4 mo.	1883
ELIZABETH CONING, <i>York.</i> Wife of Thomas Coning.	43	2	1 mo.	1883
BENJAMIN COOKE, <i>Southport.</i>	66	3	2 mo.	1883
JAMES GEORGE COVE, <i>Tottenham.</i> Died on the passage from the Cape.	31	5	4 mo.	1883
MARY ELLEN COVE, <i>Tottenham.</i> Children of Henry and the late Mary Cove.	23	14	5 mo.	1883
ALBERT COX, <i>Leeds.</i> Son of Thomas and Elizabeth Cox.	5	12	10 mo.	1882
HERBERT CECIL CREWDSON, <i>Reading.</i> Son of the late Wilson and Ellen Crewdson.	17	7	4 mo.	1883
EDWARD WILSON CROSFIELD, <i>Liverpool.</i> Son of the late Henry Crosfield.	37	10	11 mo.	1882

ELIZABETH CROSFIELD,	77	12	1 mo.	1883	
<i>Liverpool.</i> Widow of Simon Crosfield.					
SARAH CROSFIELD,	67	12	1 mo.	1883	
<i>Liverpool.</i>					
ELIZABETH CROUCH,	75	6	3 mo.	1883	
<i>Falmouth.</i>					
MARY CUDWORTH,	61	3	12 mo.	1882	
<i>Darlington.</i> An Elder. Wife of William Cudworth.					
THOMAS DALE, <i>Bessbrook.</i>	8	2	1 mo.	1883	
Son of James Dale.					
JOSHUA HOPKINS DAVY,	56	27	11 mo.	1882	
<i>Sheffield.</i>					
ELIZABETH DAWES,	19	8	2 mo.	1883	
<i>Darlington.</i> Daughter of Robert W. Dawes.					
MARGARET HACK DEANE,	48	6	11 mo.	1882	
<i>Reigate.</i> Daughter of the late James and Sarah Deane.					
WILLIAM DEANE,	51	19	12 mo.	1882	
<i>Brighton.</i>					
HAROLD F. DELL,	12	20	8 mo.	1883	
<i>Winchmore Hill.</i> Son of Joseph H. Dell.					
MARY DICKSON,	62	4	6 mo.	1883	
<i>Middlesborough.</i> Wife of Edward Dickson.					
EMILY J. DOCWRA,	25	16	12 mo.	1882	
<i>Kelvedon.</i> Daughter of George and Mary Docwra.					

- ANNE DOUGILL, 39 24 11 mo. 1882  
*Huddersfield.*
- ANNE DOYLE, *Bessbrook.* 76 6 12 mo. 1882  
 Widow of John B. Doyle.
- RICHARD ECROYD, Jun., 3 21 1 mo. 1883  
*Baildon, near Bradford.* Son of Richard and  
 Emily Ecroyd.
- WILLIAM EDDINGTON, 83 13 7 mo. 1883  
*Congresbury.* An Elder.
- ELIZABETH ELGAR, 53 9 12 mo. 1881  
*Canterbury.* Wife of John Elgar. (This name  
 appeared in last year's volume.)

Elizabeth Elgar was the only daughter of Isaac and Sarah Robinson, and was born at Manchester on the 19th of First month, 1828. Whilst she was for a short time at Ackworth School, her parents removed to Maidstone. She received much of her education from her father, who possessed a remarkable talent for instructing children. She early gave evidence of a thoughtful, serious, and amiable disposition, which ripened, under the influence of Divine grace, as she approached womanhood, and from this time to the close of her life a marked meekness and deep humility adorned her character, which gave promise, had her life been prolonged, of much usefulness in the Society in which she had been

brought up, and to which she was consistently attached.

From the time of leaving school till her marriage, her place of duty seemed to be always at home, where her mother was so much of an invalid as to require her watchful care and assistance. Her marriage, in 1854, introduced her into a new sphere, and those who best knew her can testify to the value of her Christian character as wife, mother, mistress, and friend. Mingled with the blessings and joys of her married life were many sore trials. She had to mourn the loss of three dear boys, at the respective ages of nine, ten, and eleven years. Her husband's failing and uncertain health also, and all that this involved, brought much care and anxiety upon her; but to all these afflictions she bowed without murmuring, and sought still faithfully and perseveringly to keep abreast of each day's duty as it came before her, learning how blessed and sure is the promise, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

As a mother she sought to be faithful to the charge entrusted to her, and earnestly strove to train her children for a useful and happy life on earth, and for the brighter life of Heaven. When

they were at school her solicitude for them found expression in frequent letters, sometimes written in simple rhyme full of a mother's love.

Amongst her memoranda, found after her decease, are the following:—

“*Seventh Month 10th, 1877.*—I have endeavoured to pray for strength and ability to resign myself into the Lord's hands, only I feel I must commit the keeping of my soul to Him, for without His care and keeping I am sure to go wrong. Oh, I want to feel how sinful I am, and to realise the sense of forgiveness; to know that my iniquities have been washed away in the precious blood of Jesus, and that nothing stands in the way of my acceptance with God. O Lord, be pleased to bestow upon me the gift of repentance, and make me sensible of the debt I owe to Thee for Thy love in Christ Jesus. I do not seem to experience the joy in believing which many do, but I do want to participate in this great privilege. Help, Lord, my weak faith; increase my love, and animate my soul with soft whispers of pardon and peace. O Lord, bless my dearest husband; strengthen and sustain him under all his trials; give him the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Be very near, I beseech Thee, to all and each of my

precious children; convert their hearts by the grace of Thy Holy Spirit; lead each one of them to the foot of the Cross, and there let them find the same mercy and forgiveness that I seek for myself; then, O Lord, let them strive to live as becometh forgiven ones, to Thy praise and glory. Amen."

*31st of Twelfth month, 1877.*—"This is the last day of a very eventful year, on the first of which my dear husband's state of health was such that it seemed doubtful which way his illness might terminate; but God was graciously pleased to raise him up again. Just as he was improving we felt best satisfied to have our three dear children home from Ackworth, owing to the fever there. Soon after their return in the Fifth month, we began seriously to think of relinquishing our business at Canterbury, from the state of my husband's health, and in the Ninth month, a favourable opportunity occurring, we did so satisfactorily. I think the language of the Psalmist may be ours. Surely goodness and mercy have followed us throughout this year to a remarkable extent. May the tribute of thanksgiving ascend from each one of our hearts to our Heavenly Father for all His goodness and mercy to us, for they have been very great and undeserved.

“ I do desire this night to thank Thee, Lord, for all Thy great goodness to us during the past year. Help us in the next by thy Holy Spirit day by day as Thou seest we stand in need. Strengthen *me*, oh Lord, for I am very weak ; enrich me for I am very poor ; and keep me every moment lest I wander from Thee. I ask in Jesus name. Amen.”

In the autumn of 1878 E. Elgar had a sudden and serious attack of illness, and for several months was confined to her couch. Her life was, however, prolonged for three years, during which she passed through many alternations of comparative relief and severe suffering, borne with exemplary patience. When her right hand became disabled through disease, she kept up correspondence with the left ; and often when in much pain her cheerful conversation concealed from those about her the distress which she was enduring. On one occasion, not long before the close, she joined in feeble and unwonted voice with her children as they sang the hymn,—

“ Come sing to me of Heaven  
When I'm about to die,  
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,  
To waft my soul on high.”

Always deeply impressed with a lowly estimate

of herself, her feelings found expression in the words of the Apostle Paul, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saveth us;" and in quiet confidence in this mercy she awaited her summons home, until, on the 9th of Twelfth month, her sufferings ended as she gently and quietly passed away to be for ever with the Lord.

SAMUEL ELIOTT,                      64    9    12 mo.    1882

*Plymouth.*    An Elder.

Samuel Eliott was the second son of John and Mary Eliott, of Liskeard, and was born there in 1818.

He was the fifth member of a happy family of brothers and sisters, amongst whom and in a wide circle of relatives his genial disposition and bright and loving spirit early made him a general favourite. To a young man of his impulsive nature, with a keen relish for the active business as well as the enjoyments of life, there were doubtless many temptations to become unduly engrossed by them. He probably referred to this when he said, in his last illness, he felt that he had been diligent in business, but not so fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, as he ought to have been. But this earnestness of purpose fitted him for a position of much usefulness in after life, and

through the Divine blessing on careful training it is believed that the fear of God early had a place in his heart, and that he was enabled to hold the things of this world in subjection to the government of Christ.

He became deeply interested in the support of right principles, as well as in efforts for the benefit of his fellow-men. From the first introduction of total abstinence he united warmly with the rest of his family in endeavouring to promote its adoption, undeterred by the coldness of good men, or the opposition of others; and after years of patient toil it was cheering to his latter days to see its importance acknowledged, and its claims advocated by a large portion of the Christian Church.

In 1843 he married Jane Mann, of Truro, and in 1857 he removed with his family to Plymouth. There, as well as in his previous home at Liskeard, he was diligently occupied in business; he was also for a time on the Board of Guardians, a member of the Town Council, and, for a few years, of the School Board.

His strict integrity in business and his sound judgment were combined with large sympathies, and a courteous consideration for the claims of others; and in his removal many feel that they

have lost a true friend on whose counsel and help they could rely with confidence, readily given as it always was in times of need, especially to those who had few to help them. In his own Society, to which he was warmly attached, he occupied the position of Elder, faithfully and lovingly fulfilling its duties. He also rendered valuable service in meetings for discipline, and for many years held the office of Clerk of the Quarterly Meeting of Devon and Cornwall. He was also Superintendent of the Friends' Adult First-day School, in which he took a deep interest; this office he filled to the satisfaction of teachers and scholars. One of the last engagements of his active life was a visit by appointment with a Committee of the Yearly Meeting to the meetings of Yorkshire and Essex, which he felt to be a time of especial interest and privilege.

His last illness, which came on very gradually, was of more than seven years' duration. For some time he persevered in attention to business, and was able to fulfil other active duties; but, by degrees, they had to be relinquished, and it was very striking to see the submission with which he was enabled to yield himself entirely to this new experience of the will of his Lord. There were times of great suffering, but long

intervals also of comparative ease, during which the visits of his friends were cordially welcomed.

His humble views of his own attainments often found expression, and he loved to dwell on the richness of the promises, especially quoting as his own experience, "The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms." But it was in the latter part of his illness that his tongue seemed unloosed to speak of his feelings. To a relative he spoke of his appreciation of the principles of Friends, and said he had no fear that they would ever fall to the ground; for should Friends be unfaithful, others would be raised up to support them, as he believed they were in accordance with the teaching of our blessed Saviour and His Apostles; and further remarked that "the place of our Society in the Church Universal was a very important, though it might be a humiliating one; we have a charge to keep."

Throughout his illness he was kept in quiet trust and patient resignation, and seemed permitted now and then to enjoy sweet glimpses of the life beyond, while continuing fully alive to the interests of earth. He bore precious testimony to the sustaining power granted him during long-continued weariness and weakness, and could acknowledge, though confined to the same chair

day and night for nearly a year, through inability to lie down or walk, that he did not feel it hard, for—

“Jesus can make a dying-bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are.”

A beloved minister of the Gospel, after visiting him, said that it felt almost like heaven to be with him. He said he knew that the time the Lord saw fit to take him home would be the best time, and he felt His goodness in surrounding him with so many blessings, and in giving him a certain hope of eternal happiness after the sufferings of this present time.

To a beloved sister he remarked, “I may continue here some time, but whichever way it is it will be all for the best. May it be for the glory of God.” At another time he said, “I wish it to be distinctly understood that it is only through unmerited mercy I am favoured to have prospect of eternal bliss.

“Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to His Cross I cling.”

With humble gratitude he dwelt on the goodness and mercy which had followed him through life, and to the blessing permitted him of having the watchful and efficient attentions of his dear children in the time of declining strength. His words

of thanksgiving and prayer were very sweet. In a state of prostration he said, "Dearest Father, we return Thee thanks for Thy mercies during the whole of our lives, and though Thou hast seen meet to afflict, be graciously pleased to be very near." His petitions were very frequent that faith and patience might be granted, and after a time of great suffering from oppressed breathing he said, "How could I bear this if I were not helped? Be pleased, dearest Father, to say, It is enough; but enable me to say, Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done. Look down in mercy upon thy poor sufferer. Oh! to be at rest."

Thus was our dear friend, who, in days of health and strength, had delighted to be actively engaged in doing good, enabled to glorify his Saviour in the more difficult service of suffering, and it was beautiful to see his happy Christian life still evident in the chamber of sickness, as "heart and flesh failed;" and we rejoicingly believe that He who thus strengthened him in weakness is now his portion for ever.

He was spared the pain of parting with his beloved family, as the summons came at last rather suddenly, to enter, we doubt not, into the rest he longed for, prepared, through redeeming mercy, for the people of God.

JANE ELIOTT, *Plymouth*. 64 27 8 mo. 1883

An Elder. Widow of Samuel Eliott.

Jane Eliott, wife of Samuel Eliott, was his devoted companion in the joys and sorrows of the earthly pilgrimage for nearly forty years. Thoughtful kindness, with meekness and quietness of spirit, characterised her daily walk, and won the love of others. She has now, we thankfully believe, after only a few months of separation, rejoined her beloved husband in the blessed home above.

JOHN THOMAS EMMOTT, 26 30 6 mo. 1883

*Oldham*. Son of Thomas and Hannah Emmott.

It was early in Third month, 1883, that John T. Emmott's friends first became aware that his health was seriously threatened by alarming symptoms. He had a large amount of natural spirit, which kept him up when it would have been much better for him had he remained in the house, and not exposed himself to the cold east winds of the spring. A change of air to Grange had not the desired effect, and he came back rather worse than he went. On the 15th of Sixth month he had a convulsive seizure which affected the head, and consciousness did not return until the morning of the 18th; from that time, till his death, his mind was quite

clear, even to within five minutes before he died, his last words being to his mother, "What a beautiful morning;" and then asking what day of the week it was, and being told Saturday, he added, with a sweet smile, "Dear mother, the last day of the week, and the last day on earth; won't it be a bright ending of the week for me?"

In the earlier part of his illness, though he once or twice intimated to those about him that if he were taken he believed all would be well with him, yet he seemed to find it very difficult to break through his natural reserve on religious subjects, and to speak freely of his faith and hope; but on the morning of the 28th, after a time of prayer and waiting upon the Lord, he was so filled with joy and praise that his lips were opened and he could not help telling everyone how happy he was. On the 27th he said, "I feel quite changed; my tempers are all gone." Early on the morning of the 28th he said to his attendants, "I feel I am breaking up." Then he asked for a time of prayer, and, they kneeling beside him, he prayed very earnestly, pouring out his soul to God, so that, although very weak, his voice seemed to fill the house. After this he seemed filled with peace and praise, and said that he had the assurance given him

that all his sins were forgiven for the Saviour's sake ; and from that time till his death he was almost as if living in heaven, no cloud or doubt being suffered to interrupt his joyful trust. He seemed quite ready to go, just waiting for the call home. That same morning in prayer he said that if it were God's will that he should be taken, he was quite ready to go ; but if it were His will for him to get better, he prayed that he might be enabled to spend all the rest of his days to God's glory. He also said, "My early death will be quite compensated for if it will be as a warning to all young men that they must not put off making their peace with God until their dying day." He seemed to have this very much on his mind, referring to it again and again, for he felt that had he left it until now he could not have been so happy as he was, and he longed that his voice might reach to all, especially the young men, to tell them to prepare for death in the time of health. He said that religion had been a great comfort to him, especially for the last three years. It was his almost constant prayer that not one of those who were dear to him, or in whom he felt interested, might be missing from the bright home in heaven, of which he seemed to have such a blessed foretaste.

After this time of prayer, and the blessed assurance given that his sins were all forgiven, he was very anxious to see his mother to tell her how happy he was, and said also what a help his father's prayer the evening before had been to him, in which he had been enabled to give him up to the will of God. Later on in the day, taking his father and mother each by the hand, he asked them whether they felt able, quite freely, to give him up; and on their replying that they could, he expressed himself as so thankful for it, adding that it was God's will and it must be done.

A neighbouring clergyman came to see him, and read several portions of Holy Scripture from Revelation, Isaiah, Psalms, &c. He also engaged in prayer and read many comforting hymns, to which J. T. responded with a joyful face by repeating many portions after him. Some of the hymns he read were, "Shall we gather at the river?" "Brief life is here our portion," "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord," "Art thou weary, art thou languid?" and "Rock of ages cleft for me," all of which were amongst his special favourites and often asked for during his illness.

A little later, one of his brothers coming in,

he greeted him most affectionately, saying, "It is so very kind to come to see me again." He then told him how very happy he was. He said, "I want you to know that when I am taken you need not have the slightest fear or doubt about me. I have had a most blessed morning ; I have seen heaven, and such a blessed assurance has been granted me that I cannot any longer have the slightest doubt that all my sins have been forgiven." Then taking both his hands, he said very fervently, "God bless you, God bless your wife, God bless your child, and make you all a great blessing to others." Then he asked him to pray with him. All that day, one or other of those who were with him was reading to him or praying with him at his request. Although very weak, he did not tire of it, and when asked by his mother if so much reading did not weary him, he replied very brightly, "Oh, no, it *scents* me to heaven."

The afternoon of the same day his other brothers came to see him, and on taking leave of them he addressed them each separately, and asked them to meet him in heaven. To his father and mother he said, "It is my hope that we shall all meet in heaven ; it is only for a little while, and we shall all meet there." At another

time he asked for his father, saying, "Dear papa; where is papa? He knows so well how to hold my hand" (that was during severe pain). And again, he said, "If ever the soul of Jonathan was knit to that of David, my soul has been knit to my papa's."

He also said on this day, the 28th, "I can truly say, 'To me to live is Christ, to die is gain.'" These words were more than once on his lips, and he said that he felt able so thoroughly to make them his own that he wished to leave them as his last words. Referring to the heavenly hope he had, he said, "It is so bright, so bright up yonder." To his mother he said, "You have been a good mother to me, I wish I had been as good a lad;" and speaking of her to one of his attendants, "Dear mother, dear mother, she is a wonderful mother." In reference to the state of his health, he remarked, "Three years ago there was hardly anything I had not strength to do; but now under God's hand I am as weak as a kitten;" and feeling his recovery doubtful he intimated that if he were taken all would be well with him.

When taking leave of the young lady to whom he was engaged to be married, and speaking of his feelings at parting from her, he added, "But

I can give up all for Jesus' sake ;” and expressed the hope with which he looked forward to a reunion in heaven. He then frequently said, “ I feel so bright, I feel as though I am hardly here ;” and though suffering greatly from pain and exhaustion, he said, “ This room has been like a little Bethel to me ; Jesus has been so very near.” He often looked up to those around him and said, “ Look up, look beyond to Jesus ; why do you weep ?” To his mother he said, “ How thankful you should feel that this is the first break in your union of nearly thirty years.” And on seeing nearly all in tears about him, he said, “ I am the happiest of you all ; I shall see so many dear friends, my two dear aunts and many others.”

In the evening he had all the household, including nurses, servants, and coachman, assembled in his bedroom, and after a portion of Holy Scripture had been read, he addressed all as follows : “ Standing as I do, and as in fact we *all* do, upon the very threshold of eternity, I desire to bear my testimony to the power of God to take away all fear of death of every kind ;” and he told them of the full assurance which had been given him that his sins were forgiven for his Saviour's sake, and urged upon each one to come to Christ now, to make their peace with

God in the time of health, and not to put it off until their dying day. He then thanked them individually for all their kind attentions to him during his illness, and, as he took leave of each one, earnestly asked them to meet him in heaven. On this evening he said, "This has been such a happy day, the happiest I have ever spent;" though all through the day his sufferings had been very great.

When settled for the night, he said to his brother and the nurse who were with him, "Let us pray," and then himself uttered a very fervent prayer and thanksgiving, and afterwards, being too weak to pray vocally himself, he several times that night asked his brother to pray for him. To the nurse, who had been his almost constant attendant during his illness, he said, "No one can know what suffering I have passed through except you and me." On Sixth-day morning, whilst with his mother, she said to him that he had been very patient, and he replied, "Have I been patient? I am so glad, so glad you think so."

He was much more feeble this day than he had been the day before, so that he was not able to give so much expression to his feeling, but from his countenance, and from the few words

he could speak, it was very evident that he was still filled with the same heavenly peace and joy. In the course of the day, when very weak, he repeated the words, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ?" At another time, on awakening out of a deep sleep, he said that he had thought he was almost gone, adding the words "Prayer and praise."

He lingered through Sixth-day night, but very little more was spoken. His mother was with him early the next morning, and he said, "It won't be long now." She replied, "No dear, not long,—soon be clothed with the white robe of righteousness," to which he sweetly assented. His last words, just before he passed away, have already been alluded to, which showed so plainly the bright hope with which he was enabled through redeeming love to look forward to the glories of that eternal world into which his spirit was just entering. He passed away at half-past six on the morning of Seventh-day, the 30th of Sixth month. For him death was indeed swallowed up in victory.

Throughout his illness he had been very

fond of having the 23rd and 103rd Psalms read to him, responding often to those parts which speak of God's goodness to the soul. He also frequently referred to the first two verses of Isaiah xl. : "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God," &c. The portions of Revelation xxi. and xxii. in which the new heaven and the new earth are described seemed also specially precious to him, particularly the part which speaks of "The river of water of life, pure as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb," on hearing which he would frequently exclaim, "Won't it be beautiful?" A clergyman who knew him and often came to see him, said that he had attended many death-beds, but he did not remember one where, from a young man, he had heard such undoubted assurance of an entrance into everlasting rest. And all who were with him, seeing his faith and joy and the atmosphere of heaven in which he seemed to live, felt that they, too, had been brought nearer to the realities of that blessed home where he has gone, and where he so longed that *all* whom he loved might follow him.

JOHN ENOCK, 48 26 6 mo. 1883

*Sibford Gower.* An Elder.

- THOMAS EVANS, 84 18 8 mo. 1883  
*Plymouth.*
- ANDERS EVERTSEN, 72 16 5 mo. 1883  
*Late of Stavanger, Norway.* Died at Critch,  
near Ambergorte.
- SARAH EVES, 83 25 6 mo. 1883  
*Rathgar, Dublin.*
- SAMUEL FAYLE, *Clonmel.* 87 2 12 mo. 1882  
An Elder.
- HENRY B. FLETCHER, 9 18 1 mo. 1883  
*Whitehaven.* Son of Henry A. and Lucy M.  
Fletcher.
- MARY FLETCHER, 40 5 5 mo. 1883  
*Atherton, Leigh.*
- MARY FOX, *Plymouth.* 83 27 5 mo. 1883
- PETER FRANCE, 72 14 2 mo. 1883  
*Handsworth Woodhouse.* An Elder.
- ELIZA FRANKLAND, 77 27 12 mo. 1882  
*Kendal.* Widow of John Frankland.
- FRANCIS EDGAR FRITH, 19 14 6 mo. 1883  
*Reigate.* Son of Francis and Mary Ann Frith.
- GEORGE STACEY GIBSON,  
*Saffron Walden.* 64 5 4 mo. 1883  
G. S. Gibson, was the son of Wyatt George  
and Deborah Gibson, of Saffron Walden, in Essex,  
and was born on the 20th of Seventh month, 1818.  
The lives of both his parents were influenced by

strong religious principles ; above all things they desired to do what was right themselves, and to train their child in the love of God, and the habit of preferring duty to pleasure. His father's character was remarkable for great kindness and courtesy to all ; his mother's was marked by strong powers of mind and clear judgment, in which points, as in many others, her son much resembled her. He early displayed an interest in natural history, which was fostered in him by his aunt, Mary Gibson, to whom he was much attached, and who almost filled to him the place of an elder sister.

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At the age of nine he was sent to school at Grove House, Tottenham, then under the superintendence of T. and M. Binns, of whose judicious care he often spoke in after years. He remained at this school until he was eighteen, and it was during the latter part of his stay there that he became the subject of deep religious impressions, bringing him to a strong sense of his natural condition as a sinner before God, and his need of a Saviour ; and he appears at this time to have seen clearly the way of salvation through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The journal which he kept then, and for some time afterwards, testifies strongly to his prayerful and

watchful walk with God, and explains the ground of the marked conscientiousness and humility which distinguished him through life, and, more truly perhaps than many words would have done, proved the reality of his Christian faith.

“ In little things of common life  
There lies the Christian’s noblest strife,  
When he does conscience make  
Of every thought and throb within,  
And words and looks of self and sin,  
Crushes, for Jesus’ sake.”—*Monzell*.

One extract from his journal may suffice to show the ground of his hope. After speaking of his frequent failures in duty he says,—“ There is no hope for me but through the blood of Christ ; oh, then, may I come unto Him for pardon and reconciliation to God, believing in His atonement and intercession, that thus being justified by faith in Him I may have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

About this time, 1836 and 1837, a large amount of controversy and unsettlement existed in the Society of Friends as to the rectitude or otherwise of their distinguishing views, and many of the immediate relatives and friends of the circle in which G. S. Gibson lived, left the Society, and thus he was led into a serious

examination of the points in which they differ from other Christians, resulting in his own case in a firm attachment to the principles and practices in which he had been educated. He was an earnest and critical student of Scripture, often carrying in his pocket a small Greek Testament, and he was always ready to be referred to as to the exact place of any text in Scripture, which his frequent study and retentive memory generally enabled him to supply.

In 1840 he became a partner in the Essex and Saffron Walden Bank with his father and uncles. His leisure time was spent in study of various kinds, especially of botany and other branches of natural history, which he pursued with the untiring zeal he put into everything he undertook. He became a member of the Linnæan Society, and in 1862 published a "Flora of Essex." His reading on all subjects was very extensive and varied, and he was a large collector of books, beginning when at Tottenham School by buying them at old bookstalls in London. The establishment of a museum in Saffron Walden was also an object of great interest to him, and it is still one of the best of country museums.

In the year 1845 he was married to a daughter of Samuel Tuke, an event which the more tended

to his happiness, as it brought him into a large cheerful family of young people, which was a special enjoyment to him, after the isolated life he had led as an only child. The conversation and pursuits of his father-in-law, Samuel Tuke, were also of great service to him by enlarging his circle of interests and thus developing his mental power in fresh directions.

After the death of his own father in 1861, he entered more actively into the various interests of the town in which he lived, becoming a member of the Town Council, and during two years acting as Mayor, also filling the post of Guardian of the Poor, in which position his discrimination and real feeling for the poor made him very useful. During the last year or two of his life he acted as a magistrate.

The strong interest which G. S. Gibson felt in the religious life of the body to which he belonged, manifested itself in a diligent attendance of their various meetings, and he was soon found to possess qualifications which fitted him rather peculiarly to act as Clerk in meetings of this kind. After considerable experience in his own Quarterly Meeting, he was chosen to fill the office, first of Assistant and then of Clerk in the Yearly Meeting during three years. He also

acted as Clerk for some years to the Meeting for Sufferings, and while feeling very strongly the importance of such a position, his real love for this kind of work, and his sound judgment and courtesy to all, rendered his services of much value to his friends. In the work of the Bible Society, and of the London City Mission, he took an active part, aiding them both by liberal subscriptions, and in the management of the local branches. His outward possessions were largely increased after the decease of his parents, and he keenly felt the responsibility of possessing more than was requisite for the simple habits and tastes for which he had a decided preference. He often spoke feelingly of his desire to act as steward of the talent thus bestowed upon him, and both in public charities and in private cases requiring help he was anxiously concerned to do what was right. Large means added to his cares rather than to his happiness.

A friend who knew G. S. G. well writes :—

“ Many will read the simple record of George Stacey Gibson, and recalling what his life and example taught them, will desire that in this day of much religious effort and active work for the Master, there might be more servants such as he was, ready to sympathise with and to help

forward all good, but quick to discern the true from the false.

“Plain-spoken, and seldom speaking at all until he had formed a matured opinion, he was able to restrain too-impetuous natures with a wise loving word, and to sum up the deliberations of an assembly with moderation and consideration for the feelings of all.

“Perhaps no fitter description of him and of his life can be given than in the words of the motto belonging to his mother’s family—‘*Res non verba.*’

“ ‘Not his the golden pen’s or lip’s persuasion,  
But a fine sense of right,  
And Truth’s directness, meeting each occasion  
Straight as a line of light.’

“The teaching of his daily life was by powerful far-reaching example. ‘Life is real, life is earnest.’ ‘Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.’

“He grudged no amount of costly or toilsome research to verify a fact or to arrive at the true understanding of anything with which he had to deal. Conscientiously, and often to his own physical loss, he considered the constant demands made upon his well-balanced mind, for counsel in difficulty, as if each were the only one, and

that one his own affair rather than another's. Once satisfied as to what was right, he gave the substantial help which his wealth enabled him to do, readily and liberally. Many can recall how the coveted advice or the needed help was given with that graceful humility, that beautiful 'esteem for others as better than himself,' which left the impression that he would fain have the recipient consider that he was conferring a benefit by receiving one.

"The gatherings round his table at the local meetings of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in which he took a deep interest, well picture him as the rallying point round whom men of diverse views could centre. A Friend himself, as has been said, by conviction as well as by education, he was careful never to wound the sensibilities of a fellow-Christian.

"His silence when the character or actions of other men were discussed to their disadvantage, his readiness to bring forward some pleasant trait, and his refusal to believe any evil till it had been proved, were often reproofs never to be forgotten. Perhaps he possessed the 'charity that hopeth all things, and thinketh no evil,' almost to a fault. No wonder that more than one of his fellow-townsmen were heard to say, after he had

gone away for ever, 'If it were needful for me to be judged by any *man*, I would have chosen George Stacey Gibson!' We picture him as the earnest student of nature exercising remarkably acute powers of observation; as the cultured scholar among his books; as the public man earnestly sought after to fill difficult places. In touching contrast, and yet in harmony, is the testimony of a simple aged man living in a village a few miles from his home, and written to a grandchild in the Orphanage:—

“‘I have lost a true friend. He was the only one who ever stopped me in the street to ask about my grandchildren. The last time . . . . we parted with an allusion to the Lord Jesus Christ as the one ground of our hope.’

“Men of all ages and classes came to mourn around the grave of him upon whom they had leaned—perhaps too much. A great pulse was stilled in what seemed the zenith of usefulness and blessing to others. But while they mourned, they thanked God for ‘the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind,’ which He had given.”

Early in 1883 a committee was formed for the purpose of reorganising the Book of Practice and Discipline of the Society of Friends, and to

this committee G. S. Gibson was appointed Clerk. He was also one of three or four Friends who undertook the arranging and writing of the papers connected with it. This involved much thought and fatigue, in frequent visits to London to meet his coadjutors in the work. At the end of Second month, though suffering from poor health, he went up to the Conference on this subject, and persevered in attending all the meetings, and was then obliged to give up to nursing and medical treatment. He was unable to return home, and after a few weeks, during which there were many fluctuations of hope and fear, and in which much suffering was borne with great patience and frequent expression of thankfulness for the alleviations he enjoyed, he quietly passed away on the 5th of Fourth month, 1883.

“ The morning shall awaken,  
The shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day.

“ There God, our King and Portion,  
In fulness of His grace,  
Shall we behold for ever,  
And worship face to face.”

JULIA HANNAH GILLETT,

14 26 8 mo. 1883

SARAH MARTHA B. GILLETT,

11 10 10 mo. 1883

Children of George and Hannah E. Gillett of  
Camden Road, London.

HERBERT L. GILPIN, 17 mos. 24 6 mo. 1883

*Nottingham.* Son of Charles L. and Janet  
Gilpin.

EDITH GLAISYER, 33 6 12 mo. 1882

*Birmingham.* Wife of Henry Glaisyer.

HARRIET GODDARD, 68 13 5 mo. 1883

*Slough.*

BURWOOD GODLEE, 80 9 12 mo. 1882

*Lewes.*

HANNAH MARY GRACE, 39 25 11 mo. 1882

*Bristol.* Wife of Henry Grace.

JOHN B. GRAHAM, 2 16 1 mo. 1883

SOPHIA B. GRAHAM,

*Fox Rock, Dublin.* 14 mos. 8 8 mo. 1883

Children of John Graham.

LYDIA GRAHAM, 33 13 11 mo. 1882

*Birmingham.* Wife of Joseph L. Graham.

THOMAS ELI GREATHEAD,

*Manchester.* 80 6 4 mo. 1883

MARIA GREGG, *Lisburn.* 79 21 5 mo. 1883

Daughter of Dominick and Mary Ann Gregg.

MARIA GREGORY, <i>Yatton.</i>	75	14	11 mo.	1882
ELIZABETH GREEN, <i>Hillsborough.</i> Wife of William Green.	84	15	8 mo.	1882
JACOB GREEN, <i>Hillsborough.</i>	76	10	12 mo.	1882
SARAH A. GREEN,	34	18	2 mo.	1883
GEORGINA L. GREEN, Wife and Child of John Orr Green, of Hillsborough.	2	22	1 mo.	1883
LOUISA GRIPPER, <i>Holloway, London.</i> Widow of Henry Gripper.	56	2	9 mo.	1883
PHOEBE HAIGH, <i>Highflatts.</i> Widow of Uriah Haigh.	88	5	12 mo.	1882
MARY HALL, <i>Scarborough.</i>	85	30	12 mo.	1882
MARY HALL, <i>Folkestone.</i>	80	18	4 mo.	1883
SARAH HALLIDAY, <i>Belfast.</i> Widow of William Halliday.	87	21	5 mo.	1883
ISABELLA A. HANDLEY, <i>Sedbergh.</i> Daughter of John and Margaret Handley.	5	8	9 mo.	1883
JAMES FROST HARGRAVES, <i>Oldham.</i>	53	7	10 mo.	1882
SAMUEL HARRIS, <i>Newtown, Waterford.</i>	84	12	6 mo.	1883
SMITH HARRISON, <i>Woodford, Essex.</i>	65	2	8 mo.	1883

JOHN HARTAS,	70	31	3 mo.	1883
<i>Kirby Moorside.</i>				
ANN REBECCA HARVEY,	65	2	7 mo.	1883
<i>Plaistow. Widow of John B. Harvey.</i>				
THOMAS REED HARVEY,	65	15	3 mo.	1883
<i>Plaistow.</i>				
WILLIAM HAYDOCK,	84	19	8 mo.	1883
<i>Rathangan.</i>				
CHARLES HAYWARD,	86	15	12 mo.	1882
<i>Godalming.</i>				

There are not a few in different parts of the country who will remember Charles Hayward as a man of remarkable geniality, kindness, and intelligence, of extensive reading, and acquaintance with almost every department of literature and art. There was in his case the unusual combination of a child-like freshness and simplicity of character with a love of disquisition and intellectual subtleties, which at one time led him into danger as regards his Christian faith. This experience may account for the keen interest shown in his later years in every effort to set forth the truth in a manner likely to commend it to cultivated minds, and to meet the difficulties to which such are liable. He loved to sympathise with, and to assist any, in honest inquiry after truth. Not long before his death,

he had the joy of receiving from one such inquirer, a very grateful acknowledgment that the intercourse with him had led to the renunciation of "the cheerless dreary teachings of Agnosticism," and to the conviction of religious truth. The confirmation of Bible history that has been afforded by recent discoveries was a source of lively interest, and his letters contain animated reference to these. But "Jesus and the Resurrection" was the theme on which he specially delighted to dwell.

Though scrupulously correct in conduct, it was not until later life that the Christian character of Charles Hayward was fully developed. Some severe trials and disappointments had been his portion. In 1876 he lost his beloved wife, after a close union of nearly fifty years. She had left home on hearing of the illness of a sister then in the first days of her widowhood, and after ministering consolation to the bereaved family, Maria Hayward saw the husband and wife laid in the same grave.\* Her own health was feeble, and an attack of pleurisy ran a rapid course. Her husband reached the dying-bed

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\* A notice of these events will be found in the *Annual Monitor* for 1877. The name of the brother and sister was Slade.

only in time to receive her last "look of unutterable love." Not often has bitter sorrow yielded more of the peaceable fruits of righteousness. The blow was sudden and it was heavy, yet he was enabled to say with heartfelt submission, "Thy will be done." Sustained by an unwavering faith, and aided, doubtless, by a buoyancy of natural temperament, his sorrow, though tender and life-long, had no tincture of gloom. And his remaining years, spent in the home of affectionate relatives, were full of varied interest and even enjoyment. The calm confidence of assured faith continued to be the attitude of mind with which as old age advanced upon him C. Hayward awaited the last summons. As nature from time to time gave warnings of failing strength, this faith was often tried, not severely, as with some, but gently, and as it were mercifully ; but it ever seemed to burn brighter and clearer, and drew forth from him expressions of entire confidence and repose of mind upon that which alone can bring peace at last.

To his steadfast hold on the doctrine of Friends was added a generous openness of mind which was ever ready to seek the truth wherever it might be, and to acknowledge it freely when found in other forms of worship as well as in

those with which he was most intimately connected. Rarely is an old man met with who can so draw the minds of others to himself, whether old, young, or middle aged, by sympathy with their own ideas; or more ready to associate mentally with all the progress of the times, in religious thought, scientific research or artistic development. But with all this he could say, and he often repeated it, that nothing could separate him from the love of God in Christ Jesus.

C. Hayward took much delight in nature as well as in art. He sometimes sought to give expression to his thoughts and feelings in literary efforts, both in prose and poetry. In the following lines he traces some of the thoughts expressed in the 13th chapter of the First of Corinthians :—

“ Though melodies float on the air  
As if an angel’s voice were there,  
Or Eloquence with gilded speech  
Essay her purposes to teach,  
Vain as the trumpet’s hollow blast  
Or sound from tinkling cymbal cast,  
Will be the words the heart to move,  
Without the fervent glow of Love.  
Though sacred fanes be reared on high,  
Or alms its bounty free supply,

Unless that Love shall prompt the deed,  
It lacks what else would be its meed.  
What if the martyr's stake I dare,  
Yet Love must find acceptance there.  
Though knowledge wide may gain applause,  
And lucid make mysterious laws,  
Yet Wisdom's voice will still proclaim,  
That Love excels, outlasts her fame.  
Though Faith will seek her steps to guide,  
And Hope walk buoyant at her side,  
They from the path of truth will stray,  
If Love shall not direct the way.  
When earthquake rifts this globe divide,  
And sun and stars their lustre hide,  
Yet Love immortal and divine  
Will still survive—for ever shine."

From his sick bed, but a short time before his death, he wrote to a friend :—

*"Hazel Bank,*

*"Eleventh month 29th, 1882.*

". . . I shall attempt to report my present condition. Extreme debility, but free from pain. If there be tears for mourning there is also weeping for joy on receiving thy kind sympathy and the kind interest of friends, for what am I to merit it? Surviving beyond expectation, it would seem for some purpose, as if to testify, through personal experience to the validity of

the truth as taught by Jesus, and exemplified for our finite human conceptions by His Apostles. Metaphysically speaking, it seems to me that we possess in the Biblical treasury a perfect analysis of our moral condition and relation to our Creator.

“I would earnestly incite my young friends to strive to grasp immutable moral truth from immaculate lips. No one can make greater allowance for the seductions and inexperience of youth, or the perplexities, anxieties, and perils of the current of life, its temporal obligations, as well as its spiritual necessities. In this hour of solemn contemplation, the mighty truths revealed, of surpassing grandeur as well as supremely important, are even of more demonstrative certainty than material scientific problems—comprehensive and embracing all social conditions—the very humblest, equally or even more so, than the highly cultured—yes, as the common air, and light, and other elements. I could amplify, but bodily power is unequal to the attempt, even if it were of any purport, from such a worm as myself. Excuse, dear cousin, my desire, humble as I feel it, to bear witness to the realities of a higher life. . . . Fatigue prevents me from perusing what I have written, so I must plead for thy kind consideration in my feeble

effort to proclaim the wisdom, the faithfulness, the unutterable, boundless love of God, manifested in His regenerative and redemptive provision. Remembrance, grateful remembrance, to my friends, . . . ever cherishing the memory of Christian sympathy in the hour of my severest human trial,—the separation from my beloved Maria, the special blessing of my lot.

“ Nothing can exceed the attention of F. and L., and the family, and my friends. . . .

“ With a heart abounding in love, and I hope all-embracing Christian charity, I can substitute no other word,—affectionately adieu !

“ CHARLES HAYWARD.”

For a long time before the end came he expressed himself as quite ready to depart, though not because of weariness of his stay here, or from want of occupation of mind or body, but because it seemed to him, as to the Apostle Paul, to be “ far better.” To a friend who called upon him he spoke of the comfort he felt in the reality of religion, which was no cunningly devised fable ; and he wished his friends to know that as the outward man decayed, the beautiful calm and the light inwardly were unspeakable ; he could not describe it ; beyond all his pain something seemed to hold him up, such a good foundation,

such a firm foundation, he had not a doubt, not a single doubt. A few days before he died he repeated some lines sent him by a friend, which, he said, just described his feeling.

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

On another occasion he said :—“ I am now in the valley, but I see a light at the end of it, and shall soon be lost in the full blaze of it.” His nurse said that during the ten months she had been with him she had never heard him utter an impatient word, and at the close, after he had thanked her for all that she had done for him, the last words she heard him utter were—“ Cling close to Jesus, *love Him, love Him*; it is no cunningly devised fable, it is all real.”

He died at Hazel Bank, near Godalming, just after attaining his 86th year, and was buried in the cemetery at Godalming on the 19th of Twelfth month, 1882.

MARY HEGINBOTHAM, 71 4 3 mo. 1883  
*Hyde, Cheshire.* Wife of Robert Heginbotham.

HENRY HICKS, <i>Chelmsford.</i>	52	3	8 mo.	1883
THOMAS HILL, <i>Waterford.</i>	76	6	7 mo.	1883
JOHN DICKINSON HINDE, <i>Late of Maryport.</i>	22	29	3 mo.	1883
Son of the late Robert and Ann Hinde.				
MARIA HODGSON, <i>Altrincham.</i>	80	8	4 mo.	1883
Widow of Thomas Hodgson.				
MARTHA HODGSON, <i>Keighley.</i>	71	24	7 mo.	1883
Widow of Daniel Hodgson.				
ROBERT HORNE, <i>Tuffnell Park, London.</i>	69	3	4 mo.	1883
RACHEL HORSFALL, <i>(née Goundry,) Balaclava, near Melbourne.</i>	62	15	7 mo.	1881
Wife of J. A. Horsfall.				
SUSANNA HUGHES, <i>Cork.</i>	65	14	11 mo.	1882
Daughter of Benjamin and Sarah Hughes.				
ELLEN HURTLEY, <i>Brighouse.</i>	38	2	7 mo.	1883
Wife of James Hurtley.				
JOSEPH HUSTLER, <i>Rawdon.</i>	79	7	2 mo.	1883
CONSTANCE M. HUTCHINSON, <i>Witton-le-Wear.</i>	9	9	1 mo.	1883
Daughter of Edward Hutchinson.				
WILLIAM EVANS HUTCHINSON, <i>Leicester.</i>	76	6	12 mo.	1882
An Elder.				

- ISABELLA INGLIS, 72 26 2 mo. 1883  
*Kilmarnock.* Widow of Hugh Inglis.
- FLORENCE MAY IMPEY, 34 26 4 mo. 1882  
*Birmingham.* Wife of William Impey, Jun.
- SAMUEL PIM JACKSON, 72 6 2 mo. 1883  
*Bristol.*
- LUCY JACOB, *Dublin.* 7 21 3 mo. 1883  
 Daughter of Anthony P. Jacob.
- MARY ANN JOHNSON, 43 1 4 mo. 1883  
*Southport.* Widow of George William Johnson.

She was the daughter of Jasper Capper, of Birkenhead, and granddaughter of the late Samuel Capper, of Bristol.

“Ye looked on one, a well-wrought stone, a saint of  
 God matured ;  
 What chisellings that heart had felt ! what chastening  
 strokes endured !  
 But marked ye not that last soft touch, what perfect  
 grace it gave,  
 Ere Jesus bore His servant home across the darksome  
 wave ? ”

“That ye may be partakers of His holiness,”  
 is the high design of a thrice holy God in the  
 suffering He permits His children, and in M. A.  
 Johnson’s case that design was most sweetly  
 fulfilled. Those who lived with her could not

fail to notice her growing conformity to the image of her Saviour, and not a few who saw her even for a short time, took knowledge of her that she had been with Jesus.

The loss of her husband after a few hours' illness, when away from home, was most keenly felt by her. George W. Johnson was one who to human judgment could be ill spared. In the intervals of business during his last journey he was occupied for his Lord. "Give me plenty to do," he wrote to a friend in Glasgow; and very glad the Christians there were of his help. On the morning of his last Sabbath he spoke very impressively at the Friends' meeting, and in the evening addressed some thousands, saying afterwards to a Friend, "What a wonderful Master we serve!"

He spent the evening previous to his illness in a social circle, and was full of spirits, joining in singing hymns, &c., with the younger part of the company, and seeming perfectly well. He came down to breakfast the next morning and spoke of headache, but said they need not be at all anxious, for he had, he said playfully, "a trick of being ill at his friends' houses." They, however, wished their own family physician to see him, who told them Mr. J. was quite right, it

was just a bilious attack, and would soon pass off. He had a suffering night, but in the morning seemed rather better, though he concluded not to continue his journey that day. Suddenly, the kind lady who was sitting with him noticed a change in his appearance, and going hastily to his side said, "Oh, Mr. Johnson, you are not going to leave us are you?" He looked up at her with an expression of unearthly brightness, as though he might have just recognised "the King in His beauty," and, after a few short breathings was with his Lord. M. A. J. received the telegram at night; she had been told its contents. "Oh," she said, afterwards, "I could not look at it, I felt stunned. I could not weep; I could scarcely think." In her Bible, soon after, she underlined the passage, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because *Thou* didst it!" "I had thought," she said, "that I could scarcely ever *bear* to think calmly of the death of my little Nellie; I felt I *could not bow*; but when our Father brought this greater sorrow, I could do nothing else."

Most of her married life was spent at Aughton, near Ormskirk, and perhaps the union had been as happy as any that could be known on earth. G. W. J.'s loss was keenly felt, both in this

district and in Birkenhead, where he had begun a life of great usefulness. Meetings for young men, &c., held in his own large parlour, will long be remembered with pleasure, and many schemes of usefulness are still being carried on in various places which he had set on foot.

Jasper Capper's sudden death followed closely upon that of his son-in-law, and was another great shock to M. A. J.; but in this case there was great cause for thankfulness that a long life was so painlessly closed.

M. A. J. had many other sorrows, and they increased as the end of the journey was close upon her; but she was calm, and even joyful, under them all. She knew where to cast her burden, and though the future at times looked very cloudy, her faith was strong that God's sunshine would make all things clear, and that she should be helped through. But there was to be no future for her. Her Father saw that she could bear no more, and had prepared for her a joyful surprise.

After a severe cold with inflammation, through which her friends were told that she was passing safely, a fresh doctor startled them with the words, "She is dying now, and ought to be told." It was a bright afternoon, the 1st of Fourth month. The sun was streaming into her room when her

sister went to her, sorrowful with the sad tidings. She calmly put the question, "Well, dear, what do the doctors say?" "They say thou art *very* ill, dear!" "Does that mean there is no hope?" "Yes, darling, thou art going to God!" "Really," she said, in a tone of great surprise; "how little we thought a week ago that it would come to this; send for Aunt L——" She was told there would not be time, when she said, "It is all right; how long do they think it will be?" "Perhaps till midnight, dear!" "So soon!" then followed a time of perfect stillness, when, turning to her aunt, she said, earnestly, "Aunt S——, tell me, is it possible? can it really be? can they really do nothing for me?" "She was told it was quite true, she was very near the glorious home where so many dear ones were already gathered. Again there was solemn stillness, in which she seemed communing with her Saviour. She said, "I must reserve my strength for my children," and when these tenderly loved ones came in she spoke most cheerfully. "You remember we have been reading Pilgrim's Progress, and don't you recollect when Christiana came to the river she waited there till a message was sent for her to go over?" Then she added, solemnly, "*That message has come to mamma!*" She begged them

often to think of her and their papa ; reminded L—— of what his papa wished for him, that he should grow up a useful Christian man. She begged them all to meet her in heaven ; after which exhaustion kept her silent for some time.

And now the last conflict began, but the river she had entered had not “overflowed its banks at that time.” She saw the Heavenly Joshua before her, and without a fear and in *perfect* peace she set herself for the journey. Her sister said to her, “We will go with thee to the very brink of the river, dear, and then the Lord Himself will take thee over.” “Yes,” she said, “in Him is my trust, my only hope is in Him !” The nurse said, “You will finish your Sabbath in Heaven, Mrs. Johnson,” she replied brightly, “Do you really think so ? how very nice.”

A few more breathings and all was over ; but so peaceful, so perfectly fearless had been the passage that we could hardly believe the words when they were whispered, “Jordan’s passed !”

“There is bliss, there is bliss in the regions above,  
They have opened the gates of the sky,  
A spirit hath soared to those mansions of love,  
And waits for admission on high ;

And friends long divided are hasting to meet  
 In a land where no sorrow may come,  
 And the seraphs are eager a sister to greet,  
 And to welcome a child to its home.

“ There is bliss, there is bliss at the foot of the throne ;  
 See the spirit all purified bend ;  
 And it beams with delight as it gazes alone  
 On the face of a Father, a Friend.  
 Then it joins in the anthems for ever that rise,  
 And, its frailties and follies forgiven,  
 It is dead to the earth and new born for the skies ;  
 And *this* is the portion of Heaven.”

MORDECAI JOHNSON,      80   18   1 mo.   1883

*Tullamore.*

BARTON RUSSELL KEWELL,

*Stoke Newington.*      82   24   11 mo.   1882

HENRY KEYMER,      85   13   8 mo.   1883

*Kettering.*

HENRY KING, *Lothersdale.* 72   4   11 mo.   1882

CHARLES KITCHING,      72   1   11 mo.   1882

*Ipswich.*

Charles Kitching was the fourth son of Nainby and Sarah Kitching, of Hull, and was born on the 29th of Eleventh month, 1809. At an early age he became conscious of the strivings of good and evil within him, and was no stranger to the temptations of the enemy of souls. After

leaving Ackworth School, he was apprenticed to a Friend at Chatteris, in whose family he received much kind care ; and at this period his youthful heart became deeply impressed with the love of God, which led him into much serious thoughtfulness, as well as consistency of conduct. One of his fellow-apprentices says that during the six years spent with him, not one unpleasant word ever passed between them, and that he was scrupulously exact in all his conduct, and was well established in fundamental religious truth, as well as in the tenets of the Society of Friends. His business life was spent at Haverhill, in Suffolk, a small country town, at that time possessing few advantages either religious or social.

In 1841 Charles Kitching was married to Frances, daughter of Isaac Wright, of Haverhill. For some years after this union, he had to pass through deep affliction, in which, however, he proved the language true, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and as he patiently submitted to the Divine will, he found the Comforter near to sustain him.

Whilst actively engaged in business it was his aim to maintain an upright, conscientious walk, which won for him the esteem and respect of those with whom he came in contact. He took

kindly interest in the welfare of the poor, to whom he often gave practical advice and help, his sympathy with and ability to relieve physical suffering being frequently called into exercise. He was warmly attached to the principles of Friends, and was a diligent attender of the little meeting to which he belonged ; and when at one period it involved the closing of his shop on the week-days, this duty and privilege were not neglected, even though he at times had to sit alone. As these meetings were for years held in silence, the visits of Friends travelling in the ministry were much valued by the few who attended them, and it is believed that the Gospel seed sown by faithful men and women who visited them from time to time, found an entrance into their hearts, and in the case of C. K. sprang up and bore fruit, to the praise of the Great Husbandman.

On retiring from business, in 1865, he continued to manifest kindly interest in those less favoured than himself, and devoted much time to a systematic distribution of tracts. The sick and afflicted also were comforted by his bedside visits and tender sympathy with suffering.

As an Elder he sought to be faithful to his trust, deeply feeling his own unworthiness, yet

desiring to encourage others. His voice was frequently heard in meetings for worship and at the family altar in solemn earnest petitions and short exhortations, which were helpful to some who like himself were not always able to rejoice in the full assurance of salvation, and who knew much of the conflicts incident to the Christian life. The efficacy of a Saviour's blood to cleanse from *all sin*, and His power to "save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him," were themes he loved to dwell upon, and as he contemplated the marvellous mercy of God towards one so sinful and unworthy as he felt himself to be, the language of thanksgiving and praise were often upon his lips.

About ten years before his decease a very severe attack of illness greatly prostrated his strength. This was a time of remarkable visitation to his soul, and he was favoured with sweet views of Jesus as pictured in the Song of Solomon, and with a sense of his acceptance in the Beloved. On becoming convalescent his great fear was lest, in returning from the Border Land, his Heavenly Father's purpose concerning him should be frustrated; but the power that had raised him up was able to keep him, and the remainder of his life was spent as with eternity in view, and his

loving, gentle spirit offered many a teaching lesson, and exercised an influence for good on those around.

He removed to Ipswich in 1872, being thus placed amongst a larger circle of Friends, with increased social and religious privileges, which he the more appreciated from contrast with his former isolation. Within a few years, however, his strength rapidly declined, and after repeated attacks of illness borne with much Christian patience, nature gave way, and he gently and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus.

“Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost.”

SARAH DOUGLAS LAMB, 50 6 10 mo. 1882  
*Dublin.* Daughter of the late Joshua and Mary Lamb.

EDWARD LAWSON, 76 17 1 mo. 1883  
*Stanningley, near Bradford.*

THOMAS WILLIAM LESTER,  
*Penrith.* 16 14 4 mo. 1883  
Son of Thomas and Christiana Lester.

This little account is printed in the hope that some of his schoolfellows, as well as others, may be encouraged to seek the Lord while young in

years, and take Him as their Guide and Counsellor ; that so they may be fitted for true happiness and usefulness in this life, or prepared for an early death, if this should be the will of their Heavenly Father.

For a time previous to his leaving home, Willie was under the tuition of a curate of the Church of England, who thus alludes to him after his decease :—" I think Willie as a child really trusted and loved his Saviour ; he was always so reverent when the Holy Scriptures were being read, and when I knelt down to pray with the children that they might all be like the Holy Child Jesus."

He afterwards went to Ackworth School. It was whilst there that his mind became awakened to his personal need of a Saviour ; but, as is the experience of many, he could not look back upon any particular date when he first gave himself to the Lord. It was apparent to those who knew him most intimately that as the love of God increasingly filled his heart, he gradually yet surely yielded himself up to the Lord's will.

In the spring of 1880 he had a very severe attack of rheumatic fever. It was evident that during this illness and afterwards, there was a more decided change of heart wrought in him

than heretofore. When he was well enough he was removed home, where he continued some months, and spent a good deal of his time in his favourite pursuit of natural history. He was a most assiduous collector of entomological and botanical specimens, and during his last five years procured almost entirely by his own exertions upwards of 600 different specimens of Lepidoptera and Coleoptera; whilst during his last term at school he gained the first prize for a botanical collection, gathering and carefully preserving 102 different species.

His love for pet animals and living creatures of every kind was most intense, and this was undoubtedly the secret of his success in taming and gathering around him so many members of his "happy family." They seemed to know that he loved and would therefore never harm them.

In the spring of 1881 he resumed school duties; this time at Dunesville, near Southport. Here, by his gentle, loving and unobtrusive ways, he very soon became a favourite amongst the boys. He was hearty at games, diligent in his studies, persevering in his leisure pursuits, and above all a thoroughly earnest Christian school-boy. Nor was his Christianity, as is too often the case, brought out only on First-days.

but he carried it into his every-day actions and life.

An extract from a letter from one of his schoolmasters runs thus:—"We were greatly grieved to learn from the card received yesterday morning, that your dear Willie had passed to his rest, and that his promising, and, I can truly say, useful though brief life, had been thus early closed. His career in our school has left its mark for good behind it, I can thankfully acknowledge, and his memory will be fragrant here while any of those who were his fellow-pupils remain with us. During his last year at school—especially, when his judgment became more mature, and his intellectual tastes more strongly developed, I could not help noticing how, in a gentle and almost unconscious way, the religious tone of his character deepened. That sweet and pure calm that sometimes comes to gentle souls that our Father has marked for His own, and is about to call away from the conflicts of this stormy world, seemed settling down upon him, and sometimes this very circumstance suggested to me the thought that he might not be long for earth, though his health seemed better than it had been for some time previously."

One of his schoolfellows, in writing, says:—

“Willie and I were in the same bedroom for a year, with several other boys, and I never knew him to do anything wrong or to permit anything wrong as far as he could help it. Regularly every Sunday while we were at Dunesville together he and I used to go and lie down upon a sand hill and talk about religion. These talks with him always did me a lot of good.”

He left school to enter upon business life at the end of 1882, loved and respected by all his teachers and schoolfellows; for kind and loving ways, the outcome of a heart touched and filled with the greater love of God, are sure to draw around the owner many a true and fervent friend. The Christmas holidays were spent with his usual joviality and fun, and the merry smile that played upon his face told more plainly than words of peace and happiness within.

On the 29th of First month he was again taken ill with rheumatic fever. This very quickly reduced him, and though he kept his bed for eleven weeks and often suffered intense pain, it cannot be remembered that a murmur of any kind ever escaped his lips; his great calmness and patience were marked features during his illness. On the 9th of Second month, on being told it was very doubtful as to how this illness would terminate,

he asked, "Does the doctor think I shall not get better?" To which his mother replied, "He did not say that, but, the mischief being about the heart, we know it is very serious." Presently he said, "Mamma, I should have liked before I died to have done something for Jesus." She told him that while he was lying there so calm and patient, though often suffering much pain, he was teaching lessons to those around him, and in that way, although it might seem small, he was doing some service for his Master. Soon afterwards he said, "I should like to die if I thought that I should go to heaven." To which his mother replied, "It is 'not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us,'"  
&c. "Yes, mamma," he said, "I've often thought of that ; *that* is my only hope."

Once when speaking on the subject of prayer he said, "I have had many of my prayers answered ; during the last two examinations at school, I knew I had no chance of keeping my place in class, but I asked God that I might, and I did ; it was just in answer to prayer, nothing else." At another time he said, "Mamma, 'Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' He *never* changes." After awhile,—  
"What a nice text that is, 'Him that cometh to

Me, I will in no wise cast out.' John said it to me this morning. I had not thought of it lately, but *it is so nice.*"

The next morning he asked what the doctor thought of him now. His mother told him he was not yet out of danger, but that there was some improvement, which the doctor was pleased with, and hoped it might continue.

After a pause he said, "Mamma, I shall be disappointed if I don't die, I've been looking forward to it." She told him, "If it was his Heavenly Father's will He would take him to Himself, and that if he did not die now, it would be because God had further work for him to do here ;" when he said, "I'll just put myself in His hands, and then all will be right." When left for the night he said, "Mamma, isn't that a nice text, 'Lo, I am with you alway.'?"

At another time when retiring his mother said, "I leave thee in good hands, dear. Papa will stay with thee and the nurse to-night, and Jesus is with thee too. Thou feels Him near, does thou not?" To which he replied, "Oh, yes," and more than once said, how sweet he felt it to rest on Jesus.

On the 24th of Second month his breathing was very short, and he remarked, "Perhaps if my

breathing gets much shorter I shall soon be in heaven. No pain! Mamma don't be sorry if I die, because I shall be far happier;" and on seeing her weep, he continued,—“God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.”

He often alluded to the great kindness of those around him. “It is so kind of papa to come so frequently as he does to move me. Dear J—— is so thoughtful, always doing something for my comfort; and dear L—— so kind and gentle, she spends so much time with me. Grandma, uncles, aunts, and friends, too, they are all so very kind, I can never repay them.”

One afternoon he had been speaking of making a cage for a pet, if he got better, when his mother said to him, “But, dear, if thou dost not live, thou won't be able to do that; which would be best?” “Oh, to go.” She said she thought very likely he would, when he replied, “Does thou? Oh, that will be nice.” His mother continued, “If thou art taken we will try and rejoice with thee;” and he said, “Oh, you must; I shall have no more pain, *no sin*. My only hope of getting to heaven hangs on those texts, ‘Not by works of righteousness,’ &c., and ‘Him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out.’” Presently he added, “Underneath are the ever-

lasting arms." His father coming into the room remarked on some lovely flowers upon the table, and said, "If these are so beautiful what must they be in heaven?" "Oh!" he replied, "there will be more beautiful things in heaven, those are only earthly."

Speaking one day of his two younger brothers he said, "Tell them to give their hearts to Jesus, they cannot give them too soon, and the more they try to follow Jesus the greater will be their joy."

The day before he died he was quietly dozing, when all at once he opened his eyes with a look of wondrous delight, and said, "*That* Jesus?"

On leaving him for the night, his mother said, "Thou wilt be satisfied, dear, when thou awakes, with His likeness;" to which he replied, "Oh, yes." After a while "Satisfied," and again, "Satisfied."

On the 14th of Fourth month, a little before six o'clock in the morning, his mother said to him, "Well, dear, waiting yet, but happy in Jesus?" "Yes," he said. His father asked him if he wished to send any message to the absent ones; but as he did not quite understand, the names of his absent brothers and little sisters were mentioned; when he wished his dear love to be

given them, and hoped that he might meet them in heaven. On his father going to give him a little water to moisten his parched lips, he said, "Don't trouble now;" and laying his head on one side he quietly breathed his last. And as his friends stood around the bed and watched the peaceful expression settle down upon his face, as the spirit returned to God who gave it, they felt thankful that the struggle was over and the victory won, and that the dear boy was for ever, "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

BENJAMIN LE TALL, 77 17 1 mo. 1883

*Handsworth, Woodhouse, near Sheffield.*

ANN LEWIS, *Landegley.* 73 4 12 mo. 1883

A member of Pales Meeting. Widow of David Lewis.

WILLIAM LIDBETTER, 75 26 3 mo. 1883

*Edmonton.*

EMLÉN LONGMAID, 81 25 12 mo. 1882

*Hornsey.* Widow of William Longmaid.

MARTHA E. LONGMAID, 14 7 6 mo. 1883

*Stoke Newington.* Daughter of John and Annie Longmaid.

DOROTHY LYNEN, 70 27 1 mo. 1883

*Lisburn.* Wife of Robert Lynen.

DAVID MALCOMSON, 67 15 1 mo. 1883

*Liverpool.*

RACHEL MALCOMSON,	78	26	12 mo.	1882
<i>Belfast.</i> Widow of Joseph Malcomson.				
ELIZA MARRIAGE,	74	6	11 mo.	1882
<i>Camden Road, London.</i> Wife of Joseph Marriage.				
SARAH MASON, <i>Ilkley.</i>	75	21	5 mo.	1883
JOSEPH MASSEY,	61	5	2 mo.	1883
<i>Bakewell.</i>				
ROBERT MEATYARD,	84	15	10 mo.	1882
<i>Stoke Newington.</i>				
JOSEPH JOHN METCALFE,	52	16	3 mo.	1883
<i>Liverpool.</i>				
JOSIAH MERRICK,	84	14	2 mo.	1883
<i>Manchester.</i> An Elder.				

Josiah Merrick was, for a long series of years, well known in the large meeting of Manchester, as one who diligently and lovingly laboured for the best welfare of the community in which, under Divine Providence, he was located. Firm in his adherence to the principles of the religious Society in which he was educated, and which were dear to him from conviction, he did not shrink from manifesting that adhesion when required; whilst his spirit was of that gentle loving character, which commended his profession, His natural disposition, however, was retiring, and few perhaps but those who knew him inti-

mately, at all adequately realised the cost at which, when occasion called for it, he felt almost compelled in allegiance to his Lord, and in love for His cause, to occupy the position in his own meeting into which circumstances led him.

Filling, for a long period, the stations of elder and overseer, he exercised a practical and widespread though quiet influence amongst the members of the meeting, and the amount of time which he gave up to its interests in his days of active life was great.

Kindly in word and manner he won the affections of the young, encouraging the growth of that which was good, and not omitting, when needful, the faithful counsel to those who might be in danger of going astray.

Many a young man, coming as a stranger to Manchester, can recall his cheerful welcome, the warm shake of the hand, and expression of personal interest,—the small unseen acts of daily life so acceptable and helpful to the recipient.

But whilst the interests of the religious Society to which he belonged were nearest to his heart, he did not forget the claim which the community had upon him as a citizen. He assisted many philanthropic movements, not only with money, but also by his constant presence

at annual and other public meetings called in furtherance of their objects.

Eliza Merrick, whose decease was recorded in the last number of the *Annual Monitor*, was one of the numerous family of the late Nicholas and Ann Waterhouse, of Liverpool.

Like her husband, she was of a retiring temperament, and this, in the opinion of some of her friends, prevented her from fully occupying that place into which her natural powers, sanctified by Divine Grace, might have led her. She was, however, a true helpmeet to her husband, gifted with a good degree of spiritual discernment, and ever watchful to benefit those around her.

Their house was, especially in their more vigorous days, ever an open one, both to the members and especially the younger portion of their own meeting, and also to those who travelled in the service of the Gospel. They not unfrequently had the teachers of the First-day school, or other companies of Friends, collected at their house, endeavouring to promote social and religious fellowship. Together they laboured for many years in an unostentatious and prayerful spirit for the advancement and building up of the large flock, over whom we believe it may be said, "The Holy Ghost had made them overseers."

Josiah and Eliza Merrick survived most of those with whom they had been associated in earlier and middle life. Many were the changes and vicissitudes which they were permitted to see in connection with their own meeting. Sharp, too, were some of the trials meted out to them in private life. But through all they were enabled to manifest where their source of strength and comfort lay ; and “ looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of their faith,” to “ run with patience the race set before them.”

Some years before her death Eliza Merrick suffered from a paralytic seizure, which to some extent affected her memory as well as depriving her of physical power ; but her love for her friends continued unabated, and the bright cheerfulness of her countenance shone forth amid her infirmities to a degree which it was teaching to witness ; and the expression, “ I do long to go home,” used by her in moments of suffering near the close, showed where her treasure was placed.

Josiah Merrick was diligent to the last, in spite of advancing years and feebleness, in the attendance of meetings ; he loved to assemble with his friends, and with them to wait on the Lord. From the time of his wife's decease his powers

failed still more, and after a separation of only ten months he quietly passed away. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

ALICE MIDDLETON,	45	28	12 mo.	1882	
<i>Preston Patrick.</i> Wife of John Middleton.					
ELIZABETH MILLAR,	29	21	3 mo.	1883	
<i>Bessbrook.</i> Widow of Henry Millar.					
SARAH MITTEN,	25	12	4 mo.	1883	
<i>Gortin, Co. Tyrone.</i>					
JANE MARIA MOORE,	80	10	3 mo.	1883	
<i>Clonmel.</i>					
MARY MOORE, <i>Clonmel.</i>	87	8	9 mo.	1883	
An Elder.					
MARY ANN MOORHOUSE,	78	24	3 mo.	1883	
<i>Wooldale.</i> Widow of William Moorhouse.					
PRISCILLA M. MORGAN,	82	3	11 mo.	1882	
<i>Coalbrookdale.</i>					
MARY MORRIS,	66	6	1 mo.	1883	
<i>Llandwy, Pales Meeting,</i> Wife of Richard Morris.					
ROBERT MORRIS,	83	20	1 mo.	1883	
<i>Westhoughton.</i>					
MIRA NAINBY,	78	15	5 mo.	1883	
<i>Winchmore Hill.</i> A Minister.					
RALPH NEILD, <i>Charlbury.</i>	69	7	2 mo.	1883	
An Elder.					

WILLIAM NELSON, <i>Preston Patrick.</i>	71	10	11 mo.	1882
ELIZABETH NEWBY, <i>York.</i> Widow of James Newby.	81	27	12 mo.	1882
HONORA NEWMAN, <i>St. Ives, Huntingdonshire.</i>	61	8	2 mo.	1883
SARAH NICHOLSON, <i>Pardshaw.</i> Widow of James Nicholson.	84	25	12 mo.	1882
WILLIAM JUBILEE NICKS, <i>Sheffield.</i>	73	1	5 mo.	1883
WILLIAM L. O'BRIEN, <i>Rathmines, Dublin.</i>	42	31	8 mo.	1883
MARGARET ODLUM, <i>Kilmoney, Co. Kildare.</i> Wife of Henry Odium.	39	25	2 mo.	1883
ROBERT ORMSTON, <i>Newcastle-on-Tyne.</i>	93	22	12 mo.	1882
JAMES OXLEY, <i>Upper Clapton.</i>	90	31	3 mo.	1883
ELIZABETH S. PATTERSON, <i>Yatton.</i>	57	17	10 mo.	1882
WILLIAM AUGUSTUS PATTISON, <i>Clontack, King's County.</i> Son of William Pattison.	33	6	6 mo.	1882
SARAH PARRY, <i>Leamington.</i> Wife of Charles Parry.	88	6	12 mo.	1882
ELIZABETH PAYNE, <i>Wellingborough.</i> Widow of William Payne.	90	23	8 mo.	1883

- CHARLES GURNEY PEASE,  
*Dublin.* 10 26 5 mo. 1883  
 Son of the late Charles and Sarah E. Pease.
- WILLIAM PECKETT, 87 3 11 mo. 1882  
*Barnsley.* An Elder.
- PRISCILLA PECKOVER, 80 1 7 mo. 1883  
*Wisbech.* Wife of Algernon Peckover.
- WILLIAM PICKARD, 77 17 11 mo. 1882  
*Monkwearmouth.*
- EBENEZER PIKE, 77 29 3 mo. 1883  
*Besborough, Cork.*
- HERBERT CHARLES PIPER,  
*Tottenham.* 2 16 3 mo. 1883  
 Son of Charles H. and Lucy Piper.
- MARIE LOUISE PRICE, 21 19 10 mo. 1882  
*Brynderwen, near Neath.* Daughter of Charles  
 S. and Anabella Price.
- JOHN PRINCE, 17 31 1 mo. 1883  
*Birmingham.* Son of Charles and Elizabeth  
 Prince of Gainsborough.
- SARAH E. PROCTER, 36 15 12 mo. 1882  
*Gosforth.* Wife of John Procter.
- FREDERICK RICHARDSON, 45 24 1 mo. 1883  
*Sunderland.*
- JAMES GREER RICHARDSON,  
*Trewmount, Moy.* 76 23 6 mo. 1883
- ISABELLA RIX, *Norwich.* — 21 9 mo. 1883

- ELEANOR ROBERTS, 14 9 4 mo. 1882  
*Dublin.* Daughter of William R. Roberts.
- ANNA P. ROBINSON, 66 11 6 mo. 1883  
*Pardshaw.* Wife of George M. Robinson.
- JOSEPH ROBINSON. 65 2 7 mo. 1883  
*Late of Berkhamstead.*
- LUCY ROBINSON, 72 6 9 mo. 1883  
*Bowden, near Manchester.* Widow of George  
 Robinson.
- WILLIAM ROBINSON, 71 7 2 mo. 1883  
*Cockermouth.* Late of Brighton.
- ALFRED E. A. ROBSON, 21 29 10 mo. 1882  
*Redcar.* Son of Edward Robson.
- LUCY ANN ROUS, 51 1 4 mo. 1883  
*Darlington.* Daughter of the late William  
 Rous.
- RICHARD ROUTH, 67 12 12 mo. 1882  
*Sibford Ferris.* Late Superintendent of Sibford  
 School.
- HENRY ISAAC ROWNTREE,  
*York.* 45 2 5 mo. 1883  
 Son of the late Joseph and Sarah Rowntree.
- JOSEPH JOHN ROWNTREE,  
*York.* 17 20 9 mo. 1883  
 Son of John S. Rowntree.
- HANNAH RUSSELL, 72 15 12 mo. 1882  
*Moate.*

ANN SANDERSON,	62	16	8 mo.	1883
<i>Darlington.</i> Widow of Abraham Sanderson.				
LUCY SARGENT, <i>Paris.</i>	53	19	4 mo.	1883
Wife of Frederick Sargent.				
CATHERINE SAUL,	71	29	6 mo.	1883
<i>Allonby.</i> Widow of John Saul.				
THOMAS WARD SAUNDERS,				
<i>Whitby.</i>	64	16	3 mo.	1883
RACHEL SAVORY,	85	14	5 mo.	1883
<i>Peckham.</i>				
HANNAH B. SEWELL,	79	23	10 mo.	1882
<i>Bradford.</i> A Minister. Widow of Abraham Sewell.				

When one so widely known and so tenderly beloved as was our dear friend H. B. Sewell is called to a higher service, it is a touching and sacred duty for those who remain to endeavour to recount the lessons of a life so rich in fruit to the praise of her Lord and Saviour, by whose grace alone she was able to follow His footsteps both in the wilderness and by the still waters.

H. B. Sewell, the daughter of Bartholomew and Mary Smith, was born, at Penrith, in 1803. Whilst quite young she was sent to Ackworth School, her widowed grandmother, Isabella Harris, then occupying the position of governess in that institution. Isabella Harris was a woman of

large Christian experience, and, although a somewhat rigid disciplinarian, she combined much sweetness with great force of character. In early life H. Smith was powerfully influenced for good, and in opening womanhood gave evidence of her grandmother's fostering care. She became a junior teacher when only fourteen years of age, thus early entering upon the work which occupied so much of her future life, and in which she secured the devoted affection of her pupils, and the love and esteem of her fellow-teachers. Before she was twenty-one the duties of the writing-school devolved upon her. Here, with the help of a junior assistant, she had the entire charge of the writing and arithmetic of the girls, as well as half the grammar and geography classes; and some who were her pupils at this time still recall with pleasure the happy hours spent in her schoolroom. In 1820 Charlotte Dudley, under a sense of religious duty, and with the warm approval of the Committee, resided for some months in the school at Ackworth. She possessed a refined and cultivated mind, and, as she mixed freely with both teachers and scholars, her sojourn there was a time of brightness and benefit to not a few. To H. S. the beautiful Christian life of this dear Friend was especially

attractive, and had a decided influence on her future character.

H. S. entered warmly into J. J. Gurney's desire for more extended Scriptural instruction at Ackworth. Her First-day morning class was a hallowed season ; forty minutes was the allotted time, and it is believed that many in the home above, as well as those who still linger here, have given thanks for the teaching then received, and for the sweet influence of her spirit. The girls had no reference Bibles then, but, with the kindly assistance of their beloved teacher, they had generally an ample supply of texts under the various heads which had been given out the previous week. After these had been repeated H. S. would often speak of the Good Shepherd waiting to gather the lambs in His arms ; of the Great Refiner ; of the many mansions, and of the blessed home above ; earnestly seeking to draw the hearts of her young charge to the service of their God and Saviour, who was watching over them in their trials and difficulties with compassionate love.

It was cause of much sorrow to her pupils when, in the spring of 1827, she relinquished her duties in the school. She was then only twenty-four, but the results of her labours have been

often thankfully recognized in the good and truly useful lives of those who had then the benefit of her instruction and example. Strikingly has this been exemplified in the case of some whose school education ceased when they left Ackworth.

Early in 1828 she returned to Ackworth as the wife of Henry Brady, then a highly-valued master in the school. A bright and happy future of usefulness seemed opening before them ; but a dark cloud gathered over the institution during the late summer months in the form of an extensive outbreak of fever, and in the autumn Henry Brady fell a sacrifice to his devoted ministrations to the suffering children. Hannah Brady bowed submissively before the storm which at once deprived her of her loved companion, and blighted her earthly hopes. He to whom her young life had been dedicated did not forsake her in this deep sorrow ; the Everlasting Arms were underneath, but the hot breath of the furnace left its impress upon her in a tinge of pensive anxiety which remained through life.

After the death of her husband H. B. returned to the home of her parents at North Shields, and there her only child, a daughter, was born.

On the re-establishment of a Girls' School at

York, in 1831, H. Brady was invited by the Committee to become the Superintendent of that institution, a post which she occupied from its commencement until 1842. Keenly did the stricken widow feel the responsibility of undertaking the duties of so important a position; but relying, on the unfailing Arm for strength, and with the sympathy and encouragement of her friends, she again went forth to work in the vineyard of human hearts.

One of her earliest pupils at York writes:—  
“What a blessing it must have been to our young hearts to be brought for so many years under the influence of one who had been so deeply chastened in the school of sorrow, and who set such a constant example of quiet, cheerful endurance, and of so much watchfulness over every word and thought. At that age we could little appreciate the character of those older than ourselves, and yet we had a general impression of a holy, heavenly influence, like that described by Cowper—

‘When one who holds communion with the skies,  
Has filled his urn where the pure waters rise.’

She seemed to walk so gently by the Good Shepherd’s side.”

Much had to be surmounted in the formation

of a new school, but H. B. met difficulties and discouragements as they arose in a trustful Christian spirit, and before she left she had the satisfaction of seeing the institution established in a position of great usefulness. One hundred and sixty-two pupils entered the school during the period of her superintendence, and many of these recur to her anxious endeavours to implant right principles of conduct, and to form good moral and religious habits in her pupils. At York, as at Ackworth, she was the beloved instructress, guide, and friend. Her loving interest in the welfare of those placed under her care did not cease when they left school, for she continued to be the wise counsellor and judicious friend, whose help and sympathy were not sought in vain.

She left York in 1842, on the occasion of her marriage with Abraham Sewell, of Malton; but her interest in the cause of education continued unabated. For many years she was on the Committee of Ackworth School. A friend associated with her in this capacity writes:—  
“As a member of the Committee her services might be said to be invaluable; from an intimate knowledge of the various needs of the institution, she could enter into the state of every department, whether it was in seeking to

share the burdens of those at the head, in sympathising with the mistresses or younger teachers, or taking interest in the religious and intellectual welfare of the scholars, her whole heart expanded to the school, and all felt they could look to her not only as a dear friend, but as one upon whose judgment, based on experience, they could rely, and whose advice they could safely follow.

H. B. Sewell was acknowledged as a minister by Pickering Monthly Meeting in 1850. In 1866 she visited the meetings of Cumberland and Northumberland, and in 1873 those of Derby and Nottinghamshire. In these services her clear and persuasive ministry, and her loving and warm-hearted interest in her friends, endeared her to them, and made her visits both to the families and meetings not only welcome, but in no small degree helpful. On several occasions she also shared in appointments to visit the meetings of her own Quarterly and Monthly Meetings. It was a valuable feature of her character that she was fresh in mind and hopeful in spirit to the end. This was considerably due to the habit she never lost of continuing the cultivation of her mind by much and varied reading, and by the practice of setting aside a portion of time every morning and evening for

the study of the Bible and for prayer, with which nothing was ever allowed to interfere. Warmly interested in the progress of all that is good, she made herself acquainted with what was passing in other religious bodies as well as her own, and her sympathies steadily widened as she advanced in life. Indeed there was always a breadth of character along with her deep practical faith in the guidance of the Holy Spirit, which enabled her to discharge with cheerfulness and with pleasure to others, during a period of considerable change in the habits of our Society, the varied religious and educational duties referred to, as well as those which belonged to the more private life of the family circle. She was a true mother to her husband's children, and both they and a large circle of grandchildren have cause to thank God for her loving, watchful care.

H. B. Sewell lived to see the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Girls' School at York, and to take part in its jubilee celebration. Her address on that occasion will long be remembered.

In 1866 she became a second time a widow, and removed from Malton to Rawdon, where she continued to reside until her final settlement in

Bradford. In both these meetings her ministry was much valued, and in private intercourse with her friends her remarkable gift of sympathy still found scope for its exercise. There was that about her which, in manner as well as in word, at once conveyed comfort and strength to those who sought her help, by the quick comprehension, as well as the depth of feeling with which she entered into their circumstances and needs.

How cheering and welcome were her little messages in times of trial or bereavement, sometimes conveyed by the short note, or a few lines of a hymn copied by her own hand. Words used on the occasion of her funeral seem appropriate to this phase of her character: "Not in one house only, but in many houses in Bradford, we feel to-day that we have lost a mother. Her guarded watchful walk, and the great tenderness of her words, were at once a living witness to the power of a Saviour's grace, and a reflection of His love.

Whilst thus attempting to delineate our dear friend's character, and giving the testimony of others as to what she was to them, it is with the strong conviction that she would have been the last to desire anything to be said or written that would savour of eulogy, or represent her as being exempt from the infirmities and failings of which

she was herself so deeply conscious. She continually realised in her experience the truth of our Saviour's words: "Apart from Me ye can do nothing."

With advancing age and a growing infirmity of deafness, her vocal services in our meetings became less frequent, but even her silent presence was helpful to her friends; she came to meeting not only to worship for herself, but also to wrestle in spirit for a blessing on her fellow-worshippers. The few solemn earnest words of prayer that always seemed so fitting when they were uttered, were but the overflowing of the spirit of prayer, in which she habitually dwelt. The deepest reverence and humility characterised her ministry.

The last entry in a diary, kept for upwards of sixty years with more or less frequency, is dated Third Month 22nd, 1882, and is as follows:—

"I feel drawn to give thanks and praise to my Heavenly Father for all His goodness to one of the unworthiest of His children; for His providential care; for the blessings with which I am surrounded; for the health and strength granted me to this my eightieth year; and for the humble trust that I may through Christ Jesus my Saviour accept as mine the assurance read this evening,

“I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.” Gracious Father, stir up my soul day by day to take hold of Thee. Oh, let me know a closer walk with Thee. Make me meet for my Heavenly inheritance. Keep me more steadfast in the faith. Grant me a more realising sense of Thy presence. Oh, bless me indeed, and all near and dear to me. I do thank Thee for sparing me children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, whom it is my wont to commend to Thee day by day, often craving that *all* may be Thine. Oh, enable me to go in and out before this dear family in which my last days are spent, so that I may bring no dishonour to Thee. For my blessed Saviour’s sake lead me and guide unto the end. Amen and Amen.”

H. B. Sewell had long felt a deep Christian interest in the young people of Bradford Meeting; and with the cordial unity of her friends she was engaged in receiving visits from them at her own home during the summer of 1882. It was the last service for her Lord, and in the midst of it, after seventeen such visits had been paid, the final summons came. On First-day morning, the 22nd of Tenth month, she attended meeting as usual. In the afternoon she was taken ill; after some hours of suffering she fell asleep, and in the

early dawn there arose for her the morning without clouds, when we reverently believe her ransomed spirit stood accepted in the Beloved with exceeding joy.

JOSEPH SHARPE, *Grimsby*. 63 26 6 mo. 1883

WALTER SHAW, 9 23 1 mo. 1883  
*Lancaster*. Son of William and Dorothy Shaw.

MARY ANN SIMPSON, 58 27 4 mo. 1883

*Kendal*. Wife of Thomas Simpson.

ANNIE SMITH, 36 24 1 mo. 1883

MARY ANYON SMITH, 13 25 2 mo. 1883

ETHEL SMITH, 15 mos. 17 1 mo. 1883

*Harrogate*. Wife and children of William Smith.

ALFRED SMITH, 65 13 3 mo. 1883

*Upton, Essex*.

HANNAH BOWLEY SMITH,

*Bristol*. 67 23 10 mo. 1882

A Minister.

H. B. Smith was born in Bristol, and resided there throughout her life. Her parents, Martin and Elizabeth Smith, were attached members of the Society of Friends. Losing her mother almost in infancy she was brought up in the house of her maternal grandmother and aunt, where not only the principles but also the peculiarities of

the Society were strictly observed. She was early sent to a day school, and afterwards to a boarding school at Falmouth, where her affectionate disposition formed a few ardent and life-long friendships, and her governesses, the Tregelleses, were ever mentioned with tender and grateful love even in life's closing years.

At about the age of eighteen it was her daily practice to retire in the dusk for private meditation and prayer, and one who was asked to join her on such occasions was much impressed by the deep devotion of her spirit.

From early years H. B. S. possessed a grave, thoughtful mind, indeed until almost its closing days her spiritual life was much enveloped by a degree of mystical awe which often proved a barrier to that fellowship of spirit which would doubtless have cheered her own soul while refreshing others. Her journal alludes to some four or five ministerial engagements, the longest being one in Cumberland and Westmoreland in 1856. Each of these periods of service is spoken of as proving a great ordeal to mind and body, but she acknowledges that Divine help was afforded, and that there were some encouraging results. After this the same manuscript records increasingly feeble health, with greater loneliness, as

beloved relatives and friends were successively removed, whilst some tenderly loved members of the Bristol Meeting were yet spared, and their much-valued intercourse from time to time greatly enjoyed.

The journal also speaks, with perhaps an over-scrupulous introspection, of great mental conflict and of a deep sense of her own unworthiness, but withal of a desire to partake more simply in redeeming grace. From 1866 her ability to attend public worship became yearly diminished; this she constantly deplored. A nervous restlessness affected her, which medical skill failed to relieve, and perhaps those around made scarcely sufficient allowance for the wearisome desire for change induced thereby, though from time to time much effort was used by her relatives and friends to further her desire, albeit none could meet the case save with a most transient result. Her last absence from home was in the Seventh and Eighth months, 1882, when the air of Weston-super-Mare in degree refreshed and benefited her. About the middle of the Fourth month following a severe attack of bronchitis laid her low.

H. B. S. did not at once seem to realise that this illness was more alarming than usual; but finding others did so she accepted it calmly, and

on an old friend remarking, "Underneath are the Everlasting Arms," the dear sufferer emphatically assented; and as symptoms marked the hourly decrease of strength, while the conflict with severe pain increased, she responded clearly and affectionately to words of inquiry and encouragement. Her mind was singularly clear till within a few hours of her departure. Almost her last audible words were, "Yes, peace through the blessed Saviour!"

The following is the last entry in her diary:—

"*Ninth month 19th, 1883.*—My sixty-fifth birthday, concluding this serious year of my life. What may I now say? have not goodness and mercy followed me all the days of my life? and has not grace been bestowed to love the Lord amidst much of chastening and deep trial, mentally and bodily? Oh! that yet I may press on towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus!"

RITSON SOUTHALL,            85   22   9 mo.   1883

*Kingston-on-Thames.*

BENJAMIN SOWDEN,           71   1   9 mo.   1883

*Rawdon.*

JAMES HOLT SPINKS,           1   23   7 mo.   1883

*Bradford.* Son of Frederick and Sarah Ann Spinks.

MARY MOLINE STEVENS, 69	17	3 mo.	1883	<i>Wincanton.</i>
ELIZA STICKNEY,	77	9	11 mo.	1881
<i>Southport.</i> Widow of Joseph Stickney.				
SAMUEL STRANGMAN,	69	28	11 mo.	1882
<i>Waterford.</i>				
JANE STURGE, <i>Sydenham.</i>	57	29	7 mo.	1883
Wife of George Sturge.				
ELIZABETH SWANN,	82	23	1 mo.	1883
<i>Lisburn.</i>				
WILLIAM SWINBURN,	75	2	1 mo.	1883
<i>Sunderland.</i>				
ANNE TANNER, <i>Bristol.</i>	59	20	4 mo.	1883
Wife of Samuel Tanner.				
CHARLES TAYLOR,	17	15	1 mo.	1883
<i>Malton.</i> Son of Henry and Elizabeth Taylor.				
CHARLOTTE M. TAYLOR,	64	12	12 mo.	1882
<i>Middlesborough.</i> An Elder. Wife of William Taylor.				
MURIEL A. TEMPLE,	1½	2	4 mo.	1883
<i>Batley.</i> Daughter of Joseph and Annie Temple.				
ELIZABETH THOMPSON,	83	18	2 mo.	1883
<i>Hull.</i> Widow of John B. Thompson.				
WILLIAM THOMPSON,	81	18	1 mo.	1883
<i>Lower Broughton.</i>				

- HENRY B. THOMPSON, 13 30 3 mo. 1883  
*Rathmines, Dublin.* Son of Henry Thompson.
- HERBERT H. THOMPSON, 2 16 6 mo. 1883  
*Penrith.* Son of Thomas and Jane Thompson.
- JOSEPH THOMPSON, 6 10 3 mo. 1883  
*Wexford.* Son of Joseph S. Thompson.
- FREDERICK WILLIAM THORPE,  
*Leicester.* 35 30 12 mo. 1882
- WILLIAM SAMUEL TUKE, 26 21 4 mo. 1883  
*Bournemouth.* Son of Daniel H. Tuke.
- JOHN TURNER, *Lancaster.* 69 7 9 mo. 1883
- HARRIET TWEEDY, *Truro.* 77 6 9 mo. 1883  
 Wife of Robert Tweedy.
- AGNES TURNER TYSON, 14 3 12 mo. 1882  
*Ulverstone.* Daughter of Aaron Tyson.
- JAMES VEALE, 82 17 12 mo. 1882  
*St. Austell.* A Minister.

James Veale was born at St. Austell, in Cornwall, in the year 1801. He was one of the younger members of a large family of ten children, many of whom have been well known in their native town and neighbourhood as upright men and strictly religious characters, conscientiously serving the Lord, and manifesting their love for Him by endeavouring to benefit their fellow-men. Their religion was essentially practical ; this was partly owing to the constitution

of their minds, and partly from their receiving the truths of Christianity in their simplicity, as taught by the Society of Friends.

If we try to picture James Veale before his conversion we shall be better able to understand what the grace of God did for his soul. He was a very lively-spirited boy, and he and his brothers much enjoyed their young life in the rural district of St. Austell, taking great interest in the natural objects around them ; the birds and insects, the plants and mineral productions, were all well examined and understood ; and not only in this immediate neighbourhood did they search out the wonders of nature, but the coast, too, had its share of attention, and many were the happy holidays these boys enjoyed when their father would put them into a waggon, and take them over to Par, to spend a day with their uncle, who resided near that village ; the wonderful adventures they had, scrambling among the rocks for shells and fish and weeds, and being caught by the tide, and only just escaping with their lives, would be too many to recount here.

One day when the snow lay thick on the ground they wanted something to do, so three or four of them set off up the hill to catch larks. They were very expert sportsmen, and soon re-

turned with a lot of little dead birds, and asked their mother to put them in a pudding for dinner. She was kind and indulgent, and complied with the request. When their father came to dinner, he was made acquainted with the morning's proceedings. He knew how bitter the bird pudding would be, and wished to take the opportunity of impressing his own sentiments of humanity on the minds of his sons. He said before they began, "Now, boys, you have taken all the trouble to kill these little birds, so you cannot have anything but bird pudding for dinner." He then gave them each a piece, which they could not touch ; but the lesson remained with them until they were old men ; and how much these sterling characters were formed by lessons like these we cannot say, but we do know that we are told to "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." When not engaged in business this dear father gave a great deal of attention to his numerous family. On First-day he took them all to meeting twice, and watched carefully that the time not devoted to public worship should be suitably spent.

One great spiritual advantage this large family enjoyed arose from the warm hospitality of their parents in entertaining the travelling

ministers of the Society, whose holy example and influence were much blessed to them.

When James Veale was eight and a half years of age, it became necessary to relieve their mother, whose health was very feeble, from the care of such energetic spirits, and accordingly he and his older brother Samuel were sent to a boarding-school. As a scholar, however, he did not excel; for although he had a very intelligent mind, he had not sufficient power of application to commit much to memory. In after years he became conscious of the defect, and laboured hard to overcome it, with great success.

After leaving school he served his time to the outfitting business with a firm in London, who so much appreciated his business capacity that they asked him to become a partner when the term of his apprenticeship was completed. It was not quite what he wanted, so he declined it, and returned home to St. Austell; but before long he went out to Australia, where he remained eleven years, and very little is known of this part of his life. During this time, though his conduct continued outwardly correct, and he observed the good habits which had been taught him from his youth, yet for the first five years after leaving home he was not conscious of any immediate visi-

tation of Divine love, and says he lived to himself instead of to Him that had died for him. But after this, when about twenty-five years old, he experienced a remarkable and blessed change of heart.

One First-day morning, after a stormy night, he rose from the breakfast-table and went to the window to see how the weather promised. The clouds had broken, and it was clearing up. As he stood gazing at the soft fleecy clouds, driven rapidly across the sky, his soul was suddenly filled with a sense of his Saviour's love, the sweetness of which was inexpressible. It was such a new experience to him that he yielded at once to its precious influence, and took every means in his power to preserve it, seeking out solitary places where he could commune with his God and make covenant with Him ; and in the absence of outward help in this new colony, he was richly blessed in these retired situations, so that they were remembered as sacred spots to the end of his long life. He earnestly desired to know the will of the Lord concerning his everyday life, and found that the sweet spirit of love drew him away from the pomps and vanities of the world, and led him to deny himself some gratifications which before his conversion he had

not considered hurtful. In this changed state of mind he returned to England and began business as a grocer, at Barnstaple, in North Devon. He had never learnt the grocery business, but his aptitude was such that every part succeeded, as he said once :—"Everything I touched seemed to turn to gold ; I was wonderfully prospered in basket and in store, and full of spiritual blessing." His goods were known to be of the best quality, all genuine ; and his kindly interest in the affairs, whether temporal or spiritual, of his customers was deep and sincere. The rich and the poor were treated with the same sympathising manner, as he took every available opportunity to draw their attention to their souls' best welfare, encouraging them to attend to the grace of God, with which he felt persuaded the hearts of all mankind were in redeeming love graciously visited, to guide their feet into the way of peace.

A curious incident occurred to bring him into notice the first day that he opened his shop. It was market-day, and many country people were in town, when a dog went into this new shop, and, after looking about a little, either from fright or some unaccountable freak, with one great bound dashed out through the window. The

terrified owner of the dog soon appeared on the scene to apologise and offer to pay damages. J. Veale received him in the kindest manner, and assured him that nothing was due for damages, as there could be no blame to the dog's master, and he would wish to bear all the loss himself. At first sight it looked like a calamity to the young beginner, but it proved far otherwise. The report spread quickly from one end of the town to the other, that a dog had jumped through the window of the Quaker's new shop, and he had refused all compensation from the owner. Instead of a calamity, it was the best advertisement he could have. His business prospered wonderfully, and had he been a man of the world he might have amassed a large fortune, but this was prevented by the especial love he had of giving. If he met with any destitute of daily food, he took that as an opportunity of serving his Master, and relieved their wants to the full ; any case of a widow in distress for rent, any fatherless children wanting clothing, any strangers sick, all these were opportunities for putting in circulation that money which under the Divine blessing his genius and industry had procured.

One touching case was that of a young

German who had gone to Barnstaple to teach languages, and whose health gave way. His was a very desolate condition : a gentleman, a stranger in a foreign country, penniless and sick. During fourteen months he remained in that declining state, unable to earn anything, and James Veale provided all that he required. This fact would not have been known had not the young German written on the fly-leaf of a hymn-book he left behind, a memorandum, which, translated, is as follows :—

“ *December 3, 1850.*

“ Brother James Veale made me the unselfish proposal, in my present failing health, namely, in a brotherly manner to share with me what he has.”

When there were cases of Asiatic cholera in the town, notwithstanding the danger of fearful infection, he visited some of the sick and dying, and ministered to them himself.

He took a great interest in the Bible Society, and at one time joined with some others in going from house to house to get fresh subscribers ; particularly persuading the religious part of the community to make the Bible as cheap as possible ; for what more valuable help could any one have than a copy of the sacred Scriptures ? He enjoyed

them so much himself that he longed that others should have the same privilege.

At one time, whilst at Barnstaple we find him investigating the creeds of the various sections of professing Christians in that place. One more than the rest drew his attention, and he became friendly with a young man belonging to it. While his mind was occupied with these things, one night he had a dream. He thought he was going along a road with this young man, when they came to the entrance of a steep, rugged and narrow path. James Veale wished to ascend it, but his companion, decidedly refusing to leave the pleasant road they were then enjoying so much, went forward a short distance by himself and suddenly fell over a deep precipice and was seen no more. James Veale was going to examine the spot, but was held back by an unseen hand which directed him to the narrow path, and a voice told him to follow that and he would be safe. He took this as an encouragement to hold fast to the simple truths he had been taught in his childhood; and he never regretted it, but settled down to attend regularly a little gathering of Friends in the town, among whom he became a minister and a true servant of the Church.

When about fifty years of age James Veale returned to St. Austell, and was once more united to his own family circle, out of which six brothers were then living in the town. Previous to his leaving Barnstaple he had married, and his widow still survives him, being nearly eighty-four years of age.

At St. Austell he followed the same course of daily life as before; but having now the opportunity of uniting in worship with a body of Friends, he soon developed a gift for speaking to the edification and comfort of the Church, which was much valued by all who heard him. This gift partook of the same character as the ministry of his every-day life; there was the same deep love and sympathy with sorrowing man; the same stern condemnation for all that is evil, and the gentle persuasive power, which endeavoured to gather the wandering sheep into the fold of the one true Shepherd.

Holding very decided views against a paid ministry of the Gospel, he and his brothers conscientiously declined to pay the vicar's tithe on their land, and in consequence had a periodical visit from the bailiff. At these times James Veale was a perfect marvel to his friends, as, completely overcoming his natural feelings, he

took joyfully the spoiling of his goods, and was delighted to have the opportunity of giving the bailiff a good dinner.

His pity for suffering humanity seemed to increase with added years, and he stayed not his hand from helping as long as life was given him. Dumb animals also shared in his pity and love. One day as he was walking through the street, he met a man with a donkey and cart which was heavily laden with coal. The man wanted to get the cart up a steep, narrow lane, but the donkey would not go. He beat it and shouted loudly until the donkey was terrified, and trembled all over. Just then James Veale appeared, being attracted by the shouting. He volunteered to manage the animal, sent the man for a piece of bread, while he talked softly, and patted and stroked it, and so gained its confidence; then gave it the piece of bread, and asked it gently to pull up; to the astonishment of all around, at once it pulled the cart with ease up the lane.

As age increased, his zeal as a servant of the Lord grew brighter, and, in company with his dear and valued friend George Cornish, he held meetings in many of the country districts of Cornwall, and paid a visit in Gospel love to some of the Lancashire meetings and to Birmingham. His

last debt of love was paid to the Church when, at nearly eighty years of age, he visited each meeting in Devon and Cornwall, finishing with Barnstaple, where no Friends resided, but where he was received by all classes of society, from the Mayor to the pauper, as an old and valued friend. Though thirty years had passed away since that town had lost the influence of his Christian life, its fragrance was still there, and his visit was one continued reception of callers, each waiting his turn to shake hands with him once more. It was a beautiful finish to that beautiful evening sacrifice, and he returned home refreshed and strengthened both bodily and spiritually.

He was so much encouraged by this experience that He ventured to hope the Master might have more work for him to do ; but this was not required at any distance from home. He was led along so gently in the mellow light, shed from the Sun of Righteousness Himself, that He was able in the most childlike simplicity to look forward to that inheritance, incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for those who are kept by the power of God trusting in the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ.

In speaking one day of his Christian expe-

rience, he said, "There was no human instrumentality used to show to me the Saviour's love, it was a direct manifestation from Heaven, and when I received the precious gift, I sought opportunities to enjoy it, and frequently retired into solitary places for the purpose. About a mile from the town there was a cemetery where I often went, and that place, with others both in Van Diemen's Land and in this country after my return, are sacred to memory. I have known often since then the hiding of His face, and intimations before of the approach of clouds; but as I have waited and quietly hoped, and held fast the beginning of my confidence, each time He has returned with greater sweetness, and greater joy and preciousness than before, and this return is sweeter than all, for the peace I feel passes understanding." He then knelt in prayer for those present, for the meeting, and for himself. And nothing was permitted to disturb that heavenly calm which surrounded him.

About a month before his death, he had a slight attack of paralysis, and then he proved how good the Lord is to the soul that trusts in Him. As in days of health he had had compassion on the sick and dying, now he found the same measure meted out to himself in his hour

of need; his attendants were most devoted; they watched over him, sitting by his bed night and day, until he would say, in admiration of the goodness of God, "I could not have supposed a sick bed could be so comfortable. I have no pain, and all my wants are well supplied; why it is like living in the Land of Beulah, or on the Delectable Mountains. I feel as if angels were around my bed." He slept very much, and when awake listened with deep interest to chapter after chapter of the sacred Scriptures, saying, "It is a wonderful book."

He was very fond of an old latin hymn written by St. Bernard, "On the Name of Jesus," and had a translation of it printed on a card, to give to those who called on him. A hymn of thanksgiving often filled him with deep emotion, beginning—

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise!"

and ending—

"Through all eternity, to Thee  
A grateful song I'll raise;  
But O, eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise!"

It was surprising how long he could listen to reading like this, and how fervently he would pray for those around him. In this happy state he continued to the end, which came unexpectedly. Without apparently getting much worse, he felt a chill and faintness came over him, and his breathing grew shorter and shorter, until he quietly passed away on the 17th of Twelfth month from his home on earth, where he had known so much of happiness, to the home above where that happiness is now perfected.

We cannot close this notice of our dear friend more suitably than by copying the Minute prepared after his decease by the Meeting for Ministry and Oversight of which he was a member :—

“Having been removed from the Church militant on earth, in which he was enabled to glorify his Saviour, and having joined that great multitude who serve God day and night in His temple above, we feel it right to bear testimony to his holy, humble, self-denying life, so full of Christian love, manifesting itself in efforts to promote the good of all.

“His memory is precious to us, and the word in season fitly spoken by him to those in need of help or sympathy, will not soon be forgotten.

“ We feel the loss of the ministry so full of Divine unction he exercised in the Church, his bright example, and the holy calm of his influence.

“ Our prayer is that others may be raised up to fill the vacant places of those dear ones who have so recently been removed from us, and who now rest from their labours. May we individually yield to the teaching of that Grace which made the life of our dear friend such a blessing to others, and crowned his last days with perfect peace, giving him the sure hope of eternal happiness through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

ANDREW HINGSTON VEALE,

*St. Austell.*

73 1 7 mo. 1883

An Elder.

Andrew H. Veale was the last of the happy band of brothers who had lived in and worked for the good of St. Austell as long as any one living there can remember. Being eight years younger than the rest he knew his brothers more as counsellors and protectors than as playfellows.

He was not behind any of them in intelligence and common sense, but always yielded to them places of prominence both in Society matters and town business ; for, being of a retiring

disposition, it suited his inclination to let others be in the foreground.

In early days of total abstinence he entertained James Tear, and accompanied him to some country places to hold his temperance meetings, when the treatment they received was very rough, being pelted with rubbish and rotten eggs. They, however, made an impression which has continued to grow ever since.

He always willingly took his share of responsibility in the government of the town, and for nine years was a valued member of the School Board which built the first Board School in the Kingdom.

Many instances could be named in which he quietly gave a helping hand to those who could not help themselves, and such now bear testimony that he was like a father to them.

He was known in the neighbourhood as an upright man, whose judgment could be well relied on, and in consequence he had frequent applications which called it into exercise. On one occasion two men had had a dispute, and being unable to come to any agreement, each decided in his own mind, without telling the other, that he would ask Mr. Veale what ought to be done. They had separate interviews and

advice which resulted in their reconciliation. In many cases of like nature he was thus enabled to exercise the blessed office of peacemaker.

He was an excellent master, able to manage his servants and gain their respect however awkward they were in disposition. With his quick perceptions he was able to see that most people have capacity for something, and all have an "angel side." He always manifested appreciation of work satisfactorily done, and paid well for it.

In his home his concern was to have grace to fill his position to the glory of God, seeking to promote a good spiritual and moral atmosphere, and directing the conversation into healthy and lively channels. The young ones were always encouraged to give expression to their thoughts, and to take an interest in the passing events of the day, that their conversational powers might be well cultivated, which he considered an important part of education.

His quick discernment made him a valuable elder in our meetings, and his sanctified good sense taught him how and when to give a word of encouragement and counsel to ministers. He was careful to avoid a critical, fault-finding spirit, and endeavoured to foster the evidences

of spiritual life in all, and to encourage its growth by sympathizing with the labours of ministers and making way for them to carry out their concern for the welfare of the Church. He was desirous of being found "not a lord over God's heritage, but an example to the flock."

His blameless and unobtrusive life was brought to a close in much peace, and he was able to commend himself and those dear to him to the protecting care of Him who had followed him all his life long with goodness and mercy, and had redeemed him from evil, saying—"there is one body and one spirit, and we have been partakers of that one spirit."

There is something solemn in the thought that we have come to the last of a family who lived not to themselves but to Him that bought them with a price; who have been loved and respected wherever known, but whose chief excellence was developed in the home circle which five-and-twenty years ago consisted of seven brothers and their cousin Joshua Treffry; a very lively, earnest spirited group, in constant association one with the other.

The things of the Kingdom of Heaven were first with every one of them. There was no mere formality in the silence before and after

meals ; this was frequently proved by the expression of words of cheer and comfort and also of thanksgiving to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for the rich blessings bestowed upon them. They were like the disciples of old who, breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God and having favour with all the people.

Their dispositions and mental capacities were very varied, and this enabled them the better to appreciate one another. Most of them had good common-sense business talent, combined with an intelligent interest in all the natural objects of their own town and neighbourhood. Some had a taste for literature and were well read in the leading topics of the day ; some had a scientific taste and searched into the geological and botanical developments around them, for which the district afforded great facilities.

As one by one they have been taken from their homes on earth, they have left behind them a bright assurance that they could read their title clear to mansions in the skies, not for the good works they had done, but according to His mercy, who saved them by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost

which He shed on them abundantly through Jesus Christ their Saviour.

To every one who knew them, it may with confidence be said, "Whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

PETER SADLER WAKE, 3 28 6 mo. 1883

*Fritchley.* Son of Henry T. Wake.

ANNE WAKEFIELD, 88 21 3 mo. 1883

*Portadown.* Wife of Charles F. Wakefield.

ELIZABETH C. WALKER, 40 3 1 mo. 1883

*Forest Gate, Essex.* Wife of Robert H. Walker.

HENRY HILDYARD WALKER,

*Leeds.* 27 15 10 mo. 1882

Son of Henry Walker.

ISABELLA WALKER, 64 7 6 mo. 1883

*Cockermouth.* An Elder. Wife of John Walker.

JAMES WALL, *Kew.* 83 19 5 mo. 1883

Late of Sheffield.

SARAH WATERFALL, 72 5 2 mo. 1883

*Leeds.* Widow of John S. Waterfall.

SUSANNA WATKINS, 72 29 3 mo. 1883

*Banbury.* Widow of John Watkins.

SAMUEL WATSON, 77 6 6 mo. 1883

*Rathmines, Dublin.*

JAMES W. WEIR, 32 18 10 mo. 1882

*Bessbrook.*

EDWARD WEST, <i>Banbury.</i>	86	28	4 mo.	1883
Late of Warrington.				
EDWARD WEST,	61	18	3 mo.	1883
<i>Bradford.</i> An Elder.				
FRANCES ANN WHEELER,				
<i>Belfast.</i>	58	2	9 mo.	1882
Wife of William Wheeler.				
GEORGE WHITE,	74	5	1 mo.	1883
<i>Waterford.</i>				
GRACE WHITLOW,	16	29	1 mo.	1883
<i>London.</i> Daughter of Samuel and Margaret Whitlow.				
ANN WILLIAMS,	84	24	4 mo.	1883
<i>Kingstown, Dublin.</i>				
JOHN WILLIAMS,	67	18	7 mo.	1883
<i>Falmouth.</i>				

“Without faith it is impossible to please God.” This is an utterance of Scripture, and was written, as we who are Christians believe, under the direction of the Holy Spirit. Then surely it behoves us to look well into our hearts and lives, to see if we have this faith that pleases God. It is not of that phase of faith that first puts forth the hand that touches Christ, and is thereby made whole and clean, that the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews is here speaking. It is of the faith by which the just must live,

must be ever growing up into Christ Jesus, and must abide in Him, as fruit-bearing branches in the True Vine. Of Enoch it is said, that his walk with God was a life of faith, and *therefore* it pleased God.

In earthly matters nothing is more easily understood, or more commonly practised, than faith ; but when the spiritual domain of faith is touched, immediately Satan, as the Apostle Paul tells us, blinds the minds of those who believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ should shine into their hearts ; and the same adversary, when he has failed to prevent the Christian's acceptance of salvation, would fain hinder his advancement in the heavenly way, and, alas, too often succeeds in blinding his eyes to his true happiness and spiritual growth.

What we need for the continual development of this Divine life in us, is the "*knowing in ourselves* that we have in heaven a better and an enduring substance ;" and he whose faith is strong enough to make him really *know* this, will hold very lightly by the world, nor will he be deeply troubled by its trials, or its losses, and he will be the happy possessor of that faith that is "well-pleasing unto God." But if, on the contrary, the wicked one can but succeed in making

him lay down the shield of his faith, his fiery darts soon find an entrance. Harassed by doubts, misgivings and fears, what progress can he make? The Holy Spirit is grieved, prayer is hindered, love is chilled, hope is all but dead, and God is at last dishonoured by worldliness and sin. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our *faith*," says the Apostle John. A faith that takes God at His word, that believes the promises, and that endures as *seeing* Him who is invisible.

The following brief sketch is written to illustrate this life of faith. The subject of it was in no human aspect remarkable; he was plain, simple, unpretending, and retiring in his life, but endowed with good common sense and sound judgment, naturally prompt, energetic, and thorough in everything he did. He was pre-eminently a man of business; he loved it, and threw his heart into whatever he found to do. It might seem that with such characteristics he would not be one to whom we could look as an exponent of the life of faith. Yet in him we see that to be diligent and prompt in business, is quite compatible with an abiding sense of the presence of God. He was a happy, confiding Christian; he rested on the love, and trusted in the promises,

of God, as simply and truly as a little child rests in and trusts a loving Father's word.

John Williams, of Falmouth, was born in Seventh month, 1815. His father, who was the manager of the Cornish Bank in that town, and a member of the Society of Friends, died in 1822, and his mother six months afterwards: thus at the early age of seven he was left an orphan. Little John was happily placed as a boarder with a person who had a family of boys and girls; he often said she treated him as her own child, and spoke of her kindness to him as one of the marks of the Lord's loving care for the orphan. At nine years of age he was placed at the Friends' School at Sidcot. Here he remained without once leaving, even for a holiday, for five years; and he loved to speak of the happy days he passed there: and doubtless much of the self-control, thoroughness, and extreme regard for truth, which characterised him through life, was due to the careful and excellent training bestowed on him at school.

On leaving Sidcot John Williams was placed in a large iron foundry, the firm being Friends. Here his steadiness and prompt attention to business soon led to his becoming trusted and respected by his employers.

In 1839 he married, and for the first time

since his early childhood he experienced—what no man ever more highly prized—the joys and comforts of his own home. To him the two dearest, sweetest spots on earth were his home and his meeting.

Soon after his marriage, when about twenty-four, the Holy Spirit commenced a deeper work of Divine grace in his heart. He had been trained so carefully and religiously, and had been so outwardly moral and attentive to all the externals of religion, that hitherto he had had no misgivings that all was not right between his soul and God. He now began to see sin as he had never before seen it; he felt deeply that the heart and thoughts must be cleansed; and indeed the whole nature changed, however outwardly moral it may be, before we can be made right with God. As the Spirit wrought on his heart, and his eyes were opened to see more and more of God's holiness, his distress of soul deepened. One night he could not sleep; he could only pray that God would forgive his sins, and visit him with a sense of pardoning love. He arose before four o'clock, and went into his garden, his mind still occupied with the one all-absorbing thought, How shall I be made right with God, and attain to newness of life? Suddenly he heard what seemed to him a voice,

saying, "Thou shalt walk with me in white!" So strong was the impression that he looked around for the speaker; but, seeing no one, and knowing he was alone, he felt that it could be no other than the Spirit of God, speaking words of comfort and peace to his wounded soul. Joy now filled his heart, and his peace for a long while flowed as a river.

For many years after this his religious life was much like that of other Christians; he had his times of joy and brightness, alternated with times of sorrow, trial and sore bereavements; and his spiritual life was sometimes divinely quickened and strengthened, and too often reduced to a mere spark of grace. Still, through abounding mercy, he was kept holding on his way, his face ever Zionwards.

In the year 1856 the firm dissolved partnership, and the works passed into other hands. At this time he was a contractor in the casting department. At the end of two years he found he could not conscientiously continue in the employ, so, feeling assured that the Lord who required him to make this sacrifice would provide for him, he resigned his connection with the foundry.

For many months he could see nothing suited to him, and his faith and patience were

sorely tried. He was going to meeting one morning, sadly depressed and downcast, everything in the future looking dark, when the words—"Trust in the Lord, and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed," were suddenly applied to his mind with great force. He was able to take hold of the promise, and entered the meeting-house with a lightened heart. In the course of the meeting a Friend arose and repeated this very verse; and almost immediately after another Friend rose repeating the same words, adding—"I have a strong feeling that there is some one present to whose case this promise is appropriate, and to whom it is sent as a Divine message," and then proceeded to enlarge on the subject. John Williams felt he was the man to whom these words of strength and comfort were sent; his burden fell, and he was able to wait patiently the Lord's time. Shortly after this a suitable opening offered which he embraced. In this he continued till the year 1875, when he retired from business, and having acquired a small competency he was enabled to live in comfort for the remainder of his life.

John Williams, as we have said, was a Friend by birth and education, but he was emphatically

so by his profoundest convictions. For though in his later years he conscientiously left off the peculiarities of dress and speech formerly used by Friends, yet he was intensely loyal to all those views of truth known as their distinguishing doctrines, and for some years he held the office of an Elder.

But whilst he held his Quaker principles most tenaciously, his heart rejoiced in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom in every section of the Church, and went out in brotherly love to "all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." He was careful both in word and action not to wound any one's feelings: and he forebore also to take offence, even when most unkindly treated, being full of that charity that hopeth all things. He was ever watchful lest any root of bitterness springing up in his heart should grieve the Holy Spirit of God.

Another marked characteristic was his abhorrence of what he termed "a judging spirit;" he could not bear to hear any one impute a motive to another; "God only can see the heart and read the motive," he would say. Detraction in any form was especially distressing to him.

We now come to that part of John William's

life which more especially illustrates the strength of his faith.

In the autumn of 1876, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman, with Dr. Asa Mahan, visited Falmouth for the purpose of holding meetings on the subject of Holiness. Their view of the Christian life was that its alternations of life and deadness, of light and darkness, were a blemish on the Christian and a dishonour to Christ our Lord, and arose from a lack of faith, and a holding back from the Saviour what was His right—the *whole* of our hearts. Could we but lay down our wills in entire submission to His holy will, our cares and anxieties would cease, because by faith we should believe that the Lord is ruling and ordering all things well—aye *best* for us, in all our temporal affairs, and our wills would not run counter to His. Then as regards sin, not struggling in our own strength to overcome it, which we are really helpless to do, but carrying it, as soon as discovered, to the Lord, for Him not only to cleanse us from its guilt in His most precious blood, but to destroy the root from which the evil sprang, and to deliver us from the power and dominion of that sin.

John Williams attended these meetings with deepening interest till the last, which was a

drawing-room meeting at Penmere (the house of A. L. Fox), and had taken in and accepted the teaching. It was much in accordance with his views and feelings, but he felt it was no light thing to lay down all his will in *entire* submission to the Lord; and yet he saw full well there was no other way of obtaining that blessed peace that passeth all understanding. That evening at Penmere—and often he loved to revert to it—he laid himself and all that he possessed at the feet of his Lord, and from that time until his death he “walked in newness of life;” a happy, childlike, simple, unquestioning life of faith in the Son of God. He lived henceforth as one who *saw* Jesus, and realised that His eye was ever on him in love; every sin of word or thought was instantly confessed, and, faith believed, as instantly forgiven (1 John i. 9). So that truly it became a faith that purified his heart, for this very habit kept him watching, and the heart was made pure by the continual application of the cleansing blood of Christ. “He staggered not at the promises of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God, being fully persuaded that what He had promised He was able also to perform;” for to him the promises were *all* “Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus.” Like Hopeful in the “Pil-

grim's Progress," he always carried the Key of Promise in his bosom, although, unlike Hopeful, he never forgot that it was there ; and as that key will in very deed unlock every dungeon and gate in the prisons of Doubting Castle, it was not possible he could be held a prisoner there. So, also, as he never laid down his shield of faith, the fiery darts of the Evil One were quenched thereon ere they could reach him.

He never liked to hear any one speak of struggles or conflicts : " There is something wrong," he would say ; " the will is not laid down, or sin is being cherished ; a father cannot wish to turn his face from his obedient or his repentant child."

So, too, with regard to cares and anxieties, he would remark : " Cast your present burden on the Lord, and *leave it there* ; He does not wish us to carry it, and with to-morrow we have nothing to do ; the Lord has bidden us take no anxious thought for that. Do your best in action to lighten or remove the burden, but leave the care and weight of it, with all its final issues, in His hands who does all things well, and who sends this very burden in love, and for your good."

Nor were these mere words, or an untried idea ; for at this time he had what would otherwise have been to him a very heavy burden of

continued anxiety, in the long illness, protracted to more than four years, of his younger son, who, at his death, in First month, 1879, left a young widow and four little children, the youngest only five days old, totally unprovided for.

This son died in the faith, and this softened the blow of the bereavement; but during all those years of sickness, and, what would have been to many, sore anxiety, he was able to cast it all on the Lord in unquestioning faith that He was appointing this trial for his good.

Three years after their father's death he had the pleasure of seeing the family provided for. The widow obtained a good and comfortable situation, the two youngest children were elected into an asylum for fatherless children, and he purchased the admission of the eldest boy into the same school. The eldest girl he had taken as his own, at the beginning of her father's illness. In Second month, 1882, he took two of the children to London, and placed them in the school with their little brother, who had been there a year. With a glad and thankful heart he returned home, feeling that this trial was happily ended, and that the Lord had indeed cared for the fatherless little ones, and, he was assured, would care for them to the end.

There now seemed to lie before him a quiet, happy evening of life. Blessed with extraordinary health and activity, and possessed of a heart at peace with God, unclouded with doubts or fears, no man enjoyed life more thoroughly than he.

“Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.”—Rom. v. 1-5.

But now the Lord saw fit to try him, as He did His servant Job, in his own person.

Towards the end of Third month he began to complain of his back; the pain increased in violence, and was supposed to be rheumatism. Many remedies were tried, but nothing moved the pain, which at times was exceedingly severe, especially at nights. Throughout the summer his strength was visibly failing, and a very little fatigued him. The pains had extended to the

legs, and were especially severe in the heels, and his sleep became broken through suffering and restlessness. But still his faith remained unshaken, and often he would say, in the midst of severe paroxysms of pain—"this suffering is all necessary; the Lord sends it in love, and when the appointed end is accomplished He will remove it. If we are sons we must be scourged to meeten and prepare us for the Heavenly kingdom. I know that Jesus is my Saviour, and He loves me too well to lay on me one pain more than is good for me." Early in Ninth month the pain seemed for a while less violent, but as the weakness increased, he resolved to go to London for advice. He went, accompanied by his wife. The doctor assured him that he was perfectly healthy, that all his organs were sound, indeed exceptionally so for a man of his age—sixty-seven—that it was merely an attack of rheumatism, and he had no doubt that the change of air, if he remained a few weeks, would quite restore him.

He remained a fortnight, and then left to return home, apparently much better, taking Torquay in the way, for the purpose of attending a Quarterly Meeting of Friends about to be held there. He reached Torquay on the day

preceding the meeting, and was almost immediately taken with a violent paroxysm of the terrible suffering, which continued all night. He could not attend the meeting, but returned to Falmouth by the first train. At the end of a fortnight he rallied, and was again enabled to go out. He continued to improve till the 13th of Eleventh month, when he attended meeting in the morning, and remarked to his wife that he had had no pain for the day, and had begun to hope that he was really going to get better. But that same evening he was taken with another violent attack, and he never again was able to go out. He now began to fail rapidly, and became thin and emaciated. Still his medical man had no suspicion of any other disease than rheumatism. The extreme wasting of the body was supposed to be caused by the suffering and want of exercise.

Throughout the winter his nights were seasons of severe suffering, often amounting to agony ; yet at these times he would praise the Lord for His many mercies, and pray for patience and submission, to bear all the Lord's will. "It is all right and best," he would say, "I have no doubt or fear ; the Lord keeps me in perfect peace." Early in Second month new symp-

toms developed themselves, and a third doctor was called in from a neighbouring town. He at once and unhesitatingly declared that it was not rheumatism in any form, but a disease of the spine, which was rapidly carrying him to the grave, and that a few months of life, at the outside, was all that lay before him. On the doctor's leaving, he turned to his wife, who was much distressed at the sudden and unexpected tidings, and said, very calmly, "My dear, I had hoped that the Lord would have spared my life some few years longer for your sake ; but, since He has seen fit it should be otherwise, His will be done. He will take care of you, I know, and for myself I have no doubt or fear. I *know* in whom I have believed, and death for me is only entering into life eternal ; *not* through any works of righteousness which I have done, but through His own unmerited grace, and His gift of love in Christ Jesus."

The next morning he asked for his deed-box to be brought to him. On being expostulated with for troubling himself with any business matters, he replied, "I must do it while I can ; there are many papers there that are useless now, and had better be destroyed ; they will only give you trouble afterwards if left." He spent several

hours in looking through and arranging everything, and then remarked, "Now, my love, I think you will find everything in order, and easy to understand—all my earthly business is finished, and I am ready when my Lord shall call. I have nothing more to do, but to see my dear children and give you up; but it won't be for long that we shall be separated, and the Lord will take care of you I know, whilst I am waiting for you in the Heavenly Kingdom."

In a few days his son, with his wife, arrived; this was a great comfort to him, especially when he found that, though his son would only remain a few days, his daughter-in-law, to whom he was tenderly attached, would continue with him for some time.

He had now become so weak that it was necessary to have a nurse to watch by him at nights, and as his pains were worse in bed, he could not be persuaded to lie down; he was, therefore, always in his chair, or walking the room. In the midst of all his sufferings and inability to lie down, or sleep, his mind was kept in perfect peace, and to all who came into his room he would talk of the love of God; urging on the Christian to live near to God, to hold fast the promises and to be faithful and true

to his high calling. On the unconverted he would press the danger of delay, and the peace and happiness to be found in the Christian life.

Early in Third month he became too weak to sit up, and had to take to his bed entirely.

About this time he was dosing one evening, when he opened his eyes and exclaimed, "Oh, how good the Lord is to me ; His loving kindness and His tender mercies are infinite, bless and praise His holy name ! I have often wondered at those words, 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints,' but I never thought that my death would be precious in His sight ; but He has been showing me that it is even so ! Oh, the greatness and wonderful condescension of His love ; it is flowing into my soul, I have not words to describe it." His wife remarked, "You have long known peace, but now you have joy." "Yes," he replied, "joy unutterable and full of glory. I did not know the human soul could hold such joy ; Christ seems to be filling my whole being with His blessed presence. Oh, praise Him for me ; help me all of you to praise his Holy name ! Heaven cannot be more blessed than this, for what is Heaven but to be filled with God and His love !" He then had all who were in the house called to his

bedside, and addressed to each, separately, words of holy counsel and encouragement suited to the case of each.

Some weeks afterwards he had a similar manifestation of the Divine presence, but as a rule he was kept in a state of perfect peace, rather than one of overflowing joy.

The taking down of the frail tabernacle was a very gradual work, and he lingered on several months in weakness and constant suffering, sometimes amounting to agony, quite unable to sit up or even turn himself in his bed ; but though the outward man was visibly decaying, the inward man was being renewed day by day, by that anointing of the Spirit, that was bringing him nearer and nearer to the likeness of his Lord.

His active, energetic spirit was kept in warm sympathy with all that interested the household. He was ready to give his advice on all business transactions ; every letter received or sent—every caller—the little fernery, which he could see from his bed, were all subjects of interest to him ; but especially the garden—he would give directions about it, and say, “Is such a thing planted or sown ? it is quite time.” The flowers were his delight, and he always had a little fresh bouquet

brought to him every morning. Even the birds which nested in the trees there were a pleasure to him, and though he could not see them, he would make daily inquiries about them; the warm home life burnt brightly to the end. But far beyond and above this was the meetening and ripening of the spirit for the home in glory to which he was fast hastening. He seemed to live in an atmosphere of praise and prayer, and constant communion with God. Once a sentence was taken down as uttered; it is a fair specimen of his quiet talks with God: "Precious Jesus, clothe me with the grace of praise. Ah, Lord, it was so good of Thee to remember me, and not forsake me; blessed be Thy holy name. Let there be a patient waiting on Jesus. My precious Jesus, wilt Thou continue to remember me at this time, and, if consistent with Thy holy will, wilt Thou ameliorate this pain? nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done. 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.'"

Even in his sleep he would ejaculate verses of Scripture or hymns, or short utterances of converse with God, that could only remind the watcher of that "new wine of the Beloved" which, we are told, "causeth the lips of them

that are asleep to speak." Here are a few of these ejaculations, spoken when fast asleep :—" Saved ! how saved ? By grace, free, unmerited grace." " His banner over me is love." " O Love Divine, how sweet thou art !" " Saved by the faith Thou Thyself hast given me, dear Lord !" " Oh, to have my whole soul brought into harmony with His will ; to know no will but Thine !" " Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to Thy Cross . . . ." " A sinner saved by grace." " These are they who have washed their robes and made them . . . ." " Amazing love, how can it be, that Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me !" " A single eye to Thy glory ; Lord, show me ; have I a single eye ?" " Looking away from myself ; looking only to Thyself." " His banner of love ; oh ! it is unfurled, and waving, waving !" Many more like utterances were spoken, but were not taken down at the time.

Once, when suffering a severe paroxysm of pain, he remarked to his wife, " I want to pray, but the pain is so severe I cannot keep my mind fixed ; it grieves me." She replied, " My love, you forget that you are not now a strong healthy sheep, able and expected to *follow* the Good Shepherd ; you are only one of the feeble ones whom He gently leads, or, indeed, even more,

now only a weak, helpless little lamb, whom He is tenderly carrying in His arms."

He seemed to catch the figure at once and delight in the truth it conveyed : and often afterwards he would say, " I need not think nor fear ; I am only a poor little weak one, but I am being carried in my Saviour's loving arms " Another somewhat similar figure he often used, perhaps suggested by the birds that were nesting in the garden. If one were reading or talking to him, he would say, " You must stop, my pain is too great for me to follow you, or think, I can only just *nestle* under the Almighty's wing, that is my place now."

Once being asked if he felt the Lord present with him, he replied, " The Lord is *very* present with me, He is *always* with me, I have no ecstasy, but I have a full assurance of His presence, a quiet rest in Him, and I *know* that He hath done and is doing all things *well* for me." He would often say to his wife, " Come, my dear, and help me to praise Him for all His mercies, but especially for His great salvation : oh, the love, the grace that gave Himself for us ! Oh, precious Jesus, how shall I praise Thee, for Thy great love to us sinners !"

On another occasion, when suffering extreme

agony and praying for patience and submission to bear it, his wife remarked to him, "You know that long ago the Lord gave you the promise that you should walk with Him in white; and we are told that those who are arrayed in white robes, are those who have come out of great tribulation; this suffering is doubtless part of the needed preparation for the fulfilment of the Lord's gracious promise to you." "Yes," he replied, "He did give me that blessed promise, and I am sure He will fulfil it. He is ever washing me in His precious cleansing blood, and this tribulation is doubtless needed: I am sure also He loves me too well to let it last one moment longer than is necessary." After this, whilst the paroxysms of pain lasted, he might often be heard whispering, "Who are these arrayed in white? These are they who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb!"

With the Seventh month new and distressing symptoms set in that caused much additional suffering—the wonder was how life was prolonged.

He seemed now to have passed into greater nearness to God than even the simple, loving,

trusting, "little child;" he was become one of those "babes" to whom the Father condescends to "reveal" the treasures of His love and grace. Praise was his constant employ—no repining or impatient word escaped his lips. Ever thankful for every service rendered to him; so thoughtful for those who ministered to him; so interested in all around, it became—but for witnessing his sufferings—a privilege to watch beside him.

A few days before his death a friend sent him a leaflet with the following lines:—

"Left alone with Jesus!  
I need none beside,  
With His promised presence  
I am satisfied;  
Life's loud tumult ceases,  
Earth-love fades away,  
But the love of Jesus  
Lights my soul for aye.

"Left alone with Jesus!  
Gaining strength to bear  
Any cross He gives me,  
Any load of care  
Learning how He loves me  
While He lays me low,  
Willing He should teach me  
All I need to know.

“ Left alone with Jesus !  
During days of pain,  
Finding hours of sorrow  
To be hours of gain ;  
Drawing me still nearer  
To my gracious Lord,  
Giving me fresh glimpses  
Of His precious Word.

“ Left alone with Jesus !  
Through the night of death ;  
His strong arm around me,  
Strengthening my faith.  
Passing through the valley  
Shadowy and dim,  
Hand in hand with Jesus,  
Side by side with Him.

“ Left alone with Jesus !  
In the shadow-land,  
Where my ransomed spirit  
Waiteth His command ;  
Waiteth the revealing  
Of His fullest light,  
And for the perfection  
Of its best delight ! ”

This was a great pleasure to him ; it seemed to express so exactly his thoughts and feelings, and many times in the day he would say, “ Read me that beautiful hymn.”

But the time of his departure was at hand, and He who had been so long watching the refining process of His afflicted servant, now said, "It is enough, come up higher!"

About eight o'clock on the evening of the 17th of Seventh month, he was suddenly seized with laboured breathing; he asked to be lifted up, and then said, "This is death!" It was unmistakably so; and his wife said, "Yes, my love; your sufferings will soon be over, and you will be for ever with the Lord." "Oh!" he exclaimed, "praise the Lord, bless and praise His holy name!"

Mercifully all pain now ceased, only the difficulty of breathing continued, but that grew somewhat better in an hour or two.

The cold damps of death were standing on him, but the mind remained clear and unclouded to the end, and the consolations of God were neither few nor small with him.

Throughout the night he kept whispering, "My precious Jesus, how good Thou art to me, I shall soon be with Thee!" "Who are these arrayed in white?" &c. "Kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation." "O love divine, how sweet thou art!" and similar passages of Scripture and hymns.

We will now quote from a letter written at his bedside, to his children :—

“4 *a.m.*—He is too weak to speak much, but ever responds to a verse of Scripture or a hymn, with ‘Amen,’ or, ‘Bless His holy name.’

“4.30 *a.m.*—I have just repeated the hymn, ‘Jesu, lover of my soul,’ and he followed me softly all through it, with his hands clasped and uplifted. I said, ‘Fear not, I am with thee,’ &c. ; he replied, ‘Yes, yes, He *is* with me, blessed be His holy name ; *all* His promises are Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus.’

“5 *a.m.*—He has just asked me to pray with him, and he followed me with ejaculations all through.

“5.30 *a.m.*—He has just looked up so brightly, as I bent over him, and said so distinctly, ‘He is holding me by my right hand, and the Everlasting Arms are underneath me !’”

“7 *a.m.*—Your dear father is again in great pain. I repeated the verse, ‘I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.’ He said ‘Yes, that is true ; I have sought the Lord often in time of trouble, and He *has* heard and delivered me.”

“9 *a.m.*—The doctor has just been here, and

is surprised to find your dear father is still with us ; he says he cannot hold long now. The pain has left him, and he is full of peace and love, and, though so weak, thanks us even for a drop of water. His thirst is excessive. He is often whispering, ‘ Precious Jesus ! ’ ‘ He is very merciful to me ! ’ ‘ Oh, what mercy — mercy — mercy. ’ ‘ He is *very* near me. ’ I repeated the two verses beginning, ‘ In my Father’s house are many mansions. ’ He said, ‘ Oh, how nice, how nice ; so good for me ! ’ ”

At 2 p.m. he seemed to be passing, but he rallied a little. Once or twice he was speaking, but no sentence could be distinguished, only words—as “Jesus,” “praise,” and “name.” Very gradually the lamp of life burnt out ; the breathing became slower, and at 4 p.m. on the 18th of Seventh month, 1883, without a struggle or a sigh, he fell asleep in Jesus, and entered into the joy of his Lord, having through faith obtained the promises, and laid hold of eternal life !

His mortal remains were interred at the Friends’ Cemetery, Budock, where they rest “ in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection ! ” “ Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ ! ”

“ For ever with the Lord !  
 Amen, so let it be ;  
 Life from the dead is in that word,  
 'Tis immortality ! ”

RICHARD WILLIAMS,	45	2	2 mo.	1883
<i>Wexford.</i>				
SARAH WILLIAMS,	92	16	7 mo.	1883
<i>Dublin.</i>				
WILLIAM PEILE WILLIAMSON,				
<i>Allonby.</i>	10	24	3 mo.	1883
Son of John and the late Sarah Williamson.				
JOHN WILSON,	46	13	4 mo.	1883
<i>Bishopwearmouth.</i>				
RICHARD WILSON,	72	23	5 mo.	1883
<i>Thornton-in-Craven.</i>				
WILLIAM WINWARD,	78	1	10 mo.	1882
<i>Westhoughton.</i> An Elder.				

The following testimony concerning W. Winward was drawn up by the Monthly Meeting of Hardshaw East, of which he was a member:—

“ Those who were acquainted with our late friend William Winward will agree that anything said of the character of praise would have been very unacceptable to him. And now at his decease the Christian fruits brought forth in him are only dwelt upon in order to magnify that

Divine power which he knew and sought to obey from early life, and which made him a cheerful, humble Christian and nursing father in the small meeting of which he was a member.

“Our late dear friend was born in the year 1803, at Westhoughton, and was brought up to attend the worship of the Established Church, in the musical services of which he at one time took an active part. Upon the death of his father, in 1825, he became more intimately associated with his uncle, James Hodgkinson and his family, of Westhoughton, under whose influence he became convinced of the correctness of the religious principles held by Friends, and was received into membership in 1843. From his early connection with the Society he took a deep interest in the First-day school at Westhoughton, where he diligently laboured as a teacher until age and infirmities prevented him.

“Though our friend was not of the rich and highly educated, he was nevertheless favoured with an excellent understanding, which being seasoned with the Christian graces of charity and humility, and exercised with wisdom and discretion, gave him great place with his friends. And it may truly be said that he preached loudly by his life and conversation in the village where

he lived and was so universally known and beloved.

“For many years our friend filled the station of Elder, for the duties of which his tender sympathy and deep Christian experience well qualified him ; his voice was also occasionally heard in our meetings for worship ; and though not at great length, his communications were weighty, sound in doctrine, and helpful to the sincere-hearted.

“About six years before his death he lost his wife, who had for some years required his incessant care ; but the strain on his physical powers caused by close attention to her during her long illness had told seriously on his unusually strong constitution, as shown by increased infirmities of body ; these afflictions he bore with great patience, often repeating that he was “only waiting, waiting the Lord’s time :” thus he was enabled under much suffering to glorify God in his body and in his spirit, and to show to those who saw or heard of him that He who had been with him all his life long was with him to the end : and, as a shock of corn fully ripe, he was, we reverently trust, gathered into the Heavenly Garner.

“William Winward died on the 1st day of

Tenth month, 1882, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, and was interred in the Friends' Burial Ground, at Westhoughton, near Bolton."

RACHEL WOOD, 78 9 5 mo. 1883  
*York.* Wife of William Wood.

MARIA LOUISA WOODHEAD,  
*Baildon.* 59 14 1 mo. 1883  
Late of Highflatts. Widow of Godfrey Woodhead.

ROBERT WOODHEAD, 62 17 5 mo. 1883  
*Southport.*

LYDIA M. WOODS, 2 21 12 mo. 1882  
*Dundrum.* Daughter of Frederick W. Woods.

RICHARD WOODWARD, 60 4 7 mo. 1883  
*Stoke Newington.*

THOMAS WOOLLEY, 69 20 2 mo. 1883  
*Moate.* An Elder.

FREDERICK LINGFORD WRIGHT.  
*Folkestone.* 20 18 4 mo. 1883

JOHN YEARDLEY, 75 9 7 mo. 1883  
*Hathersage, near Bakewell.* Formerly of Rochdale. A Minister.

*INFANTS whose names are not inserted.*


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Under three months	...	Boys	4	...	Girls	2
From three to six months		„	0	...	„	1
„ six to nine	„	„	0	...	„	1
„ nine to twelve	„	„	0	...	„	1

**T A B L E,**  
*Showing the Deaths at different Ages, in the Society of Friends in Great Britain and Ireland,  
 during the years 1880-81, 1881-82, and 1882-83.*

AGE.	YEAR 1880-81.			YEAR 1881-82.			YEAR 1882-83.		
	Male	Female	Total.	Male	Female	Total.	Male	Female	Total
	8	7	15	9	4	13	4	5	9
Under 1 year*	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Under 5 years	14	12	26	13	9	22	9	11	20
From 5 to 10 years	0	3	3	2	1	3	7	3	10
" 10 to 15	2	2	4	2	2	4	4	6	10
" 15 to 20	3	3	6	4	2	6	10	2	12
" 20 to 30	4	11	15	9	5	14	6	6	12
" 30 to 40	7	9	16	2	7	9	5	12	17
" 40 to 50	7	5	12	7	5	12	7	8	15
" 50 to 60	8	18	26	13	15	28	10	13	23
" 60 to 70	21	28	49	20	29	49	24	21	45
" 70 to 80	28	38	66	29	40	69	32	41	73
" 80 to 90	22	33	55	28	24	52	20	31	51
" 90 to 100	2	5	7	2	6	8	3	3	6
All Ages	118	167	285	131	145	276	137	157	294

\* The numbers in this series are included in the next, "under 5 years."

Average age in 1880-81 .. .. . 57 years, 5 months, and 3 days.  
 Average age in 1881-82 .. .. . 59 years, 1 month, and 13 days.  
 Average age in 1882-83 .. .. . 57 years, 5 months, and 20 days.









